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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND

FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

VOLUME THE FIRST—NEW SERIES.

Be earnest in effort, in purpose be wise,
  Whate'er your condition may be;
Nor deem it impossible ever to rise
  To a station of higher degree:
For plebeian toil has oft earned the spoil
  Of riches and fame as its due,
And what has been won in the race that you run
  May perhaps be achieved, too, by you.

Success without merit was never the rule,
  Though numerous exceptions abound,
And he would be thought little else than a fool
  Who should seek it where seldom 'tis found.
The sower shall reap, and the winner shall keep,
  The rewards that to virtue ensue;
And what has been won in the race that you run
  May perchance be achievèd by you.

The plodding and patient, though mean and obscure,
  Of all are most worthy to lead;
The diligent hand shall abundance secure,
  While the pithless shall never succeed.
So success to deserve you must strain every nerve,
  And the course of the sluggard eschew,
For what has been won in the race that you run
  May perchance be achievèd by you.

In the proud roll of history's illustrious names,
  Most honoured in age or in youth,
Are heroes of peaceful and sanctified aims
  In the service and love of the truth.
Then a niche with the brave do you ardently crave,
  The same path you must strive to pursue!
And what has been won in the race that you run
  May perchance be achievèd by you.

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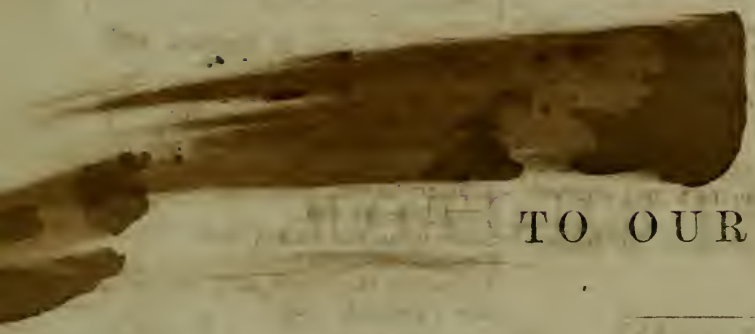

TO OUR READERS.

In concluding this, our First Volume of the New Series, we are happy to acknowledge our grateful thanks to those of our readers—and we number them by tens of thousands—who have favoured us with their confidence and approval. We promise them that the Second Volume shall be in no wise inferior to that which we have this day completed; but that where improvement seems practicable, it shall be our earnest endeavour to keep pace with the growing intelligence of the times.

The reception given to the series of papers entitled "Glimpses of the People of all Nations," has been so cordial, that we have made arrangement for resuming these interesting histories. The First Number of Volume the Second will commence with the HISTORY OF EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND, illustrated with views of the countries, and sketches of the peculiar costumes, employments, and manners of their present inhabitants. This history, continued from week to week, will embrace all that is known of those lands which have been the scenes of so many astonishing and interesting events.

As in the present Volume, it will be our endeavour, by the aid of the pen and the pencil, to render our work a FRIEND and FAMILY INSTRUCTOR in the most comprehensive sense of the words. We beg to say, also, that a portion of our space will be devoted to the LITERATURE OF WORKING MEN, and that it will be our earnest endeavour to keep alive in the breasts of our readers the fire of learning and taste which it has been our good fortune to watch, and in some cases to kindle.

March 25th, 1852.

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THE
WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I., NO. 1.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1851. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

Glimpses of the People of all Nations.

AT a time when the attention of millions is directed to the industrial and artistic products of the civilised world, curiosity is naturally excited for an acquaintance with the people from whom they came, varying so greatly as they do in climate, colour, language, customs, and the means of present or future development. To gratify this desirable and laudable feeling by brief and popular, yet accurate details, is therefore the pleasing task on which we have entered in this NEW SERIES of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND. In so doing, we shall employ PICTORIAL as well as GRAPHIC description, solicitous by each mode to interest and inform our numerous readers. We commence the Series with CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

THE KIN-CHAN, OR MOUNTAIN OF GOLD.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

IT is a curious fact, as Klaproth states, that we have borrowed our name for this country from the Malays, who call it *Tchina*. Generally speaking, the Chinese call their empire after the name of the reigning dynasty, so that it has greatly varied at different periods. Thus, when the Manchoo dynasty gained the ascendancy, as they adopted the name of *Thising*, the Chinese called themselves *Thising-jin*—that is, "men of *Thising*." This vast country of South-Eastern Asia is in form nearly square, being bounded on the east and south-east by the Gulf of Tartary, the Sea of Japan, the Yellow Sea, the Strait of Formosa, the Chinese Sea, and the Gulf of Tonquin; on the land sides, by Tonquin, Laos, and Birmah; south-west and west by Independent Tartary; and north, for the immense extent of 3,300 miles, by Asiatic Russia. It encloses altogether a space of about 5,300,000 square miles. The area of CHINA PROPER does not exceed a fourth part of the whole empire.

It has been generally supposed that the Chinese maintain an antiquity of myriads of years, and consequently that their historical records are at such absolute variance with the comparatively recent account of Moses, that, if they be received, he must be rejected. Infidelity has eagerly seized on this apparent collision, anxious to avail itself of *any* means to cast

discredit on the Bible. But here, as in similar instances, its malignity has signally failed; for the Chinese, like most other heathen nations, have (as Dr. Medhurst, who has long lived among them, states) a *mythological*, as well as a *chronological*, period; the one considered by themselves as *fabulous*, the other as *authentic*—the one connected with the history of their *gods*, and the other with that of their *men*. The evidence of the divine authority of the Sacred Scriptures is therefore unaffected by the Chinese chronology; and, comparing the first and fabulous part of Chinese history with the early chapters of the Book of Genesis, the idea is suggested, as the same writer remarks, "that the whole is probably based on some indistinct recollections of the theory of the creation. Of the first man they say, that soon after the period of emptiness and confusion, when heaven and earth were first separated, Pwan-Koo was produced. His origin is not ascertained, but he knew intuitively the relative proportions of heaven and earth, with the principles of creation and transmutation. During the supposed reign of the celestial, terrestrial, and human emperors, they allege that the year was settled, the months and days arranged, and the hills and rivers divided,—all which may be but distant allusions to the formation of the heavenly bodies, and the settlement of the earth and waters." Other traces analogous to sacred history are also discernible. A long series of dynasties appears on the page of authentic annals. The present Tartar race have occupied the throne of China for more than two hundred years.

The first object that invites attention in the general aspect of China, is its great *plain*, which is about 700 miles in length, and varies in width from 150 to nearly 500 miles. The entire area incloses no less than six provinces, and a space of 210,000 square miles; being seven times greater than the plain of Lombardy. It has, doubtless, a very large population; according to the census of 1813, no fewer that 170,000,000 "mouths," as the Chinese say, "were fed on its surface." It is everywhere well watered, and, on the whole, extremely fertile.

The *mountainous* and *hilly* districts of China comprise about half its area. Of these, the most important seems to be the mountain-chain which runs through the southern provinces, and forms a continuation, though on a much smaller scale, of the Great Himalaya. In Yunan, on the eastern frontier, where it first enters the empire, its ridges, which appear to be very steep and lofty, yield support to bands of lawless and predatory tribes. But in the eastern provinces, the mountain-pinnacles seldom rise above 3,000 or 4,000 feet; and being covered with noble forests, crowned with pagodas, and with cities along their sides, they give to the country, without any interruption to its culture and populousness, a magnificent aspect. The ground also rises rapidly as it approaches the northern frontier, which is formed or crossed by mountains of considerable height, and over which that stupendous bulwark, "The Great Wall" of China, has been carried with almost incredible labour.

Our first illustration represents the *Kin-chan*, or "Mountain of Gold," at the east of Nankin, situated in the middle of the river Kiang, at the north-west of Tan-tou-hien, a city of the third order. It bears also the name of "Floating Jasper." In a celebrated Chinese work it is said: "This mountain is surrounded by water, and, when the wind blows violently from all sides, it is stated to move, and to change its place. It is for this reason that it is called 'Floating Jasper.'" Various small pagodas are scattered over its different elevations.

China is chiefly indebted to her mighty *rivers* for that fertility which is at once the source of her wealth and of her vast population. The Hoang-ho, or yellow river; and the Yang-tse-Kiang, or "son of the ocean," rank in the first class of rivers. Other rivers are of great importance. The Ta-si-Kiang, or Canton river, of which we give a representation, rises in the province of Yunan, takes an easterly course to the plains of Canton, and, having received some smaller streams, forms an estuary known as the Bocca Tigris; by which, after a course of 600 miles, it is finally discharged into the China Sea. Many of the rivers—of which indeed there is a vast number—fall into the great lakes.

The principal *lake* in China is the Tunting-hoo, 220 miles in circumference. It receives the waters of many considerable rivers. It is surrounded by picturesque and finely-wooded hills; and so greatly is its scenery admired, that the shores are one of the favourite spots for the lucubrations of Chinese poets. Liable, however, to sudden tempests, its navigation is dangerous. The environs of another lake are so picturesque, that they have acquired the name of "The Chinese Arcadia." All the lakes furnish means of communication, and are abundantly stocked with fish.

If the statement generally made be correct, that the *sea-coast* of China extends for 2,500 miles, there is only one mile of coast to every 539 miles of territory; but internal navigation is carried on so extensively, that this deficiency has no ill effect on the commerce of the country.

The events of the last few years have given to some places on the coast of China an especial interest for *us*; and at these, therefore, we proceed to glance. Even under the old system of intercourse, *Amoy* was better known to Europeans than most cities skirting the country. This is attributable partly to the attempts made in former times, by the East India Company, to open a trade with the people; but principally to the enterprising spirit of the people themselves, which led them to settle for commercial purposes in the various countries and islands bordering on the China Sea. At so early a period as A.D. 1676, a ship was despatched from England to Amoy, with the object of establishing a factory. This attempt was successful; but the trade was afterwards interrupted by the civil wars which raged in China. Four years after, the Tartars expelled the Chinese from Amoy, and destroyed the Company's factory; but it was not long before it was allowed to be re-established. This permission was, however, of short duration; for in the following year the Company's residents at Amoy declared, in an official report, that, "having had five months' experience of the nature and quality of these people, they could characterise them no otherwise than as devils in men's shapes;" and they further stated, that "to remain exposed to the rapaciousness of the avaricious governors, was considered as more detrimental than the trade could be beneficial." The factory was, however, continued, till an imperial edict, which limited the foreign trade to Canton, compelled the Company's officers to withdraw.

Amoy, though possessing only an estimated population of about 150,000, has three times as large a number of trading junks as the important capital of the province itself. Here is a sufficient proof of the commercial spirit that pervades the people. They emigrate in large numbers to Borneo, Siam, Singapore, Malacca, Batavia, Samarang, and other places in Java, hoping to realise fortunes by commerce, and then to enjoy them in their native land. These prospects of accumulated wealth and of subsequent gratification and indulgence prove commonly, however, "like the baseless fabric of a vision." Multitudes die in the pursuit of gain, and multitudes more fail to attain it. The few who return home are generally poor, and excessively vitiated in morals, often occasioning difficulty to the local government. In connexion with these facts it should be observed, that many are induced to repair to foreign lands from the difficulty of obtaining a livelihood in their own. Ordinarily, their course is one of privation and trial; but at Batavia some exceptions occur. In the populous sea-port and city of Java are several wealthy Chinese, two or three of whom are said to ride in fine carriages, built after the style of Europeans. These are the "Whittingtons" of "the Celestial Empire;" the overwhelming majority are the most degraded part of the population of the islands to which they emigrate.

Amoy consists of one continued range of black rocks, which, when recently broken, are of a light grey colour, but resume their original blackness after exposure to the atmosphere. A range of towering cliffs, varying in height, extends over the whole island, leaving portions of low, undulating ground between their base and the sea for the work of tillage. On the top of the ridge there are two or three miles of highly-cultivated table-land. In the northern and eastern parts of the island a few miles of level sandy soil intervene between the hills and the beach, and yield a supply of rice, wheat, and vegetables. The island extends about twelve miles in length and ten in breadth, and contains 136 villages and hamlets, the population amounting to about 400,000. The city of Amoy, which includes less than one-half of the people, is long and straggling, and occupies a promontory, so that it is surrounded on three sides by the sea. The citadel is surrounded by a wall

less than a mile in circuit, through which are four gates leading into the outer city. The streets are very narrow and dirty, and the houses, with few exceptions, are of the poorest description.

Ningpo, reputed to be the finest city on the coast of China open to foreigners, stands about twelve miles from the sea, at the junction of two fine streams, which by their union form a noble river capable of being navigated by the larger vessels and junks. One of these branches runs from the west, and the other from the south, meeting at Ningpo; and over the latter the Chinese have constructed a bridge of boats for the traffic with the suburbs on the opposite shore. Though a simple, it is a most ingenious contrivance, consisting of a number of large boats moored at equal distances across the river, forming the basis on which the upper woodwork rests, and enabling the whole to rise and fall to a certain extent with the tide. There is sufficient room under the bridge to allow fishing and passage-boats to pass through at all times of the tide, provided it is not running too strong. At spring-tides, however, the water rushes through the spaces between the boats with great velocity, and sometimes it is almost impossible to get through them.

The city itself is strongly fortified with high walls and ramparts, extending about five miles round, and the space within is almost entirely filled with houses, in most parts densely crowded together. There are two or three very fine streets. The different clothing establishments are very attractive. Silk shops and warehouses have but little external show to attract notice. Here are large quantities of the beautiful northern embroidery, which is greatly admired; it is entirely different from that commonly procured at Canton, and much more elaborate and expensive. Ladies' aprons, scarfs, shawls, work-bags, and many other articles made up in the English style, and beautifully embroidered, are the things most in demand. The products of various other arts also meet the eye. "There are, of course," says Mr. Fortune, "the usual quantity of curiosity shops, containing bamboo ornaments carved into all possible forms; specimens of ancient porcelain, which are said to preserve flowers and fruit from decay for an unusual time; lacquered ware, and other ornaments brought by the junks from Japan; many beautifully-carved rhinoceros' horns, bronzes, and other articles to which the Chinese attach great importance, purchasing them at exorbitant rates, apparently far beyond their value. But what struck me as being most unique, was a peculiar kind of furniture, made and sold in a street, generally called 'Furniture-street,' by foreigners, who visit Ningpo. There were beds, chairs, tables, washing-stands, cabinets, and presses, all peculiarly Chinese in their form, and beautifully inlaid with different kinds of wood and ivory, representing the people and customs of the country, and presenting, in fact, a series of pictures of China and the Chinese. Everyone who saw these things admired them; and, what was rather strange, they seem peculiar to Ningpo, and are not met with at any of the other five ports, not even in Shanghae. As all this beautiful work is expensive, it is, of course, only used in the houses of the wealthy."

It should also be remarked that the Chinese regard Ningpo as one of the most literary cities in the empire. Of the people included within its walls, while four-fifths are estimated to be engaged in trade, merchandise, or labour, no less a proportion than one-fifth are considered to belong to the literary class. This, however, includes not only the graduates and candidates for literary promotion, but also the writers and clerks in the public offices. The successful aspirants to degrees are invested with important civil privileges, being subject, in most cases of a municipal nature, to the literary chancellor of the province, to whom they can appeal from the lower officers of Government, so as to enjoy a prescriptive right. Of the population in the suburbs and on the level plain extending to the hills, six parts out of ten are estimated as deriving their livelihood from agriculture; three parts as artisans of various kinds; and the remaining tenth as consisting of fishermen and boatmen.

The Rev. George Smith, to whom we are indebted for many facts, describes himself and his companions as embarked on board a native fast-boat, and pursuing their course through the eastern part of the spacious Delta of the Pearl River. "Our boat," he says, "had two large mat-sails, which were managed with great skill, being raised and lowered by moveable ropes; so that in a few moments we were at any time able to alter our tack, or to reef, in order to avoid the sudden gusts of wind. The sailors lay on the deck in different parts of the vessel. The central part of the boat was formed into a cabin, with Venetians at the side, forming a kind of poop above, on which one of the crew kept watch. In this cabin we laid ourselves down; and though sleeping with most of our clothes on our bodies, we succeeded in obtaining a good night's rest. At daylight we found ourselves within the Bogue, or Bocca Tigris, the entrance to the river, and within a few miles of Whampoa" —of which an engraving is appended. "About noon we found our little vessel gliding through the numerous fleet of ships from all nations, which occupied the whole extent of the river called Whampoa-reach. The country round was very beautiful, though, in most parts, presenting rather a monotonous appearance of paddy-fields, plaintain-trees, orange-groves, bamboo fences, and a few gardens. The hills were cultivated in terraces along their sides to the very top, assuming, in some parts, a rocky, precipitate appearance. Numerous pagodas and native houses, of fantastic architecture, gave a variety to the scenery."

The city of Shanghae stands on the bank of a fine river, about twelve miles from the point where it joins the celebrated "Child," or "Son of the Ocean." At Shanghae the river is as wide as the Thames at London-bridge. Its main channel is deep and easily navigated, when known; but the river abounds in long mud-banks, dangerous to large foreign vessels, unless they happen to go up with a fair wind, and manage to get a good pilot on board at the entrance to the river.

Shanghae is surrounded with high walls and ramparts, according to the plan usually adopted by the Chinese, and about three miles and a half in circumference. The greater part of the inside is densely studded with houses; the suburbs, particularly all along the side of the river, are very extensive. The streets are generally very narrow, and in the day-time are crowded with people actively engaged in business. Silk and embroidery, like those already described at Ningpo, with a variety of useful articles, attract attention. "But," says Mr. Fortune, "articles of food form, of course, the most extensive trade of all; and it is sometimes a difficult matter to get through the streets for the immense quantities of fish, pork, fruit, and vegetables, which crowd the stands in front of the shops. Besides the more common kinds of vegetables, the shepherd's purse, and a kind of trefoil, or clover, are extensively used among the natives here; and really these things, when properly cooked, more particularly the latter, are not bad. Dining-rooms, tea-houses, and bakers' shops, are met with at every step, from the poor man who carries his kitchen or bakehouse upon his back, and beats upon a piece of bamboo to apprise the neighbourhood of his presence, and whose whole establishment is not worth a dollar, to the most extensive tavern or tea-garden, crowded with hundreds of customers. For a few cash (1,000 or 1,200=1 dollar) a Chinese can dine in a sumptuous manner upon his rice, fish, vegetables, and tea; and I firmly believe that in no country in the world is there less real misery and want than in China. The very beggars seem a kind of jolly crew, and are kindly treated by the inhabitants."

The name of Hong-Kong is poetical, denoting "the island of fragrant streams." Situated near the mouth of the Canton river, it is about eight miles from east to west; but it is very irregular, some parts being only three miles in breadth, and the land jutting out here and there, forming a succession of headlands and bays. It is entirely mountainous, and slopes in a rugged manner to the water's edge, having deep ravines almost at equal distances along the coast, which extend from the tops of the mountains down to the sea, deepening and widening in their course. The water in these ravines is abundant and excellent, and from this the name given to the island has arisen.

The violent proceedings of the Chinese authorities in 1839 led to the removal of the British vessels from Macao to the harbour of Hong-Kong, where the greater part of the British community continued to live on board. Some slight buildings only were reared, till, in 1841, it was ceded in perpetuity to the British. Its bay is exceedingly fine; it is eight or ten

HONG-KONG.

miles in length, and irregular in breadth; all over it there is excellent anchorage, and it is entirely free from hidden dangers. So completely is it sheltered by the mountains on the south, and by those of the mainland of China on the opposite shore, that the shipping can ride out the heaviest gales in perfect safety.

It was not long after the occupation of Hong-Kong by the British, before it presented a very different aspect to that which it had previously borne. The rugged, precipitous shore, which forms the southern edge of the harbour, had the appearance of an European town, which had recently sprung into existence, with regular streets of substantial buildings

CANTON RIVER.

WHAMPOA.

rising one above another, and with a line of military forts, barracks, hospitals, and stores. On the north side of the island, and along the shores of this splendid bay, arose the new town of Victoria, having the mountain chain rising precipitously and majestically behind it. A beautiful road, called the Queen's-road, was formed along the shore for several miles, and this was lined with excellent houses, and very good shops. The bazaar is also a most excellent one; containing all the natural productions of China, which are brought regularly from the mainland. Besides these, Mr. Fortune says, English potatoes, green-peas, and several other kinds of foreign vegetables are plentiful at almost all seasons of the year.

A dreadful storm of thunder and rain visited the island in May, 1845, the effects of which are thus described in the *Hong Kong Register*, immediately after its occurrence :—"The damage was very great, both to the recently-formed roads and to many buildings in the course of erection; and had the violence of the rain continued an hour or two longer, many houses must have been undermined and destroyed. As it was, much individual inconvenience has been sustained. About five o'clock the whole of Queen's-road, from the entrance to the large bazaar to the market-place, was completely flooded, to the depth of from two to four feet. All the streets leading upwards to the hill served as feeders for this lake. In Peel-street particularly the torrent rushed along, bearing everything before it; and the street still resembles a dried-up water-course, covered with stones and wrecks of buildings. The passages from the Queen's-road to the sea were all full; the one leading through Chunam's Hong for hours presented the appearance of a rapid river, and many of the houses on each side were only saved from the flood by mud-walls hastily raised. About six o'clock the rain moderated, but for some time after the road was quite impassable. A Coolie, attempting to ford the stream rushing down D'Aguilar-street, was borne off his feet. but saved himself by catching hold of the frame of a mat-shed, The drain lately formed could not carry off the water, which committed great devastation, flooding a new house in its vicinity to the depth of nearly three feet, and destroying some new walls. A stream from a distant water-course flowed along the road above the bungaloud, occupied by the attorney-general, and descending with great fury upon the roof of one of his out-offices, carried away a great part of it. In many places the Queen's-road has been covered with soil, sand, &c., to the depth of more than two feet, and all the cross drains are choked up. The bridge at the Commissariat has been carried away, and that in the Wang-Nai-Chung has also disappeared. Several lives were lost by the fall of a house in which some Chinese resided; and it is said the stream at Pokfowlum burst upon a mat-hut, in which were a number of Coolies, employed upon the new road; three saved themselves in a tree, but many more are missing, and are supposed to have been carried out to sea."

Much has been said as to the unhealthiness of Hong Kong, but as to the suffering and death which took place, Mr. Fortune says :—"My own observation has led me to the following conclusions: Much of the sickness and mortality, doubtless, proceeded from the imperfect construction and dampness of the houses in which our people were obliged to live when the colony was first formed; and a great deal may also be attributed to exposure to the fierce and burning rays of the Hong Kong sun. All the travellers in the East, with whom I have had any conversation on the subject, agreed, that there were a fierceness and oppressiveness in the sun's rays here which they never experienced in any other part of the tropics, even under the line. I have no doubt that this is caused by the want of luxuriant vegetation, and the consequent reflection of the sun's rays. The bare and barren rocks and soil reflect every ray that strikes them; there are no trees nor bushes to afford shade, or to decompose the carbonic acid, and render it fit for the respiration of man; and thus the air wants that peculiar softness which makes it so agreeable even in hot tropical climates. If these are the principal causes of mortality in our new colony, the remedy will, of course, be apparent to every one."

There is very little flat ground on the island capable of being brought under culture. Indeed, the only tract—and even that is not more than twenty or thirty acres in extent—is the one called the "Wang-Nai Chung," or, by the English, "The Happy Valley." The other plots of ground are extremely small. Formerly, rice and other vegetables were allowed to be grown in the valley; but the permission was withdrawn by government, as the place proved very unhealthy, and the malaria was attributed to the water required to mature the crops.

SEED-TIME IN LISNOMARA.

In Four Parts.

BY SILVERPEN (ELIZA METEYARD).

Part the First.

A long day's journey had been this of Michael Joyce, for at the bidding of his reverence, Mr. O'Sullivan, he had travelled to the nearest town to bear a letter to Mr. Garven, and hear his talk to the small farmers and people about improved cultivation of the land, and crops that would be better for the food of Ireland than potatoes. And truly Joyce had listened with an attentive ear, and stored up what he had heard in his heart, for he was a likely man, as his reverence well knew when he chose him for the performance of such a mission from amongst others of his scattered flock in the wild and inaccessible district of Lisnomara.

Though he had begun his journey at day-break, and it had lain through a region difficult to traverse, it was with a firm and still rapid step that the Galway peasant ascended the loftiest mountain of the district. It was the last upon his journey; and, when he reached its narrow, grassy summit, he stayed to cast his keen gaze across a little bay which swept into the wild shore below. He saw there what gladdened his heart, for he said, as he raised his hat from his damp brow, "Sure, thin, there's me darlint Grace, me daughter—the saints be blessed!"

It was a glorious view on which the peasant's eye rested, for, except in the remote distance, where the open ocean stretched its dark line of haze, innumerable islets of all sizes and of extreme beauty, broke the coast, forming, as it were, a countless number of placid lakes, into which broad and bold headlands of the main shore itself swept out in stern and solitary, yet far from sterile, grandeur. It was a father's eye blessed by the sight of his daughter, for, though Joyce had little more than passed the prime of life, the loveliest girl in all green Lisnomara owned his name.

On the edge of the shore lay one of those corvaghs, or native boats, made of wooden laths, covered by coarse canvas; and, though it looked no more than a toy from the blue distance of the mountain height, it was yet discernible to the peasant's practised eye, and might have been so to that of a stranger, for the setting sun, coming golden from the sea, cast its faintest edge of glory on the girl's blue petticoat and scarlet cloak, as she waited in the corvagh, and showed them in broad relief against the pale green of the still waters. Joyce gave a shout, which echoed far and wide from hill to hill, and was answered by the girl, who, rising in the boat to wave the broad, flat oar, displayed still more the vivid scarlet of her cloak as it brightened richly in the broad gold masses of the flooding sun.

The lapse of twenty minutes brought the peasant to the picturesque shore on to which Grace now leapt and met him.

"An' sure thin it's a blissid journey that I've took me darlint," he said, in answer to Grace's questions, as she stood for the instant in the shelter of his stalwart arms; "for I've not only heard intirely wonderful things, but the jintleman's writ to his reverence, an' be coming himself to talk wid the people. So of this me own journey, the Lord's goodness be in it—an' now thy mother, avourneen?"

The girl, as she stepped back into the corvagh, with a grace peculiar to the peasant women of Galway, who inherit, it is said, Spanish blood, answered all was well; and that the cottier people were coming far and wide that night to hear of the "grate walk," though their hearts were sore down "wid the famine."

"The times be near, though, I think, a' coushla," said Joyce, as, taking the oars from the girl, he sculled out into the middle of the placid bay, "whin ould Ireland 'll know no more of the famine than she does o' the serpints St. Patrick thrust out,

Mr. Garven, asthe grate gintleman I've to tell of, sid so intirely. An' he sid—good be to his tinder heart—that folks wid their insides empty weren't fit to be listeners to the truth; so out of his pocket he gave me three tinpenny pieces, an' I bought some fish and meal, which, wid the praties, 'll give a plenty to 'em to-night, sich as even the blissid saints-days ain't seen the long likes in Lisnomara."

As he spoke, Joyce pointed by a wave of the oar to a large bundle on the seat behind him, which the girl had not noticed in the first eagerness of her greeting, or since, though it held the meal and herrings on which the multitude were to feed that night, when gathered round the peat fire of the farmer's cabin. But the Galway peasant had a large heart and much sound common sense, and since he had so attentively listened to the agricultural instructor's address to the people, a new view of life and duty, both as respected himself and others, had cheered his spirits and brought him back, as he told his reverence in confession that week, "a better man."

The placid bay was soon crossed, and the boat run ashore on a green point of the headland; which, though a visible portion of the main land, was thus more easily reached by the bay than either by the rock-heaped shore or the path of the hills. When the corvagh had been secured beneath the shelter of a lichen-covered rock, the peasant and his daughter went rapidly on once more towards the mountains, and after a lengthened walk through their winding gorges, they emerged upon the wildest, yet loveliest valley in all green Lisnomara. It was large, and naturally fertile; cascades and rivulets flowed down the green acclivities of the mountains which hemmed it in, saving at one point towards the ocean; and the arbutus tree flourished so luxuriantly as to fringe the lucent lake, into which these streamlets fell, with the richest foliage. A more lovely valley cannot be conceived, or one more available for agricultural purposes, as, besides its own deep loamy soil, the headland shore and its fertilising treasures of sea-weed and coral-line-rock were accessible; yet absenteeism, rack-rents, conacre, poverty, and, more than all, inconceivable apathy and ignorance, had cursed the land with sterility and with famine in its most awful form.

Michael Joyce was one of the class of small tenant-farmers scattered up and down Lisnomara and the adjoining islets. He had a sort of tenant-right in his holding; for those of his name had held the land for a long term, but subletting to infinite Joyces through all that time, and the allowance of conacre (that is letting out minute fractions for the tenant to crop and use the produce) to the most abject class of the peasantry, had, at last, starved the land into growing little else than weeds. The landlord had been never seen, or was ever heard of; and it might have been fancied that this destitute population of tenants and cottiers were as free in their holdings as the North American Indian in his wigwam, but for the half-yearly visit of the agent or his driver. These visits always brought woe to Lisnomara, for the deeper poverty fell on the stricken people, the more urgent and exacting became the agent's claims.

Still, up to the period of the great famine in 1846-7, Michael Joyce had contrived to meet the rent of his holding, to reap his field of wheat and keep the produce, and to kill a pig and hang it up for bacon in the smoke of his cabin; but two years' potato-crops were lost, and his fortunes, such as they were, fell with those of his neighbours. Without produce, they could not, of course, pay rent for their conacre holdings; and thus, when these dues to himself had to be made good to the agent, the farming stock, such as it was, had to go, together with such wretched implements of husbandry as he possessed. Neither plough nor spade was spared; and the agent's driver would have carted off the reeking dunghill from the door, had it been worth carriage over the desolate paths of the country. Yet, unlike the ordinary Irish peasant, Joyce had not sat down in listless despair beside his cabin fire, or howled for relief at the door of the nearest Union-house, but burnt kelp and dug turf, and carried the produce in any direction and to any distance, where there was a chance of a customer, amongst farmers not yet beggared, or to the houses of such gentry as had common sense enough to prefer one who would work to one that would whine "Give." It was these characteristics in Joyce, despite the hereditary indolence of Irish breeding, and his ignorance of anything which could be called farming, which had struck Mr. O'Sullivan on several occasions of his visit to the valley; and therefore, upon incidentally hearing that the Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland were sending out public instructors into the most wretched districts of the country, he had made him the bearer of a letter to Mr. Garven.

It was dark by the time Grace and her father reached the valley; but the brightness of the large peat fire, as it gleamed through the cabin-door, and flickered upon the greenness of the distant hills, brought them rightly over the boggy paths and skirting rivulets till they were welcomed by a flock of half-naked children and the good mistress, who led the way within. Like her husband, Mrs. Joyce was yet comely, and not far past middle life; and the comparative tidiness of the large cabin, and the brightness of the peat fire in the midst, seemed to give truth to the current saying, that "a grane vilvet gown, or its likes, wouldn't sit ill on Misthress Joyce," as well as to the tradition, that "Misthress Joyce's mother had been a mighty nate lady from county Dublin; and that might be why Grace avourneen kept her cloak, and mighty fine it was, as bright as a rose-leaf. Yes, in thruth, the Joyces were a nate people." Be this as it may, Mrs. Joyce's good-tempered, welcoming looks and kindly words were sweet things to the tired wayfarer. When Michael reached the huge turf fire, and had set down his burden of meal and herrings, he looked around the cabin, and true, as Grace had said, the neighbours were come; but certainly not those who were likely to benefit by what Joyce had to tell them, or either, in a direct sense, by the Instructor's visit. Eventually, the smallest improvements in agriculture would operate favourably in their behalf; but the class who must be gathered together for the occasion of Mr. Garven's visit were the small tenant-farmers like Joyce himself, and not those, with scarcely an exception, starved holders of fruitless conacre, or such as had been evicted from their miserable dwellings by the agent's last visit. A more motley group than that which had now assembled in the farmer's cabin cannot well be conceived, nor the look of gaunt famine pictured on the faces of all.

"Well," said Joyce, with that sympathy which the poor have for the poor, "I'm glad to see ye all, for me heart be light wid what the gintleman sid to me. Sure, he's comin' to Lisnomara, and the brightness o' the day come wid him."

The whole group, or nearly so, interpreted at once these words into the prospect of alms-giving, and therefore instantly commenced their whine of woe—the women more shrilly and clamorously than the men—"Was it male? Was it praties? Was it comin' into Galway port, or Clifden, or, by the long road, into Lisnomara?"

"No!" was Joyce's straightforward answer: "Mr. Garven tould the people mighty plain, that their like in England had helped the people in Ireland till the nest at home was gettin' bare; an' what was left they must keep for themselves. They must be taught to dig and sow their own mighty rich field; an' not to reap that of others whin the harvest was ready. An' sure I think meself there was wisdom in what his honour said."

"But didn't we put in the praties?" said several of the men in a breath, "an' didn't the blight come?—the divil be wid it."

"Yes," was the farmer's ready answer, "but it is'nt to be agin in Ireland that the people is to lean on praties like a lame man on his crutch. His Excellency in Dublin town had sid this, an' sure minny a one at the ma'tin' sid he was a jewel of a man, an' worth a mighty lot more to the good of ould Ireland than Misther O'Connell, and his legacy o' repale and rint to the Irish people. This is the way, thin, Mr. Garven an' others like him be going the counthry round to tache the people the gold they hold in their fingers."

"Bad luck to him an' his likes—me wid two childer—a poor widdy too; me wid sivin childer; me as haven't tasted a male since ye wint on the journey, Misther Joyce;———" is a specimen of the company's muttered talk.

"It's grate an' good luck to him, says I," were Joyce's somewhat angry words; "an' ye'll live to say this, ye crathurs. No! Mr. Garven, an' honour be wid him, has a grate heart; as whin I wint wid his riverence's letther, an' spake wid a full heart o' the misery in Lisnomara, he sid—gintleman as he was—'I ain't rich, Michael Joyce, for the bits o' thruble which lie in the path o' the likes o' me are many, and nade a lifting—

but take these three tin-penny pieces, an' if it'll buy a male for a few that woe wid hunger in Lisnomara, let it; not as a favour from meself at all, but as a sign that a blessing'll come wid me into Lisnomara. An' so ye crathurs," continued Joyce, "this is what the gintleman said. An' so the male I bought—an' the herrings o' Pat O'Brian, I met this morning on the hills, as he come wid his pony an' panniers from Galway Bay." Speaking thus, Joyce opened the bundle and showed the company the bag of meal, and the herrings wrapped in layers of mountain grass. The moment these were seen, nothing could be more extraordinary than the change wrought from the listless apathy of hunger not likely to be relieved, to the intense eagerness of hunger in the sight of the food which was to relieve it.

"Ye must be patient," he said; "it's a Christian meal, an' must be eaten like one. As me misthress met me at the cabin-door, I sint off Grace and me big boy Maurice to find a male o' praties from the hiding of them. Yit, sorra be it, that little betther than none be left, though me heart be light that a morrow 's to dawn for the likes of us."

As the farmer spoke, Grace and her eldest brother came bearing in between them a large willow skef, or basket, filled with small, and not very good-looking, potatoes. These were soon consigned to two large kettles, the meal made into a sort of stirabout, and the herrings boiled and broken in pieces. When the food was thus ready, it was doled out in such platters or dishes as the cabin afforded; but whether impatiently waiting their turn, or greedily satisfying their hunger, one common trait was observable alike in all thus fed—the predominance of self. No generous emotions, either for neighbour, or child, or wife, or husband, seemed to touch their hearts—each one appeared dead to the better feelings of our nature, and no worse picture of suffering, apathy, and degradation, as the offspring of the misrule of ages, could well be conceived. What made it worse, too—if it be possible to darken what is dark—was, that it existed amidst that very fruitfulness of nature which blesses man. For here was a coast swarming with fish, a soil which a little labour and care could renew with fertility, and mountains containing an exhaustless supply of the finest marble in the world; yet all of these were waste and barrenness—for any purpose which could bear relation to the well-being of the wretched, degraded people.

By the time, therefore, that these kindly-hearted Joyces had finished their own scanty share of the meal, scarcely more than half a dozen, or, at most, ten of those who had been sohospitably entertained, remained in the cabin; but as these were real friends, and of the better class of cottiers, they were glad to draw round the fire and hear further particulars of Joyce's interview with Mr. Garven. When, as the worthy farmer talked, they understood that they could be of real service to him, in respect to summoning the tenant farmers of the more inaccessible and wild parts of Lisnomara and its surrounding islets to the meeting of the following week, when Mr. Garven would arrive, each one, man and woman, eagerly proffered ready aid, though miles of bog and mire, and channels swept by the ocean, or by mountain streams, lay between. A kindly feeling thus established between Joyce and his friends, they sat round the cabin fire and talked till far into the night.

(To be resumed in the next Number.)

VALLEY IN THE ISLAND OF HONG KONG, WITH AN AQUEDUCT IN BAMBOO.

THE CULTIVATION OF TASTE BY MECHANICS, ARTISANS, AND OTHERS.

It has now become an almost threadbare observation that the Crystal Palace and its contents form an entire new era, not only in the history of England, but of the whole world. So much having been said upon this matter, many suppose that the subject is altogether exhausted. We are not of that opinion; and we may say that we were among the first to speak of the advantages that would arise from this Great Exhibition. In several articles in The Working Man's Friend we commended it to the special attention of our readers, and we are happy to see that most of the good which we then predicted has already, to a great extent, been realised. One point on which we laid much emphasis has been most satisfactorily illustrated. We have all along asserted that the operatives and labourers of our country have much more taste, and are in a higher state o moral cultivation than has hitherto been admitted by the majority of those who have talked or written about educational affairs; and on this question there can no longer be the least doubt.

Every day our newspapers have dwelt upon the good behaviour, the discrimination, and intelligent observation of the working classes; and England is thus demonstrated to be a century in advance of the state she was said to be in when 1851 commenced. Foreigners have been astounded, that John Bull, who has always been represented on the continent as a mere barbarian and clown,—a sort of boar, or bear, in a human form, should, on actual inspection, have turned out to be as substantially well behaved as any of his neighbours; and such a moral creature, that the Great Exhibition, with all its wealth, can be trusted in his hands without any fear; and that he can walk about at full liberty without the superintendence of a soldier. Had the Crystal Palace been erected in France, Prussia, Austria, or Petersburgh, it would have been deemed necessary to appoint a large body of military to protect it. But in England, not a sword has been needed, and not a depredation has been committed, beyond the pilfering of a very few trifling articles. And not merely the good behaviour and good morals of the masses, but their *taste*, also, has been called forth, and, therefore, we have now more ample materials than ever for a paper on this subject.

It may be asked, "*What is* Taste?" and we reply, that when the word is used respecting manufactures or the arts, it means, "*an intellectual discernment and relish.*" Of course, the term is borrowed from the palate, and seems to intimate that it is as instantaneous and intuitive as the sensation which we experience from the savour of food or drinks. The decision of the palate is as quick as lightning, for the things we taste are instantly approved or rejected, in proportion as they are sweet or bitter, delicious or disagreeable. To enable us to understand mental operations, the attributes of one sense are often ascribed to another, because one may be more acute than the other. There is a text in Isaiah concerning the Messiah, which says, that "He shall be of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord;" the original is, "He shall be *quick-scented* in the fear of the Lord;" and nothing could be more expressive than this language, because we all know what small particles are perceived by the nostrils, and how very delicate the olfactory nerves of some animals must be. "*A quick-scented understanding*," therefore, gives us an idea of sensitive acuteness which no phraseology can surpass. And the same may be said of the tongue; its judgment is quicker than the twinkling of an eye, and, when in a healthy state, it never makes a mistake, or calls bitter sweet, and sweet bitter. Now, this sense, for the convenience of speech, is attributed to the decisions of the mind respecting what is finished and beautiful, or unpleasant and disagreeable in appearance, in sound, or in style. Hence, we speak of taste in painting, architecture, dress, furniture, gardening, writing, oratory, singing, and music. Thus, we give to the eye, the ear, the hand, and the mind, a quality, which, properly speaking, belongs only to the palate. And this optical, auricular, or intellectual taste, like that of the palate, is *immediate*. No sooner is the note sounded than it charms or tortures the ear of a person who has a delicate judgment in music. And the eye of the skillful painter or architect, is equally quick in its discernment. A man or woman, who has a good taste in dress, never takes any time in deliberating respecting the apparel of either of the sexes; and the same may be said of this faculty generally.

But taste is not merely discernment, it is also a *relish*. The mind is as much gratified with what is exquisitely finished and complete as the tongue is with the most savoury and delicious viands. This mental quality or power, whether it looks out through the eye or listens through the ear, is a source of ineffable enjoyment, and, therefore, to cultivate and cherish the taste of the world would be to add infinitely to its comfort and pleasure. Who has not observed that the same object which has hardly awakened an emotion in one breast, has filled another with transport? And this is often the case respecting music, painting, sculpture, and other works of art generally; so that the cultivation of taste is a most important exercise towards the realisation of the happiness which is to be universally enjoyed in "the good time coming."

We have often heard it inquired, whether there is any "*standard* of taste?" and to this question the only reply is, "*that* Nature *is the true standard of taste.*" Everything in creation is tastefully finished, and is thus demonstrated to be the work of a mind of infinite accomplishments. Our word "*perfect*," means, "completely wrought," or, "done with exactness throughout;" and our term "*finished*," comes from "*finis*," an end, and intimates that the object or subject to which it is applied, has received its last stroke; so that you can make no addition to it for the better, nor any alteration which would improve its appearance. And this is especially the case with all the productions of Almighty skill. Every tree, shrub, and flower, is a model of exquisite art. And the same may be said of animals, whether we regard their form, their colour, their plumage, or their movements. The worm, the snake, and boa constrictor crawl gracefully; the dog, the horse, the stag, leopard, and the fish of every species, have a gait of their own, which pleases us the moment we look at it; and the flight of the lark, the swallow, or the eagle, are charming specimens of beauty or majesty. All the variety of clouds spread over the heavens, remind us of fields of ether, mountains of vapour of every shade, or drapery of every hue, thrown over the firmament with that artless art, that careless order and exactness, which none but an Infinite mind could accomplish. Our valleys, our hills, our mountains, our meadows, our prairies, our brooks, our rivers, and, beyond all, our seas and our oceans, are all, to say the least that can be said of them, models of taste. Who, that has had the opportunity, has not lingered by the hour to watch and wonder at the grace and sublimity of the foaming billow? And then the rugged, rough, lofty, overhanging, towering rock, grey with age, here and there decorated with the moss, the ivy, or the wild flower, fills us with emotions which must be felt to be fully understood. But on these topics we might fill volumes, and, therefore, shall not enlarge; and we only glance at them here to show that all nature is one grand school of design, from the hand of God himself, to call forth and cultivate the taste of all his rational and intelligent creatures.

Everything, then, that is required for the cultivation of

taste is, a due observation of the works of creation. Here we have the Almighty for our teacher, and the most lovely, beautiful, and sublime models for our imitation; and, further, this school is open for all. The savage, the barbarian, the wild children of the glen, the moor, and the forest; the poor rustic cottager's wife, the toiling peasant, and the weather-beaten fisherman, or sailor, are alike admitted to this Divine academy. No douceur to the porter, no letter of admission from the 'squire or marquis, no annual subscription is needed. Open your eyes; look around; look upward and downward; mark what God has done "in the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth;" follow your FATHER, as dear children, by imitating His works, and you cannot help approaching to perfection in taste.

We hear much of the old masters, and we must allow that their painting and sculpture have never been surpassed. It has often been said that the one idea of the ancient Greeks was *Beauty*; and their language, their eloquence, their poetry, their architecture, their sculpture, in fact, every monument and relic they have left behind, confirm this general opinion. The *Beautiful* was their idol in all things, and influenced them in their walk, their dress, their speech, their games, and amusements; and if we inquire how it was that they or the Italian artists arrived at such perfection, our only answer is, that *they were the close and constant students of Nature.* What is it that makes us admire a painting, or a piece of statuary, but its close approximation to the reality which it represents? "Is not that natural?" "Is not that beautiful?" are questions which follow in rapid succession; intimating that the *natural* and the *beautiful* are synonymous terms. For, although the object represented may not be in itself the loveliest to look upon, yet if it is truly portrayed, or carved, we say it is beautiful. If we wanted a gallery of art approaching as near as possible to perfection, all we should ask would be that the objects be natural. "The Descent from the Cross," of Rubens, is a painful subject. The mangled body of the Redeemer; the scars from the thorns, the nails, and the spear; the anguish of his mother, and the women who wept with her, awaken in us the deepest emotions; and yet we say, "It is beautiful!" Strange, to talk of the beauties of sorrow, agony, and cruelty! And yet we do use such terms, because every feature and form are *natural,* and the taste of the artist was perfected by this one simple idea,—that he followed *Nature.*

The Crystal Palace is an object of wonder, because of the *taste* displayed in its erection, and in the various works of art with which it is stored. You are there in such a world of beauty as has never before been collected from the works of man; and as you pass through it you find that each object approaches perfection just as it is natural, or is an imitation of nature. Boundless as may be the freaks of the designer, the carver, the artist, or the poet, yet he is not generally approved unless he keeps as close as possible to nature. We give him unbounded license to roam through the universe; he may borrow from everything, and the greater his plagiarism, the more we will praise him; but he must take care that he does not go beyond his *parole,* for should he do so his character is gone, and we shall never trust him again.

As to *the taste of the working classes,* we need only say, "Go to the Crystal Palace, and there you may learn that nature has charms for all her sons and daughters. "The Unhappy Child," "The Slaying of the Innocents," "The Mourners," "The Greek Slave," "The Lion in Love," &c. &c., are admired by everyone, and by none more than by operatives and peasants. Every boy who has played with a good-natured dog, and pinched his claw, knows that the artist is correct; and every one who has seen a youngster in trouble for a broken toy, awards to the sculptor his just meed of praise. All children have taste. Who ever saw an infant that was not pleased with a lawn, with a branch of laurel, with flowers, birds, beasts, fishes; with the stars, the moon, the sun, &c.? It is evident that its intellectual, like its physical, taste was born with it, and is capable of being cultivated or perverted to almost any extent. We wish the working classes, and we wish all other ranks to know, that a vitiated taste is unnatural, and arises from the neglect or the misdirection of our education. The clown is as capable of much refinement as the prince. Some of the finest specimens of art and taste in the Crystal Palace were produced by men who belong to the masses. There was a time when Mr. Paxton would have been reckoned by some as a working man. As it is said in the Catalogue of the Great Exhibition,—"*The germs of all the arts are within us;*" and our Creator, in this particular, has not been more bountiful to the rich than to the poor. Let our working friends remember this truth, and resolve to cultivate their taste, as the means of improving their various occupations, of elevating themselves to their proper level, of increasing their wages, of adding vastly to their own happiness, and of ministering to the wants, to the pleasures, and the progress of society; and let the rich also acknowledge this equality of soul, and use their immense influence in raising their poorer brethren and sisters to their proper intellectual and moral standing and usefulness in the world.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

By PARSON FRANK.

IN the author of "The Gentle Shepherd" revived the long-dormant energy of Scottish minstrelsy. The literature of his native land had declined significantly from those days when it numbered among its stars William Dunbar (the versatile author of "The Merle and Nightingale," "The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins," &c.) and Sir David Lyndsay, "Lord Lyon King-at-Arms," whose satires on the unreformed clergy had pungency enough and to spare, and some worthy successors like Drummond of Hawthornden. During the epoch of the Commonwealth and the reigns of the last two Stuarts, the oracles of Caledonia were dumb, indeed. England could then boast of its Waller and Cowley, its Milton and Dryden, its Butler and Marvell; and, in prose, of its Locke and Fuller, Barrow and Walton, Clarendon and Temple, Burnet and Bunyan, Boyle and Evelyn. But Scotland shows, perhaps, only a single name of anything like eminence—Sir George Mackenzie, historian and essayist, who founded the valuable library of the Edinburgh Faculty of Advocates. Allan Ramsay is one of the first and best of the palingenesia or new *régime.* Mr. Lockhart remarks that no man can point out any Scottish author of the first rank in all the long period which intervened between Buchanan and Hume. "Time, however, passed on, and Scotland, recovering at last from the blow which had stunned her energies,* began to vindicate her pretensions with a zeal and a success which will ever distinguish one of the brightest pages of her history."† The dynasty of the lean kine was not to be for ever; the fat kine arose, and fed in large pastures, and grew and multiplied till they became as the cattle on a thousand hills, and testified to the prosperity of the land. When Ramsay appeared, the long drought was near its close. A cloud sailed across the sky, no bigger at first than a man's hand; a breeze uttered its voice, burdened with the sound of abundance of rain, and swelling in depth and grandeur and volume as it rolled on its way, and swept the length and breadth of that hill-country until it became in very truth a rushing mighty wind, whose sound is gone out into all lands,

* This blow, according to Mr. Lockhart, was the Legislative Union, and its immediate consequences to Scotland, which, by the removal of its leading men to England, ceased for a time to have a separate literature of its own.

† Life of Burns.

and its music to the ends of the world. The last century of Scottish literature comprises a host of distinguished names—Thomson, of the "Seasons;" Blair, the elegant author of "The Grave;" Smollett, the rival of Richardson and Fielding; Hume, the acute metaphysician and popular historian; Beattie, of the "Minstrel;" M'Pherson, of Ossianic renown; Falconer, of "Shipwreck" fame and fate; Bruce and Logan, Hamilton and Mallet, all skilled in the accomplishment of Scottish verse; Fergusson, the so-called laureat of Edinburgh, whose descriptions of the men and manners of his own romantic town are so highly entertaining; Home, the author of "Douglas;" Henry Mackenzie, widely and deservedly admired for his "Man of the World" and "Man of Feeling;" Robertson, of standard repute in the dignified paths of history; Reid and Brown, Dugald Stewart and Sir William Hamilton, known wherever ontology is known, and elsewhere too; Blair and Campbell, familiar names in ethics and rhetoric; Adam Smith, the patriarch of political economy; Robert Burns, the chief singer of his "Israel;" Thomas Campbell, who sang of hope so sweetly, of household love so tenderly, of patriotism with such inspiriting and contagious power; Sir Walter Scott, true Wizard of the North, whose spells and enchantments retain their virtue to this hour; James Grahame, the burden of whose strains was—

"Hail! Sabbath, thee I hail, the poor man's day;"

Robert Tannahill, ill-fated songster of many a beautiful lyric, especially "Gloomy Winter's now awa'," and "Jessie the Flower o' Dumblane;" Sir Alexander Boswell, also a fine minstrel and an ill-fated man; Joanna Baillie, second to none in the modern drama; Sir James Mackintosh, an able historian and moral philosopher; Lockhart, the classical author of "Valerius," and editor of the "Quarterly Review;" John Wilson, whose brilliant genius has immortalised the imaginary "Nights" at Ambrose's, to say nothing of his graceful poetry, his refined fictions, and delightful criticisms innumerable; Thomas Carlyle, that quaintest, queerest, most earnest of Hero-worshippers, that shrewd but one-idea'd investigator of Past and Present, that unscrupulous expositor of Clothes'-Philosophy; Francis Jeffrey, presiding genius of the "Edinburgh Review;" Thomas Chalmers, as great a philanthropist in the streets as he was an orator in the pulpit; together with no lack of such poets as Pollok, the Ettrick Shepherd, Allan Cunningham, Richard Gall, Hector M'Neill, Tenant, of "Anster Fair," William Motherwell, Robert Gilfillan, Willie Laidlaw, Robert Nicoll, David M'Moir, Thomas Pringle, and Thomas Aird (whom we have "mingle-mangled" together as indiscriminately, we fear, as did the weird sisters the ingredients of their cauldron); and such novelists as Mrs. Hamilton (that intelligent sanitary commissioner of the Cottagers of Glenburnie), Jane and Anna Maria Porter, Miss Ferrier and Mrs. Brunton, Mrs. Johnstone and Mrs. Crowe, John Galt the "Parish Annalist," and Andrew Picken the "Dominie," Michael Scott and Captain Hamilton; and such "miscellaneous" talent as confessedly pertains to the names of James Boswell, Sir David Brewster, Professor Nichol, P. F. Tytler, Alison, William Mure, George Combe, W. E. Aytoun (the editor of "Blackwood"), M'Crie, George Moir, Chambers, Loudon, &c. With such a goodly company, the Land o' Cakes can afford to defy depreciators of her authorship; and in literature, as well as politics, may take *Nemo me impunè lacessit* for her motto.

The names thus congregated in honourable alliance are those of writers who, though of Scottish birth, have not in many instances identified themselves with the characteristics of their fatherland; but Allan Ramsay is emphatically a Scottish author, as illustrating native manners and adopting his native dialect, in those works whereon reposes his well-earned fame. The last fourteen years of the seventeenth century, and the first of his life, were spent by him in the neighbourhood of Crauford-muir, where his father superintended Lord Hopetoun's mines—as he tells us, he was

"Of Crawford-muir, born in Lead-hill,
Whose mineral springs Glengoner fill,
Which joins sweet-flowing Clyde."

Born poet as he was, he does not seem to have taken to the gentle craft until five-and-twenty summers were come and gone. But he was no unobservant denizen of wild secluded scenes, and was at liberty, like Wordsworth, in his boyish days, to bound like a roe o'er the mountains, by the side of deep rivers and lonely streams, and wherever nature led—haunting day by day the fresh rural spots, from familiarity with which he was educated for his mission as a pastoral poet. The light-hearted Lanarkshire boy knew well what it was

"To wade through glens wi' chorking feet,
When nei'her plaid nor kilt could 'fend the weet;
And blythely wad he bang out o'er the brae,
And stend o'er burns as light as ony rae."

What a change for him when, at fifteen, he was transferred from this village independence to the shop of an Edinburgh hair-dresser!—what a translation from poetry into prose!—what a vicissitude from nature to one of the least imposing provinces of art! Allan was of small make and vivacious demeanour—personal qualifications perhaps for the wig-maker's apprentice; but with his growing *penchant* for the *belles lettres*, he could not take kindly to the profession, nor properly mind his P's and Q's—if that phrase, as a writer in "Notes and Queries" contends, really stands for *toupées* and *queues*. As to his personal appearance—at a later date indeed—he describes himself after this fashion:—

"Imprimis, then, for tallness, I
Am five foot and four inches high;
A black-a-viced snod dapper fellow,
Nor lean, nor overlaid with tallow;
With phiz of a Morocco cut . . .
Then for the fabric of my mind,
'Tis mair to mirth than grief inclin'd.
. . . .
I hate a drunkard or a glutton,
Yet I'm nae fae to wine and mutton.
. . . .
Proud to be thought a comic poet,
And let a judge of numbers know it,
I court occasion thus to show it"—

the "occasion" being an epistle to his friend Arbuckle. From twenty-five to forty-five he cultivated the Muses with enthusiasm; his "Pegasus wad break his tether e'en at the shagging of a feather." He wrote addresses for his Jacobite comrades of the "Easy Club," and penny sheets of verses on local topics, the fun of which seems to have been recognised by an extensive sale and increasing demand—the last circumstance a weighty one in the judgment of Allan, who had a very steady eye for the main chance, and was quite intent on securing pudding as well as praise. His Jacobite predilections enhanced his favour with Pope, Gray, and other tory magnates in England; but he took care not to let them mar his hopes of patronage from those who had a long purse, and were willing to fee a literary client. Great was the applause which greeted his continuation to "Christ's Kirk on the Green," the celebrated poem ascribed to James the First of Scotland, and to which Ramsay added two cantos abounding in natural comedy, illustrative details, and richness of Doric idiom. Scotland gave promise of renewing her forgotten lease of glory; here she was, arising like a giant refreshed with wine, about to be herself again; and to prove that she was the mother (barren though she had been for long years past) who had nourished and brought up children like Barbour and Blind Harry, Dunbar and Wyntoun, Lyndsay and King Jamie, in the old, old times, Allan, her youngest-born, elated with the compliments of his countrymen, and the prospects of fresh triumph in his divine art, thought it time to forswear the wig-maker's shop. If shop he *must* keep, of some kind or other, let it be the one of closest affinity to literature—the one with most scope for refinement, the one which Apollo (were he upon earth, and distressed for a livelihood) or any other Olympic gentleman in difficulties would choose to keep: let it be a bookseller's shop. So Allan turned bookseller, and set up the sign of the Mercury's head; and here used to come and lounge the literati of the day—(as a latter generation of them used to do in John Murray's back-shop, to hear and laugh over Lord Byron's last)—and here Gay, while in Edinburgh, would sit and chat about the "Gentle Shepherd," and tell Ramsay how much Pope admired it, and ask him the meaning of some of the Scotticisms, that he might tell Pope when he got home again.

Meanwhile, Ramsay came out as an editor; in which capacity he published a collection of songs, partly original, called

"The Tea-table Miscellany;" and another called "The Evergreen," professedly consisting of ancient Scottish songs—some of which, however, were as nearly related to himself as were the "Rowley MSS." to Chatterton, and the "Ossianic Fragments" to Macpherson. Ramsay's taste and judgment as an editor did not rank very high; but in his own land both these publications had a run, and were specially dear to studious childhood and romantic youth. Sir Walter Scott mentions in his autobiography, that "The Evergreen" was the first book of poetry he ever read; and during the time he spent at Sandy-Knowe, a helpless little invalid, out of the two or three books which lay on the window-seat of the farm-house parlour, the lame boy's partiality was divided between an odd volume of Josephus's "Wars of the Jews," and Allan Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany." Besides this labour of compilation, Ramsay composed several detatched pieces of various merit, a series of poetical epistles to his friends, and the germ of the "Gentle Shepherd" (under the title of "Patie and Roger"), all of which he printed in one volume and presented to an eager public in 1721. Four years afterwards appeared the "Gentle Shepherd" in its entirety—and both poet and public were delighted. After this we find him moving to a better shop, and changing the sign of the thievish god for one emblazoned with the heads of Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden—a sort of paraphrase of the sign of English Rose and Scottish Thistle (though apter emblems of the poets respectively might be named);—then increasing the debt his country owes him by founding a circulating library, the first established north of the Tweed; then undertaking to build a theatre in Carubber's-close (another novelty for Scotland), where the legitimate drama was to be acted, and the performers to be kept together by what he calls the "pith of reason;" but, as Mr. Chambers remarks, Allan did not calculate on the pith of an Act of Parliament in the hands of a hostile magistrate; the statute for licensing theatres prohibited all dramatic exhibitions without special licence and the royal letters-patent; and on the strength of this enactment, the magistrates of Edinburgh shut up Allan's theatre, leaving him without redress. Several years after this mishap, the anti-theatrical spirit of Scotland was illustrated in a yet more decided manner by its treatment of the Rev. John Home, the author of the once-popular tragedy of "Douglas." This gentleman succeeded Robert Blair, the poet of "The Grave," as the minister of Athelstaneford; but so determined was the hostility he excited, by the fact of his writing a play, that he was compelled to give up his living—an object of almost execration and of absolute excommunication in the eyes of the potent, grave, and reverend presbytery. Ramsay's mortification in this dramatic enterprise was not of pecuniary kind only. Contemporary authors and authorlings who envied his fame, and severe precisians who were shocked at his innovating audacity, combined to read him a merciless lecture, one sect on the folly, the other on the criminality of his ways. Ten years afterwards, he had the consolation of witnessing performances in a new theatre in the Canongate; but in the interval he had not only to suffer in purse, from the ruined playhouse, "which laide," he complains (in the "Gentleman's Magazine")

——"Lies on my single back,
And I maun pay it ilka plack,"

but in pride and feeling also, assailed as he was by *jeux d'esprit*, lampoons, and indignant denunciations.* He tried to coax president Duncan Forbes and his judicial brethren into compliance with his appeals for compensation, but apparently without success. The shop repaid his diligence better. He prospered sufficiently to build himself the celebrated "Goose-pie" house near the Mound, in which he spent the last dozen years of his life,—looked up to in Scotland just as Addison or Pope was among the Southrons, and dying full of years and honours in 1758.

His poetical reputation centres, of course, in the "Gentle Shepherd." By this admirable work he is entitled to rank with the very best of the world's pastoral poets,—with those "bucolics," ancient and modern, upon which Mr. Leigh Hunt comments so charmingly in his "Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," a book which better appreciates Allan Ramsay than do many of his fellow-countrymen. The "Gentle Shepherd" is free from that affectation and false glare and French polish which are sadly apt to signalise modern pastorals, those of Shenstone not excepted. The trees are not transplanted from the Champs Elysées. The pastures are not of pasteboard. The streams are not worked by machinery, nor supplied from the fountains at Versailles. The sheep are not impossible creatures with curled wool of perplexing whiteness, and with sky-blue ribbons round their necks. The shepherds are not stylish Damons and lisping Corydons, nor the shepherdesses insipid beauties who sit languidly in the shade, holding an elegant crook, and mincing sentimental small-talk. The poem, or pastoral comedy, or whatever may be its most appropriate name, starts at once in the artless, free, natural spirit which belongs to it as a whole—introducing us to two youthful shepherds, Patie and Roger, lying on the gowans,

"Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May"—

such a sunny morn as cheers the blood, and makes nature herself jovial, while the plants seem to grow as you gaze, and the birds are carolling on every tree, and the gay shepherd breaks out with the fine old air of "The Wawking of the Faulds," to which his words are,

"My Peggy is a young thing,
Just entered in her teens"—

and in sooth Patie has "sae saft a voice, an' slid a tongue, that he's the darling o' baith auld an' young." Poor Roger is a love-sick swain, who is consumed, even in the tranquil braes of Habbie's Howe, with a green and yellow melancholy—who wears his blue bonnet with a pensive air, and dresses with the scrupulous solicitude, though not the eccentric taste, of Malvolio, but who, according to the daft lassie he loves, is a sheepish herd, who can neither sing nor say,

"Except, 'How d'ye?'—or, 'there's a bonny day.'"

"He glow'rs an' sighs," quoth Jenny,

"——an I can guess the cause;
But wha's obliged to spell his hums and haws?"

The individuality of the characters is well defined and cleverly sustained; Patie, light-hearted and strong-minded, ever leal to his plighted troth; Roger, sighing like a furnace, whose frighted heart begins to fail whenever he would whisper its secrets in Jenny's ear; old Sir William, who comes in masquerade to observe his unconscious son, to try him, and to make him and all Habbie's Howe gladsome of heart; Symon and Glaud, the knight's honest old tenants, whose neighbourly "cracks" are some of the best things in the poem; Bauldy, the hynd, whose thwacking from the stalwart hand of Madge constitutes the main comic business of the piece; kindly auld Mause, "a wife wi' wrinkled front," sitting in her green kail-yard, where water poplin springs, who, puir body, has to bewail her

"Hard luck, alake! that poverty and eild,
Weeds out o' fashion, an' a lanely beild,
Wi' a sma' cast o' wiles, should, in a twitch,
Gie her the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*"

Peggy and Jenny, too, are finely-discriminated characters: the one, retiring, gentle of speech and manners, and artlessly confiding; the other, coquettish, witty, self-willed, and *piquante*, but warm and affectionate for all that. It is a beautiful scene where the two lassies are first discovered, bleaching linen on a flowery holm between two green braes, by the side of

* The title of one of these tracts for the times was, "The Flight of Religious Piety from Scotland, upon the account of Ramsay's lewd books, and the hell-bred playhouse comedians," &c. Allan, himself, alludes in the following terms to some of the lampoons:—"It is not to be doubted that I have enemies; yes, I have been honoured with three or four satires; but such wretched stuff, that several of my friends would allege upon me that I had wrote and published them myself (none of the worst politics, I own) to make the world believe I had no enemies but fools." And, again; after a few lines to his sympathisers, he writes:—

"These to my blythe, indulgent friends,
Dull faes nought at my hands deserve;
To pump an answer's a' their end,
But not a line if they should starve."
Reasons for not answering hackney Scribblers.

"A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground,
Its channel pebbles shining, smooth, and round."

One of Ramsay's most intelligent critics objects, that, pleasing as his rustics are, he appears rather to have observed the surface of rural manners, in casual excursions to Penycuik and the Hunter's Tryste, than to have expressed the results of intimate knowledge and sympathy; and that his dialect was a somewhat incongruous mixture of the upper ward of Lanark and the Luckenbooths. Our Middlesex ears and experience are not competent to determine the value of these objections. We can only say that a visit to the Pentland hills, and the vicinity of Habbie's Howe (near which Lord Cockburn rusticates in so charming a retreat), only served to enhance a thousand times our enjoyment of Ramsay's pictures of scenery and manners; so that we now read with infinitely greater zest, not only the "clavers" of his *dramatis personæ*, but his descriptions of local objects—such as Glaud's snug thack house, with the green before the door, and barn and byre on either side, and peat-stack adjoining, not forgetting the society of hens on the midding,* and ducks in dubs,†—or Symon's cozy homestead, clean and unpretending, where a clear peat-ingle glances amidst the floor, and we see arranged on shelfs a goodly array of greenhorn spoons and beech luggies, and we hear the hospitable master invite an auld crony to share in the "bow o' maut" he brewed yestreen, and the "twa wethers, prime an' fat" he slew at the same time, and the "furlet‡ o' guid cakes" his Elspa has just baked; and the "meikle pat" put on

"A mutton bouk to boil; and ane he'll roast;
And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost;
Sma' are they shorn, an' she can mix fu' nice
The gusty ingans wi' a curn o' spice."

The lyrics interspersed throughout the "The Gentle Shepherd" are less to our mind, and have been properly called an ill-judged imitation of Gay, in his "Beggar's Opera," which had enjoyed such unprecedented popularity in the metropolis and provinces of England. We prefer Ramsay's songs to those of Fergusson, who, as Mr. Lockhart says, was entirely town-bred, and smells more of the Cowgate than of the country; but they are greatly inferior in taste, feeling, rationality, and melody to the exquisite lyrics of Burns. Dr. Geddes remarks that Ramsay, like his contemporaries and immediate followers, has not duly discriminated the genuine idiom from its vulgarisms. However this may be, in regard to dialect, it is certain that Ramsay indulges in vulgarisms of thought and expression from which Burns, in his best mood, is honourably free. Yet there are one or two of Allan's songs, both in "The Gentle Shepherd" and among his miscellaneous pieces, of a graceful and simple beauty; for instance—

"When first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill,"

(to the tune of the Yellow-haired Laddie), and

"My Peggy is a young thing,"

and the well-known strains of "Lochaber no more." Allan's place among the poets is secure to him for many generations to come; and a high one it is, in its kind—that of pastoral verse; not quite so high, perhaps, as the worthy bibliopole thought his due—for he sang with Ovid,

"If 'tis allowed to poets to divine,
One half of round Eternity is mine,"

not merely expecting (as he tells Lady Eglintoun) to be classed with Tasso and Guarini, but entitling himself the viceroy of Phœbus Apollo, and the equal of Homer.

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* *Anglice*, dunghill. † Small puddles of water.

‡ Four pecks.

Mews—why Stables so Called.—*Mue* (from the French *muer*, to change), a kind of cage, where hawks are wintered, or kept when they mue or change their feathers; whence those great stables belonging to Whitehall took denomination, that place having been anciently full of mues, where the king's hawks were kept.—*Blount's Dictionary*, 1681.

GLORY.

The crumbling tombstone and the gorgeous mausoleum, the sculptured marble, and the venerable cathedral, all bear witness to the instinctive desire within us to be remembered by coming generations. But how short-lived is the immortality which the works of our hands can confer! The noblest monuments of art that the world has ever seen are covered with the soil of twenty centuries. The works of the age of Pericles lie at the foot of the Acropolis in indiscriminate ruin. The ploughshare turns up the marble which the hand of Phidias had chiselled into beauty, and the Mussulman has folded his flock beneath the falling columns of the temple of Minerva. But even the works of our hands too frequently survive the memory of those who have created them. And were it otherwise, could we thus carry down to distant ages the recollection of our existence, it were surely childish to waste the energies of an immortal spirit in the effort to make it known to other times, that a being whose name was written with certain letters of the alphabet, once lived, and flourished, and died. Neither sculptured marble nor stately column can reveal to other ages the lineaments of the spirit; and these alone can embalm our memory in the hearts of a grateful posterity. As the stranger stands beneath the dome of St. Paul's, or treads, with religious awe, the silent aisles of Westminster Abbey, the sentiment which is breathed from every object around him is, the utter emptiness of sublunary glory. The fine arts, obedient to private affection or public gratitude, have here embodied, in every form, the finest conceptions of which their age was capable. Each one of these monuments has been watered by the tears of the widow, the orphan, or the patriot. But generations have passed away, and mourners and mourned have sunk together into forgetfulness. The aged crone, or the smooth-tongued beadle, as now he hurries you through aisles and chapel, utters with measured cadence, and unmeaning tone, for the thousandth time, the name and lineage of the once honoured dead; and then gladly dismisses you, to repeat again his well-conned lesson to another group of idle passers by. Such, in its most august form, is all the immortality that matter can confer. It is by what we ourselves have done, and not by what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is by thought that has aroused my intellect from its slumbers, which has "given lustre to virtue, and dignity to truth," or by those examples which have inflamed my soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that I hold communion with Shakspere and Milton, with Johnson and Burke, with Howard and Wilberforce. —*Francis Wayland.*

PERSEVERANCE.

Take the spade of Perseverance,
Dig the field of Progress wide;
Every rotten root of faction,
Hurry out, and cast aside;
Every stubborn weed of Error,
Every seed that hurts the soil,
Tares, whose very growth is terror—
Dig them out, whate'er the toil.

Give the stream of Education
Broader channel, bolder force;
Hurl the stones of persecution
Out, where'er they block its course;
Seek for strength in self-exertion;
Work, and still have faith to wait;
Close the crooked gate to fortune;
Make the road to honour *straight*.

Men are agents for the future;
As they work so ages win
Either harvest of advancement,
Or the product of their sin:
Follow out true cultivation;
Widen Education's plain;
From the Majesty of Nature
Teach the Majesty of Man!

Take the spade of Perseverance;
Dig the field of Progress wide;
Every bar to true instruction
Carry out and cast aside;
Feed the plant whose fruit is wisdom,
Cleanse it from the common sod;
So that from the throne of Heaven
It may bear the glance of God.

GENERAL LOPEZ.

THIS extraordinary man, whose connexion with the recent piratical invasion of Cuba, and untimely and ignominious death a few weeks ago, have given to his name so unenviable a notoriety, was the son of a wealthy landed proprietor in Venezuela one of the South American states. He was born in 1799, and had the advantage in his childhood of the care and instruction of his mother, a woman of great strength of mind and moral dignity. Tempered in too slight a degree with the milder and more Christianlike virtues of woman's character, her influence upon her son tended rather to fit him for a life of stormy adventure than an humbler though more useful career of self-denying energy and perseverance in the pursuits of peace. Like all South Americans, he was placed on horseback as soon as he was able to sit upright, and soon became a bold and daring rider, as much at his ease when astride of a wild horse of the *pampas* as when smoking pigtail under a palm tree. The revolutionary troubles deprived his father of nearly the whole of his property whilst Narciso Lopez was yet a boy; and his maiden effort in arms was made when he was only sixteen, in defence of his native city, which had taken the side of the revolutionary leader, Bolivar, against the forces of the home government. After the surrender of the place, Lopez was separated from his father, being turned off as a child, while his father was herded with the men supposed, in spite of the capitulation, to be reserved for massacre that night. The boy himself, indeed, escaped that very narrowly. With some other companions, he had joined a couple of negroes, slaves of his family, among a great number more who had huddled together in one spot for safety, that class not being usually included in the massacres of such occasions; but, during the night, fortunately issued forth with his two servants, in the hope of being able to do something for his father, or to hear something of him.

In this hope, indeed, he was mistaken (though his father, as he afterwards learned, did succeed in effecting his own escape); but the next morning, on returning to the place which they had left for that purpose, they found the ghastly spectacle of eighty-seven bodies with their throats cut like sheep. After hiding about for some time, feeling himself constantly liable to the same fate, and reduced to a condition of entire desperation, he determined to seek safety in the only situation in which it was to be found, by enlistment as a soldier in the army; and selected an opportunity of offering himself to a sergeant of more encouraging countenance than the others, by whom, not without some entreaty, he was accepted as a recruit—the sergeant little suspecting that the boy of fifteen, and small in stature at that, whom he at first told to be off and play, was hereafter to become one of the most distinguished officers in the service. The former did not indeed live to see it, for this good-natured sergeaut fell shortly afterwards, it having been Lopez's lot to convey to him, amongst others, the order for the service which was his last. This was on the occasion of the first battle of Maturin, when the Spanish General Morales, who was defeated, made good his retreat only by sacrificing a column which he ordered to defend a certain position—a service which was certain death in a war in which prisoners expected no quarter and were not disappointed. Exactly three months afterwards, a second battle was fought near the same spot, in which Morales was victorious, and they found bodies of the column in question—that is to say, their bleached skeletons—to the number of six hundred, laid out on the ground in regular array by the patriots, in rank and file, as though by a mockery of discipline in death.

Throughout the whole course of the war he distinguished himself by his undaunted courage, forethought, and presence of mind, in every emergency. At twenty-three he found himself a colonel. The circumstance which led to the first step in his promotion occurred shortly after his enlistment. The loyal army was engaged in an attack upon a place defended by field-works, there being two bastions connected together by a curtain of about fifty yards in length. The Spanish force being divided into two portions, engaged in attacking the two bastions, the ammunition of the one portion gave out, and signal being made to the other to that effect, the commander called for volunteers to lead three mules, loaded with ammunition, from one end to the other, a service requiring a passage along the line of the enemy, stationed behind the curtain between the two. Lopez was the only one who volunteered, and he set out with the three mules in a string, according to the custom of the country, the head of each fastened by a cord to the tail of the one before it. At about half the distance across, one of the mules fell dead. The mule killed being unluckily the middle one, it was necessary to untie the cord, and re fasten the first and third together, all under a severe fire, which was anxiously watched by both parties. He succeeded, however, in reaching his destination unwounded, though his gun was broken by one ball, his pantaloons cut by another, and his cap pierced by a third, with the other mules wounded, but not to death, and the place was taken.

Honours now flowed in upon him in rapid succession. Placed at the head of a picked body of cavalry, he performed an exploit of such skill and courage as to earn for him the cross of St. Fernando—a rare military honour, never bestowed but as the reward of public acknowledgment. He had lost half his troops in a severely-contested engagement, and was riding with the remainder, 38 in number, on the flank of the army, when he received an order to harass the rear of the retreating enemy. He had advanced to a considerable distance from his own forces, when the revolutionary leader, Paez, enraged at what he considered the insolence of so small a force, wheeled about at the head of his own chosen corps of light horse, consisting of three hundred men, superbly mounted, and charged at the top of their speed. Nothing daunted, Lopez dismounted his men, formed them into a square, with their lances pointing outwards, and stood his ground until th arrival of reinforcemenets.

In 1823, when the revolutionary war was over, he declined going to Spain with the army, but married and settled in Cuba. Some time afterwards, he happened to be in Madrid upon private business, when the Cubist troubles began. He rendered considerable service to the Cristino Government during an outbreak in the Capital, and was immediately despatched to join the army. On one occasion, whilst aide-de-camp to General Valdez, he and his party were surrounded in a mountain pass by the terrible Zumald-carregui. Escape seemed impossible; a bird alone, as it seemed, could carry the intelligence to the nearest Cristino division, situated at Ermoa, ten or twelve miles distant, so as to summon it to the rescue. Colonel Lopez, however, volunteered to do it, claiming it as his duty and right, as first aide de-camp, and pledging himself to bring up the division at Ermoa. The commander-in-chief, though regarding the attempt as desperate, yet yielding to his demand, told him he might then take what force he required for the purpose. "I could not do it with the half of the division" was the answer; "but let me have your piebald horse which you bought on my advice." It was brought, and Lopez mounted it, taking with him only his orderly (a fellow on whom he could trust to follow him over and through anything), the latter being mounted on Lopez's own favourite charger. Directing him to keep close to him, and to regulate his pace by his own; and since it was not likely that both would escape, instructing him as to the order to be carried to Ermoa, he set out at full speed from Durango, along a road which passed between two eminences, both occupied by the enemy. Slackening then his speed, as he got well clear of the former place and approached the enemy, but riding with entire confidence, he and his companion presented the appearance of deserters, and two squadrons which had at first detached themselves from the enemy on both sides to intercept them, slackened the pace at which they moved down the road for that purpose. He then, with a nice calculation of the distance at which he might venture it, suddenly clapped spurs to his horse, and rushed through the shower of balls which immediately poured down from both sides, and, in the pursuit, cleared the gauntlet before they could cut him off, and the thing was done. In the words of Valdez's certification, "to the astonishment of the enemy and of the army, both of whom were watching the operation, he traversed the line," and the army was saved.

In his political sentiments General Lopez never wavered from his fidelity to the democratic party, known in Spain as the liberal *exaltado* party. As a known and reliable member of that party, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the National Guard of that kingdom, a post created for him at a critical period. He at different periods filled the post of commander-in-chief of various provinces.

In 1839 he returned to Cuba, and gradually worked himself, during his residence there, into the belief that his adopted country was the victim of great injustice and oppression on the part of the Spanish Government.

Having determined, early in 1848, that the proper time had arrived, he was only induced by some friends to postpone his intended rising for a short time, in order to await the result of some communications which had proceeded from a highly-distinguished officer in Mexico, who knew the state of public feeling in the island. This delay led, through an accidental cause, to the discovery of his plan by the Government, and the sudden arrest of his friends, and the necessity of his own precipitate embarkation for America, from whose friendly shores he hoped soon to be able to return. His plan for Cuba has always been independence and annexation to the American Union. After his escape he was condemned to death.

Lopez himself escaped in a vessel called

the Neptune, and soon after landed at Bristol, R.I. From that time down to the attack made on Cardenas, by an armed force of which he was at the head, his name was always mentioned in connexion with the invasion of Cuba. On the 15th of May, 1850, three divisions, 609 men, of the Cuban expedition, off the island of Mugeres, near Yucatan, concentrated onf board the steamer Creole. On the 19th o, May, Lopez, between two and three o'clock in the morning, landed at Cardenas, and, losing between thirty and forty men, and killing many on the island, took the town. Subsequently the invading force abandoned it, and, closely pursued by the Spanish war steamer Pizarro, arrived at Key West, where the Creole was seized by the United States revenue officers. On the 27th of May, Lopez was arrested at Savannah for his connexion with the Cuban expedition. No delay being granted by the District Judge to procure evidence against him, he was discharged, amid the cheers of a large crowd. On the 15th of July, 42 of the Contoy prisoners (passengers) were liberated by the Spanish authorities, and were taken to Pensacola by the United States ship Albany. Ten of them were retained for trial. On the 21st of July the grand jury of the United States District Court at New Orleans found a true bill against Lopez and fifteen others, for violating the act of 1818. The Government failed in making out its case against one or two of the parties, and finally abandoned the prosecution.

From that point the spirit of a new invasion seemed to gain an impetus, and a second expedition was prepared in the summer of the present year. With Lopez at its head, it started for Cuba from New Orleans, in the steamer Pampero, and landed at Morillo, Cuba, at eleven o'clock at night, on the 11th of August. It seems to have consisted of about 480 men, many of whom have paid the penalty of their rashness, either by death or imprisonment. Among these was Lopez himself. Worn down with fatigue, he was taken by Casteneda, an agent of the Spanish authorities, at Los Pinos de Ranzel, on the 19th of August, the whole of his forces having been dispersed, and himself, resting after wandering on foot, almost starved, and overcome only by nature herself. The details of his death have been given in the public journals. About seven o'clock on the morning of the 1st of September, at Havana, where he had been taken by a guard from San Cristobal, a scaffold, about fifteen feet high, was erected at a spot in the field of La Punta. On this Lopez ascended—briefly but firmly addressed the multitude—took his place in the chair of the *garrota*—suffered for a moment—and expired. His last words were, "I die for my beloved Cuba!"

"TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR."

In consequence of the earnest wish expressed by a great number of our readers to have the "Technical Expositor" continued *the same size* as heretofore, it will be removed from the enlarged pages of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, and continued in the MONTHLY SUPPLEMENT, in which four pages will be given monthly.

COLUMNS FOR YOUTH.

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.

"How to be *Happy*," is a very common heading to an article addressed to the young. I have seen it in the papers so often that I should not think of writing upon it. But I believe I have never seen anything in print to tell young folks *how to be miserable.*

"How to be miserable! Well, I guess we don't want to be miserable."

Don't want to be miserable? How so? Then why do you take so much pains to be miserable? I cannot think how a child or a youth, who is free from care and trouble and full of buoyant spirits, can be miserable without trying very hard to be so. But, as I have seen a great many young persons who not only seemed determined to make themselves miserable, but everybody around them also, I thought, perhaps, they would thank me for telling them how they may do it easier.

In the first place, if you wish to be miserable, be *selfish.* Think all the time of yourself, and of your own things. Don't care about anybody else. Have no feeling for any one but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy; but the rather, if you see a smiling face, be jealous lest another should enjoy what you have not. Envy every one that is better off in any respect than yourself; think unkindly towards them, and speak slightingly of them. Be constantly afraid lest some one should encroach upon your rights; be very watchful against it; and if any one comes near your things snap at him like a mad dog. Contend earnestly for everything that is your own, though it may not be worth a pin; for your *rights* are just as much concerned as if it were a pound of gold. Never yield a point.

Be *very sensitive,* and take everything that is said to you in playfulness in the most serious manner. Be jealous of all your friends lest they should not think enough of you. And if at any time they seem to neglect you, put the worst construction upon it you can, and conclude that they wish to "cut" your acquaintance; and so, the next time you meet them, put on a sour look, and show a proper resentment. You will soon get rid of them, and cease to be troubled with friends. You will have the pleasure of being shut up in yourself.

Be *very touchy and irritable.* Cultivate a sour, cross, snappish disposition. Never speak in good nature if you can help it. Never be satisfied with anything, but always be fretting. Pout at your father and mother; get angry with your brothers and sisters; or, if you are alone, fret at your books or your work or your play. Never look at or admire anything that is beautiful and good; but fix your eye on the dark side of everything; complain of defects in the best of things, and be always on the look-out for whatever is deformed or ugly, or offensive in any way, and turn up your nose at it. If you will do half of these things you will be miserable enough.

BEWARE OF THE FALLS!

A boy, two years old, was carried over the Falls of Niagara a short time ago. He was playing on a board at Street's factory, on the Canada side, in company with an elder brother; their father saw them and chided the elder one, who suddenly jumped off, when the other was precipitated into the stream. He soon got into the rapids, and the father hurried to rescue him; but in vain—the boy went over the Falls.

Alas! how many have we seen go over the falls—for there are other fatal falls besides those of Niagara.

We one day saw two little boys playing around a public house; one heard a warning voice, gave heed, fled, continued sober, and became a good man; the other neglected the warning, and went over the Falls.

Another time we noticed two little boys swearing boldly; one suddenly broke off, became moral, and escaped; the other became more and more profane, and went over the Falls.

Again we saw two little boys playing at cards. Both became expert gamblers. One had a warning from his father, and never played again; the other had no such warning, kept on, and went over the Falls.

Two little boys were fond of smoking. From morning to night a cigar was in their mouths. Both were warned. One threw away the filthy weed, and became a sober, steady youth; the other, from smoking took to drinking, and from drinking to swearing, and soon he was over the Falls.

There is no certainty, that two little boys, beautiful in their play, and innocent in all their habits, will grow up alike. One listens to the voice of reproof, the other slights it, hardens his neck, and perishes. O, let the smallest casualties teach us our dangers. An innocent and lovely youth may perish amid the fascinations of the destroyer. How certain the ruin of him who stops his ears and hears no warning. The little boy was precipitated by accident over the Falls. If you go over, it will not be by accident, but because you will not be warned, and will not take heed to your ways.

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

A DOUBTFUL CURE.—An Irish journal says—"The following bill was presented by a farrier to a gentleman—'To *curing* your pony that died, £1 1s.'"

RATHER EQUIVOCAL.—A negro once gave the following toast:—"De gubernor ob de State—he came in wid berry little opposition, he go out wid none at all."

SYMPATHY.—An Irish counsel being questioned by a judge to know "for whom he was concerned," quickly replied, "I am *concerned*, my lord, for the plaintiff, but I am employed by the defendant."

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN COMMON LAW AND EQUITY.—"Pray, my lord," said a gentleman to a late respected and rather whimsical judge, "what is the distinction between law and equity courts?"—"Very little in the end," replied his lordship, "they only differ so far as *time* is concerned. At common law you are done for at once—in equity you are not so easily disposed of. The former is a bullet, which is instantaneously and most charmingly effective—the latter is an angler's hook—which plays with its victim before it kills it. The one is prussic acid—the other is laudanum."

THE REASON WHY.—Lord Newton, one of the Scotch judges, was seen by a friend staggering homewards so early as nine o'clock on a fine summer evening, in Edinburgh. "How now?" queried the individual, "you're early up from your dinner the day?"—"True enough, stuttered the judge, "but then, ye maun ken, that we sat down yestreen."

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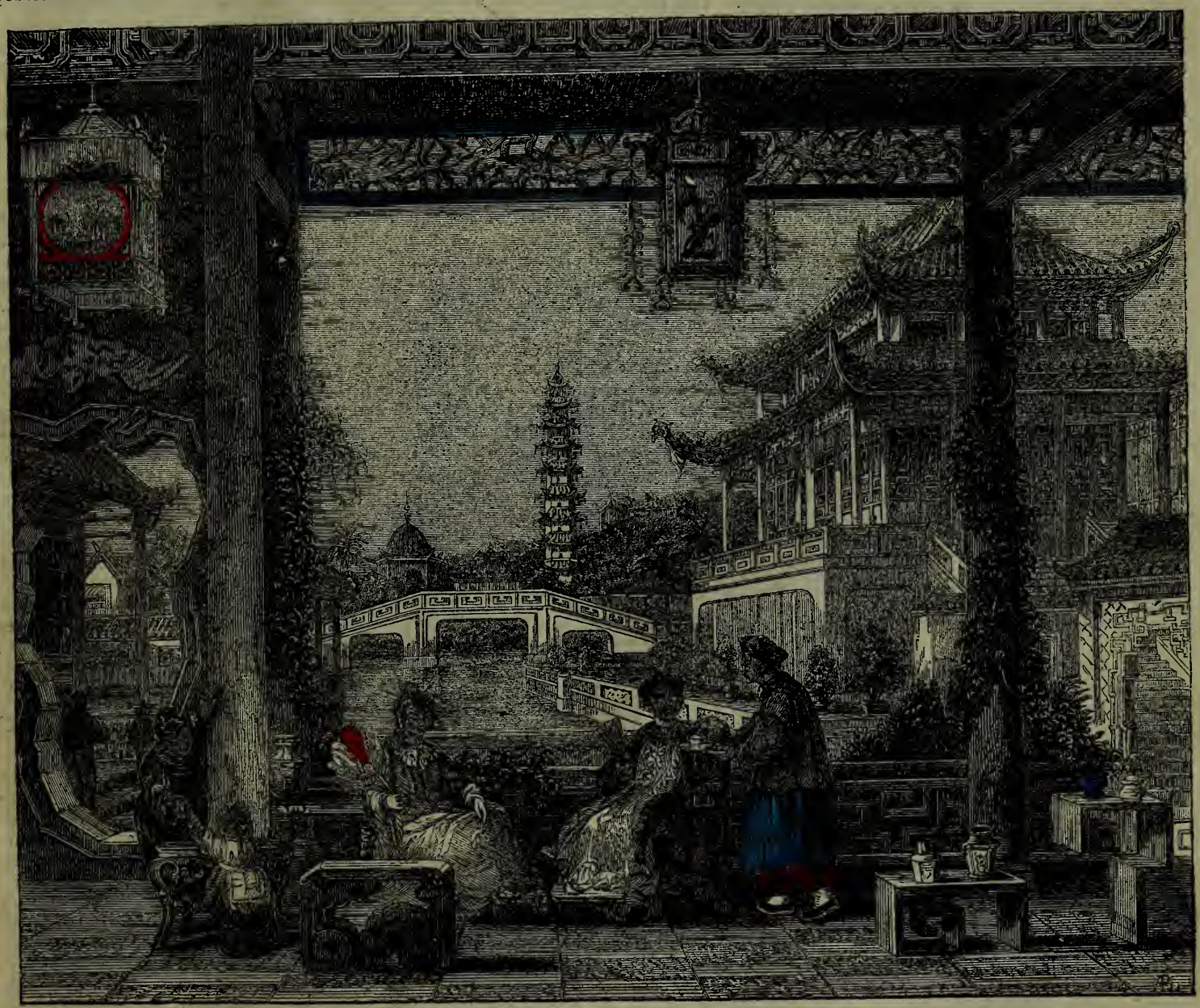
THE
WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I., NO. 2.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1851. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

THE EMPEROR, COURT, AND GOVERNMENT OF CHINA.

THE Emperor, designated the "Son of Heaven," "Imperia Supreme," "Holy Lord," "His Majesty," and by other similar epithets, is the source of all authority in the legislative as well as executive department of the state. So august is the Emperor considered, that the mandarins and other natives not only prostrate themselves when in his presence, but also before a tablet with the inscription, "The Lord of a Myriad Years." In his character as a patriarch, his Imperial Majesty is not only regarded as the father of that multitudinous family, the population of his empire, but is also considered the sole dispenser of the blessings of heaven; the chief canon of belief being, that "the duty of affording to the people sustenance and instruction is imposed on *The One Man*;" while, on occasions of national calamity, he publicly confesses his errors, and acknowledges his misconduct to be the cause of the divine displeasure.



INTERIOR OF A MANDARIN'S HOUSE AT PEKIN.

It has often been a question, "How do the Chinese, ignorant as they must be of the science of political economy, and destitute as they are of the knowledge of Christian ethics, manage to keep such a mass of people in order, and preserve their empire free from encroachment and diminution?" The answer is—the secret of their success in political matters is the establishment of the patriarchal system of government, founded on the basis of filial obligation. As the first principle in their moral code is the duty of children to submit to their parents, and the right of parents to dispose of their children; so on this claim is grounded their political code also. The parallel between the relations in which every person stands to his own parents and to the Emperor, is carried out from the most important functions of the legislature down to the minutest observances of ceremony, all of which are regularly prescribed by law. The union of the avenger with the father in the Emperor, is well illustrated by the following fact. A man and his wife had severely ill-used the mother of the former, whose

sufferings were reported to the Emperor; and what was the result? The principal offenders were put to death; the mother of the wife was bambooed, branded, and exiled, for the daughter's crime; the scholars of the district were not permitted to attend the public examinations for three years, thus arresting their course of promotion; the magistrates were deprived of their office, and banished; the very place where the crime was committed was made accursed; for, says the imperial edict published on the occasion, "*I intend to render the empire filial.*" The fatherhood thus assumed is designed to be truly imperial. To create an impression of awe there is a resort to every device. Attired in a robe of yellow—the colour worn, say the Chinese, by the sun—the Emperor is surrounded by the highest pageantry and state. All ranks must bow the head to a yellow screen of silk. In his Majesty's presence no one must speak except in a whisper; his person is considered too sacred to be often exhibited in public; and even an imperial despatch is received by the burning of incense and prostration. All this state has, however, its personal inconveniences. The Emperor is not allowed to lean back in public; to smoke; to change his dress; or, in fact, to indulge in the slightest relaxation from the fatiguing support of his dignity.

The Emperor dwells in the interior of his palace, secluded from the gaze of the populace, and surrounded by extensive parks and gardens. This edifice is within the northern enclosure of Peking, the capital, which covers an area of twelve acres, while the southern has an acre of fifteen square miles; the two constituting the entire capital. There are, in fact, three sub-divisions; an outer, a middle, and an inner portion. The latter contains the imperial palace, and the dwellings of the different members of the sovereign's household; the second is chiefly inhabited by Chinese merchants; and the third, or outermost portion, constitutes the open city. The Chinese describe the palace as a very superb residence, with "golden walls and pearly palaces." To persons who have not their prejudices it presents a glittering appearance: its tiles, varnished with a brilliant yellow, seem, under the rays of the meridian sun, to glow like a roof of burnished gold. Within are spacious courtyards, and apartments richly decked with gay colours and gilding, constituting altogether a gorgeous fabric. "There reigns," says Father Hyacinth, "among the buildings of 'the forbidden city' a perfect symmetry, both in the form and height of the several edifices, and in their relative positions, indicating that they were built upon a regular and harmonious plan." Of course these excellences would not accord with English taste; to our eyes the imperial residence would appear in striking contrast to the palatial abodes of our beloved sovereign; but by our rules Chinese dwellings are not to be judged.

The grand entrance to the imperial city is by the southern gate, through the central avenue, or "Meridian Gate," of which the Emperor alone can pass. The gate opens into a large court, adorned with bridges, balustrades, pillars, and steps, with varied sculptures of fine marble. Beyond this is the "Gate of Extensive Peace;" a superb edifice of white marble, one hundred and ten feet high, ascended by five flights of steps, the centre of which is exclusively appropriated to the Emperor. On special days, as that of his birth and the day of the new year, he receives here the congratulations of his officers, who prostrate themselves in the imperial presence. Other halls and flights of steps conduct to the palace itself, which is called the "Tranquil Palace of Heaven," while that of the Empress is styled the "Palace of Earth's Repose." No one can enter the secluded residence of the Emperor without special permission, where he gives audience to those who are so far favoured, and arranges his imperial plans.

This palace is described as the loftiest, richest, and most magnificent of all. A tower of gilded copper, adorned with a great number of figures, beautifully executed, stands before it. A large vessel, of the same material, in which incense is burned day and night, is placed on each side of the tower. This accords with the effort often observable to keep up the impression that the connexion is inseparable between the powers of nature and the Emperor, who is indeed regarded by the people as the representative and counterpart of the former. How inordinate is the vanity that is thus cherished! how profound the ignorance which can present such adulation! Beyond the residence of the Emperor and Empress is the imperial flower-garden, interspersed with sheets of water and rising rocks, laid out in beautiful walks, and adorned with grottoes, pavilions, and temples. One of these is visited by the Emperor on certain occasions, to obtain blessings from the manes of his ancestors, and to show his filial piety. Beyond this garden is a library of immense extent, and further on stands the gate of the flower-garden, which forms the northern outlet to "the forbidden city." Six palaces are occupied by the princesses of the imperial family; and other ranges of building constitute the residence of the Emperor's stewards, &c.; besides which there are halls for councils, courts, &c., and a large printing establishment.

There is, after all, but little of pomp or splendour in the imperial residence. To quote the words of Barrow:—"The buildings that compose the palace, and the furniture within them, if we except the paint, the gilding, and the varnish, that appear on the houses even of plebeians, are equally void of unnecessary and expensive ornaments. The palaces of Peking, like the common habitations of the country, are all modelled after the form of a tent, and are magnificent only by a comparison with the others, and by their number, which is sufficient indeed to form a town by themselves. Their walls are higher than those of ordinary houses, their wooden columns of greater diameter, their roofs are immense, and a greater variety of painting and gilding may be bestowed on different parts; but none of them exceeds one story in height, and they are jumbled and surrounded with mean and insignificant hovels. The stone or clay floors are, indeed, sometimes covered with a carpet of English broadcloth, and the walls papered; but they have no glass in the windows, no stoves, fire-places, or fire-grates in the rooms; no sofas, bureaux, chandeliers, nor looking-glasses; no book-cases, prints, nor paintings. They have neither curtains nor sheets to their beds; a bench of wood, or a platform of brickwork, is raised in an alcove, on which are mats or stuffed mattresses, hard pillows or cushions, according to the season of the year. Instead of doors they have usually screens, made of the fibres of the bamboo."

Within the meridian gate of the capital the imperial council chamber is situated, where the ministers of the Sovereign assemble to deliberate on national affairs. They are six in number—three Tartars, who take precedence, and three Chinese. They are designated "worshipping assistants"—persons who have done obedience on being appointed to office, by knocking heads, an initiatory ceremony similar in its import to that of kissing the hand of our own Sovereign. A variety of official titles has, however, been borne by them. The most ancient one, under the dynasty Hea, denoted "objects of complacency and confidence." Nobles of the first rank, who conducted the sacred music connected with the state ceremonies, were styled "great and perpetual,"—expressing their desire that the powers whom the imperial family worshipped would perpetuate its dominion through all ages. Ministers have also been denominated "great assistants," "great preservers," and "great learned scholars."

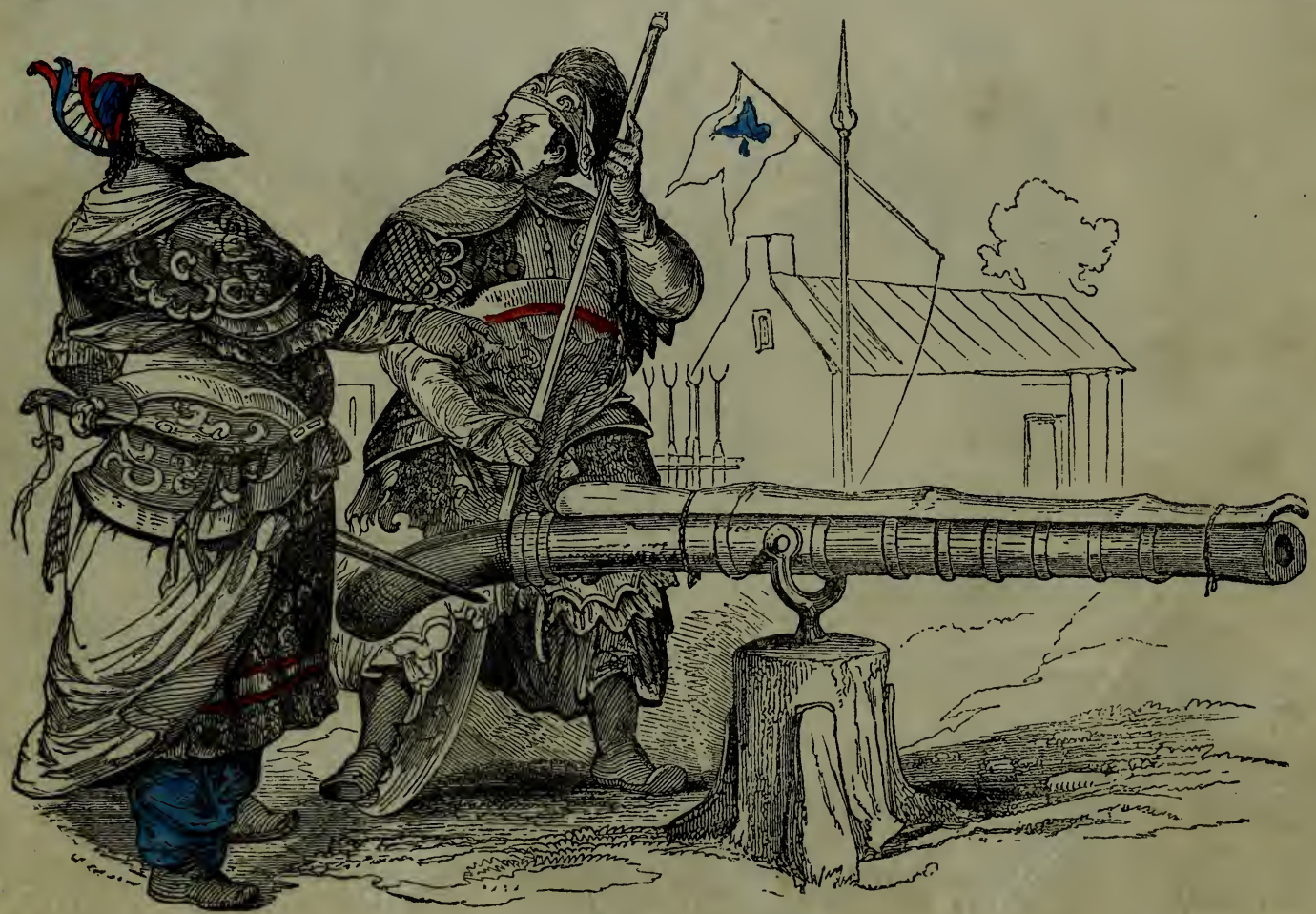
Mandarin, a word derived from the Portuguese, and primarily from the Latin, and meaning "to command," is generally applied by visitants of China of the European races to native titled and governing men. The whole body of Chinese mandarins consists of twenty-seven ranks. The constitution recognises the following steps of titular or privileged states, in descending gradations:—1. Imperial blood. 2. Length of service. 3. Illustrious deeds. 4. Talent and wisdom. 5. Distinguished abilities. 6. Zeal and assiduity. 7. Nobility. 8. Birth. In this scale we see that their estimations are nearly in the inverse order of ours. Mandarins are either civil or military. Although the mandarins are inferior in rank to the higher class of nobility, whose dignity partakes of a personal character, they form the effective ministry and magistracy of the country. The Chinese equivalent of *mandarin* is *kouon*, which signifies, literally, a public character.

Six supreme courts, tribunals, or boards, exist, as the principal springs of the machinery employed in the operations of the Chinese government. The first is the *Board of Civilians*, for superintending officers of all ranks, from the Emperor himself down to a writer in a government office. The next in order is the *Board of Revenue*, having the charge of all the taxes imposed on the people. The *Board of Rites* has under its charge the etiquette for which China stands pre-eminent

TAO-KWANG, EMPEROR OF CHINA.

among the nations of the East. It directs the insignia of official rank, and the persons by whom they are to be worn. The acts and movements of every official personage, with the exact number of prostrations, kneelings, reverences, and other gestures, are all described with the greatest minuteness. Some of our readers will probably remember a circumstance in connexion with these ceremonies relating to our own country. In July, 1817, Lord Amherst arrived at Spithead from his embassy to the Court of Peking, after an absence of seventeen months. He was foiled in the object of his mission chiefly from refusing to conform to the Chinese ceremonial of prostration, or "head-knockings," in the presence of his Imperial Majesty. The *Military Board* has an extensive jurisdiction, including the naval and merchant service, the imperial hunting, the police, and the post-office departments, as well as the army. China maintains a large standing army, not much fewer than 800,000 men, with a corresponding number of officers, of whom all the higher grades, and a large number of the soldiers, are Tartars. The *Board of Punishments* bears a name sufficiently descriptive of the range of its authority. The *Board of Works* is occupied in superintending the public buildings connected with the imperial palaces, gardens, temples, tombs, and the national altars. The *Board of Music* is instituted to direct the rejoicings and festivals at the palace. There is also a *Colonial-office*, composed of Manchoos and Monguls, so that the respective tributary princes may have confidence in referring whatever concerns their interests to their own countrymen. To each of the provinces a viceroy is appointed, and every town is presided over by a magistrate. Subordinate officers superintend the lesser divisions. All these functionaries are removed every three years ; and that no ties of kindred may interfere with the strict discharge of their duties, the viceroys and magistrates are forbidden to form any alliance with a family within the limits of their rule. The *Thsing Leu Lee*, being the fundamental laws, and a selection from the supplemental statutes of the penal code of China, has been ably translated by Sir George Staunton, so eminently qualified to do it justice. Of it a competent witness has said :— "The most remarkable thing in this code is its great reasonableness, clearness, and consistency—the business-like brevity and directness of the various provisions, and the plainness and

IMPERIAL MESSENGER.



ARMED MANDARIN AND SOLDIER.

moderation of the language in which they are expressed. There is nothing here of the monstrous verbiage of most other Asiatic productions; none of the superstitious deliration, the

COSTUME OF A MANDARIN AND HIS WIFE.

miserable incoherence, the tremendous *non-sequiturs*, and eternal repetitions, of those oracular performances; nothing even of the turgid adulation, the accumulated epithets, and fatiguing self-praise of other Eastern despotisms; but a clear, concise, and distinct series of enactments, savouring throughout of practical judgment and European good sense; and, if not always conformable to our improved notions of expediency in this country, in general approaching to them more nearly than the codes of most other nations." Still the Chinese code has very serious defects. It gives laws for trifles, is often extremely vague, and contributes, in many instances, to gross injustice. Corporal punishment is the universal penalty. Offences the most grave, and the most trivial, whether committed by persons in the highest or the lowest ranks, are alike visited by so many strokes of the bamboo!

The magistrate, who is to be found in all towns and cities, is habited in what is termed a court, or full dress, with court beads. The badge which appears on his breast is repeated on his back. The knob on the top of his cap denotes rank: this is known by its being a *gilt* knob, a *white glass* knob, or a *cornelian* stone. A peacock's feather attached to the cap is a gift from the Sovereign, and indicates his sense of the officer's merit. The secretary wears in his girdle a handkerchief, a case containing his chop-sticks (two long slips of ivory or wood with which he raises his food to his mouth), and his purse for containing a few coins, or a little tobacco.

The magistrate being always in court, a culprit is no sooner taken, and his accusers in attendance, than he is put on his trial, and the secretary records the accusation. If it be a light offence, and he is unable to pay a fine, he is laid on the floor, and the punishment of blows inflicted with a long flat bamboo. If the punishment is not excessive, he rises and walks home, and the following day he is able to follow his employment. "I remember," says a resident for some years in China, "seeing one morning, while residing next door to the Heën magistrate's office at Macao, a respectable-looking Chinese, who had on thin shoes, rush down three flights of steps and along the street as fast as he could run; he was followed by the petty officers of the court, who wore thick shoes; and had they not made a great noise, inducing other persons to stop the prisoner, he would have effected his escape. Having got hold of him, four of them shouldered him, while the fifth held him tight by the tail, at which he tugged most unmercifully. In an hour's time I saw the culprit limping homewards at liberty. He had been well bastinadoed, and the five petty officers who accompanied him, were laughing heartily at the joke, and calling him a fool for attempting to escape."

The following scale of punishment, taken from the Penal Code, shows the manner in which the infliction is increased according to guilt. In former times the lowest punishment was *ten* blows; it is now reduced to *four* blows: so of the others: thus—

The first	nominally a punishment of	10 blows	of which only	4 blows	are to be inflicted.
The second		20 blows		5 blows	
The third		30 blows		10 blows	
The fourth		40 blows		15 blows	
The fifth		50 blows		20 blows	

The second degree or division of punishment is inflicted with the larger bamboo, and is subdivided in the following manner:—

The first	nominally a punishment of	60 blows	of which only	20 blows	are to be inflicted.
The second		70 blows		25 blows	
The third		80 blows		30 blows	
The fourth		90 blows		35 blows	
The fifth		100 blows		40 blows	

The third division is that of a temporary banishment to any distance not exceeding five hundred lee—ten lee being usually estimated as equal to three geographical miles—with a view to

ARMED MANDARIN OF THE CAVALRY.

afford opportunity of repentance and amendment. Of this species of punishment there are five gradations:—

Banishment for	1 year, and 60 blows	with the bamboo, reduced as above.
	1½ year, and 70 blows	
	2 years, and 80 blows	
	2½ years, and 90 blows	
	3 years, and 100 blows	

Perpetual banishment, the fourth degree of punishments in order of severity, is subdivided as follows, and is reserved for cases wherein even for considerable offences, the life of the criminal is spared by the lenity of the laws; a hundred blows with the bamboo, and perpetual banishment to the distance of 2,000, 2,500, or 3,000 lee. On reaching this destination, the banished offenders may follow their callings; but they are required once a week, or once a month, to appear before the magistrate of the place and report themselves.

The fifth and ultimate punishment ordained by law, is death, either by strangulation, or beheading.

All criminals, capitally convicted, except such atrocious offenders as are expressly ordered to be executed without delay, are retained in prison for execution at a particular period in the autumn; the sentence passed on each individual being first duly reported to and ratified by the Emperor.

The ordinary punishment resorted to for women, is slapping them on the cheek with a solid piece of leather; but, generally speaking, as women live a secluded life, few of them are punished in China.

It is honourable to the Chinese that for the various state offices merit alone is the qualification. Their highest honours and emoluments are open to individuals of the humblest rank. Tartar birth, though conferring on its possessor a considerable advantage, does not necessarily conduct to pre-eminence, nor do family distinctions descend from father to son, except in the case of the imperial kindred.

Promotion has therefore been described as the *summum bonum* of a Chinese. In one instance we are told of 8,000 candidates for the literary degree of *Keu-jin*, the legal number of successful aspirants being seventy-two. Before being qualified to compete at the triennial examination, held only in Peking, candidates must be graduates of the lowest degree conferred in the capital city of each department. Each one, thus prepared, enters the building appropriated to the examination, which is carefully guarded by soldiers to prevent all communication from without. Here a cell is assigned him, which is also as narrowly watched, that no undue help may be afforded him. There, on three different days, he writes a theme, or composes a short poem, excluding every allusion either to the policy of the rulers, or the present dynasty. The test of merit is accordance in style and sentiment with the ancient authors of China, and is therefore fatal to all inventive power. It has been well said by Lord Bacon, that the antiquity of past ages is the youth of the world, and that it is an inversion of the right order to look for greater wisdom in some former generation than there should be in our present day." The time in which we now live," says this great philosopher, "is properly the ancient time, because now the world is ancient; and not that time which we call ancient when we look in a retrograde direction, and by a computation backward from ourselves." But this right order is inverted in China. There Lord Bacon has no disciples. Genius is crushed in the birth. No ray of physical science ever sheds its radiance on the lore of the so-called "Celestial" country. A very narrow boundary is placed to intellectual effort. The course pursued is one that condemns the people to a kind of perpetual childhood.

Nor is it less evident that there may be literary honour with no aptitude for the exercise of the functions of government. To the mode adopted in China there are therefore the most weighty objections. But so great is the interest there in the successful effort to gain the higher literary degrees that there have been instances of individuals persevering through a long series of disappointments, even till their seventieth or eightieth year. Instances, too, have occurred in which such degrees have been obtained by fraud, but only to involve their possessors, when detected, in dishonour. The first intimation the candidate has of success is on reading his feigned name or motto posted against the walls of the public office of the lieutenant governor. That functionary comes forth from his palace at a certain hour; the usual discharge of guns takes place; the official paper is posted up; and having bowed to the names of the successful candidates, he retires. A public banquet, honoured by the presence of the highest authorities of the province, is given to the newly-made *Keu-jin;* and, while the thousands of unsuccessful candidates return disappointed to their homes, on those are lavished applause and honour, and their names and compositions are sent to the Emperor at Peking.

With their names and triumphs published throughout the empire, they are courted and caressed; and they become *ipso facto*, eligible to all the offices in the gift of the sovereign. The most learned are appointed to the highest degree of literary rank, the "Han-lin," literally "the forest of pencils," or membership of the national college. All this means that the Emperor may "pluck out the true talent" of the land, and employ it in the administration of Government. The fourteen thousand civil mandarins are, almost without exception, the *beaux esprits*—the best scholars of the realm. The highest literary graduate is entitled to wear a white stone, brought from India, on the cap, as a distinguishing mark. The attainment of the rank of "Keu-jin" is described as "plucking a branch of the fragrant olive," because that flower is in blossom in autumn, when the examination occurs.

THINGS "LIGHT AS AIR," TREMBLING AT EVERY BREATH.

We were once in the ante-room of an exhibition, and among other objects to amuse the visitors who were waiting for the performance, there was a number of little representations of flowers, kings, queens, &c., &c., with the words written over them, "*things light as air:*" and in order to test the correctness of the motto you were supplied with a small rod, and invited to touch the seeming realities, but on making the attempt you found that there was nothing, and that "the things" were, indeed, "light as air," for they consisted solely of some magical illusion. We have often been reminded of these optical deceptions. How many things among us which pass for something great are, notwithstanding their cost and expense, "as light as air," "Vanity of vanities," says Solomon, "all is vanity;" and he had more opportunities than most men of testing the pleasures, the riches, and the honours, of the world. We are not going to sermonize, but still we may say that there are few persons who have lived to be threescore, or threescore years and ten, who do not perceive that the wise man was not far from the truth respecting the vanity of the greater part of those objects and pursuits which agitate and disturb the souls of the sons and daughters of wealth, pleasure, and ambition.

We have often thought that there are numbers of things in the world which make a great show and noise in our time on which the motto we have quoted might very properly be inscribed. And we come to this conclusion from the care with which they are guarded by those who set a high value upon them. For this very care seems to intimate that they are remarkably brittle and frail. We have frequently seen various productions of wax, &c., covered with a glass or some other case, lest you should touch and destroy them; and you were thus admonished that, however beautiful the objects might be, still they would not bear handling, or scarcely the most gentle treatment. Hot-house plants need artificial heat, and generally a good deal of watching and protecting, but the oak and the cedar seem rather to invite than to dread the winter and the storm.

In a recent paper we showed that everything in England is in danger of being assailed, and that to this very circumstance we owe our happiness, peace, and stability. We are not a wax-work sort of people. Our Constitution is not made of stubble or thistledown. Everything of this sort is generally tried, winnowed, and swept away by the whirlwind of public opinion. Somehow or other we have learnt to distinguish the wheat from the chaff. In some countries when the people are exasperated, they have no more discrimination than an angry bear would use in a china shop if he had the misfortune to be stung by a bee.

Some tell us that the Greek word "*Krinein*" "*to judge*," whence we obtain our terms, "discern," "discreet," "discretion" "discrimination, "crime, "crisis," &c., &c., originally meant, "to sift," or "to use a sieve." In reviewing the history of our country, we perceive that John Bull has for ages been in possession of a good *mental sieve*, and has employed it very freely and extensively; and hence it is that we have so much of what is really true, just, and right among us, and therefore our empire is built on immutable and, we had almost said, omnipotent foundations. The poets of old, in singing of the perpetuity and eternity of the Roman empire, showed that they had no correct idea of the principles which give stability to thrones and immortality to sceptres. A little information respecting justice, morality, and the rights of man, would have satisfied them that the elements of decay were never more vigorously at work than at the very time when the most fulsome flattery was bestowed upon Augustus. It is a striking fact that, while Republican principles are spreading around, the English monarchy stands firmer than it ever did during the whole period of its existence. Here John Bull has used his sieve, and therefore knows how to distinguish royalty from its accidents. The sovereign with us is simply the chief magistrate, crowned to see that the laws made by the sanction of the people are duly executed. She is, in fact, the head and embodiment of our national, republican, or democratical constitution. In many other lands the monarchy is the antagonist of democracy; in England it is its head, and the centralisation of all its *legal* power. We have lately seen that a president may set himself in a state of antagonism to the Republic which has elected him; and, therefore, the prestige of that name is gone for ever; for facts have shown that you may enjoy much more freedom under a royal sceptre than from the supposed protecting wing of a crownless president. With us, all that is wrong in the monarch is the fault, not of the sovereign, but of the people. The income of the Queen is fixed by the Commons, and can be raised or diminished at pleasure, and so of everything else. Hence our faults are the faults of the people and not of the prince; and these truths are so generally understood, that we feel that the chief reform needed among us, is a reformed Parliament, and this we can have as soon as the people firmly and unitedly demand it.

Had we time we could prove that everything else which is stable in our country, is secure because it has been exposed to the storms and tempests of public opinion. We have hardly a good but has been reviled, cursed, mocked, laughed at, satirised, applauded, and condemned by the pulpit, the press, and the stage. Our oaks have not been more stricken by the winds of heaven than have our institutions by the virulence of adversaries; and the consequence of this mighty winnowing is that what is really substantial remains firm, and what was worthless is to a great extent blown away. But *in other lands* matters are not so, and therefore everything has to be guarded by bayonets, fines, imprisonment, and death. The throne and the church have, as it were, to be kept under a glass case; for, if we may believe their supporters, they are "things light as air," and a mere breath would sweep them away.

With us in England, however, things are different. All people speak out, and all sects are exposed to the free criticisms of their neighbours, and few seem to be afraid of the result. You may be always sure that there is weakness in the creed or in the faith of those who profess it, when people rely on any other defence beside argument and persuasion, and wish to sew up the lips of those who differ from them. Those who thus depend upon physical force must necessarily imagine that their cause is so feeble that a mere breath would sweep it away.

We may make similar remarks concerning foreign rulers. Mr. Cobden, in one of his peace speeches, observed that you generally see all monarchs and princes on the Continent dressed in regimentals. This shows that they are afraid to trust themselves abroad without a sword. The English must be rather proud that they have a sovereign whose sex forbids her wearing military accoutrements—whose modesty spurns the thought of becoming an Amazon—and whose confidence in her people enables her to dispense with the array of bayonets that surround the dwellings and the movements of such despots as the Emperors of Austria and Russia. Here, as we have said, the monarch is the head of the people, and is therefore supported by it; but abroad, every throne totters, because there is no sympathy between the rulers and their subjects. The princes, dukes, and presidents are conscious of injustice, and consequently of weakness. "Every man," says Cain, "who meets me will slay me." How could he dream of such a thing? Abel never had a thought of the kind, and never feared any one. But then Abel was innocent and Cain was guilty, and in this lay the great difference between them. And thus is it with the despots of Europe; they are all weak, and tremble because they know nothing of that confidence and security which the "*mens conscia recti*" inspires. Like Cain, they are terrified lest everyone who meets them should slay them. An Englishman going abroad is astounded to find every place guarded by armed men. All the towns and cities appear as if they were in a state of siege. Take away the soldiery, and there is scarcely a crowned head in Europe but would have to fly to Old England for refuge. Hence, with all their glare and splendour, with all their regimental glitter, their myriads of troops, and the thunder of their artillery, they are after all only "things light as air." A breath would sweep them away. And of this fact they are so conscious, that no public meetings are allowed—no free expression of opinion is permitted—every book must be read by a censor, and the press must be guarded with the strictest care. The pen is but a feather, and human speech is only a breath, and yet military despots know that each of these is sufficient to overthrow them for ever.

We might greatly extend this paper by referring to various other bodies which make a great show and boast loudly, but still are too feeble to bear the stroke of a feather or the breath of popular opinion, and therefore have to be guarded like wax flowers or delicate pottery. But we need not enlarge, and shall conclude by congratulating our countrymen that Old England is not a hot-house plant, but a solid oak which can brave the heat of summer, the snows of winter, the blasts of Boreas, and by its shade promises to our children for ages to come the blessings of peace, prosperity, and pure religion.

NEVER DESPAIR.

THE opal hued and many-perfumed morn
From gloom is born;
From out the sullen depth of ebon night
The stars shed light;
Gems in the rayless caverns of the earth
Have their slow birth;
From wondrous alchemy of winter hours
Come summer flowers;
The bitter waters of the restless main
Give gentle rain;
The fading bloom and dry seed bring once more
The year's fresh store;
Just sequences of clashing tones afford
The full accord;
Through many ages, full of strife and ruth,
Thought reaches truth;
Through efforts long in vain, prophetic need
Begets the deed.
Nerve then thy soul with direst need to cope
Life's brightest hope
Lies latent in fate's deadliest lair—
Never despair.

A SCENE IN A LONDON "NIGHT-HOUSE."

LONDON "NIGHT-HOUSES."

READER,—Were you ever in a London "night-house?" For your own sake, and for the sake of morality, religion, and virtue, we hope you can answer in the negative; for in places such as the graphic pencil of the artist has described, are nourished all the worst vices of our fallen nature—intemperance, falsehood, irreligion and crime. Look at the picture; is it not true to life—life in its most repulsive forms—the life of the depraved, the intemperate, the idle, and the vile—the life of "men about town?" If there is one man to be avoided, it is your gentleman blackguard. Examine the specimen in the foreground of the picture—he beside the rather raw-looking young man with the long hair and plaid trousers. They are both men about town—samples of the same class—differing only in degree of vice. The elder man, faultless in dress, smooth of chin, plausible in manners, interesting in conversation, is one of the greatest scoundrels in the Metropolis. He is the type of a large class—well educated, clever, indefatigable in pursuit of anything he takes in hand, and yet as thorough-paced a rascal as ever fleeced a greenhorn. He makes his living at cards, dice, billiards, horse-racing, betting, and such like pursuits, at all of which he is equally clever and equally successful. And yet that man, strange as it may appear, has received an university education. We are drawing no fancy picture; for men such as he can be found in every "night-house" in town. He comes of a good family, too, and can boast at least a baronet amongst his relations. Look at him again, as he converses with the would-be "fast man,"—the pigeon and the crow—didst ever see a more plausible-looking fellow?—didst ever talk with a more accomplished villain?—didst ever take measure of a more refined blackguard? But yet he is quite a moral man in his way; never gets drunk. Oh, no, he is too clever for *that;* it is only his victims, his promising pupils in vice, who drink deeply as they deal the cards or rattle the dice-box.

Glance round the room. There is music—such music as the withered old man in the spectacles can thump out of the piano before him; and song—such song as the dissipated-looking fellow standing at the top of the room can furnish—song in which vulgarism and obscenity appear without disguise. And the creature comforts, too, are by no means neglected in the "night-house," for there are chops, and steaks, and Welsh-rabbits, and kidneys, and strong drinks, and pestiferous tobacco to be had in any quantity for the paying for them.

These places are open nightly after the theatres are over, and to them resort the old and young, the hoary in sin, and the stripling in folly. Here may be seen, joining in the chorus of some roaring song, the man who leaves his wife at home to weep; the son for whom the fond poor mother has denied herself that her dear boy might have enough; the youth fresh from the country, who in such scenes takes his first step in crime; the London *roué*, whose days are passed in bed, and whose nights are spent in shameless riot; the father, to whom the word HOME is no longer sacred; the tradesman, who is spending his creditor's money without compunction; the old bachelor, who fancies he is revenging the seeming neglect of the world by "potations pottle deep;" the hack-writer who seeks a public for his works only among the depraved; the broken-down actor, who lives his little life of popularity over again among such boon companions; the sheriff's follower, who grants his prisoner a short indulgence before he conveys him to the sponging-house, only on the receipt of money, no matter how obtained; the inexperienced, who are beguiled hither by those who wish to profit by his newness to London life, and, in fact, they—and they only—who have no mental resources, no homes, no friends, no reputations, and alas! no acknowledged God!

Suppose we could read the history of each individual in the motley group depicted by the artist—and we can almost, so vividly has he caught the lineaments of vice—how more strange than fiction would they not appear. And yet of all the shameless multitude assembled, there is not one who was not once a little laughing sinless child upon its mother's knee. Oh home how desecrated! oh virtue how outraged! oh truth how disfigured in strange garments! oh morality how forgotten! oh religion how disregarded! oh man, made in the image of his Maker, how debased, how vile, how lost thou art become; how low thou hast fallen! Take a single figure from the group. Could the mother, think you, of that villanous-faced man at the foot of the left-hand table recognise in those vice-worn features the little child she taught to lisp a prayer? Or could the wife—long since gone to Heaven, it may be—of that bald old sinner, discover in those leering eyes, and that false palsied lip, the lover of her spotless youth? Draw we a veil over the picture.

Why has the artist drawn it, and why have we inserted it in our pages? Vice, we are told by the poet, to be hated, needs but to be seen; let us hope, however, that not a working man among all our readers may see it in this guise. There is a warning and a moral in its every touch and lineament; and while we admire the power of the painter, let us profit by his teaching. The pencil is more eloquent than the pen; and yet there are men who would find in this picture nought but incentives to its dearly-purchased pleasures. Pleasures! they are bought at the expense of all that is holy in life, all that is hoped for in death. Bought at the cost of health, reputation, and religion. Pleasures! the price of which is ruin, body and soul!

We remember a little story how a youth, such an one, it may be, as he who sits beside the old man at the right of the picture—was induced to visit a scene like this; how night after night he frequented its unholy revels; how home, friends, virtue, and the gentle girl who had given him her love, were sacrificed at the shrine of vicious pleasures; how he fell a victim to the arts of older villains than himself; and how, to find means to pursue the life he had adopted, he fell into crime, and was taken in the fact. We were present at his trial and visited him in prison. Beside him sat the dear one he had betrayed, whispering such comfort as was only hers to offer. Oh woman wronged, insulted—

> "Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
> But when affliction wrings the brow,
> A ministering angel thou;"

and she, a ministering angel indeed, was with him in his shame. His head was bowed, and his spirit broken. He was barely thirty; but the deep lines of dissipation and crime were on his forehead; the recklessness of unrepented sin was in his eyes. On the morrow he died. Died by the hands of the common hangman, before the faces of a silent multitude, ten thousand strong. And his last words were—"DRINK HAS DONE IT ALL!"

* * * * *

Working men of Great Britain, whatever of crime and misery there is in great cities; whatever of vice and folly are in the streets; whatever of immorality and ungodliness you witness in your pilgrimage through life, be sure that drinking practices have had something to do with all. Grave judges from the seat of justice, ministers of religion from their places in the temples of God, senators in the legislative councils of the nation, authors in their studies, and painters at their easels—nay, the Majesty of England from the very throne itself—have declared, as with one voice, that drunkenness is the prolific parent of vice. When you see a man unsuccessful in business, careless of his family reckless of the future, thoughtless in life, and despairing in death, make inquiry, and the chances are ten thousand to one, that—DRINK HAS DONE IT ALL.

SEED-TIME IN LISNOMARA.

In Four Parts.

BY SILVERPEN (ELIZA METEYARD).

Part the Second.

At an early hour in the morrow, Joyce, accompanied by Grace, left the headland in the corvagh, the girl knitting (for the Galway peasant woman is renowned for "taming the needles"), and a basket, containing a few eggs and a goat's milk cheese, for his reverence, resting in the shallow bows. Mr. O'Sullivan's residence lay on the north shore of the headland; and this they reached about noon. Landing in a sort of quay rudely formed of wood, Grace and her father pursued a sandy road—evidently more trodden by pigs and goats than by visitors—and this led them to a true Irish village, consisting of some thirty or forty mud cabins, most of which looked in the last stage of delapidation, saving the one occupied by the priest. This, though no larger or better built than those usually tenanted by the class of small farmers, was in a state of decent repair; the ordinary dunghill of an Irish cabin did not reek at the door, and the land fenced round it by a hedge of gorse was clear of weeds and stones. As yet this newly enclosed plot of ground was only partially dug up; but Joyce found his reverence busy with the spade.

"And isn't me heart sore and me sight sore stricken to see yer honour's riverence doing the likes o' this," were Joyce's first hearty and indignant words. "Where be the Lisnomara boys, or where—"

"Indignation is quite useless, Joyce," interrupted Mr. O'Sullivan, as with a smile he greeted the worthy mountain farmer: "as the Lisnomara boys have just for the present a contempt for husbandry. They say they're fishermen, and if Dublin folks 'll send 'em nets and boats they'll fish, but they won't dig—it's beneath the pride of Lisnomara boys—so they lounged back to their cabin fires."

"The—" began Joyce, reddening with anger.

"Stay," spoke Mr. O'Sullivan wildly, "Ireland, nor Irishmen, will be made better by threats. We must set them an example, and show them what comes of work, and *then* teach them to do it. But now of Mr. Garven. Is he coming, eh? You see I am turning farmer, and need instruction myself?"

"Yis, yer riverence, he's coming next wake by a boat from Galway, and here be his letter, an' a mighty pleasant gintleman he is, an' spoke to the people like a prophet, asy to understand, though axin' yer pardon for saying as much." Joyce here gave the priest the letter, and drew respectfully aside whilst he read it. When he had done so, Mr. O'Sullivan waved his hand, and led the way towards the house, which, *par excellence*, it might be called, seeing that it was the best in the village. He talked with Joyce as he went onwards:

"So there was a great meeting," he said; "and the people seemed to understand Mr. Garven."

"As plainly, yer riverence, as a schoolboy his A B C, for he spoke to the people in their own tongue whin they didn't understand the English. An' sure, thin, it was mighty wonderful to see some o' the crathurs, when they heard o' turnips, an' carrots, an' cabbages, fall on their knees an' bliss God that he'd hilp the people by miracles in their starvation—for they'd never seen thin, or heard thin, of more than the praty." The priest here stayed abruptly in his walk, and looked earnestly into the fine weather-beaten face of the Galway peasant.

"It's thruth though, yer riverence," continued Joyce; "for I hadn't meself heard of the carrot an' mangle-wurzdle, or some sich name. But, yer riverence, many as 'll come to the matin'—an' the large part, be sure, 'll be no da'per in wisdom—'ll ask about the thurnips as childer about the pomegranates in Scriptur. Why, yer riverence, doesn't Dick O'Roon, in Savan Island, yit plough with the plough tied to the mare's tail? an' isn't there people to yer knowin' in Lisnomara that can't dig wid the spade?* Sure, I know it as I know yer riverence's face."

"Well, Joyce, more the need then that each of us shoul try to enlighten the ignorance of our neighbours. I'm only sorry that I am come so lately amongst you, and am so much a mere scholar myself in farming. But you, in your district of Lisnomara township, and I in mine, may do much in the way of instruction and example, when we have taught ourselves. For it is needful everywhere that some one should begin the work of improvement; it won't grow or make progress by itself."

They had now reached the house door; but a change in the tone of the farmer's voice made Mr. O'Sullivan turn quickly round to regard him.

"Ye see, yer riverence's honour," spoke Joyce, when he observed this, "one thing, though, or more troubles me in this matther. The one is, whin we git the knowledge, we've no sade for the ground: nixt, whin we have the betther crop, it 'll be but for the agent, I'm thinkin', to make the rint bigger than iver. Ill luck to 'em; I niver had a good crop but he raised me."

"Make your heart easy, Michael Joyce," replied the good priest, "and dig and sow in joy—for a new time is coming for Ireland to reap the fruits of her honest labour. A law is now ours by which estates loaded with debt can be sold easily and speedily; and this large one of Lisnomara—so loaded with debt as to be only a cost to the owner—will soon have passed into other hands; it is said into those of a great English agriculturist. If so, I have been well assured any improvements made by the tenantry will be generously met."

In spite of Mr. O'Sullivan's presence, Michael Joyce could not refrain from an Irish caper; a performance which brought both Mrs. Murphy, the priest's housekeeper, and Grace to the door, though the laugh of the latter was checked by respect for his reverence.

"And won't I," cried Joyce, as he followed his reverence respectfully into the kitchen, "dig, an' sow, and rape, as a Joyce never did before! Och! sure I will! Whin a man's got the dead weight of a beggar off his back, he runs wid a new foot—that he does."

Grace had now retreated to the kitchen-hearth, and brought from her basket, standing there, her mother's present of stockings to his reverence; whilst Mrs. Murphy, opening a cupboard close by, displayed the goat's-milk cheese, with which she seemed as pleased as though given to herself. After he had thanked Joyce and his daughter with a grateful warmth, which brought tears into the eyes of both—for the good gentleman well knew the deep poverty which lay within the farmer's cabin—Mr. Sullivan withdrew to the inner room, or parlour as it might be called, to write out some needful instructions respecting the meeting and the reception of Mr. Garven. Whilst writing, it occurred to him that the meeting would not only be best held in the valley where Joyce lived, but that also Joyce's cabin would be Mr. Garven's most convenient home. He accordingly called in Mrs. Murphy, and giving her needful instructions, she returned; and whilst Joyce and his daughter partook of a meal of hot buttermilk and potatoes, packed such things as could be well spared from his own scanty housekeeping. When these were ready, they were carried down to the corvagh; and there, receiving Mr. Sullivan's last instructions, his blessing, and his promise to be with them on the day Mr. Garven would reach Lisnomara, Joyce and his daughter departed on their way home, the setting sun sinking on the sea, so that the oars seemed not to dip in water, but into molten gold!

A small one-sail boat, hired in Galway Bay, and manned by three young Galway fishermen and a boy, brought Mr. Garven to Lisnomara on the appointed day. Though he arrived early, for the boat had sailed from Galway the previous afternoon, such a gathering as that which met him on the shore of the headland, and accompanied him to Joyce's cabin in the mountains, was not remembered by one in Lisnomara, and this too of the class Joyce's messengers had summoned; for the more abject class of peasantry, understanding that nothing would be given, held aloof lest they should be entrapped into some forced system of labour. One good, however, had been effected by the meal Joyce had bestowed—it left them peaceable, as from the source whence one dole had come another might follow. As Joyce's cabin would not contain a tithe of the people, it was soon agreed to hold the meeting in the

* Plenty of evidence to this effect may be gathered from the Parliamentary Report on Lord Devon's commission. One of the first things Lord George Hill had to do, at Gweedore, in Donegal, was to teach the people how to dig.

open air on the flat-turfed border of the mountain lake, particularly as the day for that declining season was unusually fine. Garven was just the man to address a gathering of the kind—men bowed down by poverty and dispirited by calamity, yet deeply attached to the soil. Knowledge was what they needed—and knowledge of the best plain practical sort, suited to the climate, the soil, and their peculiar position as occupiers of the land, was what he could give.

With a deep insight into the influences which govern rude, uneducated, yet clear-headed men, he began by telling them somewhat of his own history. How he was born in Ireland, and taken thence to England, when quite an infant. How his parents had died there; how from a parish apprentice to a farmer, he had become a ploughboy earning wages, from that to be a general farm servant, and so on progresssvely till he was raised to the post of under-steward. How in this position he had saved money, which enabled him to procure further instruction from some of the best practical farmers of England and Scotland. How when so capable, he filled the situation of steward to a great and wealthy Irish landed proprietor; but that when once he had witnessed the misery and degradation of his countrymen all other personal considerations became mean, compared with the growing desire of assisting to clear away the dense ignorance, and for this reason squalid misery, of the small Irish farmer. For this purpose he gave up his valuable and lucrative post, and engaged himself as one of the employed instructors of the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society of Dublin; and in such capacity he had already traversed immense tracts of country, and had come amongst them, the tenant-farmers of Lisnomara, to teach them, as a mother teaches her children, confident that Ireland would yet be as prosperous as by nature she was fertile, when once her people were taught to make use of the wealth which was theirs.

He then, in the simplest language, told them what improved agriculture had done for England. That the introduction of green crops there marked an era in the country's history, and a change in the condition of the people, which no mere improvements of an ordinary character could have effected, as they had doubled and tripled the supply of food and the productive power of the soil. He then described what green crops were—the turnip, the carrot, the cabbage, and beet-root, amongst others; and, finally, remarked that the turnip was the vegetable which had so largely aided the advance of agriculture, and the supply of food to the people.

"What, thin, is this wonderful thurnip, will yer honour plase till us?" cried several small tenant-farmers of the remoter islets—a fine race, though gaunt and abject through poverty and hunger.

As plainly as he could, Mr. Garven described what the turnip was, its cultivation and uses, and how this vegetable, with the others mentioned, had, by permitting a rotation of crops, done away with the old system of fallows; as it was found that, through a due attention to the course of succession and the use of manures, those particles which one vegetable extracted from the soil were replaced during the growth of another; and thus production was carried on, and fertility secured. He said all this in plainer language than we can give in a mere abstract of his address to those poor farmers of Lisnomara, who often, where the English words appeared difficult to their understanding, asked to have them re-delivered in the Irish dialect of Galway. So at last all present fully understood that other things beside the potato were given for the food of man; and that Ireland, till she raised her people above a slavish dependence on one root, through a succession of green crops eminently suited to her climate and soil, would be never wholly free from famine and its consequences.

Two-thirds of the people—chiefly those from the more inaccessible mountain valleys and islets of the district—were amazed and at first almost incredulous at what they heard; the potato was all they knew of—no tidings had ever reached them that such marvels as turnips and their like existed in the stores of nature.

Mr. Garven then went on to speak of farming in general; draining, trenching, digging, ploughing, harrowing, manuring, sowing; and the best system to be pursued with respect to their own small occupations.

"But sure, yer honour," interrupted several farmers at once, "it's good to be hearin' what may be done wid the land; but a bit o' tachin' wid yer own hand would be life and sowl to us."

"You shall have it, if you wish it, in the best manner my time will afford," was Mr. Garven's answer. "On my way from the shore here I arranged with your good priest, Mr. O'Sullivan, to stay a fortnight or three weeks in this part of Lisnomara; and showing Joyce how to work his farm, such as desire—and I hope many present do—will come and take a practical lesson. What is more—I will visit some of your farms, and give further discourses on general farming business."

The ready response spoke favourably in behalf of the general wish to be instructed. But a difficuly started itself in the minds of many: it passed verbally from bystander to bystander, and was at last put in the form of a general question to Mr. Garven: "Sure God's goodness was grate in feedin' his people wid many things, but where were the likes o' thim to git the seed?"

Mr. Garven begged them to keep their minds easy. He had brought with him from a benevolent wine importer in Galway, to whom he had spoken of the deep poverty in Lisnomara, a plough, some spades, and a small sample of seed-corn for present service; and further, when he had shown them practically the best use of both spade and plough, there was a fund in Dublin which supplied green crop seed at half the first cost; and to this fund he would apply in their behalf, when he had tested the character of their desire for improvement. They could not begin to sow green crops till February; it was now October, and it was not till the first week in July that turnips, for winter fodder, were sown.

At the conclusion of his address Mr. Garven walked over the valley with Mr. O'Sullivan, Joyce, and the other farmers, and marked out the site of his coming practical lessons. From thence he returned to the shore of the headland, to see how far applicable the marine weeds and friable rock were as manures, and found both excellent. Here Mr. O'Sullivan, as well as some of the poor tenant-farmers of the adjacent islets, departed on their way home, when a day had been fixed for the first practical lesson; and the rest, with the three fishermen who had brought the boat from Galway, followed Mr. Garven and Michael Joyce back to the valley, to share such good cheer as the poverty of the poor farmer could afford.

(To be resumed in the next Number.)

LETTERS FROM CALCUTTA.—No. IV.*

In our early intercourse with the natives of India, there is no subject that comes more frequently before us, or is more troublesome, than caste—and especially as regards our domestic servants. Our ignorance, and the advantage they take of it, invest it with much more importance than it really possesses; because, though the divisions of labour are kept very distinct, yet there are many things which they lead a new-comer to suppose nothing would induce them to do, which nevertheless they would not dream of refusing to a person well acquainted with them.

The word *caste*, from the Portuguese *casta*, is the English synonyme for the Indian word *zat*, meaning sect, class, or tribe, and refers particularly to hereditary religious sects, each having peculiar laws regarding meats and purifications. As the food eaten by one caste is impure to another, it prevents social intercourse to a very great extent; and in the original constitution of the scheme, and the high post assigned to the Brahmans, it bears evident marks of priestcraft. The subject of caste is far too extensive, and involves too much learned research, to render it practicable for me to give you a description of it in a short letter, and indeed I doubt if it would much interest you; but you may like to know that there were originally four divisions, viz.,

1. Brahman, priest or legislator.
2. Kshatriya, warrior.
3. Vaisya, agriculturist and trader.
4. Soodra, servile.

* For the former letters, see The Working Man's Friend, Vol. VII.

These are said to have proceeded severally from the mouth, arms, legs, and feet of Brahma, the Creator and Supreme God of the Hindoos. Two of these divisions only remain, the Brahman and the Soodra, while many assert that only Brahmans have pure descent, and that all others are without real caste; and so great is the change in their relative circumstances, that although they are still regarded with great veneration, yet many poor Brahmans serve opulent Soodras, and waiving, if not forgetting, their high pretensions, submit to the necessity of supplying their own daily wants.

There are thirty-six divisions of Soodras, the highest being the Voidya, or medical men, and the lowest Mulicha, a sect who make no distinction of clean or unclean food. Among these they include all whose sacred writings are in any other language than Sangskrit, or, in fact, whose manners differ from those of the Hindoos; and the name is therefore very politely applied to the Europeans. Family names generally determine to what caste the individual belongs, and some are distinguished by necklaces and bracelets, while the Brahmins and a few of the higher classes of Soodras wear the Poita, or Brahminical thread.

There are five religious sects among the Hindoos, and these are distinguishable by certain marks on their faces made by various-coloured clay, and which by no means improve their general appearance. In fact, a tattooed New Zealander can scarcely look more uncivilised and revolting than many a proud Rajah whom I have seen returning from making offerings at the shrine of his god, and thus disfigured by the officiating priest. The inhabitants of India seem infatuated in their attachment to these social distinctions, for even the Mussulmans, who constitute a very large—and in many parts the most influential—portion of society, have adopted them, and impose on themselves the burden of observances from which they were originally free. The influence of association, which has subjected the Mussulmans to the restrictions of caste, has, on the other hand, introduced from Persia and Arabia into Hindoo society the practice of polygamy and the seclusion of women.

In the present day, the original divisions (always excluding the priests) are replaced by a multitude of mixed castes, which generallycoincide with trades—as, the carpenter caste, the brazier caste, &c. The children always follow the same trade as their parents, and marry among their own set; and so long as this state of things exists, there is for them no possibility of advancement. They are, however, something more than contented with these arrangements; the degraded Palkee-bearer would not, if he might, follow any other calling than that of his father, and the lowly sweeper is as proud of his broom, which is the emblem of his trade, as the Brahman is of his poita. All these castes make laws of their own, which are maintained with great strictness, and they are held together as companies by hereditary chiefs, who settle all their disputes. Community of caste and trade generally go together, though a trade in one city will not always acknowledge common caste with that of another. Their laws are entirely opposed to all our notions of free-trade, progress, and individual liberty; and though apparently intended to protect, are productive of constant jealousies, quarrels, and injuries. When a man breaks any law, he is outcasted, and to procure re-admission is compelled to pay certain fees and give a dinner to the whole caste, which is often ruinously expensive. Of course, when a feast is desired or a private spite is to be gratified, a victim is soon found, for whom there is no escape, as it is held sufficient for the forfeiture of caste that one member should publicly accuse another, and he is excommunicated till he can clear himself and give a dinner. Individuals have been outcasted for not employing a sufficient number of Brahmans to perform the religious ceremonies, resembling Roman Catholic masses, which usually follow the death of a relative, and have been restored as soon as the money was paid. How clearly is the work of the priest seen here! Eating with persons of a ower caste, or intermarrying with them, or touching them publicly, or working for a member of another trade, and a variety of similar reasons, are deemed sufficient cause for excommunication. For a change of religion no penance will atone, and liberty of conscience is unknown among them. The only good thing in connexion with these unions appears to be the provision they are bound to make for all the sick and unemployed of their body. But they do not carry this too far, and when any member, even the nearest relative, is considered near to death from disease or infirmity, or has lived too long for their convenience, he is disposed of by being exposed on the banks of the Ganges, where, if he escape the jackalls, his mouth and nostrils are filled with sacred mud; or, worst of all, he is delivered to the Sunyassees, or burners of the dead, out of whose hands he cannot escape, as they pretend to believe that the soul will inevitably be lost if the subject survive this funeral visit to the sacred river. I heard a gentleman accuse a Hindoo of high rank of having murdered his father in this manner. "Ah!" said the smiling Rajah, "you do not understand our principles. We did it for his good: his soul went straight to heaven!" There is no doubt but that many a murder is committed under this cloak. Many instances might be recorded in which this strange superstition has served as a cloak for the gravest crimes, such as murder and parricide. A person who has thus lost caste being literally dead to the rest of the world, no inquiry is made into the causes or truth of his disappearance; and in most cases where he does escape, his return is unwelcome to his dearest relations. The following circumstances have recently occurred, and are in other respects singularly characteristic of Hindoo society:—

Some years since there lived in the south-eastern part of Bengal a Rajah who possessed very extensive estates and influence. He had an only son, whose mother died soon after his birth; and when the child was about eight years old, the Rajah married again. This second wife soon assumed a powerful influence over him. He appeared to become incapable of managing his own affairs, and in a very short period the whole of his estates were under the control of this woman and her uncle, who took the management of them. In a few years the Rajah died. It is a rule of Hindoo law that where there are no sons the estate belongs to the widow for life; but if a son survives, the widow is entitled only to maintenance. The Rajah's property was immense, and estimated to produce an annual income of several lacs of rupees, and the means adopted to secure it to the widow and her family were such as perhaps would have been ventured upon in no other country. The young Rajah continued to live with his stepmother, and is said to have been at that period—about twenty years ago—a strong and healthy child. At first he was treated with the consideration and honour due to the station he might be expected to occupy. After a little time his health began to fail, and the manner of his stepmother towards him was changed. He was fed with insufficient food and repeatedly chastised, till he became depressed in mind, and in a few years was reduced almost to idiocy. In this condition he was literally turned out of doors, and would have perished, but for the care of an old friend of his father, who, though a poor man, was the only one found with sufficient courage to brave the resentment of a powerful family. While residing with him, the circumstances of the case came under the notice of the magistrate of the district, who was, however, obliged to content himself with giving some pecuniary aid and sending his own medical attendant. After several visits, Dr. ———'s suspicions were excited that there had been foul play, and at length he came to the conclusion that the young Rajah had been reduced to his present condition by a long course of ill treatment, and a systematic administration of a slow poison for the purpose of destroying his intellects and ultimately his life. No actual proof could be adduced, but the stepmother and her relations became alarmed, and again received the young Rajah as a resident in his own house, where they appeared to treat him with extreme care and kindness. He was now approaching his majority, which the Hindoo law fixes at sixteen years; and in the event of his attaining it, it would become necessary to deliver up the estates to him, as no rent could be recovered from the Ryots and tenants of the property without his authority. Before that period, however, the report was spread that the young Rajah had died. A costly funeral was prepared, and, in accordance with the family custom, the body was actually taken, accompanied by some of the stepmother's relations and a large body of dependants, to Sangor, the most sacred spot at the mouth of the Ganges, for the purpose of being burnt. It was then delivered to the Sunyassees, whom I have mentioned as a set of fanatic devotees, on whom the performance of this ceremony devolves; and the funeral rites having been commenced, the relations left the place to perform their own religious acts, and returned home. While the preparations for his burning were going on, the young Rajah, who had been under the influence of a strong opiate, revived. The Sunyassees, who were never before known to spare any human being, would not complete the burning of the poor victim: and as his caste was irrecoverably lost by the interruption of the funeral rites, they took him amongst themselves, intending, it is supposed, to initiate him into their own detestable community. He continued with them five or six years, during the

whole time in a state of almost hopeless idiocy, which probably caused his preservation, and which deprived him alike of a sense of his own sufferings and of the personal knowledge of the occurrences of this protracted period. At length his reason returned, and he went back to his native place to seek redress for his injuries and the punishment of his persecutors; but on his arrival there, and on his demanding his patrimonial estate, he was at once met with the charge that he was an impostor, that the real Rajah had been long since dead, and that his stepmother was the rightful possessor of his estates. The friend who had succoured him before was dead. He was told that if he had not been burnt he ought to have been so, and no one could be found to receive an outcast, or to incur the anger of a family known to be as unscrupulous as they were powerful. The magistrate and physician who had formerly aided him were gone to a distant part of the country, and amidst these disheartening circumstances he commenced a suit in the Civil Court at Midnapore, which has already lasted eight years, and with such a system of fraud and perjury as are universal in Hindoo proceedings, promises never to terminate.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE HARVEST.

O THANKS, Thou Maker—Great Supreme!
For all thy works we see,
The heart's response, our highest theme,
Be grateful praise to Thee:
Thanks for Thy shade and sunlight blent
O'er heaven's cerulean dome,
Whereby Thy wondrous grace hath sent
A plenteous Harvest Home!

O thanks, that in the spring time Thou
Dids't give refreshing showers,
And hang thy bright o'er-arching bow
O'er Summer's fruits and flowers;
The morning airs, the dews of even,
The flashing streamlet's foam—
But chiefly that Thy grace hath given
A plenteous Harvest Home!

We bless thee for the radiant hours
That crowned our Summer's noon,
The sunny days, the fragrant flowers,
The still calm nights of June:
The streams that fertilising flowed,
With hopes of good to come,
But chiefly for thy gift bestowed,
A plenteous Harvest Home!

Thanks for the glorious forests all
That shade Thy creatures so;
The hills from whence the waters fall
To fruitful vales below;
The cattle in the silent eves
Delighting still to roam,
The flowers, the fruits, the ripened sheaves—
A plenteous Harvest Home!

While fanning airs their odours breathe
O'er all our fields so fair,
The daughters of our land shall wreathe
The wheat-ears in their hair;
And fairy feet the dance prolong
While mirth and gladness come,
And grateful voices hymn the song
Of glorious Harvest Home!

Outbreaking thanks and grateful praise
In every breast be found,
That Thou did'st precious treasures raise,
To bless the fertile ground;
That Thou did'st cause each open field
A sea of corn become,
And to thy breathing creatures yield
A plenteous Harvest Home! *W. Sinclair.*

KNOWLEDGE is not mental power. The mind is not formed in schools, but in free social action with affairs, interests, and temptations, which call forth the exercise of judgment, prudence, reflection, moral restraint, and right principle.

A SKATER CHASED BY WOLVES.

SOME winters ago I sallied forth one evening, to skate on the Kennebec, in Maine, by moonlight, and having ascended that river nearly two miles, turned into a little stream to explore its course. Fir and hemlock of a century's growth met overhead, and formed an archway radiant with frostwork. All was dark within; but I was young and fearless; and, as I peered into an unbroken forest that reared itself on the borders of the stream, I laughed with very joyousness; my wild hurrah rang through the silent woods, and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated again and again, until all was hushed. Suddenly a sound arose; it seemed to me to come from beneath the ice; it sounded low and tremulous at first, until it ended in a low, wild yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. I thought it more than mortal; so fierce, and amidst such an unbroken solitude, it seemed as though from the tread of some brute animal; and the blood rushed back to my forehead with a bound that made my skin burn, and I felt relieved that I had to contend with things earthly and not spiritual; my energies returned, and I looked around me for some means of escape. As I turned my head to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the underbrush at a pace nearly double in speed to my own. By this rapidity, and the short yells they occasionally gave, I knew at once that these were the much-dreaded grey wolf.

I had never met with these animals; but, from the description given of them, I had very little pleasure in making their acquaintance. Their untameable fierceness, and the untiring strength which seems part of their nature, render them objects of dread to every benighted traveller.

There was no time for thought; so I bent my head and dashed madly forward. Nature turned me towards home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was some distance from my pursuers, whence their fierce howl told me I was their fugitive. I did not look back; I did not feel afraid, or sorry, or even glad; one thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, of their tears if they should never see me again; and then every energy of body and mind was exerted for escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days that I had spent on my good skates, never thinking that at one time they would be my only means of safety. Every half minute an alternate yelp from my ferocious followers told me too certainly that they were in close pursuit. Nearer and nearer they came; I heard their feet pattering on the ice nearer still, until I could feel their breath and hear their snuffling scent. Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to the utmost tension. The trees along the shore seemed to dance in the uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed; yet still they seemed to hiss forth their breath with a sound truly horrible, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves, close behind, unable to stop, and as unable to turn on the smooth ice, slipped and fell, still going on far ahead; their tongues were lolling out, their white tusks glaring from their bloody mouths, their dark, shaggy breasts were fleeced with foam; and as they passed me, their eyes glared, and they howled with fury.

The thought flashed on my mind, that by this means I could avoid them—namely, by turning aside whenever they came too near; for they, by the formation of their feet, are unable to run on the ice except in a straight line.

At one time, by delaying my turning too long, my sanguinary antagonists came so near that they threw the white foam over my dress as they sprang to seize me, and their teeth clashed together like the spring of a fox-trap.

Had my skates failed for one instant—had I tripped on a stick—or caught my foot in a fissure in the ice—the story I am now telling would never have been told.

I thought all the chances were over; I knew where they would take hold of me if I fell; I thought how long it would be before I died; and then there would be a search for the body that would already have its tomb; for O! how fast man's mind traces out all the dread colours of death's picture, only those who have been so near the grim original can tell!

But I soon came opposite the house, and my hounds—I knew their deep voices—roused by the noise, bayed furiously

from the kennels. I heard their chains rattle: how I wished they would break them!—and then I should have protectors that would be peer to the fiercest denizens of the forest. The wolves, taking the hint conveyed by the dogs, stopped in their mad career, and, after a moment's consideration, turned and fled. I watched them until their dusky forms disappeared over a neighbouring hill; then, taking off my skates, wended my way to the house, with feelings that may be better imagined than described. But, even yet, I never see a broad sheet of ice in the moonshine without thinking of the snuffling breath and those fearful things that followed me so closely down the frozen Kennebec.—*Evenings at Donaldson's Moor.*

THE LION ENTRAPPED.

Among the animals in the public gardens at Cape Town, says a recent traveller, was a real wild lion, not long taken, and bearing his imprisonment with a very bad grace, having received from nature an irritable disposition, not improved, perhaps, by the deceit practised in his capture. He had been taken somewhere on the northern frontier when full grown. The lion is particularly fond of Hottentot flesh—probably from its being of a more gamy flavour than other meat. A Hottentot in the service of a boer, had frequently observed that he was followed by a lion, probably from his possessing in a higher degree than others of his race, the relish which the lion delighted in. As the man naturally desired to be relieved of these polite attentions, he readily lent himself to a scheme for capturing his enemy. There was a hill in the neighbourhood of the boer's house, which sloped gradually on one side, and ended in a precipitous cliff on the other. This seemed a favourable spot for this experiment. A strong net was made, something in the nature of a cabbage-net, of two-inch rope, and the meshes sufficiently small to prevent the lion from dropping through. A very strong rope was then run through the upper meshes, and fastened to stakes driven into the ground at the edge of the cliff, the net hanging down over the precipice, and its mouth kept distended by slender rods or branches, not of sufficient strength to impede the lion, but merely to keep open the mouth of the purse which was to receive him.

All things being ready, the Hottentot went about his usual avocations, keeping, however, a bright look out for his would-be consumer, and taking especial care to avoid the bush and keep in the open plain as much as possible. One afternoon he felt, rather than saw, that the lion was on his trail—his senses being, no doubt, sharpened by consciousness of his own attractions. He was along way from home and from the trap, and it became a question whether the lion would not waive ceremony, and run in upon him before he could reach it. He hastened anxiously forward, turning round occasionally to see how his pursuer got on. The lion kept his motion concealed as well as the ground permitted him to do so; stealing with belly crouched to the ground, and, when the Hottentot stopped, lying down till he resumed his walk—his large muzzle resting on his paws, and his ample mouth watering with the expected enjoyment; while just the very end of his tail was flirted convulsively to and fro, indicating the seriousness of his intentions.

The faster the Hottentot got on the nearer the lion approached him—probably the better to enjoy the whiff of his coming meal, as we find the smell of the kitchen becomes more savoury as the meat gets hot. The Hottentot is now ascending the hill, and the guest invited to dine upon him scarcely twenty yards behind, lashing his tail, and anxious to sit down to dinner. The Hottentot goes over the edge of the cliff, slipping down between the net and the rock to a place contrived for him, but pausing, to give the lion a notion that he was sitting down to rest himself; then, depositing his hat upon the very edge, hastened to his hiding-place. The lion, seeing the hat stationary, naturally imagines that the man is below it, and, crawling up to within a few yards, makes his spring. Finding nothing to stop him, over the cliff he goes right into the purse-net, which sinking with his weight, draws the ropes tight, and he hangs suspended in his net. Plenty of assistance is, of course, at hand, and with strong ropes the lion's legs are tied, and he is put into a wagon and brought to Cape Town, where I saw him fretting, no doubt from the trick which had been played him.

SCENERY OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

Few portions of America can vie in scenic attractions with this interior sea. Its size alone gives it all the elements of grandeur, but these have been heightened by the mountain masses which nature has piled along its shores. In some places these masses consist of vast walls of coarse gray or drab sandstone, placed horizontally until they have attained many hundred feet in height above the water. The action of such an immense liquid area, forced against these crumbling walls by tempests, has caused wide and deep arches to be worn into the solid structure at their base, into which the billows rush with a noise resembling low pealing thunder. By this means, large areas of the impending mass are at length undermined and precipitated into the lake, leaving the split and rent parts from which they have separated standing like huge misshapen turrets and battlements. Such is the varied coast called the Pictured Rocks.

At other points of the coast volcanic forces have operated, lifting up these level strata into positions nearly vertical, and leaving them to stand like the leaves of an open book. At the same time, the volcanic rocks sent up from below have risen in high mountain piles. Such is the condition of things at the Porcupine Mountains.

The basin and bed of this lake act as a vast geological mortar, in which the masses of broken and fallen stones are whirled about and ground down till all the softer ones, such as the sandstones, are brought into the state of pure yellow sand. This sand is driven ashore by the waves, where it is shoved up in long wreaths till dried by the sun. The winds now take it up and spread it inland, or pile it immediately along the coast, where it presents itself in mountain masses. Such are the great Sand Dunes of the Grande Sables.

There are yet other theatres of action for this sublime mass of inland waters, where it has manifested perhaps still more strongly, if not so strikingly, its abrasive powers. The whole force of the lake, under the impulse of a north-west tempest, is directed against prominent portions of the shore, which consist of the black and hard volcanic rocks. Solid as these are, the waves have found an entrance in veins of spar or minerals of softer structure, and have thus been led inland, and torn up large fields of amygdaloid and other rock, or left portions of them standing in rugged knobs or promontories. Such are the east and west coasts of the great peninsula of Keweena, which has recently become the theatre of mining operations.

When the visitor to these remote and boundless waters comes to see this wide and varied scene of complicated attractions, he is absorbed in wonder and astonishment. The eye, once introduced to this panorama of waters, is never done looking and admiring. Scene after scene, cliff after cliff, island after island, and vista after vista, are presented. One day's scenes are but the prelude to another; and when weeks and months have been spent in picturesque rambles along its shores, the traveller has only to ascend some of its streams and go inland to find falls and cascades, and cataracts of the most beautiful or magnificent character. Go where he will, there is something to attract him. Beneath his feet the pebbles are agates. The water is of the most crystalline purity. The sky is filled at sunset with the most gorgeous piles of clouds. The air itself is of the purest and most inspiriting kind. To visit such a place is to draw health from its purest fountains, and to revel in intellectual delights.—*Henry Rowe Schoolcraft.*

Truth.—The temple of truth is built indeed of stones of crystal, but, inasmuch as men have been concerned in rearing it, it has been consolidated by a cement composed of baser materials. It is deeply to be lamented that truth herself will attract little attention, and less esteem, until it be amalgamated with some particular party, persuasion, or sect; unmixed and unadulterated, it too often proves as unfit for currency as pure gold for circulation. Sir Walter Raleigh has observed, that he that follows truth too closely must take care that he does not strike out his teeth; but he that follows truth too closely has little to fear from truth, but he has much to fear from the pretended friends of it. He, therefore, that is dead to all the smiles and to all the frowns of the living, alone is equal to the hazardous task of writing a history of his own times, worthy of being transmitted to times that are to come.

FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

FOR THE YOUNG.

THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.—This creature was formerly considered as one of our rarest insects, and it was doubtful whether it were truly a native of this country; but for the last thirty years it has become much more common. By naturalists it is called *acherontia atropos*. The changes of this insect are very uncertain—the larva will sometimes become the chrysalis in July, and produce the moth in October; but generally the chrysalis remains unchanged till the ensuing summer. The larva, or caterpillars, excite attention by their extraordinary size, being not unusually five inches in length, and as thick as a man's finger. Superstition has been particularly active in suggesting causes of alarm from the insect world—the yellow and brown-tailed moths, the death-watch, snails, crickets, have all been regarded as in some way connected with man's fortune, and in many instances have awakened terror and dismay. And the death's-head moth is one of these ominous insects. The markings on its back represent, to the fearful imagination, the head of a skeleton, with the limb bones crossed beneath; its cry becomes the voice of anguish—the moaning of a child—the signal of grief; it is regarded not as the creation of a benevolent being, but the device of evil spirits—spirits enemies to man, conceived and fabricated in the dark; the very shining of its eyes is thought to represent the fiery element from whence it is supposed to have proceeded. This insect has been thought to be peculiarly gifted in having a voice, and in squeaking like a mouse, but no insect that we know of has the requisite organs to produce a genuine voice. They emit sounds by other means, probably all external. The grasshopper and the cricket effect their well known and often wearisome chirpings by grating their thighs against their wings; and this *acherontia atropos* appears to produce the noise it at times makes by scratching its mandible against its horny chest.

EAGLES.—Eagles are found in Ireland, in the Faroe Isles, in Shetland, in the Orkneys, in the Western Isles, on the wild and rocky shores of the west of Scotland, and in many other places. They are a numerous race, and are remarkable, not only for their superior strength, but for superior powers of endurance. Over the fresh-water pools and morasses the eagles hover, attacking the water-fowls and small quadrupeds, and sometimes sheep and deer, especially in the early part of the season, when those animals ar weak and sickly.

"High o'er the wat'ry uproar, silent scene,
Sailing sedate, in majesty serene,
Glides the bald eagle, gazing calm and slow,
O'er all the horrors of the scene below,
Where the huge stag upon the rocks lies dead."

The golden eagles inhabit the pinnacles of the rocks. Their eyries are placed upon some wild elevation. The place is in general slippery with the refuse of their prey, and when the young are there is stored with provisions. It was a popular belief that, when an eagle perceived its young ones so well grown as to venture upon flying, it hovered over their nest, and excited them to imitate it, and take their flight; but when it saw them weary or fearful, it would take them upon its back and carry them, so that the fowler could not hurt the young without piercing the body of the old one. In allusion to the care of the eagle, it is said, Exod. xix. 4, that God bore his people upon eagles' wings. Among the fishing eagles, the ash-coloured eagle (*A. Cinerea*) is common to many places on the sea-borders of England. It is often called the white-tailed eagle, from the colour of its tail. The sea-eagle of England is called (*aquila ossifraga*), or the bone-breaking eagle. There is one species of eagle which has its head quite bald. Eagles were declared unclean by the law of Moses—Lev. xi. 13. It was supposed that they lived and retained their vigour to a great age, moulting even then, and "renewing their strength." The eagle is, indeed, a splendid bird, the true bird of poetry, contending with the mountain storm, while he sits upon the pinnacle of the rock, beaten by the wind and pelted by the snow.

SWALLOWS.—When the swallows and other small birds are congregated for their departure, about the end of September, the instant a hawk makes his appearance, they troop after him, apparently exposing themselves to unnecessary danger, but in reality, it should seem, with the design of perplexing and distracting their enemy by their numbers, their perpetual changes of direction, and their uniform endeavours to rise above him—indeed, he is usually, in such cases, completely out-manœuvred and baffled, being unable to fix upon the single victim; and, after exerting all his address, he is often compelled to relinquish the pursuit.

THE CRICKET.—Those who have attended to the habits of the hearth-cricket (*gryllus domesticus*), know that it passes the hottest part of the summer in sunny situations, concealed in the crevices of the walls and heaps of rubbish. It quits its summer abode about the end of August, and fixes its residence by the fireside of the kitchen or cottage, where it multiplies its species, and is as merry at Christmas as other insects are in the dog-days. Thus do the comforts of a warm hearth afford the cricket a safe refuge, not from death, but from temporary torpidity, which it can support for a long time when deprived by accident of artificial warmth. If a colony of crickets, for example, be deprived in winter of the usual warmth of the fire around which they are established for some weeks, they will all disappear into their holes and hiding-places; but no sooner is the fire re-lit, and warmth diffused, than the crickets again begin to bestir themselves, and shake off their torpor.

INVENTORS.

Gaze on the lonely thinker in his cell—
One with the noblest gift of God endowed,
A mind by which the elements are bowed
To do the work of man, and serve him well.
The annals of remotest time may tell
Of mighty benefits to mortals done
By thoughts, which from this solitary one,
In naked strength, like gems new-quarried, fell.
But shall he reap in life rewarding fame,
And have due laurels planted on his grave?
Too oft he is the lake amid the hills,
Untalked of and unseen, the while its rills
Feed noble streams, that ample honours have
From those who of the source know not the name.

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

THE DEGREES OF COMPARISON.—"Gentlemen," exclaimed a chartist at a public meeting, during a foaming speech about the "five points" and the charter, "is not one man as good as another?"—"Uv coorse, he is," shouted an excited Irishman in the crowd, "and a good deal bettther."

BETTER TURN OVER A NEW LEAF.—It being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool, the poet Moore, to whom this story was told by Lord Strangford, observed, "Oh nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page. "I would rather," replied his lordship, "advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

A LAWYER'S TOAST.—At a recent dinner of a provincial law society, the president called upon the senior solicitor present to give as a toast the person whom he considered the best friend of the profession. "Then," responded the experienced solicitor, "I'll give you the man who makes his own will."

A PUZZLE ABOUT NOTHING.—We clip the following out of an exchange paper, which fathers the trifle upon Dr. Whewell:—

You 0 a 0, but I 0 you;
O 0 no 0, but O 0 me;
O let not my 0 a 0 go,
But give 0 0 I 0 you so!

The solution turns on the word *cypher!*

You *sigh-for* a *cypher*, but I *sigh-for* you:
O *sigh-for* no *cypher*, but O *sigh-for* me:
O let not my *sigh for* a *cypher* go,
But give *sigh for sigh, for* I *sigh-for* you so.

A WISH.—An advertisement in a London paper seriously announces a new song with the modest request, "Oh, give me back but yesterday!" A companion to the above, "Oh, could you spare to-morrow, love?" is in preparation; to be afterwards followed by the sequel lyric of "You havn't got such a thing as next week about you, have you?"

ANECDOTE OF CURRAN.—During one of the circuits, Curran was dining with a brother advocate at a small inn kept by a respectable woman, who, to the well ordering of her establishment, added a reputation for that apt and keen reply which sometimes supplies the place of wit. The dinner had been well served, the wine was pronounced excellent, and it was proposed that the hostess should be summoned to receive their compliments on her good fare. The Christian name of this purveyor was Honoria, a name of common occurrence in Ireland, but which is generally abbreviated to Honor. Her attendance was prompt, and Curran, after a brief eulogium on the dinner, but especially the wine, filled the bumper, and handing it, proposed a toast, "Honour and Honesty." His auditor took the glass, and with a peculiar, arch smile, said, "Our *absent* friends," and having drank off her amended toast, she curteseyed and withdrew.

JONES ASTONISHED.—A quaint old gentleman, of active stirring disposition, had a man at work in his garden who was quite the reverse. "Mr. Jones," said he to him one morning, "did you ever see a snail?"—"Certainly," said Jones. "Then," said the old boy, "you must have met him, for you could never overtake him."

GREAT AND IMPORTANT BENEFITS.

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DANIEL WM. RUFFY, Founder, Manager, and Secretary.

Mr. JOHN SMITH, Treasurer, Honeyball's Brewery, Stamford-hill, Stoke Newington.

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Term.	Monthly.	Quarterly.	Term.	Monthly.	Quarterly.
5 Years	£2 4 2	£6 12 4	13 Years	£1 0 8	£3 0 11
10 „	1 4 8	3 13 10	16 „	0 18 2	2 14 4

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	Payment.	Per Week.	Per Month.
Full Share	£120	2s. 8d.	10s. 6d.
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	1st Div.	2nd Div.	3rd Div.
	£ s.	£ s.	£ s.
In Sickness, per Week	0 18	0 15	0 11
Death of Member	20 0	16 0	12 0
Death of Member's Wife or Nominee	10 0	8 0	6 0
Loss by Fire	From £5 to 20	0 £5 to 20	0 £5 to 15 0
Superannuation, per Week	0 6	0 6	0 4

	4th Div.	5th Div.	6th Div.
	£ s.	£ s.	£ s.
In Sickness, per Week	0 9	0 7	0 7
Death of Member	10 0	6 0	2 10
Death of Member's Wife or Nominee	5 0	3 0	——
Loss by Fire	From £5 to 10	0 £5 to 10 0	5 0
Superannuation, per Week	0 4	0 4	——

For Medicine, Gift, Widow and Orphan, Benefits, &c., see and read the Rules.

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40 Years of Age	2s. 9¾d.	2s. 3¾d.	1s. 8¼d.	1s. 5¼d.	1s. 2¼d.	——
45 Years of Age	3s. 0½d.	2s. 5½d.	1s.10½d.	1s. 7d.	1s. 3½d.	——

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Levies according to the demands on the Divisions per Quarter.

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Printed and Published by JOHN CASSELL, at his Printing-office, 335, Strand, London.—October 11, 1851.

THE
WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I., NO. 3.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1851. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

REVOLUTIONARY LITERATURE.

IN the last number of the "Quarterly Review," under the general head of "Revolutionary Literature," a reference is made to THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR. The "Quarterly" does us the honour of stating that the publication referred to "is the most respectable of its class." But it intimates that we are revolutionary; it hints the desirableness of such literature being—to borrow a phrase from Sir Peter Laurie—"put down;" and it calls on the ministers to save the Queen and the country from impending ruin. The writer seems a remarkably well-informed gentleman. Lamartine's conduct is actuated by envy and ambition. The Haynau affair was a regular attack organised by foreign democrats and their English allies. Something terrible is coming—the writer does not know what. All he knows is that we are in a dreadful state.

The day is gone by when the dictum of a Quarterly Reviewer carried much weight with it. Poor Keats, were he alive now, would laugh it to scorn. It has long been deposed from its pride of place and power. What, thinks the reader, has been our crime? Why, that on the 20th of September we inserted an article on "The People and the Parliament," in which the draft of a petition is inserted, stating that "after the high hopes excited in the breast of the nation, anything short of Household Suffrage, Universal Suffrage, as the case may be, will greatly disappoint the majority of non-electors, and beget feelings of distrust and discontent, which might be dangerous to the safety of society." And this is called revolutionary; and for writing this we are to be branded as dangerous men, and to be shunned by all good citizens of the State. Discontent prevails, class legislation blights the land, and we are told that to extinguish that class legislation, and to remove that

REPAST OF WEALTHY CHINESE. (*See Page* 36.)

discontent, would be dangerous to society. It is not we who are revolutionary, but such writers as those in the "Quarterly." They precipitate revolutions by their foolish obstinacy, by their imbecile attachment to the past, by their resolute denial of the great law of human progression. They change what might be a peaceful reform into a revolution, tinged with blood and crime. The world's history is but a repetition of this truth. With the traditions of ages in their favour, with their armed men, with their resources drained from the people, their rulers have too often placed themselves in an antagonistic position, and rebellion has been the result. England has had its Stuarts; France its Bourbons. Had they read the signs of the times, had they done homage to the spirit of the age, in their hands would have been yet the sceptre, and their's would yet have been sovereign sway. That revolutions came and laid waste the earth; that their crowns tottered to their fall; that their sceptres were grasped by other hands, was attributable to them alone.

The literature of the people is not revolutionary. A people with a literature is only to be feared by the advocates of class legislation and wrong. In old times we had the swinish multitude; we had a people degraded and oppressed—demoralised by the vices of their superiors—scorned for the degradation which had been forced on them against their will. A long struggle took place before the man relinquished his birthright, and sank into a savage or a sot. Frederick the Great, the philosopher, writing to Voltaire, said—"I look upon the people as the herd of deer in a rich man's park, whose only business is to people the enclosure." Then came the revolutionary storm which in its fury burst on every land. The ancient landmarks were removed—ancient institutions were rooted up—ancient beliefs abandoned. In the language of scripture—"Old things had passed away—all things had become new." The storm over, the political emancipation of the people as an idea was achieved; and the people—no longer dumb, inarticulate, without intellectual life, conscious of its divine destiny—became what it is. The clouds of ignorance were dispelled—wisdom lifted up her voice in the streets—knowledge tabernacled on earth. Hence the spread of a literature for the people—suited to their wants and capacities—a literature they can buy and read and understand.

The *Times* says our cheap literature is a demoralised and a demoralising literature. The Quarterly Reviewer says it is a revolutionary literature. To both charges we give an emphatic denial. Our answer is, the charges are false. We appeal to the experience of men engaged largely in catering for the reading of the people, and we find them affirming the reverse. In the report of the select committee on newspaper stamps, recently published, we have some valuable testimony as to the preference by the people of good literature to bad. Mr. Whitty, the proprietor and editor of the *Liverpool Journal*, states, "that it is a very curious illustration of the appetite of the people for what is good and correct, that the whole of London could not support even one *Satirist*." Mr. Bucknall, printer and publisher, of Stroud, bears similar testimony. His language is, "I think that the good will always drive out the bad, and that if you referred back ten or twelve years you would find that the penny scurrilous publications, instance the *Penny Satirist* and *Cleaves' London Gazette*, circulated to a large number, and that, inasmuch as they have been driven out of circulation, it has been by a better class." Mr. Morris, the manager of the *Times*, admitted that, so far as newspapers are concerned, there has been a great improvement in the press since the reduction of the stamp duty in 1836. Mr. Abel Heywood, the large publisher of Manchester, also gave similar evidence. The increase in circulation was decidedly in the best papers—"I think," he continued, "that the good publications put down the bad. The bad publications are attempted, and they are carried on for a while under various methods, and after getting deeply into debt, they are obliged at last to go out, and perhaps knock up the publisher at the same time." Mr. Cassell also gave similar testimony. Now these men are quite as respectable in their way, and quite as worthy of belief as anonymous Quarterly Reviewers. They are connected with the people—they are sprung from the people—they are bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh—and what they say has on it the stamp of truth. To write for the people, a man must write well. A cheap book must be a good book, or it will not pay. A cheap copy of Burns's poems might be sold with a profit. If Mr. Murray were to publish a cheap reprint of the *Quarterly*, containing the article on revolutionary literature, we fear it would occasion him a considerable loss. The trashy three-volume novel, if it command a limited sale, will pay; but it would produce a very different result were it published in the cheap form now so deservedly popular. A cheap publisher must have an extensive sale, and he cannot have that unless he provides a good article for the public. Our sterling writers—the classics of our land—are all published in a cheap form, so as to suit the pockets of the people. Some of this literature undoubtedly is light literature; nor is this to be wondered at. A man who buys something to read while he is travelling must buy something light, or he cannot read at all. The book that requires thought is not for the rail, but the study; but even grave scholars and painful divines read what is light and amusing. The mind requires rest; it cannot be always on the stretch. The necessity thus created, cheap literature supplies; but this is no sign of evil, but the reverse. The truth is, that light reading spreads side by side with reading of real merit—that if the novel be read, so also is the popular history or scientific discourse.

After all, revolutionary in a good sense we are, and ever mean to be. We believe in a revolutionary religion—in one, the first preachers of which were said to seek to turn the world upside down. Revolutions are the appointed agencies of the world's progress. Moses effected a revolution when he led forth the Hebrews from their house of bondage. When the appointed hour had come—when the sceptre had departed from Judah, and the law-giver was no more, another revolution was effected. Science now coming forth on her mission and labouring for man as man—with her railways—with her steamships—with her electric telegraphs, is now revolutionising the face of the earth. Nor can we be other than revolutionary. In the old strife of right with might—of the weak with the strong—of justice with injustice—of God with the Devil—we trust thankfully to join and valiantly to do our part. In this sense a revolutionary career is before us. To this we are urged by the signs of the times—by the spirit of the age—by the memory of the past—by the hopes of the future,

"By the thoughts that shake mankind."

A mouse, that had lived all his life in a chest, says the fable, chanced one day to creep up to the edge, and, peeping out, exclaimed with wonder "I did not think the world was so large." The first step to knowledge is, to know that we are ignorant. It is a great point to know our place: for want of this, a man in private life, instead of attending to the affairs of his "chest," is ever peeping out, and then he becomes a philosopher! He must then know everything, and presumptuously pry into the deep and secret councils of God: not considering that man is finite, he has no faculties to comprehend and judge of the great scheme of things. We can form no other knowledge of spiritual things, except what God has taught us in His word, and where He stops we must stop.

A WONDERFUL CHILD.—RICHARD, SON OF JOHN EVELYN.

Of John Evelyn's children, one son, who died at the age of five, was almost a prodigy. The particulars of his extraordinary endowments, and the deep and striking manner in which his admirable parent was affected by his death, may be seen in his *Memoirs and Correspondence*. The following are the notices of this wonderful child:—

"1652. 24 Aug.—My first child, a sonn, was born precisely at one o'clock. Sep. 2, Mr. Owen, the sequestered divine of Eltham, christened my sonn by the name of Richard.

"1657-8. 27 Jan.—After six fits of quartan ague, with which it pleased God to visite him, died my deare sonn, Richard, to our inexpressible griefe and affliction, five yeares and three days old onely, but at that tender age a prodigy for witt and understanding; for beauty of body a very angel; for endowment of mind of incredible and rare hopes. To give onely a little taste of them, and thereby glory to God, sense of God: he had learned all his catechisme who out of the mouths of babes and infants does sometimes perfect his praises; at two years and a halfe old he could perfectly read any of ye English, Latine, French, or Gothic letters, pronouncing the three first languages exactly. He had before the fifth yeare, or in that yeare, not onely skill to reade most written hands, but to decline all the nouns, conjugate the verbs regular, and most of ye irregular; learn'd out "Puerilis," got by heart almost ye entire vocabularie of Latine and French primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turne Englishe into Latine, and *vice versa*, construe and prove what he read, and did the government and use of relatives, verbs, substantives, eclipses, and many figures and tropes, and made a considerable progress in Comenius's *Janua;* began himself to write legibly, and had a stronge passsion for Greeke. The number of verses he could recite was prodigious, and what he remembered of the parts of playes, which he would also act; and when seeing a Platus in one's hand, he asked what booke it was, and being told that it was a comedy, and too difficult for him, he wept for sorrow. Strange was his apt and ingenious application of fables and morals, for he had read Æsop; he had a wonderful disposition to mathematics, having by heart divers propositions of Euclid, that were read to him in play, and he would make lines and demonstrate them. As to his piety, astonishing were his applications of Scripture upon occasion, and his early understanding of the historical part of ye Bible and New Testament, to a wonder, and how Christ came to redeem mankind, and how comprehending these necessaries himselfe, his godfathers were discharged of their promise. These, and the like illuminations, far exceeding his age and experience, considering the prettinesse of his addresse and behaviour, cannot but leave impressions in me at the memory of him.

"When one told him how many days a Quaker had fasted, he replied, That was no wonder, for Christ had said that man should not live by bread alone, but by ye Word of God. He would of himself select ye most pathetic psalms, and chapters out of Job, to read to his mayde during his sicknesse, telling her, when she pitied him, that all God's children must suffer affliction. He declaimed against ye vanities of the world before he had seene any.

"Often he would desire those who came to see him to pray by him, and a yeare before he fell sick, to kneel and pray with him alone in some corner. How thankfully would he receive admonition, how soone be reconciled! how indifferent, yet continually cheerful! He would give grave advice to his brother John, beare with his impertinences, and say he was but a child.

"If he heard of, or saw any new thing, he was unquiet till he was told how it was made; he brought to us all such difficulties as he found in books to be expounded. He had learn'd by heart divers sentences in Latine and Greeke, which on occasion he would produce even to wonder. He was all life, all prettinesse, far from morose, sullen, or childish in anything he said or did. The last time he had been at church (which was at Greenwich) I asked, him, according to custome, what he remembered of ye sermon: 'Two good things, father,' said he, '*bonum oratiæ* and *bonum gloriæ*,' with a just account of what ye preacher said.

"The day before he died, he called to me, and in a more serious manner than usual, told me that for all I loved him so dearly, I should give my house, land, and all my fine things, to his brother Jack; he should have none of them; and next morning, when he found himself ill, and that I persuaded him to keep his hands in bed, he demanded whether he might pray to God with his hands unjoyn'd; and a little after, whilst in greate agonie, 'whether he should not offend God by using his holy name so often calling for ease?'

"What shall I say of his frequent pathetical ejaculations, uttered of himselfe, 'Sweete Jesus, save me, deliver me, pardon my sinns, let thine angels receive me!' So early knowledge, so much piety and affection! But thus God, having dressed up a saint fit for himselfe, would no longer permit him with us, unworthy of ye fruites of this incomparable hopefull blossome. Such a child I never saw: for such a child I blesse God, in whose bosom he is! May I and mine become as this little child, who now follows the child Jesus, that Lamb of God, in a white robe whithersoever he goes. Even so, Lord Jesus, *fiat voluntas tua!* Thou gavest him to us, thou hast taken him away from us. Blessed be the name of the Lord! That I had anything acceptable to Thee was from thy grace alone, since from me he had nothing but sin; but that thou hast pardon'd! blessed be my God for ever! Amen.

"In my opinion he was suffocated by ye women and maids that tended him, and cover'd him too hot with blankets as he lay in a cradle, near an excessive hot fire, in a close roome. I suffer'd him to be open'd, when they found that he was what is vulgarly called liver-growne. I caus'd his body to be coffin'd in lead, and deposited on the 30th, at eight o'clock that night, in the church at Deptford, accompanied with divers of my relations and neighbours, among whom I distributed rings with this motto, *Dominus abstulit;* intending, God willing, to have him transported with my owne body, to be interred at our dormitory at Wotton Church, in my dear native county of Surrey, and to lay my bones and mingle my dust with my fathers, if God be gracious to me, and make me as fit for him as this blessed child was. The Lord Jesus sanctify this and all other my afflictions. Amen! Here ends the joy of my life, and for which I go even mourning to my grave."

In the preface to Mr. Evelyn's "Translation of the Golden Book of St. Chrysostom," concerning the education of children, is likewise given a very interesting account of this amiable and promising child. In the second volume of the "Memoirs and Correspondence," are two letters occasioned by his death. One of these from Dr. Jeremy Taylor is a beautiful specimen of the language used by one learned and pious man to another, on an occasion in which the sympathy of friends, next to religious consolation, is most soothing to the feelings. Evelyn's mind was remarkably calculated for the endurance of such trials; and his Christian faith and resignation were soon again put to the test. It was only a few weeks after the above event, that the following entry was made in his diary:—

"Feb. 15.—The afflicting hand of God being still upon us it pleased Him also to take away from us this morning my youngest sonn, George, now seven weeks languishing at nurse, breeding teeth, and ending in a dropsie. God's holy will be done! He was buried in Deptford Church ye 17th following.

25.—Came Dr. Jeremy Taylor, and my brothers with other friends, to visite and condole with us.

Carlyle on Laughter.—No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether and irreclaimably bad. How much lies in laughter—the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter, as of ice; the fewest are able to laugh, but only sniff and titter and snigger from the throat outwards, or, at least, produce some whiffling, husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool. Of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, and his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.

Filial Respect.—When Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor of England, and Sir John, his father, one of the judges of the King's Bench, he would, in Westminster-hall, beg his blessing of him on his knees.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

VARIOUS RANKS OF CHINESE.

A SOBER neatness pervades the apartments of a wealthy native in China. The hall for the reception of guests is open in front, and has a screen at the back. A square table serves either as an altar for offerings of meats and incense, or for a board at which the host and his friends are entertained. A row of chairs, with high and perpendicular backs, is placed about the table. As a visitor advances, he is invited to sit down; he does this with some hesitation, taking the lowest seat—the one at the bottom of the line. Immediately he is asked to "come up higher;" on his doing so, the host takes the seat immediately below him; and thus awards to him the more honourable place.

HEAD DRESSES OF CHINESE WOMEN.

No welcome is offered, however, by the ladies of the household, though the guest is presented with a cup of tea exhaling aromatic odours. It seems to us the natural gift of a female hand, but the Chinese have not yet allowed woman to take her proper rank. On two gentlemen, one of whom was well known to the writer of this article, calling on a Chinese of high literary attainments, he indulged the females of his house so far as to allow them to come and gaze at the foreigners. But, ignorant of European habits, he thought it necessary to apologise for his departure from ancient custom, and in so doing he told an untruth. Though it was evident that the ladies appeared on his invitation, and retired at his command, he declared that they were wanting in propriety. Chinese propriety, and of that only he could judge, was certainly, in this instance, fully observed. The hair of Chinese ladies, turned up on the back of the head in bunches, and, fastened with two bodkins crosswise, is gaily adorned with wreaths of flowers. There is considerable variety in their dresses, but they are all of the richest materials, and splendidly embroidered. Among those of high birth it is considered indecorous to show even their hands, and ordinarily these are covered with their large sleeves. The fingers are long and taper, and, in some instances, the nails are allowed to grow to a length at variance alike with our ideas of beauty and utility. A British officer, after a terrible siege and carnage, observed the body of a lady lying on the ground. "While looking at her," he says, "I observed what appeared thin brown slips of bamboo loosely fastened round her wrists; and remarked to the chief interpreter, how singular it was that they should have found it necessary to bind her. But he exclaimed, 'These are her nails!' and true enough it was, as I found when I looked close." It appears that fine ladies are in the habit, when going to bed, of softening their nails in warm water, and then winding them round their wrists, to prevent their being injured. The feet are distorted by turning the toes under the soles in early life, and confining them in that position by tight bandages, till their growth is effectually checked.*

HEAD DRESSES OF CHINESE.

When a gentleman makes a feast, he sometimes entertains his male friends in a tent reared for their accommodation; at others, he receives them in his hall of audience. The guests seat themselves round small tables placed in different parts of the room, which are garnished with fruits and flowers. The first course consists of a certain number of basins or saucers of painted porcelain filled with soups and stews, often of the most far-fetched and costly sort. One of these soups is prepared with the famous birds'-nests in which the Chinese are such epicures. The lichen used by the birds in fabricating their dwellings is the principal ingredient that renders them edible. They are reduced to very thin filaments, as transparent as isinglass, and resembling vermicelli; but to an European palate they have little or no taste.

HANDS, FEET, AND SHOES, OF CHINESE LADIES.

"Seated," says Captain Laplace, of the French navy, to whom and a party a dinner was given, "at the right of our excellent *Amphitryon*, I was the object of his whole attention; but, nevertheless, found myself considerably at a loss how to use the two little ivory sticks, tipped with silver, which, together with a knife that had a long, narrow, and thin blade, formed the whole of my eating apparatus. I had great diffi-

* For more ample details of this cruel practice, see an article in "The Working Man's Friend," Vol. VII., page 154.

culty in seizing my prey in the midst of the several bowls filled with gravy; in vain I tried to hold, in imitation of my host, this substitute for a fork between the thumb and the two fingers of the right hand; for the chopsticks slipped aside every moment, leaving behind them the unhappy little morsel that I coveted." The master of the house came, however, to the relief of the captain's inexperience, and, after a little while, he thought he ate his soup with tolerable propriety. Wine circulated freely, and toasts followed each other in rapid succession. In the second course, on the edges of four bowls, arranged in a square, three others filled with stews were placed; they were surmounted by an eighth, which thus formed the summit of a pyramid; and, singularly enough, the custom is for the guests to touch none of these, even though invited to partake of them by the host. On the refusal of the party the whole disappeared, and the table was covered with articles in pastry and sugar; in the midst of which was a salad composed of the tender shoots of the bamboo, and some watery preparations, which exhaled, as the French captain thought, "a most disagreeable odour."

Up to this point certain "relishes" had been the sole accompaniments of every course. Among these were salted earth-worms, prepared and dried, but so cut up that he fortunately did not know what they were until he swallowed them; salted or smoked fish and ham, both of them cut into extremely small slices; besides which there was what the Chinese called Japan leather—a sort of darkish skin, hard and tough, with a strong and far from agreeable taste, which seemed to have been mace-

CHINESE FORTIFICATIONS AND VESSELS.

CHINESE ARMS.

ARMED CHINESE INFANTRY.

rated in water for some time; and a liquor which the captain recognised to be soy, made from a Japan bean. Now, for the first time, bowls of plain rice were placed before each of the guests. "I regarded," he says, "the two little sticks, with which, notwithstanding the experience acquired since the commencement of the repast, it seemed very doubtful whether I should be able to eat my rice, grain by grain, according to the belief of Europeans regarding the Chinese custom. I therefore waited until my host should begin, to follow his example, foreseeing that, on this new occasion, some fresh discovery would serve to relieve us from the truly ludicrous embarrassment which we all displayed: in a word, our two Chinese, cleverly joining the ends of their chop-sticks, plunged them into the bowls of rice, held up to the mouth, which was opened to its full extent, and thus easily shovelled in the rice, not by grains, but by handfuls. Thus instructed, I might have followed their example; but I preferred making up with the other delicacies for the few attractions which, to my taste, had been displayed by the first course.

"The second lasted a much shorter time. The attendants cleared away everything. Presently the table was strewed with flowers, which vied with each other in brilliancy; pretty baskets, filled with the same, were mixed with plates which contained a vast variety of delicious sweetmeats as well as cakes, of which the forms were as ingenious as they were varied. Napkins, steeped in warm water, and flavoured with otto of roses, are frequently handed to each guest by the servants in attendance. This display of the productions of nature and of art was equally agreeable to the eyes and the tastes of the guests. By the side of the yellow plaintain was seen the *lichi*, of which the strong, rough, and bright crimson skin, defends a stone enveloped in a whitish pulp, which, for its fine aromatic taste, is superior to most of the tropical fruits: when dried, it forms an excellent provision for the winter. With these fruits of the warm climates were mingled those of the temperate zone, brought at some expense from the northern provinces; as walnuts, chesnuts, apples, grapes, and Peking pears, which last, though their lively colour and pleasant smell attracted the attention, proved to be tasteless, and even retained all the harshness of wild fruit."

At length, the party adjourned to the next room to take tea —the indispensable commencement and close of all visits and ceremonies among the Chinese. According to custom, the servants presented it in porcelain cups, each of which was covered with a saucer-like top, which confines and prevents the delicious aroma from escaping. No sugar or cream is ever added to it in China.

While the master of the house is entertaining his friends in the hall, or a separate tent, the lady receives her female acquaintances in one of the retired apartments, where she welcomes them to dainties as costly and as choice as those offered by her husband to his guests. In the dwellings of the poor the wife is on a parity of condition with her husband. She is ready to trudge to the hills to fetch fuel, or to engage in any kind of labour. She prepares the meal, and partakes of it with her husband and children. The common people are, indeed, excellent cooks; they not only dress their rice in a way almost inimitable to us, but a variety of meats and vegetables so skilfully, that they often have a wealthy man's board in miniature.

So much courtesy prevails that the humblest individual will scarcely allow a stranger to pass the door without asking him in; and should he comply, the pipe is instantly filled and presented to his lips, and the tea poured out for his refreshment. Even in such circumstances the master of the house does not presume to sit down until his guest is seated. The style of address is equally marked. A stranger is accosted as "honourable brother," "venerable uncle," "virtuous companion," or "excellent sir;" while, instead of the pronoun I, which figures so prominently among ourselves, "the worthless fellow," "the stupid one," or "the unworthy disciple," are phrases of common occurrence.

The bond that links a child to his parents in China is not merely the obligation which he owes for his food and clothing, but the respect he has been taught to feel for them ever since he was capable of instruction. According to ancient doctrine, every father is a magistrate in his own house, and it is argued, if he be not equal to its government he is not fitted to rule the people of a neighbourhood or province. The Chinese writers have recorded numerous instances of filial affection. One of these is not a little singular. The parents of a boy, eight years of age, were so very poor that they could not afford to procure a kind of curtain, which is commonly used in the hot countries of the East to defend persons in bed from the troublesome insects called mosquitoes, and which is thence named a mosquito curtain. The poor boy strove, in various ways, to protect his parents from the bites of the mosquitoes, but in vain. At length, he seated himself by their bed, stripped off his clothes to the waist, and suffered the mosquitoes to settle upon him without driving them away. "When they have filled themselves with my blood," said he, "they will not disturb my parents!"

Mr. G. T. Lay—who had visited China, and was afterwards appointed one of the British consuls in that country, where he died—says:—"I have sometimes admired the conduct of a son when he has brought an aged parent to the hospital; the tenderness with which he conducted him to the patient's chair, and the feeling with which he detailed his sufferings, showed how deeply rooted filial affection is in the heart of a Chinese. At Macao, a Chinese shoemaker, who had done some work for me at Singapore, called to ask for some further encouragement. 'Why,' said I to him, 'did you leave Singapore, where you had a good business?' 'My mother,' he replied, 'is getting very old, and will have me to live near her!' In obedience to the commands of a parent he had given up the certain pursuit of a livelihood abroad, and returned to take a very precarious chance at home. The reader will not be sorry to hear that this man used to come, from time to time, for a stock of New Testaments, to distribute among such of his countrymen as were likely to make a proper use of them."

The duties of children towards their parents are not limited to the duration of the lives of the latter, in the estimation of the Chinese. During the period of mourning for them, which is twenty-seven months, public officers are forbidden to perform any kind of public business. It is not uncommon for a family to expend the whole of the property left behind by a parent on his funeral; and when children are not in circumstances to bury a father in a respectable manner, they will keep his coffin for several years. These observations will serve to illustrate the following narrative:—

A man, having been apprehended on a charge of committing an offence against the state, escaped from the custody of his guards, and sought refuge in the house of a friend. His retreat was discovered. The friend was imprisoned, and preparations were making for his trial, when the younger brother of the friend came forward. "It is I who harboured the fugitive," he said; "of course I ought to die, and not my brother." The friend, on the other hand, declared that he alone was guilty, and that his brother had falsely accused himself. The judge cross-questioned the young man with such skill as to involve him in contradictions, and at length he was obliged to confess the imposture. "Alas!" said he, "I had strong reasons for acting thus: it is a long time since our mother died, and we have not been able to pay her the duties of sepulture. We have, moreover, a sister unmarried. My elder brother alone has it in his power to provide for these exigencies, so that it were better for me to die in his stead. I conjure you, therefore, to receive my evidence." The judge was deeply affected; he reported this instance of filial affection and of brotherly love to the supreme tribunal, and the Emperor pardoned the culprit.

The arms of the Chinese consist of various kinds of lances, bows, swords, and matchlocks. They seem to have an idea that the deeds of a weapon must bear a proportion to its size and the fierceness of its aspect. As their country presents no chalk-cliffs, and hence they have no gun-flints, their machlocks are not to be compared with English muskets. Of military tactics the Chinese know but little. From a native encyclopædia, which touches on such subjects, it appears that they have a great fondness for the number five, and hence soldiers were grouped in fives. Ten such groups formed a company of fifty men, either of horse or foot; each company having five ensigns and five supernumeraries; and eight companies form a *chin*, or battalion. A variety appears, however, in the numbers of a company; as, when the soldiers are marshalled in battalions, they sometimes consist of thirty-two companies, who are so placed as to give a certain configuration to the army.

It is usual to call any such configurations by some high-sounding name, as "a flying dragon," or "a scudding cloud." When the Chinese lose their weapons, they have recourse to their fists; not clenching them, but striking with the open hand, or the fingers slightly bent. Of parrying a blow they seem to have no notion.

The soldiers are enrolled in the corps quartered in the provinces in which they are born, and which are never quartered anywhere else. The government are of opinion that soldiers living with their families will exhibit greater bravery in defence of their country, should any occasion arise for their services, than they would if restricted to barracks or fortresses, and constantly subject to strict discipline and to martial law. The troops are only embodied at certain periods, and are at other times at their own disposal. The officers are all raised from the ranks, and are looked upon by the civilians as little better than police agents; but, like the latter, they are obliged to take their regular degrees to obtain promotion.

The Chinese navy scarcely deserves the name. It is considered to include about 1,000 sail. These "soldier ships," as they are styled, are about 200 tons' burden, with two masts, and as many sails, which are hoisted and lowered in a series of tiers or folds. Their form is more compact than that of the common junks, but they are still very awkward and unwieldy. The usual practice of the Chinese is to employ a great quantity of timber—enormous beams running from stem to stern—to keep the different parts of the structure together. The bulwarks, or parapet, are high towards the ends of the vessel, and are cut away in the middle, where the guns are ranged. The guns, few in number and inconsiderable in size, are mounted on wooden carriages, and can neither be raised nor depressed. The imperial navy is commanded by three high admirals and their subordinate officers, who have, however, but little intelligence and skill in such matters.

The merchant vessels are better managed than the Chinese ships of war. And yet to say this can scarcely be called a compliment; for though each one has, nominally, a commander, his authority is very commonly disregarded; and every one who puts any part of the cargo on board is considered a sort of shareholder, and does nearly what he pleases. With the mariner's compass the Chinese have, however, been long acquainted. The earliest allusion to the magnetic needle is found in the traditionary period of their history, about 2,600 years before Christ; when the yellow Emperor, having missed his way, invented a carriage, upon the top of which was a gallery, surmounted by a little figure pointing to the south whichever way the carriage turned. It appears, therefore, that at that far distant period the polarity of the needle was known in China, and actually applied to useful purposes.

In this they were greatly in advance of Europeans. The name of a *magnet* is derived from Magnesia, a district in Lydia, in which a natural magnet was first found, as loadstone is derived from the Saxon *lodestone*, or leading-stone. It was not till about the beginning of the fourteenth century that the power of a magnet to give a needle, or slender rod of iron, its own tendency towards the poles of the earth, was observed: out of this arose the mariner's compass, which gave a new impulse to the science of navigation.

At a later period, according to Dr. Medhurst, we have a more credible account of this discovery in the reign of Ching-Wang, B.C. 1114; which it is said, that some ambassadors came from the modern Cochin China, affirming that having experienced neither storm nor tempest in that country for three years, they imagined it was in consequence of the sages then existing in China, and, therefore, had come to pay court to them. On the return of these ambassadors they knew not what course to take, and the Prime Minister gave them five close carriages, all provided with instruments that pointed to the south; with which they were enabled to find their way, and in a year arrived at their own country. "Hence," adds the historian, "these south-pointing carriages have ever since been used as guides to travellers."

This instance of Europeans being anticipated by the Chinese does not stand alone. For in the time of Confucius, B.C. 500, books were formed of slips of bamboo, on which they wrote with the point of a style. Paper was invented about one hundred and fifty years after Christ, when the Chinese wrote on rolls and formed volumes. A.D. 745, books were first bound up into leaves, and 200 years after they were multiplied by the art of printing. It appears, therefore, that they could actually print more than nine hundred years ago, while we discovered the art of paper-making only in the eleventh, and that of printing in the fifteenth century.

There is yet another fact which belongs to the same class. Soon after the commencement of the Christian era, the Chinese were in the habit of using what they called, singularly enough, "*fire-medicine*." This was gunpowder, which they employed for making signals, and also for amusement in rockets and other fireworks. About 1200 years elapsed before the invention of "fire-engines," described as machines for throwing stones, in which powder was used, made of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal.

In the sciences the Chinese take but a humble place, though in some respects they are not inferior to other nations of the East. To astronomy they have always paid some attention; and even during the reigns of their earliest kings, the five planets, the twenty-eight constellations, and the twelve signs of the Zodiac were well known. About nine hundred years ago, an eclipse of the sun, predicted by astronomers, did not take place; but the failure was made the occasion of an Eastern compliment; the courtiers offering their congratulations to his Majesty, with the suggestion that the very heavens had altered their courses in honour of his virtues! There have been principally four eminent writers on medicine in China. One lived in the third century of the Christian era, who wrote an original work on fever, which the Imperial College of Physicians considered was not indebted to any preceding publication for a single sentence. He originated prescriptions, but erred in giving immoderately large doses of medicine. He is probably the first and greatest physician of the Chinese. A gentleman, wishing to obtain all the works in medicine which could be procured in Canton, made a collection of no fewer than 892 volumes. But doubtless, at a large part of their contents our doctors, whether homœopathists or allopathists, would be inclined to smile. Unhappily the practitioners are still numerous in other countries as well as China, of whom it may be said, "They pour drugs of which they know *little* into a body of which they know *less*." Of botany the Chinese have a sufficient knowledge to enable them to collect and arrange a vast number of plants, but their descriptions and classifications are alike wanting in science.

To China the people give the loftiest epithets, as "the flowing nation," "the region of eternal summer," "the land of the sages," "the celestsal empire." The soliloquy of one of the people is not a little characteristic: "I felicitate myself that I was born in China; and constantly think how very different it would have been with me if born beyond the seas, in some remote part of the earth, where the people, deprived of the converting maxims of the ancient kings, and ignorant of the domestic relations, are clothed with the leaves of plants, eat wood, dwell in the wilderness, and live in holes of the earth; though living in the world in such a condition I should not have been different from the beasts of the field. But now, happily, I have been born in the middle kingdom. I have a house to live in; have food, drink, and elegant furniture; clothing, caps, and infinite blessing; truly, the highest felicity is mine!"

Catching a Tiger.—When the track of a tiger has been ascertained, which, though not invariably the same, may yet be known sufficiently for the purpose, the peasants collect a quantity of the leaves of the *prauss*, which are like those of the sycamore, and are common in most underwoods, as they form the larger portion of most jungles in the north of India. These leaves are then smeared with a species of bird lime, made by bruising the berries of an indigenous tree, by no means scarce; they are then strewed, with the gluten uppermost, near to that shaded spot to which it is understood the tiger usually resorts during the noontide heats. If by chance the animal should tread on one of these smeared leaves, his fate is considered as decided. He commences by shaking his paw, to remove the incumbrance; but finding no relief from that expedient, he rubs the nuisance against his face, by which means his eyes, ears, &c., become smeared over with the gummy matter, which occasions such uneasiness as causes him to roll, perhaps among many more of the smeared leaves, till at length he becomes completely enveloped, and is deprived of sight. In this situation the hunters find no difficulty in shooting him.

CHINESE YOUTHS. (*See Page* 36.)

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

In 1836 the Hungarian Diet closed, after sitting for three years, during which they had endeavoured with partial success to beat down some of the old bulwarks of feudalism. They accorded to the peasant the right of selling his own property, of moving freely from place to place; they protected him from the arbitrary exactions of his seigneur, and even took away from the latter the right of exercising judicial power. With the view also of leading the way to uniformity and consistency in the official acts and publications of a country comprising so many different races, they made the Magyar the language of the courts of law, as that spoken by the majority of the population.

Before the conclusion of the sittings, an occurrence took place which produced a profound sensation all over Hungary. Two deputies rose in their places, and after condemning in strong language the conduct of the Austrian Court in employing the Hungarian regiments in the oppression of Italy, declared that the question of Polish Independence was one which well deserved the attention of the Diet, and called upon them to do their utmost to save a sister nation from destruction. An address was accordingly drawn up, and forwarded to the Emperor, praying the Cabinet of Vienna to do all in its power to assure the existence of the Polish people. A cold official reply, promising nothing, was of course received; but that generous appeal was not without its effect, though it could do little for the salvation of a nation already labouring in the throes of death.

During these exciting discussions, there sat, alone, apart in a corner of the Chamber, a young man, who followed with profound attention, we might almost say with religious fervour, the turns and changes of this parliamentary drama, worthy of figuring amongst the most glorious records of the age. He was a plain gentleman not more than thirty years of age, and of unassuming manners. His profession was that of journalism, one held in little repute at that time amongst the Magyars, and its members were, of course, suspected and even persecuted by the Austrians. The young man was Louis Kossuth. His parents came originally from Upper Hungary, in the county of Turocz, a district inhabited by the Slaves, or Slovacks, and in which a village named Kossuth is still to be found, which at one time, in all probability, formed part of the patrimony of that family. About the beginning of the present century the father of Kossuth, who had become thoroughly "Magyarised," left his native country and established himself at Bodrog-Szerdahely, in the county of Zemplin. While there he had great difficulty in providing for the wants of his rapidly-increasing family. With his elder sister Louis distinguished himself from his earliest years by his lively and precocious intelligence, his impassioned impetuosity, and easy and graceful manners. He was born on the 27th of April, 1802. He lost his father very early, and Madame Kossuth's impoverished circumstances scarcely afforded her the means of giving her sons a solid or extended education. Louis, however, after pursuing the elementary branches at the colleges of Sarospatah and Eperies, passed through a course of law and jurisprudence at the University of Pesth.

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

After he had obtained the diploma of an advocate, a ceremony corresponding to "calling to the bar" in our own country, Kossuth was sent to the Diet of Posonia, as a proxy for an absent "Magnate," which procured for him the payment of his expenses of living, and a seat and vote in the Lower Chamber. About three hundred advocates supplied in this way the places of absent "Magnates." A witness of the oratorical triumphs of Szechenyi, Kossuth saw in them an incentive to emulation which might aid in the development of his intellectual faculties, which were but now beginning to bud. His *debut* in the Chamber was, however, by no means fortunate. If the lives of many of our own great lawyers and statesmen did not furnish us with many instances of failures of similar kind, which afterwards proved to be but the preludes to brilliant success, it might excite our surprise that the first address of a man who owed his political elevation above all to his dazzling eloquence, should have been delivered with diffidence and difficulty, and have been passed over unnoticed by his auditory. The check and discouragement which he thus received caused him to turn his attention to other means of acquiring a public reputation. He conceived the idea of publishing a journal which should record the proceedings of the deputies, of which no printed report had hitherto been given to the public. He put his project immediately into execution, and as he was attracted to the Liberal party with all the ardour of youth and the sincerity of the deepest conviction, the speeches of the leaders of the Opposition were published at full length, often amplified, and sometimes even embellished. The paper soon circulated over the whole of Hungary, but the Government immediately took alarm, and attempted to place it under an interdict. The Minister, Chancellor Count Reviczki, was, however, obliged to give way before the clamours of the Opposition, and the absolute interdict was replaced by a permission to publish reports of the sittings of the Diet in manuscript copies only. The Opposition, still more irritated —for the censorship of the press was hitherto unknown to the Hungarian laws — redoubled their efforts to promote the circulation of the journal. The excitement caused by these events not only raised Kossuth into a position of importance, but was the means of procuring him important benefits of a personal nature. But there was one circumstance in connexion with these proceedings which was fraught with interest, from the influence it was destined to exercise upon the struggle that followed. A great number of young men who were employed in making copies of the paper became, from that time, the ardent admirers and devoted adherents of the man who, from the nature of their duties, was at the same time their chief and their benefactor.

After the close of the Diet, Kossuth, whose perseverance and zeal had gained force in proportion to the obstacles thrown in his way by the Government, resolved, in order to give unity to the efforts of the Liberal party, to publish also manuscript reports of the proceedings and deliberations of the assemblies of the *comitats*, or counties. The publicity given to the debates, which had previously died without an echo; the desire of political amelioration; the thirst for celebrity; the ardour of the young men who at that time crowded to the Comitial Assemblies,

excited throughout the country an unparalleled ferment, and every day brought new recruits to the ranks of the Liberal party. The suspicions and fears of the Viennese Cabinet were now aroused in right earnest, and they gave orders to the Archduke Palatine to arrest Kossuth upon a charge of high treason. The personal freedom of a Hungarian noble was guaranteed by the Constitution, but armed force pays no regard either to the law or the constitution, and the terrible journalist was seized in the mountains of Buda, where he had been staying for the benefit of his failing health.

Kossuth was conducted to Pesth, and shut up in a sort of citadel called the the *Neuhauss*, built by Joseph II. of Austria specially for the confinement of the Magyar nobility. While there he devoted his whole time to perfecting himself in foreign languages—English in particular. Works treating of political subjects, and in particular of the French Revolution, became his favourite study, and helped to develop within him the germs of the wonderful activity which he afterwards displayed, and to decide his vocation as an agitator on behalf the people.

In place of intimidating the Magyars, the persecutions against Kossuth and his friends only served to augment the number of the malcontents. Whilst the Diet was sitting, some young men had formed a society to be devoted to the discussion of political questions. Suspected from its foundation, it was at last openly attacked by the Government, and its leaders thrown into prison. Almost at the same time a prosecution was set on foot against the Baron Vesselenyi, the intrepid defender of Hungarian liberty and of the people's rights. Endowed with a spirit as stern and vigorous as his body was strong and robust, his freedom of speech and brusqueness of manner, terrified the Austrian Ministry, and rendered useless their hypocritical protestations. The treason alleged against him was, that during the last Diet he had, at the Comitial Assembly of Szathmar, in severe terms denounced the oppressions inflicted by the nobility and priestly aristocracy upon the people, calling the former "leeches, who gorged themselves with the life-blood of the poor." He was soon after arrested, found guilty, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. His health and his eyesight beginning to fail him in consequence of the rigours of his confinement, he was permitted to reside at Graeffenberg. But the wounded lion could never forgive his enemies the injury he had received; and even after his restoration to freedom, he remained in the advanced guard of the struggling band of Magyar patriots. Struck with blindness in these gloomy dungeons, he bequeathed to Kossuth his implacable hatred to Austria.

Our space will not permit us to enter into the details of the struggle as it went on during Kossuth's confinement in the Neuhauss. He was liberated under a general amnesty granted in 1840, and took up his residence in a small modest-looking house in Pesth, and occupied himself for some time in his studies. A printer named Landerer had, by force of intreaty, obtained permission to publish a journal, and he came to propose to Kossuth to undertake the editorship, setting a high value on his name in a commercial point of view. Kossuth, on his part, the old conductor of the manuscript journal, burned with eagerness to have the direction of a new organ authorised by Government, which would supply him with the means of exhibiting the richness and brilliancy of his intellectual power as a political writer and agitator. Landerer was obliged to the conditions he imposed as to the spirit and independence of the paper; and he yieided the more readily because he naturally supposed that the indomitable energy and "courage never to submit or yield," which the young lawyer had previously displayed, would never again show itself through fear of imprisonment.

In the meantime, prudent and circumspect at the commencement, Kossuth did not open up his grand batteries until usage had thoroughly established a privilege, which was at first little better than an accidental concession; but then he came out stronger and more terrible than ever. Never had a people a more powerful interpreter of its feelings and its wishes. Full of the fire of youth, tempered and subdued by a discretion that is generally found only in company with maturer years, Kossuth knew how to make use of the fierce energy of passion, and at the same time to avoid the imprudences which it often entails. In possession of a courageous talent, a soul tried by fortune, a fiery spirit, a keen and cutting irony, a chaste style, carved and adorned like the hilt of a poignard from the hands of a Cellini—such was Kossuth, the journalist and agitator. His life was a series of combats.

At this time he was forty years of age, and married to Theresa Meszlenyi, the daughter of a noble Magyar of Györ. Imprisonment had injured his naturally weak constitution, but there was no one who looked upon that calm, pale, sweet, and expressive face who did not feel himself drawn towards him by a strange sympathy. He was the true type of the fine Slavonic race of the Slovackian mountains. His fair hair scarcely covered the top of his head, and his oval face, surrounded by a magnificent dark beard, had a manly but melancholy aspect. His lofty forehead, and large blue eyes, arched over by finely pencilled eyebrows, and often fixed upon the heavens, gave his physiognomy an inspired and prophetic cast. His slender nose, straight and perfect in its outline, announced the courage, as his mouth small and well-formed, covered with a fine moustache, and his chin gracefully rounded, betrayed the hidden sweetness of a manly, loving soul. He had little muscular strength, but a well shaped form, and his hands had a softness, whiteness, and tapering beauty seldom found with a man. In his ordinary moods his conversation was cadenced like the metre of poetry, at one time smooth and meditative, at another vibrating like a lyre, with patriotic fervour. His voice, soft, sonorous, and pure in its intonation, penetrated men's inmost souls with an indescribable power; and none ever heard him once without yielding to the all-powerful fascination of his magic eloquence.

He continued his labours with great success for some time, until a disagreement with his publisher deprived him of the voice of his journal. He gave all his attention to the projects for the material amelioration of the country, and in the midst of these occupations he was found when the Diet was convoked in November, 1847. In the great county of Pesth, the names of Szentkiralyi and Kossuth stood first upon the list of candidates. The former proved no obstacle in Kossuth's way, but he had to contend against the intrigues of the Government, who, fearing his talent and energy, had put every engine in motion to prevent his return. Bribery, corruption, intrigue, were all employed against him; but the liberal party were on the alert, and determined to secure his triumph at all hazards. Count Louis Batthyáni, although opposed to the views of Kossuth upon many political questions, threw the whole weight of his fortune and influence into the scale to promote the election of his friend. But it was not the men alone who exerted themselves in his behalf. With a touching devotion worthy of the best days of old Rome, noble and beautiful women took upon themselves the office of canvassers for the man of the people. The Countesses Károlyi, Batthyáni, the Baroness Csekonics, above all, were seen in the drawing-rooms, in the public réunions, rivalling one another in zeal and earnestness, animating and disciplining the masses by the threefold fascination of their beauty, their grace, and their patriotism. The court party were beaten.

After the election came the discussion on the address to the throne. The Conservative party wished to adhere to the hacknied language of compliment. The Liberals, headed by Kossuth, who was now Minister of Finance, and inspired by his eloquence, voted an address, complaining of the outrage upon their liberties committed by the Government, in placing its own creatures at the heads of the countries, instead of the legal and popular Comtes. The magnates refused to sign it, and the Liberals placed the whole of the facts upon the journals of the diet, and left the Emperor unanswered. In 1848, Baron Jellachich, at the head of a large army of Croats, fierce, savage, the hereditary foes of the Magyars, entered Hungary, plundering, burning, and slaughtering as he proceeded. The Emperor, in peril from the revolt of the Viennese, repudiated the acts of this monster, and announced that an army would march to the protection of the Hungarians. Kossuth exposed the wretched subterfuge, and declared his belief that there was an understanding between Jellachich and his master, and the event proved that he was right. Arrived under the walls of Pesth, the former, still breathing out vengeance and slaughter, threw off the mask, and produced the imperial commission, authorising him to dissolve the Diet and

arrest Kossuth and all the other leaders. The crisis was terrible; all the Hungarian army was absent in Italy, fighting the battles of Austria against Charles Albert. At home, only 8,000 men were available. The Diet voted arms and money, and declared that the Emperor had forfeited the Crown, and Kossuth, the lawyer, scholar, statesman, took the field in person, at the head of this handful of men, and beat Jellachich in a pitched battle under the walls of Pesth. Previously to this he had been named President of the National Defence Committee.

The war had now been fairly commenced, but not before every possible overture had been made to the Emperor. But all petitions were disregarded; remonstrances produced additional violence and insult, and the Hungarian deputies were sent back irritated and unsatisfied. Georgey, Bem, Dembinski, and a number of other able men were placed at the head of the Hungarian armies, which were composed principally of levies hastily raised, half armed, and ill-disciplined. But the zeal of all classes overcame every obstacle, and men of all ranks flew to arms with a fiery ardour that carried everything before it. Then commenced that brilliant series of victories, which fixed upon Hungary the gaze of all Europe, and exhibited a romantic bravery, combined with an amount of able generalship and steady, prudent statesmanship which has no parallel in the history of the world. Fain would we rehearse, if space allowed us, the particulars of half those brilliant fields, in which the Austrian generals, grown grey in war, at the head of veteran soldiers, were driven from post to post back to their own frontiers, by the fiery valour of the Magyar hussars and honveds, striking home for Hungary and liberty, with the might of a host in every single arm; of the terrible storming of Buda, where raw troops, unused to war, rushed to the onset; while from the ramparts a thousand guns belched forth destruction, and thousands of Croat muskets rained leaden death upon their serried ranks; and how as the dead choked the ditch and dropped from the ladders, new men filled up their places, clambering, with wild hurrahs, over the bodies of the slaughtered comrades, to meet hand to hand, with the foe in the imminent deadly breach; and how, when the citadel was won, the besieged retreated from house to house in sullen desperation, contesting every foot of ground, till the streets grew slippery with gore, and the dead grew putrid under the warm spring sun, until from that, as from every other fortress all over Hungary, the tricolor flag floated in proud triumph, the sign of hope to the oppressed of every land.

Austria, as every one knows, was at last obliged to call in the assistance of Russia, and whilst the negotiations were going on, the Hungarian Diet, to provide for this new emergency, named Kossuth Governor-General of the Kingdom, Barthélemi Szemere President of the Council, Casimir Batthyáni Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Georgey, who was also Commander-in-Chief of the Army, was appointed Minister of War. But the army was obliged to retreat before the overwhelming forces of Austria and Russia combined; and to increase the difficulty Georgey's jealousy of Kossuth's popularity prevented the military and executive powers acting in concert. As a last resource, in despair of healing the differences between them, or bringing the war to a successful issue, Kossuth, in an interview at Arad, resigned into Georgey's hands his dictatorial power, a noble act, and one worthy of better results. Georgey only availed himself of his newly acquired authority to put into execution an idea he had long cherished, to make a consistent ending to his long series of treacheries, by surrendering himself and his army to the Russians. The rage and despair of the Hungarian soldiers when this resolution was made known to them knew no bounds. The officers broke their swords across their knees, and cast the pieces at the feet of their craven general; others shot themselves with their pistols; and the hussars slaughtered their horses to prevent their falling into the hands of a foe they detested. The Austrians never forgave the insult cast upon them by Georgey's express declaration that it was to the Russians only that he surrendered, and in a spirit worthy of the wretched braggarts, who had turned their backs on twenty battle fields, they wreaked their vengeance upon the helpless and unarmed, when the country was once more in their power, with terrible ferocity. Wholesale executions "by powder and lead," flogging of women, plundering of houses and estates, were modes of gratifying chagrin worthy of this miserable Government.

Batthyáni was executed, Georgey retired into private life, to endure the pangs of remorse and the reproaches of his countrymen, and Kossuth fled to Turkey, but Hungary had fallen, we would fain believe soon to rise again.

Such is a brief and necessarily imperfect sketch of the career of Louis Kossuth, the most remarkable man of his age, the hero of a sad but romantic story—the Bayard of modern times, "*sans peur et sans reproche.*" Emerging from obscurity with difficulty, he had rapidly acquired unbounded influence by the pointed, practical character of all his movements, the wisdom of his amendments, his great polemical tact and power, his rapid, sparkling, brilliant oratory, overpowering all opposition, and carrying conviction to the breasts of all who heard him, by the marvellous clearness of his arguments, and the justness and solidity of his views. He has at length finally escaped from the toils of his enemies, and has reached England with his wife and three children. Let us hope that the reception he has met with may prove to all the world that whatever some "persons of quality" may say or do, the heart of England is sound, and that her people have not swerved from that ancient and true faith which millions of brave men have sealed with their blood since the first ages of history; and which teaches us to look with a sure and certain hope for the final triumph of human freedom and the downfall of all oppression. Ah! that the shout of welcome with which we have greeted him could bring light and life to the great hearts now cold in death on the far off plains they loved so well in life, or comfort and consolation to the wearied spirits that pine and sicken in the filthy dens of Naples, or the dark dungeons of Spielberg and Olmutz; but if we have struck terror and misgiving into the tyrants who parade their crimes and enormities in the garish light of day, even our welcome will not have been uttered in vain.

We perceive in a recent number of the *Times* a cold-blooded and malignant article, written evidently with the design of throwing cold water, if possible, upon the preparations made upon every side for the reception of Kossuth in this country. How far the authority of a journal is to be depended upon, on questions of foreign politics, which, in 1848, upheld King Bomba of Naples as a very model of a prince, and in 1849 thought the Pope the most harmless, and ill-used of all men, and the Romans the wickedest of all wretches, and the peoples of the Continent all in the wrong, and the princes all in the right, we leave our readers to determine. But in the present instance it takes advantage of its great wealth, great influence, and undeniable talent, to make an attack upon the private as well as the public character of a defenceless exile. It becomes the people of England to repudiate the sentiments of this shabby Salmoneus, which sneaks through the well-watched post offices of the king-ridden Continent, at a much lower rate of postage than honester journals.

The great cause of offence now is that Kossuth, instead of allowing the Hungarian Diet to make a snug little bargain for a constitution with the Austrian Emperor, hurried them to extremes, "until he arrived at the catastrophe which has ruined and enslaved his unhappy country." So Hungary, after all, is "ruined, enslaved, and unhappy"! What a confession! To our astonishment we discover, that instead of being placed in the hands of a most tender and paternal Government, which only administers the smallest possible quantum of needful correction, she is "ruined, enslaved, and unhappy," and all owing to Kossuth. What a wretch he must be, not to allow her to negotiate for a constitution with an Emperor and a ministry whom no oaths can bind, who are, before all Europe, perjurers of the blackest dye to their own people, who grant constitutions, swear to them and revoke them as suits their convenience, their cowardice, or their strength, and who hold human life and human liberty as but dust in the balance when weighed against their avarice, their lust, and their ambition.

But the funniest touch of all is, where the article says, "All such public marks of attention to the sworn enemies of the State with which we are at peace, is an unusual and inconvenient interference in the affairs of foreign nations." Surely the *Times* must be aware that when the people of England take it into their heads to express their sympathy with, and admiration of, a great and good man, they do not think of inquiring upon what terms he stands with King Bomba, the butcher, of the perjured Emperor of Austria, or the long-legged Czar of Muscovy.

SEED-TIME IN LISNOMARA.

In Four Parts.

BY SILVERPEN (ELIZA METEYARD).

Part the Third.

The Joyces' cabin contained three rooms, one of which was appropriated to the agricultural instructor; and considering the usual character of Irish accommodation, it was, thanks to the kind care of Mr. O'Sullivan and the few things Mistress Joyce had received in dowery from the "nate Dublin lady," not amiss. The entertainment was set forth in the largest room; and though, as Joyce said, "it gra'v'd his heart intirely thin, to put such a beggar's dish before the compinny—sa'in' that the Joyce's had been known for ginerations through Lisnomara for the open hand"—the only kid, the four last fowls, and such kindly offerings as several poor farmers had brought from their distant cabins, made it tolerable, and by no means scant. As Mistress Joyce, too, had cooked in the best style of the "nate lady," and promised "what was lift, wid God's blessing, to thim as waited patiently outside the door till all was done," the meal passed off in peaceable decorum; particularly, too, as, Mr. Garven being a "timperance man," the whisky was kept in the rearward till he should have retired to the "wonderful nateness of Misthress Joyce's bist room." When it was over, and the glow of the peat fire lighted the cabin with the brilliant effect of a hundred wax candles, the company gathered round it, to listen to what this earnest man had to say—for unless some form of relief could be pointed out, or be afforded them till the new crops were down and fit for food—half the wretched population of Lisnomara would be swept off by famine through the coming winter, for foregone destitution had left them no resources as in other seasons; and many men, including Joyce, spoke these fears.

"But you have fish in the bay," replied Mr. Garven quietly; "all this west coast of Ireland swarms with them; and they abound particularly in these calm island channels."

"Yit sure, yer honour," was the answer of several at once, "we're not fishermen—it isn't for the likes of us, to know both wather an' land."

"When one dish is empty," said Mr. Garven, still in that quiet way so marvellous in its effects on his undisciplined yet kindly-hearted hearers, "the wise man blesses God that he has another on his table, and helps himself therefrom. In England there is a proverb, 'Where there's a will there's a way,' a proverb which, turned to a practical use by the people, has done more to make them prosperous and their country great than half the laws on the statute book. So, instead of supinely starving, why can't you fish? I know that it needs proper boats and expensive nets for the deep sea fishing; but in quiet channels like these round Lisnomara the matter is no more than one of industry and will."

"We've no net," said Joyce; "sure enough the agent's diver—bad luck to him—took off the last, and poverty be ridin' us too hard to git others.

"Nets of this sort for in-shore fishing are woman's work," remarked Mr. Garven.

"But the taching is what be naded, sir," interrupted Mrs. Joyce; "me an' me Grace, avourneen, can thum the na'dles wid the bist in county Galway; but as for the fishin' nets—"

"If I may say as much, and axin' pardon for spakin' whin yer brith is not cold, Misthress Joyce," said one of the Galway fishermen, "it's work that the small fingers of the likes of ye might do. For sure ould Kitty O'Neil—grandmother o' the Galway boy lift wid the boat on the shore—took to the nettin' whin her son was lost at say; and a grate thrue heart had the lost crathur. An' she's tach'd many schoolmasters and the like, as had been wishin' to git their counthry a help—an' one among the many she'd the tachin of was a rale lady from county Donegal wid waxen fingers."

Here the conversation was changed, but not the eager earnestness of one who listened breathlessly as she sat on a pile of dry turf beside the fire, a model of female loveliness, even for beauty so renowned as that of the women of Galway. When the meal had been cleared away Grace Joyce, had sat down to knit in the warmth of the glowing turf, for she had a task to perform though the pay was hard; but by degrees her knitting had dropped from her fingers, and with absorbed attention she listened to the talk of the fishermen and Mr. Garven. Sometimes when the instructor looked towards the fire, her own gaze drooped, and again her tremulous fingers turned the yarn and needles, though only to raise her eyes, and stay her moving hands, when she might do so unobserved. When this conversation respecting the fishing nets had ceased, Mr. Garven retired to his share of the cabin to write some letters which the fishermen would take on their way back to Galway at break of day; and the rest in true Irish manner betook themselves to pipes and tobacco."

As soon as Mr. Garven had departed, Joyce's daughter rose and, putting on her mother's cloak, went to an adjacent shed in which the goat whose kid had been sacrificed for the meal was tethered, and milking it into a bowl, brought the contents back to the cabin. Here she mixed meal with the milk, boiled the mixture in a kettle, poured it back into the bowl, and with some eggs roasted in the glowing turf, went forth unnoticed with both beneath her cloak—for even if her mother heeded the "darlint" she would be sure it was a meal some wandering creature had asked; and the rest were too busy to be observants.

Though the day had been so bright for one in the wane of the year, the night was dark, and the wind swept wildly from the sea. Avoiding the road which led to the several cabins that dotted the valley, the peasant girl made her way rapidly towards the shore, and as unerringly as if it were broad day, though the path was precipitous and wild in the extreme. The tide was in, and beat roughly round the headland, whilst scarcely more than its white line of surf could be distinguished. Yet knowing where the little open fishing boat lay anchored, she kept along the narrow edge of the shore, the waves meanwhile sweeping in eddies round her naked feet, to where the shelving rocks, retreating inwards, left a sheltered space dry and untouched by the tide. Here, as she expected, was the boy left in care of the little boat; who, quitting it as night closed round, had made a fire beneath the rocks. He now lay stretched asleep beside it, covered by the boat's sail; but Grace awakened him when she had set the bowl of porridge and the eggs to warm in a portion of the embers, and roused the rest into a blaze by throwing on a knot of dry seaweed. He at once recognised her, for he had seen her on the shore that day; and thankful for the meal, eat it whilst she sat down beside him and talked. When he had finished, he told her all she asked concerning his grandmother; and that though her sight had lately failed, she yet earned enough, by making and mending the smaller nets for in-shore fishing, to support herself and her old bedridden husband. Besides this, she had, since the days of the famine, taught many of those who were desirous of making Irishmen help themselves.

"Sure thin, Dan," said Grace, bending close to the sea-boy so as he could hear, for the waves roared wildly against the adjacent rocks, "can ye keep a sacrit, an' not be tellin' 'im whin they come back."

"Grandmother," replied the lad in Irish, "has said often, 'Sorra be to 'im which spakes agin the hand from which its fed.'"

"I'll tell thee thin intirely, Dan O'Neil," spoke Grace with a pathos which was as genuine as it was hesitating; "the gintleman ye brought from Galway town has been spaking of nets we nade; and that if we don't git the fishin' till the wonderful new crops be sprung, and ready in place o' the praties, Lisnomara will have no food of its own on the mountains, and no hand for the corvagh's oar. So I've been thinkin'—and me heart is big and warm wid the thought—that if I come over the mountains—for I can thrid a bog and wade a strame wid the best of 'im; maybe yer grandmother 'll tache a poor girl like Grace Joyce to make and min'd a net. Oh! sure she would, Dan—and here be a pretty pair o' stockin's ye may take her; and be tellin' her that whin the days be betther, I'll be rewarding her before I get the crookit comb me heart's bin longing for since Mary Boyle came to me grandmother's wake wid one."

As she spoke, Grace took from the loose bosom of her gown a pair of stockings of her own knitting, and gave them to the sea-boy—a propitiatory offering not needed—as Dan had but to tell his blind old grandmother, that the Lisnomara girl had come two miles from the mountains to the rugged sea shore

when the tide was in, to bring him a meal, to insure not only an Irish welcome—though dark days and poverty were Kitty O'Neil's—but as pure a guardianship as the angels themselves could give. The sea-boy said this, and much more in his eloquent Irish, as he cowered to the warmth of the fire, and looked into the girl's sweet face. He pictured blind old Kitty's room, which was as quaint as any in that quaint old town of Galway, her devotion to her paralytic bedridden old husband, her ceaseless industry, though blind and feeble, her good old-fashioned charity to those poorer than herself, that Grace felt, that in knowing so much of Kitty, half the difficulties of her purpose were overcome. The boy strove to persuade her to sail with the fishermen on their way back to Galway on the morrow early; but Grace had her father and her mother's consent yet to gain, and asked Dan to do no more than mention her to his grandmother, and crave her kindness to the Lisnomara girl.

She then made her way back to the mountains, and reached her father's cabin just as the guests had departed; some to a night's lodging in the cabins round, and others to their own houses in the surrounding hills. Maurice had gone to his temporary bed in the barn—to a stable which in brighter days had sheltered the poor farmer's cow and pony, so Grace sat down beside the fire and told her parents of the "grate thought which was big in her heart," and of her desire to go to Galway town and learn net-making of old Kitty O'Neil.

"Sure, thin, me darlint," said Joyce, when Grace with earnest voice had asked his consent to her journey across the hills to Galway, "it's a blessed thought of ye, and one that the Holy Power himself must have put into your thrue heart; but it's a long way, avourneen; winther is crapin' on us, and the bog's moist wid rain. And more, a' cushla, meself and Maurice, must be workin' wid the gintleman early an' late, and wouldn't kape yer steps, me darlint."

"Father," interrupted Grace, the cloak dropping from her shoulders as she spoke, and her beautiful hair thus escaping from the hood, and, heavy with the sea-mist, falling round her lovely natural figure like a sweeping veil, "cannot Joyce take care of herself? an' will harm come to one who'd have no fear wid her? An' cannot I, by the way, stop and beg a sate by Terence M'Carthy's fire, an' the same from the Widdy Grady; it'll be enough to say that I'm Michael Joyce's daughter, to get a welcome."

"Thrue, Grace, avourneen," spoke her mother, "we've always walk'd wid honest fa'te; an' the good ye'd be bringin' to the homes of us would be mighthy; but we'll be askin' the gintleman—he'll say the likely thing it is."

"No, no, mother dear, no—for the life of ye, no," said the girl, as, regardless of the bright flame, she thrust her arm across the fire and took her mother's hand; "if the thing be worth the doin', it is for its own sake—an' to be askin' the gintleman 'll be like braggin' of a thrue thing before it be begun. No! mother dear—no—say not a word except to his reverence or Maurice: whin I come home wid the power in me fingers to be hilpin' ye it 'll be time to be spakin' of me and me little doings."

The honest farmer thought so too. So presently gaining the consent of both parents, and their promise of secrecy, Grace, assisted by her fond mother, made such few preparations as were needful for the start at daybreak; these principally consisting in a due selection of finery from the wardrobe bequeathed to her descendants by "the nate lady from Dublin." Though the last one who went to rest that night, Grace was, with the exception of her father, the first astir in the morning—even before Maurice or the younger children. But her mother soon rose, and made the breakfast porridge; when this was eaten, her cloak on, and her bundle ready, the young girl kissed the still sleeping children, and went into the little barn—to say good bye to Maurice. He was yet asleep in his bed of dry mountain grass, to which the goat had crept; of this, however, Grace was glad, as it spared her the task of explanation, and enabled her to kiss him in the shadows of the breaking morn. It was a tearful parting, however, with her parents; but feigning a lighter heart than she possessed, she tripped away from the cabin door, her bundle and her shoes in her hand, and her cloak shining in the rays of the rising sun. As she passed the gable-end of the cabin, she was surprised to see the door which opened from Mr. Garven's door ajar; but afraid of being seen, or questioned concerning her walk that early morning, she hurried onward, and did not again look back till she had reached the last green heights from which the valley might be seen. Here she paused, and waved her hand to those still lovingly watching her from the cabin door.

The sun by this time lay broadly on the many islets and their sea-washed channels; and from the height on which she stood she could discern the Galway fishing boat bearing round the farthest southern headland with swelling sail. She now passed on, and was following a sheep track leading to the head of the bay, from whence the road wound still more deeply amidst the mountains, when she perceived amidst the grey mists curling from the shore, some one ascending from the point where the Galway boat had been moored the previous evening. It was Mr. Garven, and in a few minutes he met her face to face. As grave and self-contained as when addressing the Lisnomara farmers on the previous evening, there was interest, though not surprise, in his looks as he stayed to speak. He did not ask whither she was going, or the purpose of her journey, but only wished it might be a pleasant one, He then asked, as he passed on a step or two, when she would return.

"By God's goodness, sir, in three wakes—if luck be wid me. Sorrow would be in the heart of me to lave the Lisnomara cabin more."

"You will be back, then, before I go. Be sure you be: and now God prosper you as he will—good by."

Making the lowliest courtesy, and burning with a million blushes that were not less intense though mirrored only in the cool greenness of the mountain sward, she passed on without a word in reply, and rapidly descending, crossing the stepping-stone of the cascade which swept down upon the shore, then ascending the steep mountain path, she only paused for breath when fairly shrouded from all human view in the deep overlying shadows of the hills.

Mr. Garven's practical instructions were begun in earnest that day. Far and wide the Lisnomara farmers came to learn the handling of both plough and spade; to see digging and trenching, and the preparations for tile draining, and the manufacture and adaptation of manure to the hunger of the exhausted soil. Peat, coralline rock, and sea-weed were burnt, and the dunghills which for half a century—ay, a whole one—had reeked before the wretched cabin doors, and added to periodic famine the woe and curse of pestilential fever, were turned to their legitimate use. When he had fairly given the first practical lesson, and set the majority of those desirous of instruction to work under the care of Joyce, the cottiers as a body shirking labour and keeping aloof except when a chance of alms-giving offered, Mr. Garven visited the several farms of the district, and of many of the surrounding islets. His advice and instructions were, as a general rule, well received; and this, owing in many instances to the good example of Mr. O'Sullivan, who was himself a willing scholar, and the first to sow a large breadth of his land with the seed corn brought from Galway. He did more; he accompanied Mr. Garven in some of his journeys amidst the more desolate mountains, roused the energy of his despairing, miserable people, and painted in glowing language the reward industry and resolution would bring. These journeys were productive of many new hearers to the agricultural addresses, which were generally delivered at Joyce's cabin every alternate evening; for when once the visits for the purpose of inspection and practical advice were over, it was found needful that Mr. Garven should concentrate his operations on one spot, and that the most central one in the district—Joyce's valley.

Through these means, and the aid of so many assisting scholars—thus learning digging, ploughing, and drainage—Michael Joyce's holding soon bore a new aspect. It was trenched and dug ready for the green crops; as much corn as could be spared was sown over the best alluvial portions of the valley, and drainage advanced so far as tiles could be procured from the neighbouring barony. It is true thus much was not accomplished without difficulty; there was supineness, long standing indolence, and almost incredible ignorance, and worse than all, when operating upon circumstances of this kind, a scant supply of food. But the larger portion of the tenant farmers showed a laudable zeal for the elementary knowledge of which they stood so much in need. Some came considerable distances, bringing their food with them, and

lodging in the neighbouring cabins during the time the instructions lasted, whilst not a few, who had the means, added to Joyce's scanty store in such way as they best could. Thus the difficulties met with arose not so much from the body of tenant farmers who sought information, as from the utterly destitute mass of evicted cottiers and starved holders of barren conacre. Hope and fear seemed unknown to them; and the destitution which is one of the common incentives to industry to any ordinary class of the labouring population seemed only to sink them into the last deep of servile apathy. They scorned to work whilst there was a chance to beg; and day by day they loitered round the busy plough and active spades, as if the farmers were the serfs, and they a race of feudal lords. But if there was any likelihood of a meal as a gift, not one amongst them lacked activity in limb or tongue. No beggars on earth knew their trade better. Yet, as Mr. Garven plainly told the farmers, the remedy to this state of things lay not so much with him as with themselves severally —they must set an example of energetic industry, and steadily refuse any assistance to the able-bodied, except as payment for so much task-work done. However, to give assistance in any shape was almost next to an impossibility: money and food were alike scarce in the district, and the prospects for the ensuing winter were dreary beyond the power of words to describe. There might be greenness and fruit for the summer, but God help the dwellers in Lisnomara through the weeping winter days!

Still, in Joyce's poor household, hope, and love, and expectation, brightened the hearts of one or two. For Grace had been scarcely absent ten days, when a letter, brought to one of the neighbouring islands by a Galway boat, and sent from thence by a kindly hand, gave honest Michael and his wife good tidings of their darling child. This letter, written by Grace herself—for she was a scholar in a humble way—told them of a successful journey, of the hospitality of Terence M'Carthy and the widow Grady, of her reaching Galway, and the great joy of Kitty O'Neil "to resave the darlint to her bist male, sorra though it was not the bist in ould Ireland"—and of the net-making and her aptitude in learning—which, as Kitty said, "was a wonderful thing intirely," an' couldn't have bin, but that the blissed Power had warmed her heart thereto"—and Grace asked of her parents secrecy, for she should be home soon.

(To be concluded in the next Number).

SALERNO.—The great beauty of Salerno is its bay. We returned to our hotel, and, sitting down on a balcony that overlooked it, drank in the fresh evening air, and feasted on the quiet beauty of the scene. The sun went down over Amalfi, pencilling with its last beams the distant mountains that curved into the sea beyond Pæstum. Along the beach, on which the ripples were laying their lips with a gentle murmur, a group of soldiers, in their gay uniform, was strolling, waking the drowsy echoes of evening with their stirring bugle-notes. The music was sweet, and at such an hour, in such a scene, doubly so. They wandered carelessly along, now standing on the very edge of the sand where the ripples died, and now hidden from sight behind some projecting point, where the sound, confined and thrown back, came faint and distant on the ear, till, emerging again into view, the martial strain swelled out in triumphant notes till the rocks above and around were alive with echoes. It was a dreamy hour; and just then, as if on purpose to glorify the whole, the full moon rose up over the sea, and poured its flood of light over the waters, tipping every ripple with silver, and making the whole beach, where the water touched it, a chain of pearls. One by one my friends had dropped away to their rooms till I was left alone. . . . Every vagrant sound had ceased, except the very faint murmur of the swell on the beach. The gray old mountains were looking down on Salerno, and Salerno on the sea, and all was quiet as night ever is when left alone. And yet, quiet and peaceful as it was, it had been the scene of stirring conflicts. There were the moonbeams sleeping on the wall against which Hannibal had once thundered with his fierce Africans; and along that beach the wild war-cry of the Saracen had rung, and women and children lain in slaughtered heaps. But the bold Saracen and bolder African had passed away, while the sea and the rocks remained the same. I turned to my couch, not wondering the poets of the Augustan age sang so much and so sweetly of Salerno.

A RHYME FOR THE CLOSE OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.'

Glory to the God of Heaven—
Peace on earth, tow'rds men good will!
Now shall honours due be given
To the best of human skill.
Always will we deal with others
As we would they dealt with us,
And rejoice, as men and brothers,
To befriend each other thus.

Nobly hast thou fruited, Labour!
Brightly hast thou flowered, Art!
Well has England hail'd as neighbour
Every nation to her heart!
Yes—for all on earth are brothers,
High and low, and far and near;
And the more we see of others,
All the more we hold them dear.

Narrow liking, and disilking,
Prejudice hath died away;
Hand in hand together striking,
Man with man is linked to day;
While we feel that all are brothers,
Children dear of One above—
And the more we know of others,
All the more we live in love.

For it is a glorious teaching,
Albert, thou hast taught mankind—
Greatly to perfection reaching,
And enlarging heart and mind;
Stirring us, and stirring others,
Thus to do the best we can,
And with all the zeal of brothers
Help the Family of Man!

God be thanked! that thus united
All the world for once has been,
Crowding, welcome and delighted,
Round the throne of England's Queen
God be thanked, that we and others,
England with the world around,
Thus have sought to love as brothers,
And the good we sought have found!

Albury, Guildford. MARTIN F. TUPPER.

THE PIG.—Sir Francis Head, in his "Bubbles of the Brunnens, of Nassau," writes—"There is, perhaps, in creation no animal which has less justice, and more injustice done to him by man than the pig. Gifted with every faculty of supplying himself, and providing against the approaching storm, which no creature is better capable of foretelling than the pig, we begin by putting an iron ring through the cartilage of the nose, and having thus barbarously deprived him of the power of searching for and analysing his food, we generally condemn him for the rest of his life to solitary confinement in a stye. While his faculties are still his own, only observe how with a bark or snort, he starts if you approach him, and mark what shrewd intelligence there is in his bright twinkling little eye; but with pigs, as with mankind, idleness is the root of all evil. The poor animal, finding that he has absolutely nothing to do—having no enjoyment—nothing to look forward to but the pail which feeds him, naturally most eagerly, or as we accuse him, most greedily meets its arrival. Having no natural business or diversion—nothing to occupy his brain—the whole powers of his system are directed to the digestion of a superabundance of food. To encourage this, nature assists him with sleep, which, lulling his better faculties, leads his stomach to become the ruling power of his system—a tyrant that can bear no one's presence but his own. The poor pig, thus treated, gorges himself—sleeps—eats again—sleeps—awakens in a fright—screams—struggles against the blue apron—screams fainter and fainter—turns up the whites of his little eyes—and dies. It is probably from abhorring this picture, that I know of nothing which is more distressing to me than to witness an indolent man eating his own home-fed pork. There is something so horribly similar between the life of the human being and that of his victim—their motions on all occasions are so unnaturally contracted—there is such a melancholy resemblance between the strutting residence in the village, and the stalking confinement of the stye—between the sound of the dinner bell and the rattling of the pail—that when I contrast the 'pig's countenance' in the dish with that of his lord and master, who, with outstretched elbows, sits leaning over it, I own I always feel it so hard that one should have killed the other."

MISCELLANEA.

IRISH WIT.—General Washington stopped at a hotel with a squad of subordinate officers, and attracted the attention of an Irish servant. Pat was very attentive to the General, and promptly attended to every wish. The General observed the Irishman gazing at him and his officers as they were about departing, and asked Pat, "How he liked the looks of his boys."—"Well, yer honour," replied Pat, "I'm not competent to judge of the stars, in the presence of the sun."

POWERFUL EFFECT OF IMAGINATION.—When the waters of Glastonbury were at the height of their reputation, in 1751, the following story was told by a gentleman of character:—An old woman of the workhouse of Yeovil, who had long been a cripple and made use of crutches, was strongly inclined to drink of the Glastonbury waters, which she was assured would cure her lameness. The master of the workhouse procured her several bottles of water, which had such an effect, that she soon laid aside one crutch, and not long after the other. This was extolled as a most miraculous cure; but the man protested to his friends that he had imposed upon her, and fetched water from an ordinary spring. I need not inform my reader that the force of imagination had spent itself, and she relapsed into her former infirmities.

THE GLASTONBURY THORN.—It is handed down that when Joseph of Arimathea, during his mission in England, arrived at Weary-all-hill, near Glastonbury, he struck his travelling-staff into the earth, which immediately took root, and ever after put forth its leaves and blossoms on Christmas-day, being converted into a miraculous thorn. This tree, which had two trunks, was preserved until the time of Queen Elizabeth, when one of the trunks was destroyed by a Puritan, and the other met with the same fate during the Great Rebellion. Throughout the reign of Henry VIII. its blossoms were esteemed such great curiosities and sovereign specifics as to become the object of gain to the merchants of Bristol, who not only disposed of them to the inhabitants of their own city, but exported their blossoms to different parts of Europe. There were, in addition to these, relics for rain, for avoiding the evil eye, for rooting out charlock and all weeds in corn with similar specifics, which were considered at this time the best of all property.

SIR JOHN ROSS'S CARRIER PIGEONS.—The *Ayr Observer* says:—"Our readers will recollect our announcing, in October last year, the supposed arrival at Annan-hill, near Kilmarnock, of a pair of the carrier pigeons which Sir John Ross took with him in the Felix. The lady by whom the birds were presented to the navigator, and others who had seen them in this county, were confident that one of the two which were caught at Annan-hill was one of the four pigeons given to Sir John. Incredible as it seemed that the birds could have returned a distance of two thousand miles, we saw no reason to doubt it, and the fact seems now almost confirmed by what we learn on the arrival of the Felix in Stranraer. The pigeons were to be despatched when the party got into winter quarters; they were so despatched. As yet we have not obtained an exact date, but they were sent off about the beginning of October, upon an evening about five o'clock. Two of the small balloons with which Sir John was furnished were made use of for the purpose; the old pair were attached to one, the young to another, secured in such a way, that when a slow match, ignited at starting, had burned to a certain point, the birds were liberated. The match was calculated to burn for twenty-four hours. A slight breeze was blowing from the north when the balloons were sent up; one went away steadily to the south; an accident happened to the other. The young birds were in that which got away, and it was one of the young birds which was recognised at Annan-hill, on the 13th October, as having been taken away by Sir John."

MATERIALS FOR THINKING.—What we are to be hereafter, will be the effect of what we are here.—Though a tree be ten thousand cubits in height, its leaves must fall down, and return to its root.—As continued health is vastly preferable to the happiest recovery from sickness, so is innocence to the truest repentance.—Lord, grant that we may lead a gude life; for a gude life makes a gude end; at least, it helps weel.—Never shrink from doing anything which your business calls you to The man who is above his business may one day find his business above him.—It is a matter of right, naturally belonging to every human being, to worship the God in whom he believes; and it can be no part of one man's religion to coerce the religion of another; since religion, if not received voluntarily, is not received at all.

FRENCH NOTIONS OF JOHN BULL.—Notwithstanding the constant communication between England and France—notwithstanding the vast number of Frenchmen who have visited London, and the immense number of English always residing at Paris—the French seem to be as much convinced as ever that milord John Bull is utterly unlike all the rest of humanity in his way of thinking, acting, dressing, eating, and in every other respect whatsoever. There is not a week in which their newspapers do not make one of his sons the hero of some absurd adventure. The other day, for example, it was gravely stated that one English *milord*, on passing a provision shop, was seen to burst into tears at the sight of a haunch of venison, he having recognised, by a peculiar mark, that it was that of a deer named Billy, which he had tenderly loved, and he immediately rushed into the shop "with a handful of bank notes" to purchase the haunch and preserve it from the profanation of being cooked. A *feuilletoniste* hard up for matter always brings forward some extravagant *excentricite* perpetrated by a *milord* or a *miladi*. On the stage our countrymen are almost invariably represented as carrying with them a huge bottle of Prussic acid, that they may be able to commit suicide whenever the whim takes them. At the Palais Royal there was lately in performance a piece which the Parisians consider a faithful picture of English manners. A French artist, on his last legs, makes his fortune by buying at Smithfield-market the wife of his landlord, and selling her immediately after to a peer for thirty-fold the cost price. The said peer (he wears a red Turkish cap as a mark of his dignity) afterwards sells her back to her husband, in order that he may marry the daughter of his own brother, who is a policeman!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** In consequence of the numerous questions constantly addressed to us, we beg leave to state that, for the future, Answers to Correspondents will form a regular feature in THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND. Of course, we shall not feel bound to answer every question that may be addressed to us, but simply to notice such as we think likely to interest or instruct the large body of our readers.

AN EMIGRANT.—The effect of the discovery of gold in Australia must be unfavourable for some time. Australia was gradually becoming rich by regular industry; now all that is put a stop to, old plans and habits are abandoned, the shepherd forsakes his flock and the agriculturist his plough. A mania for gold seems to have seized all classes, which will be long before it will have passed away.

SARAH.—Pray be in no hurry to adopt Bloomerism. Reformations in dress are not easily effected. We are all naturally conservatives. What a time medical men have been denouncing the folly and crime of tight-lacing, and with what utter want of success is but too clear from the delicacy and nervous affections of the modern young lady.

A LANCASHIRE MAN.—The increase of population in your part of the world has been enormous; there is nothing like it in England, except it be in the mineral basin of South Wales. In 1750, just one century ago, the whole population of Lancashire did not amount to quite 300,000; in an interval of ninety years from that time it had come to hold a million and a half, of which 350,000 lived in Manchester alone.

T. W.—Things are not so bad as you suppose. There is much soundness in us yet. There is vitality yet in the nation. The criminal tables for 1850 give us ground to hope that our philanthropic agencies are producing their proper results, and that we are becoming a better people. The number of persons committed for trial in the year 1850 is 3·7 per cent. under the average of the last ten years. Within that period the number rose to 31,309, the largest number yet shown, in 1842, and declined in 1845 to 24,303, the minimum of the ten years, a difference of above 22 per cent. This is the first instance since the earliest record, in 1805, in which the commitments have for ten years been without increase—the first in which diminished numbers could be shown, on a comparison either with the average or with the first and last years of such a period.

N. N.—Cuba is indeed the brightest jewel in the crown of Spain. There is a great demand for information respecting it, but such demand is not easily met, the information available being rather limited. In the *Diario de la Marina* of Havana, some time back, tables were published showing the imports, exports, and revenue for the twenty years from 1828 to 1847, and these appear to be within a year of the latest that have been received in this country. The results which they furnish, when condensed into average totals for intervals of five years, are as follow:—

Years.	Average per Annum. Imports. £	Exports. £	Revenue. £
1828 to 1832	3,400,000	2,390,000	1,757,000
1833 to 1837	4,010,000	3,135,000	1,787,000
1838 to 1842	4,900,000	4,855,000	2,250,000
1843 to 1847	5,260,000	4,770,000	2,150,000

In the last of the above periods—namely, from 1843 to 1847, the average annual amount of the exports was greatly affected by deficient crops in 1845 and 1846, caused by a long drought, followed by a hurricane. It is believed that the average returns for the succeeding years would prove more favourable, some of the largest sugar estates in the island having recently been formed. For the single year 1848, the separate returns for which have lately been obtained, imports are exhibited to the amount of £5,100,000, and exports of £5,20[illegible],000.

A MECHANIC.—In America there are 250 daily newspapers. In this country, including the evening press, there are only ten published. Lord Brougham was always opposed to the retention of the penny stamp; he very properly denounced the last penny as the worst of the four.

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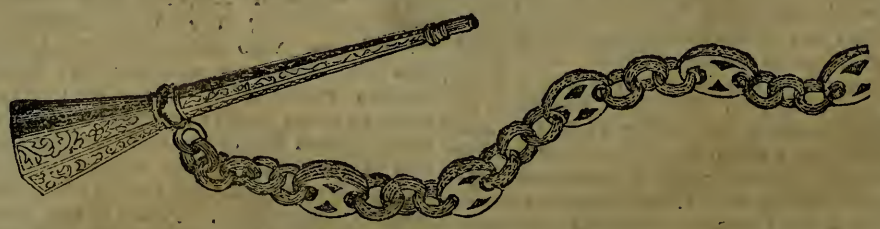

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THE
WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

THE ARTS OF THE CHINESE.

IN the midst of Thai-hou, one of the largest lakes in China, rise two mountains. They are distinguished from one another by the addition of the words *east*, and *west*, indicating their position. That represented in our engraving is the Eastern Thong-Thing-Chan, and was sketched by the British officers during the last war. It is situated in the middle of the lake Thai-hou, to the south-west of the town of Ouhiên. The Emperor Khien-long, visiting the provinces of the South in the 16th year of his reign (1751), composed a piece of verse upon the sixteen points of view in which that mountain presented itself. According to the history of the town of Kou-sou, it is eight leagues in circumference. It is rather smaller than the Western Thong-Thing-Chan, but it resembles it very much in the boldness of its peaks, the heights of its precipices, and in its natural productions also. Among these last are found the mulberry tree, sweet oranges, saffron, &c. According to the history of the town of Ouhiên, now called Sou-tcheu-fou, the General Mo-li, who lived under the dynasty of the Souï (in the 6th century of the Christian era) dwelt for a long time upon this mountain, and gave it his name.

It is also called Siu-mon, or *the Mother of Siu*, because the celebrated Tseu-Siu departed from her upon this mountain.

THONG-THING-CHAN.

Anciently, it was called the *Mountain of the Tigers*, because the King of Ou reared tigers there for some time. It was under the dynasty of the Thangs (618—904) that it received the name it bears at present.

Western Thong-Thing-Chan is remarkable for the subterranean grottos at its base, by which one can penetrate a great distance under the bed of the lake. These are eight in number, and open on the side of the hill, a short distance above the level of the water. This immense cavern has been called Ti-me, or *the Being of the Earth*. This is the ninth of the eighteen caverns, so celebrated by Chinese mythologists. It is

recorded in the history of the mountain that Ho-liu commissioned a man, endowed with supernatural knowledge, or second sight, to explore its inmost depths. Being provided with candles, and every other necessary for so long a journey, he travelled under ground for seventy days, and returned without having reached the end. "In the interior," continues the legend, "he found upon a rock a work in three books, which he carried back to Ho-lin, who being unable to read it, begged of Confucius to explain it to him. That philosopher said, "This book was written by the Emperor Yu, of the dynasty of Hia, (2205—2198 B.C.); it treats of the spirits of the Immortals." The explorer was called Mao; and at the present day a house is shown on the mountain as belonging to him. It is cut in the rock. The principal grotto has three gates. The most remarkable of its divisions are called, "The House of Stone," "The Chamber of Silver," "The Hall of Gold," &c.

Architecture makes no progress in China. Here, as in other circumstances, the people are "incurable conservatives." They have not altered the shape or plan of their dwellings from the earliest times. A Chinese city, it has been said, is nothing more than a Tartar camp, surrounded by mounds of earth to preserve themselves and cattle from the depredations of neighbouring tribes; and a Chinese habitation is the Tartar tent, with its sweeping roof supported by poles, excepting that the people have cased their walls with brick and tiled the roofs of their houses.

Everything in the country being regulated by law, the building of houses forms no exception to this rule. Millions of people live in mud hovels, but of these a great number are faced with brick; while in places where granite abounds, the cabins are composed of solid rock, which the Chinese possess great skill in cutting and joining, so that a seam is scarcely visible. Huts, in woody districts, are built of planks. But there is no material so much employed as bamboo, not only for building purposes, but for every other. Fires are seldom used, except for cooking, the requisite warmth in winter being supplied by fur clothing. The interior of a Chinese pauper's house consists of one room, to serve every purpose both of his family and domestic animals, among which a pig is always to be seen. In many respects, indeed, there is a resemblance between a Chinese and an Irish cabin.

It is in the great houses in the interior of the towns that we must study the domestic architecture of the Chinese. These houses arrest the attention of the stranger at once, by the peculiar form of the roof, covered with semi-circular tiles, which form a very graceful arch. This form is derived, as has been stated, from that of a tent, which was anciently the only sort of habitation known to the nomade tribes, who, coming from the west of Asia, at last established themselves in China. The predominant characteristic of Chinese architecture is its extreme lightness. The structures are in general elegant, coquettish-looking, and often adorned with sculptures of the most delicate workmanship, but they are entirely wanting in solidity. So, also, China is greatly deficient in ancient monuments.

The houses of the rich never exceed two storeys in height, and are surrounded with, and concealed by, high stone walls. At the entrance, a space is occupied by flower-pots, and often a small garden is laid out with artificial rocks and mountains. The principal hall generally faces the south, and its walls are adorned with inscriptions, either drawn upon a lacquered plank with gilt letters, or written upon paper. This is the place of devotion, or hall of ancestors. An idol and incense-stand are almost always found in the principal room of a respectable Chinese.

To the right and left of this stand or altar, there are usually two passages which lead into a second court, over which there is a great square balcony, which runs the whole length of the building. Very often, however, there is only a single court, and the two doors of the hall of reception lead directly into the interior of the mansion. Straight stair-cases communicate with the different storeys. The chambers, small and numerous, are furnished with stands, large square arm-chairs, with straight backs. Curtains or drapery are never seen but around their beds.

In sculpture the Chinese distinguish themselves far more by the exquisite delicacy and finish of their workmanship than by the beauty or symmetry of their designs. With a great deal of ingenuity and pains-taking, they combine the same taste for the horrible and monstrous which shows itself in Egyptian works of art. We present our readers with engravings of two large bas-reliefs, at present in the Museum of the Louvre at Paris, and they certainly possess more interest than is usually found in the objects of that great Chinese collection. In the first is represented the historical epoch, when the Chinese empire was divided into a number of petty kingdoms, all tributary to the dynasty of Tsin. The emperor is seated majestically under a portico built in the architectural style of the pagodas, and around him are placed in ranks sixteen vassal princes, each of them holding in their hands a banner, upon which is inscribed the names of their respective principalities. The upper fillet has as its only ornaments the objects attributed to the Eight Immortals—a gun, a pipe, a gourd bottle, some castanets, a sword, a sounding triangle of stone, a divining quoit, and a sort of lute. The other bas-relief, has in the middle the apothesis of King Iuwan, and upon the three sides allegorical subjects, long life, riches, and good fortune. The fillet of this is occupied by the Eight Immortals and their servants.

These two bas-reliefs, having the form of two massive heavy tables, were modelled at Macao in 1843, and from the front of an altar of the Bhuddist temple. They would cost about thirty or forty pounds—a very moderate sum, when we take into account the great labour bestowed upon them—but large enough in a country like China, to buy even the originals themselves, if the guardian of the temple once saw the piastres glittering before him.

The Chinese temples or pagodas usually contain a great number of halls or interior courts. They are, for the most part, constructed of brick, covered with coloured tiles, often varnished, and are distinguished from other buildings by their great height, and the more abrupt elevation of their roofs. The architecture is almost the same; there is not much difference, except in the splendour of the ornaments. The buildings of most of these temples are numerous, and with the gardens often occupy a space equal to six or eight English acres. Over the exterior gate the name of the temple is inscribed in large characters. The interior court is generally adorned by statues of deified heroes. In the principal building are placed three superb statues of the three Buddhas—the past, the present, and the future. The hall in which they are placed is covered round with altars and statues. In the temple of Honan at Canton, there are in the surrounding halls gilded wooden statues. That of the Goddess of Mercy is the most remarkable. In the midst of hideous figures one sometimes, however, meets with some very graceful, and in very good taste. Behind the temple there is an extensive garden, at the extremity of which is a mausoleum, where the ashes of the priests are deposited once every year. There is a furnace also for burning the bodies, and a little cell for reserving the urns, until the time comes for opening the mausoleum. There are also tombs for private persons, who pay large sums for interment in the holy place. Amongst a people so celebrated for religious devotion, one would expect the temple of the gods to be not only of the most splendid architecture, but preserved in the highest state of repair. But they are everywhere seen in a state of decay. China, like other countries, has had its pious and liberal devotees, who have built and endowed temples, but they who come after neglect to preserve them. The uniformity of their architecture points their origin to the same date. At the present day, they build no more sacred edifices, and neglect those that are built. Sometimes appeals are made to the piety of the worshippers, and subscriptions raised, but no one ever hears anything of the money afterwards.

The famous porcelain tower at Nanking, of which we give an engraving, belongs to one of the pagodas. It is called "The Pagoda of Gratitude," and is unquestionably finer than any similar structure throughout China. It is an octagonal building; it consists of nine equal storeys, communicating by a spiral staircase running up the centre of the building, and each comprising one saloon, painted, gilt, and having numerous idols. The outside wall is white, made of the white bricks commonly used in China; a kind of carved gallery, or verandah, ornamented with lightly-tinkling bells, runs round each storey, and the whole is surmounted by a gilt conical roof,

the height of which, from the base, somewhat exceeds two hundred feet. It was completed in 1432. This edifice is merely roofed with porcelain, and not, as might be supposed, constructed of that material.

As the Chinese have a great number of canals, bridges are necessary and numerous. Many of these are of a light and fanciful, but elegant construction. Some of them stride across the canal with one bold, lofty arch; while others have three, five, or seven arches—the central one being frequently from thirty to forty-five feet wide, and sufficiently high to allow the passage of vessels without striking their masts.

But these canal-bridges are immeasurably surpassed in magnitude, and occasionally in beauty, by the bridges thrown across rivers, or long swamps, and places exposed to inundations. Some of these are of prodigious extent, and have triumphal arches over them, built of wood, in the pagoda style, and splendidly painted. The stone bridges of the Chinese are constructed in a solid and substantial manner. The style, buttresses, breakwaters, and other parts, remind the English visitor of the structures of his own country. The slabs of stone, which form the level of their bridges, are frequently fourteen feet long by four or five in breadth; how they manage to place them in their proper positions appears extraordinary, as no machinery for the purpose has been found, and the Chinese assert that their disposal is accomplished, merely, by manual labour. It is remarkable that they construct arches without key-stones. An immense bridge—that of Loyang, is built of one sort of black hewn stone. Another majestic bridge over an arm of the sea, is built of yellow and white stone. It is 2,475 feet long, and 8¼ feet broad; has one hundred very lofty arches, and is adorned with sculptures of lions and other animals, in the prevailing taste of the country. A similar bridge has been described of nearly twice the length.

The Chinese have, besides, numberless bridges of boats, which correspond with those used in Europe; and they had, long before we adopted them, suspension-bridges, built on the same principle as those with which, at Hammersmith, Hungerford, and other places, we have become familiar.

The surface of China, properly so-called, is about 1,298,000 square miles in extent, or about three-fifths of the Russian empire, or two-fifths of Australia. Its population, as far as can be ascertained, is about 367,000,000 inhabitants. If we compare this with the space occupied, the number is not so large as it would seem at first sight; it is nearly three acres and one-third of land for each individual, or little more than the average in England and Wales, which is about two acres to each person.

But the pursuits of agriculture are rendered of very great importance to the Chinese, from the vast numbers of the people, and the very limited extent of their commerce. Special rewards and distinctions are, therefore, bestowed on the tillers of the soil. In the ranks of society the husbandman having precedence of soldiers, merchants, artisans, and others, takes his station next to the man of letters, or state officer. Even soldiers, whenever their service permits, and priests, whenever their establishments are endowed with lands, are practical agriculturists. "The grand science," as it is called, "of the citizen and the prince" receives honour from the Emperor himself; for at the vernal equinox, he repairs to the field, ploughs a few ridges of land, and casts in the fructifying seed.

Among the dignities he claims is that of universal landowner. But though he is the sole proprietor of the soil, the tenant is never liable to be dispossessed if he regularly pay his rent to the crown, which is calculated at about one-tenth of the produce of the farm or farms. In case any agriculturist has more than he and his family can cultivate, he lets it to another, on condition of receiving half the produce, out of which he pays the whole of the Emperor's taxes. On these terms land is cultivated by the greater part of the poor peasantry. No great farmers exist in China. Every grower carries his own produce to an open and free market.

One part of the economy of the Chinese is specially entitled to notice; for besides the canals and artificial rivulets which run through many parts of the country, they dig reservoirs to catch the rain or the water that descends from the upper lands, and this they distribute over the fields that require it, by means of different hydraulic machines worked by a buffalo, and sometimes by the human hands and feet. In like manner the Chinese are particularly attentive to the collection and use of manure. Even the hair of the head and the shavings of the beard are preserved for the purposes of agriculture. Barbers are a numerous body in China, where, all the head being shaved except a lock behind, few persons have sufficient skill to shave themselves. Every one of this class is, therefore, provided with a bag, in which he carefully deposits the locks and shavings he cuts off, which are indeed considered excellent manure. Even the swine are described as being shaved. "In short," says Mr. Barrow, "it may literally be said in this country that nothing is permitted to be lost."

The average produce of the rice-lands, taking the whole empire, may be about thirty or thirty-five measures for one of seed; that of corn-lands is very inferior, being not much above fifteen for one. One of the defects of the Chinese agricultural policy is, the excessive cultivation of rice to the exclusion of other grain; for though rice yields, in favourable seasons, a more abundant, and perhaps an easier crop, it is more liable to fail than most others. A deficiency of water in its earlier stages, and a surplus of water in its maturer ones, are alike fatal to the produce. Of the scourge of locusts, it is said, and that with truth, by a Chinese writer: "Their prodigious multitudes cover the whole canopy of heaven; they are so close that their wings touch each other; their number is so vast, that, in lifting up your eyes, you might fancy you saw a high green mountain inverted over your head; and the noise they make in flying is like the beating of many drums." The cultivation of entire provinces is literally laid waste by these destructive insects.

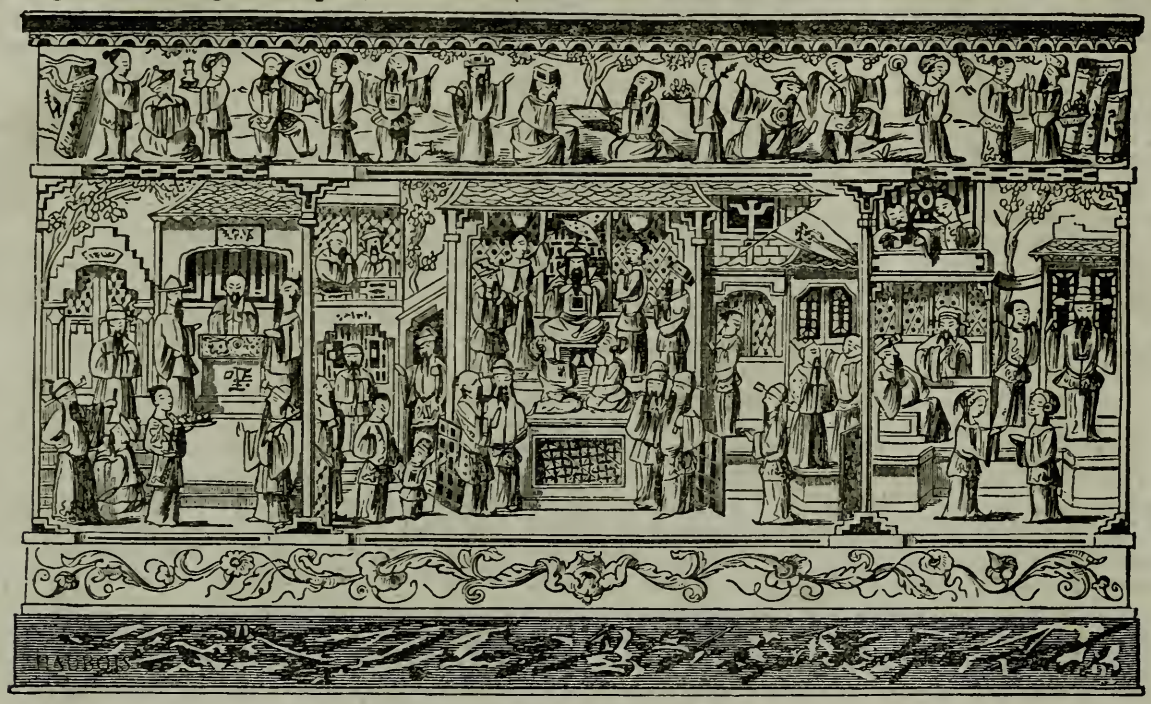
The culture of the tea plant of China involves much that is interesting, at which we can only glance. It will not succeed well, if it have not a rich soil for its growth. The continual gathering of the leaves of the shrubs is very detrimental to their health, and, in fact, ultimately kills them. A principal object with the grower is, therefore, to keep his bushes in as robust health as possible; and this cannot be done if the soil be poor. The tea plantations in the north of China are always situated on the lower and most fertile sides of the hills, and never on the low lands. The shrubs are planted in rows, about four feet apart, and about the same distance between each row, and look, at a distance, like little shrubberies of evergreens. The farms are small, each consisting of from one to four or five acres; indeed every cottager has his own little tea garden, the produce of which supplies the wants of his family, and the surplus of which brings him in a few dollars, which are spent on the other necessaries of life. The same system of small farms is adopted in all that relates to Chinese agriculture.

Some idea of the varities of the tea plant may be gathered from those lately exhibited by Mr. P. W. Ripley, of Canton, in the Chinese compartment of the Great Exhibition. There were no fewer than twelve varieties of what are called "*physic* teas." One is said by the Chinese to be used as "an universal medicine;" another, "to dispel huskiness, to quiet troubled feelings, to clear the mind, to brighten the vision, and to moisten the lungs;" a third, to prove a specific for rheumatism and fever; a fourth, to be taken in hot days to cool the blood; a fifth, as effectual in removing all kinds of inflammatory diseases, as also those arising from the impeded circulation of the fluids; and so of the rest, each one of which has the credit of some curative power. Not to mention others, of Nukoi teas two varieties were shown—the plain Caper, and the plain orange Pekoe. The Canton made teas included the scented Caper, the aroma of which is produced at great expense with flowers; the scented or orange Pekoe, each leaf of which is so twisted that it looks like a wire, a small quantity being sufficient to flavour many pounds of any other tea. Then there were Young Hyson, small leaf Hyson, Imperial, and Gunpowder, all very curious and of very superior quality. The Nanking teas comprehended specimens of Twankay, Hyson, Hyson skin, Young Hyson, Imperial, and Gunpowder, all of which are the produce of one plant. Under the class of Nanking Teas were also exhibited spurious scented Caper and spurious Gunpowder made in Canton from tea-dust and rice-water, without a leaf of the plant in them, and appropriately called by the Chinese "*lie* teas." The collection included a box of Cumshau, made up in the shape of balls, faggots, and cigars. The examples exhibited are seldom to be met with, and are said to be grown by

the priests on the different hills in the tea district. When the Royal Commission recently visited Liverpool, they inspected, among the other sights of that great seaport, the new Albert Dock, where, in one warehouse, they saw 20,000 chests of tea, which they were assured supplied only one week's consumption for the whole country What an immense provision for the circulation of

"The cup that cheers but not inebriates."

And yet, in the very heart of the Chinese collection, and within a few glass-cases, there were about *forty* specimens of the tea plant, a large proportion of which have hitherto been unknown to the most enthusiastic of its admirers and advocates!

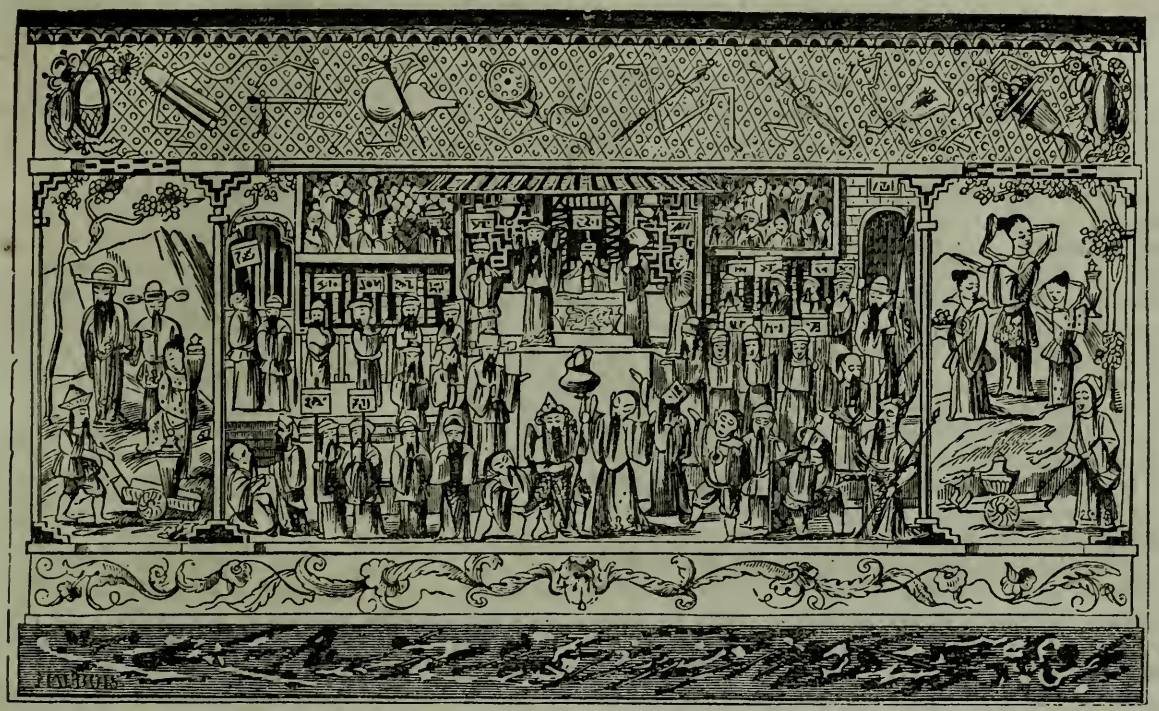


A BAS-RELIEF IN FRONT OF AN ALTAR.

No implements of agriculture seem to be in an advanced state among the Chinese. The plough in common use is a very simple machine, and inferior to the very worst of ours half a century ago. But a drill-plough is described as consisting of two parallel poles of wood shod with iron to open the furrows; these poles are placed on wheels; a small hopper is attached to each pole to drop the seed into the furrows,

CHINESE SCULPTURE, FROM THE LOUVRE AT PARIS.

which are then covered with earth by a transverse board fixed behind, which sweeps the surface of the ground. Their animals of draught appear to be very inferior and weak ; and it is said that the mules and asses could not draw our improved ploughs, if the Chinese had them.



A BAS-RELIEF IN FRONT OF AN ALTAR.

CHINESE ARTISANS.

No good land is ever reserved in China for pasture. The few cattle that are there are turned out only on waste lands which can never be improved by any sort of artificial manuring or dressing. To this must partly be ascribed the poor and stunted appearance of their cows and horses. The flesh of flocks and herds is scarcely tasted except by the rich, and the Chinese do not use either milk, butter, or cheese. There is, accordingly, no people in the world, except the Hindoos, that consume so little meat, or so much fish and vegetable food

CHINESE BRIDGE.

nor is there any country where fewer cattle are employed for the purposes of draught and burden.

SEED-TIME IN LISNOMARA.

In Four Parts.

BY SILVERPEN (ELIZA METEYARD).

Part the Fourth.

Time passed, and Mr. Garven had now been three weeks in Lisnomara. Most of the tenant-farmers had returned home —wiser for the lessons of their able teacher, though leaving much sore poverty behind in Joyce's valley. Not a meal of potatoes was left; for the past day or so even Mr. Garven had shared with the people such roots as could be found in the bogs or on the mountains; and now that he was about to leave them again to the stern desolation of misery and hunger, deeper seemed both than experience had yet shown. As the hour of his departure drew near, even the most wretched and apathetic began to have some idea of his worth, and self-denying goodness.

It was evening, and he sat beside the common fire of the cabin, giving Joyce directions about the sowing of the oats, beans, and peas in February, in case he sent the supply of seed instead of bringing it himself, which he should not be able to do if his instructions from the Dublin Board took him to another district of Ireland, in place of returning to the western coast. Whilst thus talking, a crowd drew round the cabin door, of which a few gaunt and starved wretches asked permission to come in and speak for the rest.

"Sure, yer honour," said the foremost man, "ye'll not be la'vin' us agin to our dape poverty. Ye'll be spakin' of us an' our dape nade to the powers in Dublin town—honour be wid im."

"An' ye'll be tillin' im wid a quick tongue—for sorra has a male, save the bitther weeds, passed me lips these four days."

"Nor mine, nor mine," cried a dozen or more in a breath.

"I am truly sorry for you, my friends," replied Mr. Garven, with much feeling, "but I am a poor man myself—and the English Government will give nothing more, and as I think rightly—except through the machinery of the poor-laws. There is nothing to prevent your travelling to the nearest union-house, and the relief which will be afforded you there will keep you from starvation. But I want you to do something better than this—to secure and use the gifts of God which are around you. This is what an Englishman would do in preference to seeking the union, though it were the best in the country. Now, just listen! On my return to Galway I will send you a net or two, and some one with them to teach you in-shore fishing. Though perhaps you won't use them if I send them—many and many a time your countrymen have served me so."

"But we will, your honour—we'll be helpin' Misther Joyce for the sake of ye—if a net was here we'd be hilpin' now, the hunger be so sore wid us."

At this moment Maurice pushed his way through the crowd round the door, and entering the cabin, told his parents that a small fishing boat had come into the bay, and that it might bring Grace, as it had come from the south. It was more than an hour ago, that he saw it from the headland-point, and if his sister had come by it she must now be near at hand. At hearing this, Joyce and Maurice hurried; but they had not been absent more than ten minutes, when they returned, accompanied by Grace and the Galway sea-boy.

Oh! how the brave girl clung to her stalwart father, and in a moment more was nestled in her loving mother's arms—then as quickly she stood abashed before the crowd, and before Mr. Garven. But she had a bundle beneath her cloak of which she was proud, and her quick eye and her warm Irish heart—both told her that it was for food these lingering suppliants asked. Yet they were moving to go—courteous even in despair.

"Stop wid ye, stop wid ye" she said; "I've had luck in that which I wint on. See, I've brought ye a net of me own makin' intirely, an' I can mind it an' make ye more. I've the learnin' in me fingers, an' the want shall be comin' to ye no more in Lisnomara."

Saying these words, Grace Joyce placed the bundle she carried on the ground, untied it, and stretched out widely w both hands an ordinary net; but it betokened coming fo food which the next hour could give, and to procure t absorbed almost all other emotions, saving what could expressed in the readiest words of wonder, gratitude, and j though there were a few, who, grasping the honest farmer the hand, said, with broken voice:

"Misther Joyce, we've bin standin' out, bad luck to aginst ye and yer doin's, but we'll yet turn a thrue hand to t spade for ye, for yer delicate flower has had a thrue heart us—the Powers reward her!"

"Don't be stayin' now whin ye be hungry," interrupted t girl, as she raised the net and gave it to Dan O'Neil. "We ca by the Cove, and it's as smooth as the summer's wind, a the moon be shinin' down its great silver light, and Dan he the darlint, ould Kitty O'Neil's grandson, as knows Galw fishin' like the bist of 'im, saw the wather o' the bay dark 'im—so ye've only to draw the net an' ye'll be fed. Dan show ye how; his grandmother minded him to giv' ye learnin'."

But these words of prompting were scarcely needed, if ev heard, for in a few minutes the cabin was empty; leavi Grace and her mother to talk, whilst the children eage listened to all concerning Kitty O'Neil and her wonder goodness.

"An' sure, me darlint," said Mrs. Joyce, "The Power w wid ye in guidin' ye to sich a crathur as Kitty, luck be to h and the door she opened to a stranger; yet, Grace avourne sorra should I be for ye to have lift yer heart in Galway to a one beside the motherly crathur."

"No, mother dear, no," replied Grace, colouring, thou looking steadily as she spoke into her mother's clear kind ey "Many were the comers to Kitty O'Neil's, spakin' sugar words, an' askin' me the early day to see his reverence and t ring, but I sid me heart was in Lisnomara, an' must be giv back as it come. But, mother, won't we be gettin' ready t supper. I hear 'im, and joy be in their voices."

Though Grace thus dexterously changed the conversatio there was truth in the causes of interruption, for in a lit while her father, Mr. Garven, Maurice, and Dan O'Neil, ca in with good news concerning their first experiment in fishi —as one haul of the net had not only given enough and spare to the surrounding cottiers, but also a supply of fine fi for the farmer's household. Most of the hungry people h remained upon the shore to cook and eat their meal there, b Joyce more wisely returned home, where his good mistre assisted by Grace and Maurice, and, putting into practice cu nary knowledge derived from the "nate Dublin lady," h soon a welcome supper steaming on the table, round whi the farmer's family and their visitor sat, and partook of wi grateful hearts. After which, and the peat fire burnt up an with fragrant fuel, Grace again related the events of her jou ney to and her stay in Galway. Before they parted for t night it was arranged that Mr. Garven would remain yet day or two in Lisnomara, to give Dan O'Neil and the m who had accompanied him time to show Joyce and the peo all that was needed in the management and care of nets, a then return to Galway by the boat.

On the morning of his departure, and whilst the boat w making ready, Mr. Garven came into the large room of t cabin, where Joyce and his wife were alone, the latter pr paring some meal cakes for her visitor's use during the da and her husband waiting to carry them down to the sho when ready.

"Well," he said, approaching them, "I hope that you w remember me, good friends; I shall, I am afraid, not be able see you in February; but must send the oat and tare-seed f sowing then, and the carrot seed for use in April. But if come in the end of June, or the beginning of July—the tin when I intend the large breadth of turnips shall be sown— hope you will give me a welcome?"

"Ay! that we will," said honest Joyce and his wife in breath; "we are but poverty-stricken crathurs, but ye sha have the heart of us to welcome ye. And," continued Mr Joyce, "me and me Grace 'll be earnin' somethin' by the n work, and we'll have the hins, an' there'll be eggs. Och soul! if I'd the wealth of a queen, and it isn't a poor wilcon I'd giv'."

"Yet, Mrs. Joyce," replied the instructor, "though you have not a queen's wealth, I have come now to ask a gift of you and honest Joyce?"

"Sure, what can we giv' yer likes," replied Mrs. Joyce, with a quick frankness, which bespoke its genuineness; "the throubles have lift us nothin'; though, if ye'll have the ould pinchback watch me grandmother from Dublin lift—why sure—"

"Keep the watch, Mrs. Joyce," interrupted Mr. Garven, with an earnest smile; "but give me your daughter; I admire her, and wish, above all earthly things, to make her my wife."

"You're only jokin' wid us," were Mrs. Joyce's first words of surprise.

"I was never more serious in my life," he replied; "and I think I have shown you that I am a plain, straightforward man. I love Grace; she has a better dowry than riches—a pure warm heart—and an industrious hand."

Mrs. Joyce said no more; but in the pride of her joy fell a-crying, and the honest farmer tried to say something about his poverty, and the two great honour; but he could not make a speech—so Mr. Garven had time again to ask "May I have her?"

"Sure, thin ye may sir; an honour be wid ye," was the dual consent of both parents; though to such was added, "if ye've the word of her; for sorra should we be to bring one wather drop in her tinder eye."

"And so should I," was the answer; "but where is she? I have spoken to you first." The mother, as she leant against her husband, could not speak for tears, but only point to one of the brown water jars upon the floor, which the Lisnomara women, like those of Connemara, use.

In a moment more Mr. Garven was gone. Crossing the valley in the rear of the cabin, he soon reached a spring, dripping from the green heights above, and screened in by the same mass of lichen-covered rock as formed its basin. There Grace stood barefooted in the waters of the spring, waiting till her jar was filled. She heard approaching footsteps, and, turning, beheld Mr. Garven.

She was prepared for the instructor's kind adieu; for his manner, though taciturn, had always been civil and obliging; yet the little he had said in commendation of her journey to Galway, its motive and result, made his offer of marriage, which came out word by word, as though he were asking a favour of the greatest lady in the land, as unexpected as it was startling to her. He had to repeat his words several times, as though she were deaf, or not listening. At length she raised her drooping face, and said, quietly, though with a pathos eminently touching, "I'm but a Lisnomara peasant girl; the honour is too grate for me intirely, that would have nothin' to giv' wid me hand, but me heart."

"That is all I ask, and all I need, dear Grace," was the lover's ready answer; "that will be my best blessing. When I came into Lisnomara I no more thought of marrying than of walking the sea. I certainly was struck by your loveliness; but that alone wouldn't have won me. It was—"

"Oh! did the goin' to Galway town plase you? Will the bits o' nets be all the good I mane to Lisnomara?"

"They will, dear Grace. They will be the means of giving partial food whilst the green crops are springing. Yes! I loved you every step of the way, for I had learnt from Dan that morning I met you, why, and where you were going."

"Sure, sure, thin, sir," and the girl hid her face again, "me heart said a thrue thing whin it asked obedience. Oh! that I knew more, and was worthy of thee, Mr. Garven."

"This is a confession, is it Grace? well, God bless and thank you for it. I shall come back at the time of turnip-sowing and marry you; and after that you shall go with me into the south of Scotland for three or four months, and learn from a clever friend of mine there, the management of a dairy—"

"Yes," Grace interrupted; "but me heart will be sore in spite of its pride and its love, to lose green Lisnomara from me eyes."

"It shall not, dear Grace. By the time the great turnip-crop is ready a pleasant little home shall be yours in this valley. This estate is going to be sold. I am already appointed resident steward by the intending purchaser; and you shall settle down amongst your friends, dear Grace, to be a blessing to Lisnomara and to me."

The girl could not restrain the flow of her grateful tears.

"And in the meanwhile, Grace, you can do much to instruct yourself and others, and cheer your father's heart if it grow sad in the winter season. I will send you a cow and some dairy utensils, and a few little books, such as are used in the agricultural schools; and you must learn dairy-work, and teach others, as well as show to the Lisnomara women how the nets are made and mended. Ay! and many other things your heart will prompt to. You'll do so, dearest Grace?"

"Oh! sure I will—me heart will love you so intirely, Misther Garven—an' I'll ask the schoolmasther to improve me pinmanship, and so be writin' ye letters, dear!"

In a few moments more the Lisnomara peasant girl and the instructor had promised their faith to one another beside the dropping spring, and then, side by side—the water-jar forgotten—returned to the cabin, where honest Joyce joined their hands, and gave to another the beautiful flower of his heart.

Modestly, Grace lingered behind, and did not go so far as the shore with her lover, but from the loftiest height in Lisnomara watched the boat till its filled sail was lost to view in the shadows of the horizon.

All that winter Joyce kept steadily at work. There was enough to do in digging, subsoiling, and draining the land, and in carting mud, coral sand, and decayed sea-weed, from the shore. The neighbouring farmers zealously followed his example; when at fault, coming to him for further instruction. In February the consignment of green crop seed came from Galway, and in the same boat an Alderney cow and calf, and appropriate dairy utensils, for Grace Joyce. There was a general gathering of the Lisnomara people to receive the seed; and large was their wonder that, with such evidence of the bounty of heaven before them, any set of demagogues—either of Conciliation Hall, the Irish press, or the British senate—could for an instant have cried, "Woe! woe!" when out of Ireland's many fruitful resources *but* ONE had failed. Courage—the courage of knowledge—came into their hearts as they scattered the blessed seed upon the fresh-tilled land.

Through the aid of fishing, the early cabbage-crop, and an occasional supply of meal by boat from Galway, the whole district of Lisnomara was kept free from famine, till, in the middle of June, Mr. Garven returned to find a change both in the spirit of the people and the aspect of the land which greatly surprised him, used as he was to progress, when founded upon the energy, knowledge, and industry of a people. In the midst of great rejoicings, the turnip crop was sown in all the tenant-holdings, and after this, and a general inspection of all the small farms of the district, he and Grace were married by Mr. O'Sullivan, with an amount of ceremony that quite eclipsed all former and traditionary glory of the Joyces, great as that was. And Grace, for the ceremony, had a wedding-ring, "a rale white poplin dress," and crooked comb, that were the wonder of every guest.

After a full week's merry-making, Mr. Garven and his beautiful young wife set off to the Lothians; and when Grace returned, in October, it was to find Lisnomara fruitful and thriving—her father the tenant of a worthy landlord willing and anxious to assist his people, and her husband agent and agricultural steward of the district—with a home made ready to receive her in a new stone cottage built in the loveliest nook of the valley.

By this date the tenant-farmers, as well as a portion of the cottiers, had formed a small agricultural association, which met for the first time when the general and great success of the turnip crop was known. At this meeting Mr. Garven spoke, and concluded his address thus:—"You have now practically tested the value of honest, patient industry, and the blessing of overcoming ignorance and prejudice by knowledge. Proceed onward in the same humble, untiring, yet hopeful course. Ireland wants this sort of service, beyond all other, from her people, for her resources are not only many, but amongst the noblest in the world, and as capable of prolific result, when Irishmen, as a nation, bring to bear upon the necessities of their country the same qualities which, to your honour, you made yours in the Seed-time of Lisnomara."

SCENE IN A LONDON GIN "PALACE."

LONDON GIN "PALACES."

We lately directed attention to one of those houses, of which there are but too many in the Metropolis, into which respectable and virtuous young men are frequently allured, to the destruction of their health, their property, their morals, and their reputation. We trust that the *ad vitam* sketch we furnished of "London Night-Houses" will deter many a youth from ever entering such places. We now furnish an equally truthful sketch of another class of houses, which, as well as the former, abound in the Metropolis, and which are the resort of large numbers of our population, though—as our illustration shows—of those usually accounted less "polite and respectable" than the frequenters of our night-houses and taverns.

Gin-shops present few of the attractions common to taverns and public-houses. They are entered, chiefly for the love of the drink, by those who have acquired a fatal passion for the fiery compounds therein dispensed, or by those who induce others to accompany them thither, from mistaken kindness, or with a nefarious design. Though the doors of these temples of Bacchus stand invitingly ajar, the inmates are not exposed to public gaze. The windows are generally placed high, or else the lower panes are curiously engraved, or have opaque curtains drawn across them, so that passers-by cannot see what is going on within. In this respect the venders of ardent spirits differ from all other tradesmen. Bakers, confectioners, ham and beef sellers, butchers, cheesemongers, fruiterers, to say nothing of linendrapers, hatters, shoemakers, and scores of other *useful* and *necessary* trades, are anxious to have their windows as low and as transparent as possible. Each is eager to display his viands or his goods to the best advantage, and large sums are expended expressly for this purpose. But with the proprietors of "Gin Palaces" it is otherwise. Is it because they are ashamed of their company?—or is it because they know that much of the business transacted there would not bear exposure to the public? Justly have these haunts of dissipation been compared to "whited sepulchres." The tasteful architecture and costly decorations seem to place in dark and horrid contrast the ill-clad, dirty, miserable wretches, whose hardly-gained pence pay for these expensive exhibitions. Who wishes to look at dead bones, worms, and corruption, so carefully concealed from the eye by the classic skill of the sculptor? And yet the sight of a human body in a state of putrescence would be less painful than the living death and the revolting moral putrefaction which is hourly fed by the proprietors of our gin palaces—aye, even by that smooth-faced, smiling, respectably-clad individual who stands behind the counter and deals out the liquid fire—the distilled and deadly poison—to the maudlin, ghastly beings, who throng around him.

At the left hand of our engraving a sad scene presents itself. There you behold a miserable mother pouring gin into the mouth of her innocent infant; and thus the child is being drenched with death by the very woman who ought to be its guardian angel; and perhaps still, notwithstanding the ravages strong drink have perpetrated upon her own body and soul, yet views with some lingering affection the helpless offspring whom she is madly destroying. Thousands of children are thus annually poisoned by their infatuated parents! It has long ago been shown that these liquors are the source of almost every kind of disease. We should not exceed the plain intimations of science, if we asserted that no one can use them, even moderately, without shortening his days. None who habitually partake of them die a natural death. The firmest constitution cannot, in the end, resist their baneful influence: what, then, shall be said of the delicate digestive organs, intestines, liver, nerves, and brain of an infant? Here you have the body and the mind poisoned with the same glass; and what is more appalling, all this is done by a mother; at least, if that pitiable-looking woman, with her bonnet half off her head, can deserve such a name; for we cannot help thinking that both language and humanity are outraged when we apply the endearing word mother to a miserable woman who enters a spirit-shop; and especially to one who carries her infant there, and poisons it with gin.

Nearly all the characters portrayed by our artist, have an idiotic, a haggard, or a demoniacal sort of visage; showing that strong drink has committed sad havoc on their physical, mental, and moral constitutions. There is not a natural, or benevolent, or happy countenance among them. It is true that one or two of them are *laughing*; but, then, their hilarity looks more like the fiendish grin of a tormented spirit than the cheerful mirth of innocence and love. People talk of wine and strong drink "*cheering* the heart of man," but we have never yet seen the assertion verified. We have heard of multitudes who have become low spirited, melancholy, and deranged, from the use of these beverages; we have visited numbers who have refused to be comforted, because these liquors had paralysed or destroyed every avenue both in mind and body through which any word of consolation could enter. We have known many who were boisterous in their joy so long as these poisons set them on fire, but who sunk into utter wretchedness as soon as the poisonous spirit had evaporated from their frames. If such liquors could produce real and substantial pleasure, one would suppose that a gin-shop would be a picture of paradise; and yet this is the place, above all others in the world, to see hunger, thirst, rags, nakedness, ill-temper, misery, and crime of every description, written in legible characters on all the frequenters of these abodes of woe. Our artist has been guilty of neither exaggeration nor caricature in the faces he has delineated, and should any doubt our assertion, let them only stand for a short time opposite any gin palace in London, and witness the dress, the features, the language, the gestures, of the men and women who visit these scenes of corruption, and they will no longer accuse our picture or expressions of having gone too far. And yet all these people were made to be happy; and were happy before they became fond of these drinks; yes, and have spent enough in these liquors to make themselves and their families happy; aye, and we may add, that all of them might yet be happy, if they would abandon the glass, and reform their habits.

In contrast with that seemingly well-dressed woman who stands near the bar with the glass in her hand, on which she is casting an eye of so much satisfaction, let our readers look at the outlandish face at her right hand, and, above all, notice that miserable little girl who is dressed in rags, and has no stockings or shoes on, but is exerting every nerve to reach up to the counter and push her mother's gin bottle into the hand of the well-dressed, buxom landlady. Is it any wonder that London is still a disgrace to Christendom; that trade is bad; that seamstresses for want of work submit to the exactions of tyrannical and avaricious employers; when the money that should be spent in clothing is thus wasted in poisons? Is it a marvel that we have ragged schools with pickpockets, or mere infant street-walkers for scholars, when we find the young thus early educated in crime and wretchedness? We are told on high authority that "woman is the glory of man;" and history elucidates the assertion, for where females are degraded, there men are base, sensual, and depraved. Heaven has ordained that the stronger sex shall not rise, if the weaker is corrupted or depressed. In barbarian, and in some civslised countries, women are slaves, and there the men are indolent, cruel, savage, and vile. Woman makes home, home; woman softens, refines, and ennobles the rougher natures of the "lords of creation." Solomon tells us that the "husband of the good wife is known in the gate," the assembly, or the parliament, "when he sitteth with the elders." We earnestly entreat our friends to bear these facts in mind, and then ask—What hope society can indulge from the future life of that miserable object represented in our engraving, who is so earnest in handing up her gin bottle? What wife or mother will she make? What will her future history be? And yet there are thousands of these young ministering spirits of Bacchus haunting the gin palaces of our country, and thus preparing themselves and others for a life of crime and a hereafter of woe. And sorry are we to add, that with all our philanthropy and professed regard for the poor, yet the drinking habits of our country are chiefly supported by those who boast of their moderation, and wish to be thought the benefactors of their species.

Before we close our observations on the mournful exhibition we have depicted, we would call attention to that decently clad wife, whose face is the picture of grief, and who is trying to drag away from this living hell, that idiot-looking, drunken

monster who calls himself her husband. His little daughter is aiding in the work, and grasps his right arm, while a guilty companion is attempting to make him stay; the pot-boy is looking on and apparently mocking, and the very dog is disgusted at the scene. Here is national education with a vengeance! What sort of a man will that pot-boy make? How that decent wife must have every delicate feeling outraged, and what corruption will infect that innocent daughter from the contaminations of the gin-shop! Who in this world can predict the end of that wretched, filthy drunkard who has thus attracted his wife and female child to this haunt of depravity? The thoughts that crowd upon us as we gaze on these various characters, might fill volumes with weeping and lamentation.

The most composed, or rather the most pleased and gratified persons in the scene, are the master and mistress of the establishment. Squalor, filth, and misery are constantly before them, and are nourished and brought to frightful maturity by the strange compounds they supply so readily; but what of that? "By this craft they have their wealth." The "fool's pence" enable "mine host" of the "Queen's Arm's," his wife, and their children to flaunt in silks and broad cloth, and to "fare sumptuously every day," and what have they to do to care for diseased bodies or broken hearts—for deserted wives or neglected children? But the reckoning day will come; a heavy responsibility rests somewhere, and heavy will be the condemnation. In the mean time let every individual take care of himself, and avoid the gin-shop and the use of the mysterious compounds manufactured and sold there, as he would avoid "plague, pestilence, and famine!"

OBSERVATIONS ON HOW TO WALK.

Of all the exercises walking is the most simple and easy. The weight of the body rests on one foot while the other is advanced; it is then thrown upon the advanced foot while the other is brought forward; and so on in succession. In this mode of progression the slowness and equal distribution of motion is such that many muscles are employed in a greater or less degree; each acts in unison with the rest; and the whole remains compact and united. Hence the time of its movements may be quicker or slower without deranging the union of the parts or the equilibrium of the whole. It is owing to these circumstances that walking displays so much of the character of the walker, that it is light and gay in women and children, steady and grave in men or elderly persons, irregular in the nervous and irritable, measured in the affected and formal, brisk in the sanguine, heavy in the phlegmatic, and proud or humble, bold or timid, &c., in strict correspondence with individual character. A firm yet easy and graceful walk, is by no means common. There are few men who walk well if they have not learned to regulate their motions by the lessons of a master; and this instruction is still more necessary for ladies. Walking may be performed in three different times—show, moderate, or quick, which somewhat modify its action.

The Slow Walk, or March.—In the march the weight of the body is advanced from the heel to the instep, and the toes are most turned out. This being done, one foot, the left for instance, is advanced, with the knee straight and the toe inclined to the ground, which, without being drawn back, it touches before the heel; in such a manner, however, that the sole, towards the conclusion of the step, is nearly parallel with the ground, which it next touches without its outer edge. The right foot is then immediately raised from the inner edge of the toes and similarly advanced, inclined and brought to the ground; and so on in succession. It must be observed that the toe's first touching and last leaving the ground in the march gives to it a character of elasticity and spirit, vigour, or gaiety; and that, when this is laid aside, and the whole sole of the foot is planted on the ground, it acquires a character of sobriety, severity, or gloom, which is equally proper to certain occasions. This observation is, in a less degree, applicable to the following paces:

The Moderate Pace.—Here the weight of the body is advanced from the heel to the ball of the foot; the toes are turned out, and it is no longer the toe, but the ball of the foot which first touches and last leaves the ground; its outer edge, or the ball of the little toe, first breaking the descent of the foot; and its inner edge, or the ball of the great toe, last projecting the weight. Thus, in this step less of the foot may be said actively to cover the ground; and this adoption of nearer and stronger aids of support and action is essential to the increased quickness and exertion of the pace. The mechanism of this fact has not been sufficiently attended to. People pass from a slow march to the quick pace they know not how, and hence is the awkwardness and embarrassment of their walk when their pace becomes moderate, and the misery they endure when this pace has to be performed by them, unaccompanied in the middle of a long and well lighted room, where the eyes of a brilliant assembly are exclusively directed to them.

The Quick Pace.—Where the weight of the body is advanced from the heel to the toes; the toes are least turned out, and still nearer and stronger points of support and action are chosen. The outer edge of the heel first touches the ground, and the sole of the foot projects the weight. It is important to remark, as to all those paces, that the weight is successively more thrown forward and the toes are successively less turned out. In the general walking of ladies, the step ought not to exceed the length of the foot; the leg should be put forward without stiffness, in about the fourth position, and without any effort to turn the foot out, as it throws the body awry, and gives the person the appearance of a professional dancer. The arms should fall in their natural position, and all their movements and oppositions to the feet should be easy and unconstrained; and the pace should be neither too slow nor too quick. The gait should be in harmony with the person, natural and tranquil, without giving the appearance of difficulty in advancing; and active, without the appearance of being in a hurry. Nothing can be more ridiculous than a little woman who takes innumerable minute steps with great rapidity, to get on with great speed, except it be a tall woman who throws out her long legs as though she would dispute the road with the horses.

THE GREATNESS OF LONDON.

Magnitude is the distinguishing characteristic of London, as grandeur of natural position and scenery is that of Naples—beauty, that of Florence—moral interest, that of Rome—shops, plate-glass, splendour, that of Paris. But in no city does the peculiar characteristic of a place so force itself upon one's notice as in London. There you are reminded of magnitude whichever way you turn. You become presently insensible to the beauty of Florence, to the shops of Paris, to the moral glory of Rome; but you never forget for one single moment how big London is—how multitudinous its population. When you find, after spending your first week, or more than that, in doing nothing else than scouring the capital from end to end, in order to catch some general notion of the place, that you are as much a stranger as when you began your travels; that, though you have gone so far, you have made no progress—though you have seen so much, you know and can remember nothing—that the city is still as new and unsoiled as ever—you receive a very lively and even painful impression of its enormous size. Everything else is subordinate to size. Churches are nothing; you pass St. Paul's, and give it only a careless look. Columns and statues, Nelson's and the Duke of York's pillars, even *Punch's* Duke, you overlook. Magnitude alone interests. This not only interests—it astonishes, absorbs, appals you—annihilates every other feeling. Queen, Lords, and Commons are nothing by the side of this immeasurable vastness. As a stranger, this is the first topic of conversation, and its interest never flags. Yet it is not you, after all, who are so much interseted by this size as the Londoner himself, who is proud of it, and forces the subject upon you. His topics are not of art, pictures and statues, books, literature—they are not so much to his taste—but of London, its streets, squares, and parks; its extent, the masses always abroad, the crowds in the streets; the number of miles across it, the number of miles around it; its growth, even at present, like that of New Orleans or San Francisco; the countless omnibusses; the packing and tangling of carriages and other vehicles, fifty times a-day, where Great Farringdon-street crosses over to Blackfriars-bridge, and the admirable police for keeping all these

masses in order. In the presence of London, it is just as it would be if you should meet a man fifty feet high, and of a weight proportionable. You would be in a state of perpetual astonishment. In other capitals, your admiration is directed to the palaces of some of the nobility, one here, and another there; sometimes to the houses of a few of the commoners, sometimes to a street of palaces, as in Genoa. But in London you note these signs of wealth, not only here and there, but really everywhere—not only in this street and another, but in street after street beyond counting. And, in certain parts of the city, the population seems wholly composed of those who dwell in palaces. The rest of mankind have no place provided for them. And one begins to feel as if that were, there at least, the natural state of man, and as if he himself, when he returns home, will find himself lodged in the same way; that you feel particularly in the purlieus of Eaton and Belgrave Squares, and anywhere, in short, at the West End. This has the finest feature of grandeur about it imaginable—this indefinite multiplication of splendid residences. There is nothing like it, nothing that approaches it elsewhere. It makes a deeper impression than either the shops of Regent-street and Piccadilly, the warehouses on the docks, the beer breweries, or the shipping on the Thames; and comparisons with other cities in these respects are not to be thought of.

THE QUADRATURE OF THE CIRCLE.

Before science had attained its present advanced stage, many men of great talents, and possessing wonderful energy and perseverance, spent their whole lives in endeavouring to solve problems which all now acknowledge to be incapable of solution. There is hardly a tale of the middle ages in which one of the numerous tribes of alchemists is not brought upon the stage as the very embodiment of mystery and magic, and represented as constantly engaged in the pursuit of the "philosopher's stone," which was to possess the property of transmuting all metals into gold. That such a body does not exist, every child is now aware. It has been recently shown, however, that science is under far greater obligations to these alchemists for their many discoveries than moderns have hitherto fully acknowledged.

Another "splendid phantom" of this kind was "perpetual motion"—some power which should possess the property of continuing to move for ever, independent of all foreign aid. As this would require the entire prevention of friction from air or other bodies, it is needless to say that no success has attended the efforts of the explorers in this department of science.

The *Quadrature of the Circle* is, however, a problem which has engaged the attention of many more scientific men than either of the preceding; and many whose opinions were of great weight entertained at various times strong hopes that it might eventually be accomplished, and to some it may seem at first sight that nothing can be easier. For the benefit of those of our readers who may not exactly understand what is meant by the *quadrature of the circle*, we may explain that it is the construction of a square which shall contain exactly the same extent of surface as that of a given circle. Persons having no knowledge of mathematics may, however, satisfy themselves of the difficulty of doing this, by simply endeavouring to draw on a piece of paper a square and a circle of exactly the same area. They will find that if the lines of the square touch those of the circle, the former will be larger by the space at each of the four *corners*, and if it be drawn *inside* the circle, it will of course be much smaller. They will see the impossibility of satisfying even the unscientific mind, not to speak of rendering the problem capable of being solved by a mathematical demonstration.

This difficulty or impossibility has never been ignored by our great geometers, and many of them have obtained results more or less closely *approximating* to the truth. But there has always existed a class of men less enlightened who, unable to distinguish between what they *wish* to do, and what they are *able* to do, have pretended from time to time that they have discovered the quadrature of the circle, &c.

The problem is probably as old as geometry itself, and has formed the subject of the lucubrations of many of the best minds of Greece, the cradle of mathematical science. Anaxagoras occupied himself with it in prison, into which he had been thrown for declaring that there was but one God. Aristotle, in one of his satirical comic dramas, introduces Meton upon the stage, and endeavours to throw ridicule upon the philosophers by making him promise to square the circle. Archimedes was the first to discover the relation existing between the length of the circumference of a circle, and that of its diameter and radius. Apollonius obtained this relation with still greater exactness.

Cardinal de Cusa was the first of the modern *Alchymist Geometers*. He imagined that he had discovered the quadrature of the circle by rolling a cylinder upon a plain, and the circumference thus described would form the sides of the required square. He was convinced of his error by Regiomontanus.

The celebrated Joseph Saliger, engaged also in these calculations, as he had an extremely low opinion of geometers generally, and wished to show them the superiority of a learned man like himself, Viete, Clavius, and others having demonstrated the falsity of his mathematical logic, he became violently enraged with them, and was pursuaded still more firmly that no geometer had one ounce of sense.

There are many other instances upon record of attempts of this kind. One of the most remarkable, perhaps, was that made by a manufacturer of Lyons, named Mathuton, who after having announced to the geometers and mechanicians his discovery of the quadrature of the circle, and of perpetual motion, defied them to prove that he was mistaken, and deposited at Lyons a sum of 3,000 francs, to be given to any one who should refute his demonstration. M. Nicol, a member of the French Academy of Sciences, proved beyond all doubt that he had reasoned falsely, and demanded the promised reward. Mathuton, however, demurred, and said he should also show the falsity of his theory for producing perpetual motion, before he could obtain it. The affair was brought before the courts of law, and decided in Nicol's favour, who handed the money over to the hospital of the town.

About fifty years ago the courts at Paris had to decide upon a similar case. "A man of quality" challenged the whole world to prove the falsity of his quadrature of the circle, and deposited in the bank a sum of five hundred pounds, either as a reward to the person who should succeed in doing so, or as his own stake in a wager on the subject. From his solution of the problem he deduced a plain explanation of the Trinity, and said it was evident that the square was the *Father*, the circle the *So* , and a third figure the *Holy Ghost!* Our readers may, and many doubtless will, come to the conclusion that this "man of quality" was mad, and some others may hint, in a dry waggish way, that he was not the first; but we must remember that metaphysicians hold that there are certain heights of genius, and when a man reaches them, he stands over the abyss of insanity—one step, and he falls in. Such may have been the case in the present instance; and we must therefore preserve our gravity, whilst we relate that this wonderful demonstration was also, in the opinion of its discoverer, fully competent to remove all mystery from the doctrine of original sin, to prove the rotundity of the earth, and exhibit the causes of the declination of the magnetic needle!

Five hundred pounds was no small prize, and there was forthwith a host of competitors. Amongst others was a lady, who thought she could by the aid of common sense alone refute the challenger, and brought the affair before the courts of law. The judges, however, without expressing any opinion with regard to the quadrature of the circle, refused to sanction the disposal of the defendant's money in such a way, at the same time hinting some doubts as to his sanity; whereat he was greatly enraged, and bequeathed his "name and memory to the next age" for justification. The French Institute was, until very recently inundated with voluminous packets, purporting to contain solutions of the quadrature of the circle; so that they have now passed a rule to receive no more on the subject.

About the year 1830 the members assembled in great state to open a paper, which, by desire of the author, had remained under seal for a great number of years, as he alleged that it contained a precious discovery. It was found to be the quadrature of the circle!!

PORCELAIN TOWER AT NANKING. (*See page 50.*)

VISIT TO AN ENCAMPMENT OF LAPLANDERS.

The writer of an interesting account of a voyage from Leith to Lapland, while sojourning on the island of Tromso, learning that on the neighbouring main land some Laplanders were encamped, resolved to pay them a visit. For this purpose he procured a boat and rowed over to the opposite shore, where he met with a Lap youth and a Lap girl engaged in driving a herd of reindeers to the encampment. He says:—"The youth had very bright, playful, hazel eyes, rather sunken, and small regular features of an interesting cast. His hands, like those of all Laps, are as small and finely shaped as those of any aristocrat. The simple reason for this is, that the Laps, from generation to generation, never perform any manual labour, and the very trifling work they necessarily do is of the lightest kind. His pæsk (the name of a sort of tunic invariably worn by the Laplanders) was of sheepskin, the wool inwards, reaching to his knees. His boots were of the usual peaked shape, a few inches higher than his ancles, and made of the raw skin of the reindeer, the hair being nearly all worn off. On his head was a round woollen cap, shaped precisely like a nightcap, with a red tassel, and a red worsted band round the rim. This species of cap is the favourite one worn by the Laps.

"The dress of the girl was similar in shape, but her pæsk was of very coarse light-coloured woollen cloth, a material frequently used in summer for the pæsks of both sexes, as being cooler than reindeer-skin or sheep-skin. Her head was bare, and her hair hung low over her shoulders. Her features were minute, and the prettiest and most pleasing of any Lap I ever saw either before or since. The complexion was a tawny reddish hue, common to all Laplanders. The legs of the nymph in question were bare from the top of her boots to the knee, and were extremely thick and clumsy, furnishing a striking contrast to the delicate shape of her hands. The twain were accompanied by three little reindogs, and were very leisurely driving the herd onward, each having a branch of a tree in hand, to whisk about, to urge the deer on. The girl had a great coarse linen bag slung round her neck, and resting on her back. This she filled with a particular kind of moss as she went along. I asked her what she gathered it for, and she gave me to understand it was used in milking the reins, but in what manner was as yet to me a mystery. I found both the girl and the youth very good-natured, and the eyes of the latter especially sparkled with merry humour. They could speak only a very few words of Norwegian, but understood some of my questions in that language and very readily answered them. They were driving the herd to be milked, and on my telling them I was an Englishman, come from afar to see them and their reins, they repeated the word "Englesk" several times in a tone of surprise, and regarded me with an interest and curiosity somewhat akin to what the appearance of one of their people would excite in an English city. Yet I must remark that, except in what immediately concerns themselves, the emotions of all Laplanders, so far as my opportunities of judging enable me to conclude, flow in a most sluggish channel. I asked the girl to show me the moss the reins eat, and she did so, after a little search, and gathered me some. It is very short in summer, but long in winter. In Sweden I learn that this most admirable provision of nature for the sole support of the deer during nine months in the year (and, in consequence, the existence of the Laplanders also depends on it) grows much more abundantly, and is of a greater length; which is the reason most Laps prefer Swedish Lapmark for their winter wanderings. Coming to a marshy spot where a particular long, sharp, narrow grass grew, I plucked some, and asked the Laps if they did not use that to put in their boots in lieu of stockings? They instantly responded affirmatively. This is the celebrated bladder carex, or cyperus grass (the *carex vesicaria* of Linnæus). I gathered some, and afterwards found it in several parts of the Island of Tromso; but it only grows in marshy spots. The Laps at all seasons stuff their boots quite full of it, and it effectually saves their feet from being frost-bitten.

Onward we went, driving the herd, in which I gleefully helped, the three little dogs at times barking and fetching up stragglers. The Laps occasionally gave a short cry or urging shout to the reins, and I burst forth with my full-lunged English hallo, to the evident amusement of my companions. The scene was most exciting, and vividly brought to my recollections the forest scenes in "As You Like it." The brilliant sun-light, the green grass, the sparkling, murmuring Ely, the picturesque glen, the figures of the Laps, the moving herd of reins, the novelty of the whole was indescribably delightful.

"We at length drew nigh the Lap encampment, consisting of two large *gammes* (summer huts), most rudely constructed of earth, stones, and trunks of trees, and also of a summer canvas tent. Besides these, were two or three extraordinary erections of trees and branches, which I shall hereafter describe. Between us and the encampment flowed a bend of Tromsdal Elv, and on the north side of this (the side we were on) were enclosed, circus-like, open places, each of a diameter of one hundred and fifty feet, as nearly as I could estimate. They were formed by stumps of trees and poles, set upright on the ground, and these were linked together by horizontal poles, and against the latter were reared birch poles and branches of trees, varying from six to ten feet in height, without the slightest attempt at neatness, the whole being as rude as well could be; but withal this enclosure was sufficiently secure to answer the purpose of its builders. On the south side of the Elv, and about one hundred yards distance, was a third similar enclosure.

"Soon we were joined by the whole Lappish tribe, who came by twos and threes, bringing with them all the instruments and appliances necessary for the important business of milking. These consisted of long thongs of reindeer-skin, and also hempen cords of the manufacture of civilised men, for noosing the reins, and of bowls, kits, &c., to receive the milk. The bowls were thick, clumsy things, round, and of about nine inches in diameter, with a projecting hand-hold. They would probably each hold a couple of quarts, and the edges inclined inwards, so as to prevent the milk from spirting over during the operation of milking. The large utensils for receiving the milk from these hand-bowls consisted of four wooden kits, with covers, one iron pot, and a long keg, or barrel.

"All the Lap huts I have seen are furnished with one or more small barrels, containing a supply of water for drinking. The utensils enumerated were set apart together on the long grass, close beside the fence in the inner portion of the circle, and in their midst was placed another object, which I regarded with extreme interest, namely, a child's cradle! This was the last thing brought from the encampment, which then did not contain a living animal, men, children, and dogs being one and all assembled in the enclosure. The cradle was ingeniously made entirely of reindeer skin, shorn of hair, and, as it appeared to me, also hardened or tanned by some process. Its shape much resembled a huge shoe of the fashion of the middle ages, having a high back, and turned up at the foot or toe. It was just large enough to contain a child of a few months old, although, indeed, the Lap infants, like those of the "unfortunate" servant girl in one of Marryatt's works, are "such very little ones!" It reminded me strongly of the bark-cradles of the North American Indians, and was equally adapted to be slung at the mother's back on a journey or to be hung up in a gamme, or on a tree, out of the reach of hungry dogs or prowling wolves. The head of the cradle was spanned by a narrow top, from which depended a piece of coarse, common, red check woollen stuff, drawn so tightly over the body of the cradle that one would have fancied the little creature in some danger of suffocation, and it was only by an occasional feeble struggle under the cloth that I was apprised of the existence of a living creature beneath it. Evidently this cover was necessary, for I saw a huge mosquito, the summer pest of the north, settle repeatedly upon it, as though longing to suck the blood of the innocent little prisoner.

"The entire number of Laps now assembled could not be less than forty, men, women, and children included; and the three dogs had been joined by at least a score of their brethren. The men, generally, were attired in rough and ragged pæsks either of reindeer skin or of sheep skin; the hair of the latter being worn inwards, but of the former outwards. The women had all pæsks of cloth, but their appearance was so strikingly similar to that of the men, and the hair of both sexes hung down over the shoulders and shaded the face so much that it was in some cases difficult at the first glance to

distinguish the sex of the younger adults. The heads of the women were bare, and they all wore girdles of leather studded with glittering brass ornaments, of which they are excessively proud. The men wore caps, as already described, and plain leather girdles, with a knife attached in a sheath; and in some instances the women also wore a small knife. The children had miniature pæsks of sheep skin, their only clothing. I had read of the generally diminutive stature of Laplanders, and found them to be a truly dwarfish race. On an average the men did not appear to exceed five feet in height, and the women were considerably less. They were most of them very robust, however, and probably the circumference of their chest nearly equalled their height. The complexion of all was more or less tawny, their eyes light-coloured, and their hair either reddish or auburn, and its dangling masses added much to the wildness of their aspect. Some of them wore moustaches and beards; but nature had apparently denied the majority such hirsute signs of manhood.

"The gait or bearing of the Laps is indescribably clumsy when they are walking on level ground, and as unsteady as that of a person under the influence of liquor; but they appear the reverse of awkward when engaged in the avocations incident to their primitive life. They are exceedingly phlegmatic in temperament, greedy, avaricious, suspicious, very indolent and filthy, and by no means celebrated for strict adherence to truth. The Nordlanders one and all spoke of them, in answer to my questions, with mingled distrust and contempt, and my own limited experiences most assuredly did not tend much towards impressing me with a more favourable opinion. The countenances of most of the Laps present a combination of stolidity, low cunning, and obstinacy, so as to be decidedly repulsive; yet it is undeniably true that crimes attended with violence rarely occur among them, though I take that as no decided proof of the mildness of their disposition. They also are strict in their attendance at church, whenever opportunity serves; but their conduct immediately on quitting the sacred edifice too frequently evinces that hardly a spark of genuine religion has lightened up the darkness of their souls. Drunkenness has long been and is still their besetting sin; but I am assured that this failing, so common to all uncivilised races, is rapidly decreasing.

DIVISION OF TIME.

The origin of the division of weeks, or of computing time by sevenths, is greatly controverted. Some will have it to take its rise from the four quarters or intervals of the moon between her changes of phases, which, being about seven days distant, gave occasion to the division. Be this as it may, the division is certainly very ancient. The Syrians, Egyptians, and most of the oriental nations, appear to have used it from all antiquity, though it did not get footing in the West till Christianity brought it in. The Romans reckoned their days not by sevenths, but by ninths, and the ancient Greeks by decades, or tenths, a mode of calculation adopted by the French, but soon relinquished.

The Jews divided their time by weeks, but it was upon a different principle from the other Eastern nations, God himself having appointed them to work six days, and to rest the seventh, in order to keep up the sense and remembrance of the creation, which being effected in six days, he rested the seventh.

Some authors suppose that the use of weeks among the other Eastern nations proceeded from the Jews; others maintain that the septenary division of days among the heathens of the East was a remain of the tradition of the creation, and others again imagine it to have been derived from the Egyptians.

The days of the week were denominated by the Jews from the order of their succession from the Sabbath. Thus the next day after the Sabbath they called the first of the Sabbath; the next the second of the Sabbath; and so of the rest, except the sixth, which they call *parascere*, or preparation of the Sabbath.

The like method is still kept up by the Christian Arabs, Persians, Ethiopians, &c. The ancient heathens denominated the days of the week from the seven planets, which names are still generally retained among the Christians of the West.

Sunday, from sun and day, was thus denominated by our idolatrous ancestors because set apart for the worship of the sun. It is now more properly called the Lord's-day, because kept as a feast in memory of our Lord's resurrection on this day, and Sabbath-day, because substituted under the new law in the place of the Sabbath in the old law. Sabbath is a Hebrew word signifying cessation or rest. It was the seventh day of the week, held as a feast among the Jews in memory of God's resting on the seventh day of the creation. It was appointed from the beginning by God himself, and was set apart from works of labour, and to be employed in public worship and acts of charity.

WHAT IS NOBLE?

What is noble? To inherit
Wealth, estate, and proud degree?
There must be some other merit
Higher yet than these for me!
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span;
Fitted to create and centre
True nobility in man!

What is noble? 'Tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart;
Linked to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart:
Ever prompting—ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow-being,
And, like man, to feel for man!

What is noble? Is the sabre
Nobler than the humble spade?
There's a dignity in labour
Truer than e'er pomp arrayed!
He who seeks the mind's improvement
Aids the world, in aiding mind;
Every great commanding movement
Serves not one—but all mankind.

O'er the forge's heat and ashes,
O'er the engine's iron head,
Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
And the spindle whirls its thread;
There is Labour lowly tending
Each requirement of the hour,
There is genius still extending
Science—and its world of power!

'Mid the dust, and speed, and clamour,
Of the loom-shed and the mill;
'Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,
Great results are growing still!
Though, too oft, by fashion's creatures,
Work and workers may be blamed,
Commerce need not hide its features,
Industry is not ashamed.

What is noble? That which places
Truth in its enfranchised will;
Leaving steps, like angel traces,
That mankind may follow still!
E'en though scorn's malignant glances
Prove him *poorest* of his clan,
He's the *noble*—who advances
Freedom, and the cause of man.—CHARLES SWAIN.

NOT AFRAID TO BE POOR.—After Dr. Gill had written against a gentleman whose publications he considered erroneous, he was waited on by some of his friends, who endeavoured to dissuade him from persevering, and among other things, they intimated to him that he might lose the subscriptions of some wealthy persons. "Do not tell me of losing," said the doctor, "I value nothing in comparison of the gospel. I am not afraid to be poor."

OUR HOPE IS IN THE CHILDREN.—It is said that, when Peter the Great, of Russia, desiring to introduce English manners into his kingdom, sent a number of young men into England, his jester called him a fool. Peter threatened to have him tossed in a blanket if he did not make the assertion good. The jester called for a sheet of paper, and folding and rubbing it hard, desired Peter to remove the impressions there made. His Majesty could not. "Why, then," said the jester, "do you send young men already impressed with Russian habits to England? Send children." The jester was right.

MISCELLANEA.

LITERAL INTERPRETATION. — "Ma," said Wilhelmina, "I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was."—"Why, my dear?" said her astonished ma.—"Because he 'slept with his fathers.' I think if he had been rich he would have had a bed of his own."

AN ACCOMMODATING TAR.—A letter was recently received at a custom-house on the Tyne from a free and easy Jack, requesting a certificate to be sent to his address, at the Sailors' Home in Liverpool, or "*wherever else their honours pleased.*"

EARLY HOURS.—The stately dames of Edward the Fourth's court rose with the lark, despatched their dinner at eleven o'clock, and shortly after eight were wrapt in slumber. In "The Northumberland-house Book for 1352" we were told that the family rose at six, breakfasted at seven, dined at ten, and supped at four. The gates were closed at nine.

CORRECT STYLE.—We find the following Malaproprian sentence in the *Berbice Gazette*:—"A faction composed, with the exception of a few respectable individuals, 'of some of the most lowest and most illiteratist portion of the community,' the majority of 'whom' cannot read or write."

NOTHING LOST BY CIVILITY.—A gentleman who has filled the highest municipal offices in one of our cities owes his elevation chiefly to a single act of civility. A traveller, on a hot summer's day, wanted some water for his horse, and perceiving a well near the road side, turned his horse up towards it. Just then a lad appeared, to whom the stranger addressed himself, saying—"My young friend, will you do me the favour to draw a bucket of water for my horse, as I find it rather difficult to get off and on?" The lad promptly seized the bucket, and soon brought a supply of water. Pleased with the cheerful temper and courteous manner of the youth, the traveller inquired his name; and so deep was the impression made on his mind, that the name of the lad and his place of residence were remembered until a long time afterwards, when the traveller had occasion for a clerk. He then sent for this young man, and gave him a responsible and profitable place, from which he rose to the chief magistracy of a city.

WIT *versus* MISCHIEF.—Doctor Cooper, of the South Carolina College, was one of the best-natured old gentlemen that ever lectured to mischievous boys. On one occasion, when he entered the lecture-room, he found the class all seated with most unwonted punctuality, and looking wondrous grave. Mischief was the cause, and it was apparent that they were preparing for a burst of laughter as the old doctor waddled along to the professor's chair, for there sat an old he-goat bolt upright, lashed to the chair. But they were disappointed of their fun; for, instead of getting angry, and storming at them, he mildly remarked, "Aha! young gentlemen—quite republican, I see, in your tendencies; fond of a representative government! elevated one of your own members to the chair—ha! Well, well, it is all right. I dare say the present incumbent can fill it as well as any of you. You may listen to his lecture to-day. Good bye! Don't feel sheepish about it!" And away he went, without leaving a smile behind him.

INHABITANTS OF AN OYSTER.—Observations with a microscope have shown that the shell of an oyster is a world occupied by an innumerable quantity of small animals, compared to which the oyster itself is a colossus. The liquid enclosed between the shells of the oyster contains a multitude of embryos covered with transparent scales, which swim with ease. A hundred-and twenty of those embryos, placed side by side, would not make an inch in breadth. This liquor contains, besides, a great variety of animalcula, five hundred times less in size, which give out a phosphoric light. Yet these are not the only inhabitants of this dwelling. There are also three distinct species of worms.

WHAT THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES HAVE DONE.—The *Times* has a very ably-written review of the commercial condition of the United States. If they were not founded on the most incontestible statistical data, the facts mentioned would appear to belong to fable rather than history. In an interval of little more than half a century, it appears that this extraordinary people have increased above 500 per cent. in numbers; their national revenue has augmented nearly 700 per cent., while their public expenditure has increased little more than 400 per cent. The prodigious extension of their commerce is indicated by an increase of nearly 500 per cent. in their imports and exports, and 600 per cent. in their shipping. The increased activity of their internal communications is expounded by the number of their post-offices, which has been increased more than a hundred fold, the extent of their post-roads, which has been increased thirty-six fold, and the cost of their post-office, which has been augmented in a seventy-two fold ratio. The augmentation of their machinery of public instruction is indicated by the extent of their public libraries, which have increased in a thirty-two fold ratio, and by the creation of school libraries amounting to 2,000,000 volumes. They have completed a system of canal navigation, which, placed in a continuous line, would extent from London to Calcutta, and a system of railways which, continuously extended, would stretch from London to Van Dieman's Land, and have provided locomotive machinery by which that distance would be travelled over in three weeks at the cost of 1½d. per mile. They have created a system of inland navigation, the aggregate tonnage of which is probably not inferior in amount to the collective inland tonnage of all the other countries in the world, and they possess many hundreds of river steamers, which impart to the roads of water the marvellous celerity of roads of iron. They have, in fine, constructed lines of electric telegraph which, laid continuously, would extend over a space longer by 3,000 miles than the distance from the north to the south pole, and have provided apparatus of transmission by which a message of 300 words despatched under such circumstances from the north pole might be delivered in writing at the south pole in one minute, and by which, consequently, an answer of equal length might be sent back to the north pole in an equal interval. "These," says the *Times*, "are social and commercial phenomena for which it would be vain to seek a parallel in the past history of the human race."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HENRY.—The present rate of consumption of coal is about thirty-two millions of tons annually. The export is about six millions. The coal trade of Great Britain is nearly in proportion of three to two of that of all the other nations of the world; while in superficial area her coal measures are to those of the United States only as 11,859 square miles to 133,132 square miles. What a vision of the future is here displayed! What a mission we learn from this has the New World yet to accomplish.

A MECHANIC.—Undoubtedly we are but in our infancy as regards the use to be made of the electric telegraph. In America it is made to give notice of storms. For example, the telegraph at Chicago and Toledo notifies ship-masters at Cleveland and Buffalo, and also on Lake Ontario, of the approach of the north-west storm. The result is practically of great importance. A hurricane storm traverses the atmosphere at the rate of a carrier pigeon, namely, sixty miles an hour. A vessel in the port of New York, about to sail for New Orleans, may be telegraphed twenty hours in advance that a south-west storm is advancing from the Gulf of Mexico. We are only on the threshold of the real substantial advantages which may be rendered by the electric telegraph. In Great Britain and Ireland the advantages to the shipping interest by the announcement of approaching storms would be incalculable, by preventing them leaving safe harbours until after they had passed, or by signals on various parts of the coast, directing them to take shelter at the nearest port.

MARY.—The flower dahlia was so named from a Swedish botanist called Andrew Dahl. Camellia should have both *ll's* pronounced; it was named after W. Kamel, a Jesuit, whose name is Latinized Camellus. Arbutus should be accented on the first syllable.

A TEETOTALER.—Mr. Neison, at a late meeting of the Statistical Society, gave an estimate of the number of drunkards in England and Wales, from which it appeared that the number of males was 53,583, and females, 11,223—making a total of 61,806; which gives one drunkard to every 74 of the population. Well may we blush for England when we read such damning facts!

A WORKING MAN.—Learn to say "No;" avoid foolish companions; seize every opportunity for acquiring knowledge you possess. Men who have lifted themselves far above their fellows, who have become famous in the walks of literature or of art, have, with few exceptions, been self-taught men. Few of our popular writers ever received a university education.

R. REEVES writes to say he is much pleased with the alteration in the size and form of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, but that he thinks that the page of advertisements at the end makes it look like a newspaper. He thinks it so possibly because he may never have seen other periodicals than newspapers with a page of advertisements, but he will find many of the most respectable periodicals — such as the "Athenæum," "Literary Gazette," and others, do as we do. In the common sense of the word they are no more newspapers than THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

A STUDENT.—The Lord High Steward anciently was the first personage in the realm next to the king. The office was the inheritance of the Earls of Leicester, until forfeited to the Crown by Simon de Montford in the reign of Henry III. Henry finding it was dangerous to intrust a subject with such powers, abolished the office as a permanency, and ever since Lord High Stewards are created only for such occasions as a coronation, or the trial of peers accused of high treason felony. During the period of his office the High Steward holds a white rod in his hand; and when his duties are over he breaks his staff, to signify that such is the case.

MARGARET.—There are many contradictory accounts of the invention of sealing-wax. Some have supposed that it was prepared in the East, from the fact that the lac, which is its principal ingredient, is an eastern product. There is a letter in existence dated Aug. 3, 1554, which is sealed with sealing-wax; so that it has been known in Europe some time. It is made of gum lac melted and prepared with resin, and coloured with pigments of various hues, of which, however, the prevailing one is red.

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THE
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NEW SERIES.—VOL. I., No. 5.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1851. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

THE ARTS OF THE CHINESE.

As to clothing, the lower orders of the Chinese generally wear an untanned sheep-skin jerkin and nether garment of cloth. The summer clothing of the upper ranks is a long loose gown, of thin silk or gauze, sometimes confined to the waist by a girdle, the sleeves loose, and the neck bare. The breeches are of ample dimensions. The legs are protected by woven stockings of cotton or silk, and the feet by cloth, satin, or velvet boots. As the leather is not sufficiently tanned to exclude wet without many layers, the soles of boots and shoes are very thick. In winter fur jackets and leggings are added to the summer clothing. On the commencement of the cold or hot season, the viceroy of each province puts on his winter or summer cap. The summer cap is a cane of bamboo or chip, covered with a large quantity of red horse-hair, or with silken threads; at the apex is the button, which indicates the rank of the wearer. A dome of velvet or fur, with a broad brim, sharply turned up all round, is used in winter.

The Chinese especially excel in the manufacture of silks. Their exquisite texture and brilliant hues render them the most splendid article of dress among that people. All ranks, from the noble to the peasant, are desirous of wearing silks; and they are employed not only in robes and trowsers, but in caps, boots, and shoes. The silks generally worn by the Chinese are plain, but they are manufactured in every colour, and adorned with beautiful figures. The manufacture, beautiful as it is, is not produced by any elaborate machinery; on the contrary, it is woven in very simple looms, like those of the ancients.

EAST GATE OF KOU-SOU, INTERIOR WALLED PART OF THE TOWN OF SOU-SCHOU, WHERE THE ROYAL WOOLLEN WORKSHOPS ARE.

In China the culture of the silkworm and the weaving of silk may be traced to a remote antiquity. The soft wool of the Chinese is celebrated by Virgil as being combed from trees. The manufactures of this substance—then more costly than gold—were patiently unravelled by the artists of Greece, who re-manufactured it with a mixture of some less expensive material. The fabric thus produced, styled "woven air" and "textile clouds," was extremely thin, and Roman moralists were not wanting to denounce its use as indelicate.

On the destruction of the Parthian empire in the third cen-

tury, restrictions previously existing were removed; the supply of silk increased, and a rich Roman might escape the charge of extravagant luxury when he was attired in the gorgeous and expensive fabrics of the East. A change was, however, advancing. Two Persian monks, during a long residence in China had carefully considered the advantages which might accrue to the Western World could the silkworm be introduced, instead of the costly and precarious importation of its produce. Their proposal was eagerly embraced by the enlightened Justinian in the sixth century, and after some peril and many attempts, a sufficient number of eggs were enclosed in a hollow cane, and successfully conveyed to Constantinople. Anticipating this result, plantations of mulberry trees had been prepared; after some unproductive attempts, silk enough was produced to show that a proper method had been adopted; the artists of Greece gradually improved, and it was not long before they equalled or surpassed those of China. The profitable monopoly thus acquired, of supplying the Christian world, was retained by the Greeks until the twelfth century, when the Norman Roger, after his conquest of western Greece, carried off among prisoners a number of silk-weavers and spinners, whom he settled at Palermo. Sicilians were now instructed in the process; it was soon acquired by Italians; and the manufacture, in consequence, speedily spread itself over the Western World.

The ancient monarchs of China, who, in their traditionary history, play the part of gods, are said to have been the inventors of the silk manufacture. In remote ages, an example of industry was annually given by the Empress, who fed silkworms with the leaves gathered by her own hands, from trees growing within the walls of the imperial palace. Their produce was afterwards spun and woven by herself. This royal practice appears to have been retained as a pleasant occupation long after its full effect as an example had been produced. A part of the palace is still stocked with silkworms and mulberry trees, for the amusement of the royal ladies; and the Government patronise the manufacture, but the ancient custom of the Empress was discontinued on the accession of the present family.

The velvet of China is surpassed by that of Europe; but their damask, sarsnet, satin, crape, and shawls, are considered superior to the products of these far distant climes. Considerable skill is also displayed by the Chinese in the manufacture of cotton goods, and in a variety of stuffs made of silk and cotton, which are very costly. In the northern provinces, carpets are made of the most elegant description; and in the same district they imitate our woollens, but with little success.

Chinese lanterns are of almost every imaginable form and size. They are made of horn, silk, glass, and paper, and sometimes of a netting of fine thread, overspread with a thick coating of varnish. The frame-work is often carved in the richest manner; the silk which covers it is elegantly embroidered or painted with landscapes, representing nature in her gayest moods: and the various decorations of the lanterns are in a corresponding style. As a national ornament peculiar to the Chinese, the lantern does not give place to any similar display, in any other country.

For the working of iron and steel, the Chinese have never attained any celebrity. Their instruments and utensils are all very clumsy. Their steel is badly tempered; and their knives and razors have but an indifferent polish. Their needles, locks, and similar articles are of an inferior description; and they are unable to make good springs. But, whatever they want in skill, they often supply by economy and perseverance. Their implements are adapted for saving every particle, and they are parsimonious with the very filings of their metals. They understand casting in iron, and many of their kitchen utensils, for which we use copper, they make of this metal. Their iron cannon founderies are very numerous, and even the barrel of a matchlock is cast.

The Chinese work in tin very neatly; of this they cast and beat a great variety of utensils. As it is cheaper than copper, it often serves as a substitute for that metal. Chinese braziers and coppersmiths are not, however, frequently met with, because the Government prohibits the use of copper and brass, except for the casting of coin. Their work is therefore restricted to a few unimportant things. Tin plates are imported, chiefly for the fabrication of lacquered ware, in which the people produce a great variety of articles.

Many of the articles in the Great Exhibition were sent from a very ancient manufactory of porcelain. Father Entrecolles, a French missionary, who resided there in the beginning of the last century, states, in his published letters, that there were in 1712 not less than 3,000 ovens, which gave the town during the night the aspect of a vast furnace, with a multitude of chimneys. The chief ingredients appear to have been two kinds of earth, called *petuntse* and *kaolin*, by the combination of which a paste is made. A rich Chinese merchant told the father that the English and Dutch having purchased a quantity of *petuntse*, conveyed it to Europe, for the purpose of making porcelain; but the attempt failed, because they obtained none of the *kaolin*. With a smile at foreign credulity, he added: "They wanted to form a body, the flesh of which should support itself without bones."

At that period ancient pottery was in great demand, and bore extraordinary prices in China. The vessels obtained in tombs and other ruins bore marks of high antiquity. Thus it is related that vases were found which gave evidence of having belonged to emperors who reigned between two and three thousand years B.C. Examples are also produced of vases of Chinese origin found in ancient tombs at Thebes, which appear by their inscriptions, to have been manufactured eighteen centuries before the Christian era. One of these is in the British Museum, and another is in the museum at Alnwick, both brought into this country by Sir J. G. Wilkinson. It was not, however, till a comparatively recent date that the fine porcelain, afterwards so celebrated, and so much esteemed in Europe, was fabricated in China.

Ivory is wrought with great elegance; and some Chinese products in this substance are exceedingly ingenious and curious. Thus a thin ball may sometimes be seen containing six, eight, or ten other balls, each one beautifully carved, and yet with no two patterns alike. The writer has seen one which contained no fewer than seventeen concentric spheres. The sort of lace-work which some of these present is very surprising. In looking at them the question arises, How can they be produced? It has been replied, They are made in hemispheres, which are afterwards fastened together in pairs. But, in order to test this, they have been subjected to the action of boiling vinegar, yet without effect. On the other hand, it has been asserted, and that with far more probability, that each set of balls is cut out of a solid mass of ivory. The artist first reduces the substance to a spherical form; he then makes four holes at the four points of the globe, about half or three-quarters of an inch in diameter, but only to the depth, which corresponds with the thickness which the outer globe is to have, and he cuts out through these apertures, with sharp crooked instruments, the second globe. This he treats in the same way; and then a third, a fourth, a fifth, or sixth, and any further number he may intend the primary globe to contain. It is through the four holes, successively formed in each ball, that he contrives by slow, careful, and long-continued labour, to give to all but the first the curious and often elaborate pattern which each one ultimately bears. The first receives easily any design. The average time consumed in carving each ball is said to be about one month.

The Chinese have many musical instruments. One of them called the *kin*, may be styled in English the scholar's lute, from its being generally played upon by men of learning. It has seven strings, with thirteen studs, sometimes of mother-of-pearl, to direct the fingers as to the proper positions they should take. In playing, the left hand presses down the string, while the right hand gives it the requisite touch. The chief peculiarity in the style of performance consists in the shifting and sliding movement of the left hand while the string is sounding. To manage this with grace and variety forms the most admired perfection of the player. The notes are said to be pretty when the instrument is touched by a native; but there is a wild and melancholy dronishness about them which, when heard amidst the rural retreats of the Chinese, might make an imaginative person think he was suddenly carried back some two or three thousand years, and was listening to some of the first efforts of mankind towards art and improvement.

Several kinds of guitar are used by the Chinese. One of

their instruments is strung with fourteen double wires, which pass over two bridges, so that there are several notes in duplicate. It is struck with two very delicate hammers, prepared from the bamboo. The violin exists amongst them in its rudimentary state. The clarinet, which is blown with a reed like that of our own military bands, but unlike theirs in having the bell or lower end made of brass and adorned with silken tassels, is a loud and powerful instrument. The Chinese are very fond of the deafening sounds produced by it, and have recourse to them on all exciting occasions of joy, sorrow, or religion. If a native musician is asked to give a foreigner some instruction as to the nature and use of the instruments known among his people, he will try the whole assortment set before him in their turn, but at length he will fasten on the clarinet, and, with looks full of complacency, continue to blow such a peal from the sonorous tube that the visitor is at length obliged to ask that he may be favoured with a truce. The flute is made of bamboo, and has six holes for the fingers, but, like the clarinet, has no key. To other instruments our space forbids us to allude.

Artificial flowers, pillows, and soles of shoes, are made by the Chinese of that delicate material known under the appellation of *rice* paper, from an incorrect notion that rice is employed in its composition. It is, on the contrary, obtained from a malvaceous plant. In the preparation of it for use, the stem of the plant is cut into small pieces in a circular manner, and the cylinder rolled out and flattened. Dr. Livingstone first brought from China to Europe a quantity of this substance, which he presented, many years ago, to Miss Jack, who was celebrated for the beauty and accuracy of her artificial flowers. For a bouquet presented by that lady to the Princess Charlotte, she received the royal present of £70. Since that time, not only has the cost of rice paper been reduced, but the size of the pieces increased so as to be upwards of a foot long and five inches across, yet preserving their natural whiteness. The Chinese dye this substance, using the tinted pieces for artificial flowers, and the plain white for their drawings.

These people have a remarkable power of imitation. Give but one of them anything to copy, whether it be a painting, or an old coat, and he will, with uncommon dexterity, soon execute its exact counterpart, even to the holes in the canvas or the patches in the sleeves. The following is an amusing instance of the fidelity of a native artist :—A European lady at Macao was having her portrait drawn, and as the work proceeded she expressed strong dissatisfaction with the performance. "Spose," said the painter, in the peculiar jargon current at and near Canton, "Spose you smile a little, and lookee better." When the picture was done the indignation of the fair one was so great and so disagreeably expressed, that the irritated artist naively exclaimed, "If handsome face no got, how handsome face can make ?" Our painter Hoppner could have answered the question, as he did when a friend inquired how he was so successful with portraits of ladies of fashion, "I heighten whatever is favourable, and keep down whatever is of an opposite character ;" and Sir Thomas Lawrence could have repeated and added emphasis to the lesson.

Many of the arts of the Chinese may, in conclusion, be described as ambulatory. Thus the shoemaker carries with him a basket containing his rude tools and his whole stock in trade ; a fan and a pipe, with a pair of spectacles, the ends of which have loops attached to them to pass round each ear. Even the blacksmith may become an itinerant. Inclined to try his fortune in a new place, he stows his forge, bellows, anvil, tools, and other articles into a basket, which he slings over his shoulders, and then wends onwards his way. His anvil is slightly rounded at the top ; the bellows is a hollow cylinder, with a piston so contrived as to keep up a continuous blast ; and with these simple means he will repair cast-iron pots when worn into holes. The cook may be seen in the market, with all culinary utensils for the preparation of viands, while the fruiterer, fishmonger, and butcher are at hand to supply the materials. The streets literally swarm with tinkers of every description, and their occupations extend to the repairing of every article. The dexterity with which they put together pieces of broken porcelain, glass, and other fragile articles, is astonishing. But labour of all kinds is cheap in China. So trifling are the earnings of artisans, that the most industrious do not gain more than about ninepence per day.

It is remarkable that we owe to the Chinese our present systems of bank-notes and banking. Some curious facts on this subject have been gathered by the celebrated Klaproth, from the Chinese annals, which are singularly complete, as the keeping of them has always been a state concern. It appears that in the year 119 before the Christian era, the treasury of thr sovereign was so seriously depressed, that its revenues fell below the expenditure of the state. He had, however, a Chancellor of the Exchequer of no ordinary ability, who not only devised, but carried into effect, a system of nominal currency. It consisted of pieces of deer-skin, about a foot square, ornamented with paintings and highly-wrought borders, which represented the value of 40,000 deniers, about £12 sterling, but were only current among the grandees and at court. But of these pieces of deer-skin a revenue was collected in a manner which was truly Chinese. From time immemorial, every person who is admitted into the imperial presence, or rather, to speak in the style of the country, into that of the "Sun of Heaven," covers his face with a screen or small tablet, because he is supposed to be absolutely unable to bear the blazing light of the Emperor's countenance. At the time now referred to, therefore, whoever was honoured in being invited to the royal repast and entertainments, was obliged to cover the Emperor's screen with one of these articles, or "value in skins," which he was *graciously* permitted to leave behind him.

The plan, thus adopted, appears to have been often followed in after years. In the seventh century so much disorder prevailed in China, that it was nearly without a coinage, and all kinds of things, as clothes cut up, round pieces of iron, and even bits of pasteboard, were used as money. But, in the time of a sovereign, whose reign commenced A.D. 807, he became the founder of banks of deposit and issue. He obliged rich families and merchants who arrived in the capital, to deposit their valuables and goods in the public treasuries, for which *paper* receipts were given, under the name of "voluntary money," and which also became current. Among ourselves banks are generally divided into two great classes—banks of deposit, and banks of circulation. This division, however, is not a very distinct one ; for there is no bank of deposit that is not, at the same time, a bank of circulation, and few or no banks of circulation that are not also banks of deposit. But the term, banks of deposit, is meant to designate those which keep the money of individuals and circulate it only ; while the term banks of circulation is applied to those which do not thus confine their circulation, but issue notes of their own payable on demand. The Bank of England is the principal bank of circulation in the empire ; but it, as well as the private banks in England and Scotland that issue notes, is also a bank of deposit. The establishment of banks, though not without their evils, has contributed, in no ordinary degree, to give security and facility to all kinds of commercial transactions ; but in such matters we were preceded, for ages, by the Chinese.

So far back as the tenth, and the early part of the eleventh century, we find, also, that a paper money system, such as it is at present in Europe, was followed in China. Thus there was, at that period, the issue of credit paper as currency, without the guarantee of any substantial pledge, or guarantee whatever. These primitive bank-notes were issued of various amounts. Offices were appointed by the Government everywhere to receive and to issue them. They were to be renewed within seven years, and about one and-a-half per cent. was deducted for the expenses of their issue. A scarcity of copper coin is assigned as one reason for this cause ; and another is, the want of money to pay the army, which led to this scheme to entice the merchants with the convenience of the practice. The notes thus employed were called "*Coupons ;*" and from that time to the present, bank-notes have been issued in China under various names ; those current now being called "precious paper money." The usual incidents of a paper-money system have appeared in consequence : monetary crises and forgeries have been common for ages, and without the peculiar formalities of our "Gazette," bankrupts have been very numerous.

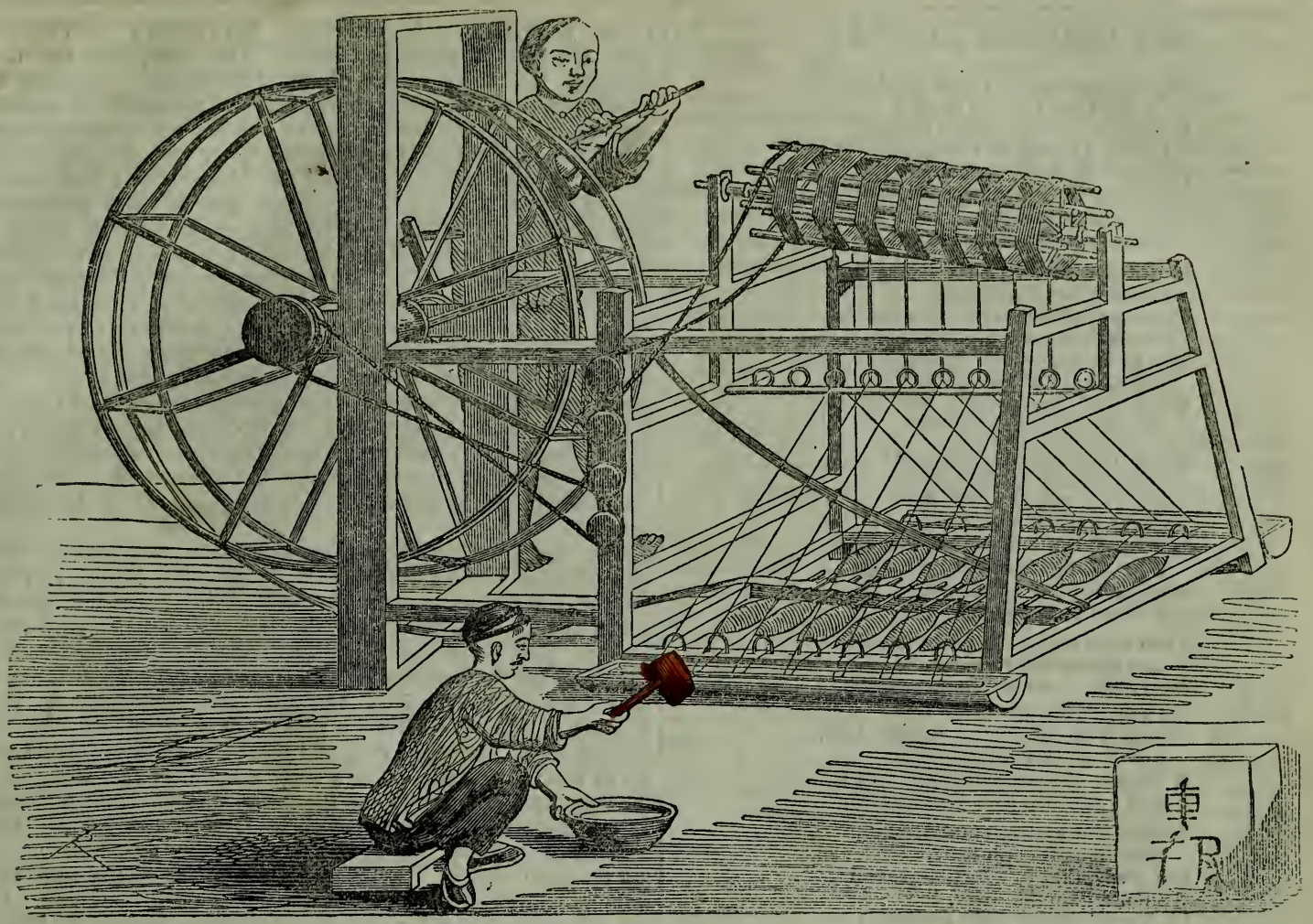
A Chinese bank-note is a square paper, having on one side an inscription which states the amount for which it is issued, and that it is a note of the Emperor Long-King, of the Ming dynasty. On the other side is an inscription to the following

effect:—"At the petition of the treasury board, it is ordained that the paper money thus marked with the seal of the imperial dynasty of the Mings, shall have currency, and be used in all respects as if it were copper money." The concluding sentence is sufficiently despotic for China itself: "Whoever disobeys will be *beheaded*."

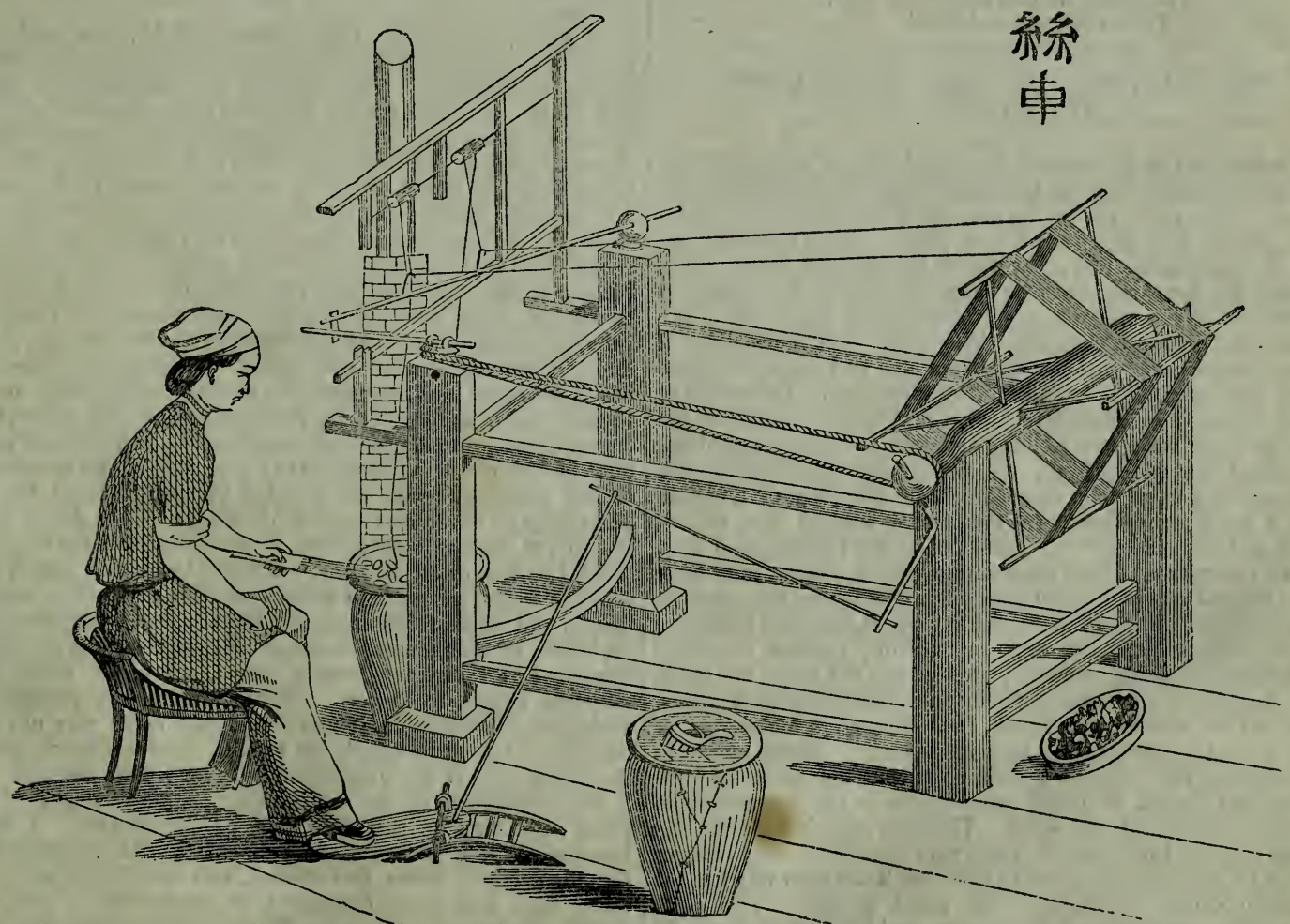
Money brokers are exceedingly numerous. The smaller dealers confine themselves principally to the purchase and sale of their copper coin—called *cash* by Europeans—long the only coin of the Chinese. They are nearly an inch in diameter, are thin and circular, and have a square hole in the centre for the convenience of tying them together, with a raised edge both around the outside and the hole. Those now in use have the name of the Emperor in whose reign they were cast stamped upon them, with the words, in Chinese, "*precious circulating medium.*" Though of trifling value, they are much adulterated with *spelter*—a natural impure zinc, which contains a portion of lead, copper, and iron, and a little arsenic, plumbago, and manganese. On account of their convenience in paying small sums, they generally bear a premium, and are estimated at the thousandth part of a *tael*, the value of which is about a dollar and a third. The use of silver coin, however, appears to be considerably on the increase in China. Silver dollars have been made in Fuh-Keen and in other places. When this coin first comes into possession of a Chinese, he gives it a stamp or chop, thus extracting a small portion of the metal; and as it receives the same usage from each hand it passes through, it is reduced from its coinage value to that of merely its weight. The possessor of this clipped coinage, finding its bulk inconvenient, melts it down into the form of the Sycee silver, a species more easy to stow than if it was in the form of coin, in which 1,000 drilled dollars might not exceed the value of 200. The Sycee silver is more valuable than any other, from its containing portions of gold dust. It is generally in the form of a canoe, with a stamp in the centre. In ancient times the shells of the tortoise and pearl oyster were used by the Chinese as a circulating medium in the exchange for commodities, till about 200 years B.C., when the "cash" already described was introduced. The primitive expedient is, however, still resorted to, on account, perhaps, of the inconvenience of the circulating medium.

ROYAL WOOLLEN CLOTH WEAVING.

ITINERANT CHINESE, WITH WIND SAIL BARROW.



CHINESE LOOM.



WHEEL FOR SPINNING THE WOOL.

THE LYRE—OR LABOUR?

Oh, urge me not to strike the Lyre,
Or raise my voice in Song;
It matters not tho' *words* expire,
If *true life* still be strong:—
If all my *deeds* be harmony,
Replete with joyous peace,
I *live* a noble melody,
Whose echoes cannot cease.

If, gifted with the power of words,
I weave them into lays,
Upon the wind perchance is heard,
The feeble notes of praise;—
Yet, as with tired and toiling feet,
The upward hill we climb,
What heart, in fondness, will repeat
The old, forgotten rhyme?

But if the gracious *act* of good
Fall from my humble hand,
Not all the waters of the flood
Could wash it from the land!
The wanderer, drifting on that tide,
Where he hath battled strong,
Shall *feel* it as a living guide,
A fresh, undying song!

Then urge me not in haste to reach
And sound the lyric cords;
Let Labour lend her lusty speech,
To vivify my words!
When, from the sacred depths of all,
A radiant sun shines forth,
A shower of wreathed words will fall,
And *truth* will give them worth,

I would not scatter empty sound,
Melodious though it be,
But seeds, that in a fertile ground
Should gain maturity.
Oh Thou! whose wide eternities
With holy hymnings ring,
Teach me, ere this brief being flies,
To *live* the psalm *I sing!*

THE HISTORY OF THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

This month has just witnessed the completion of what promises to be an important step in bringing about the brotherhood of nations. We refer to the laying down the Submarine Telegraph, which has at length taken place. On Thursday, the 18th of September, the great cable twenty-four miles long, destined to form the key for communication between this country and the continent, was completed at the works of the Submarine Telegraph Company, Wapping. The fabrication of the coil, which employed the workmen day and night for three weeks, was conducted in the following manner. Entering the factory, situated in High-street, the first objects that met the observer's eye were the well-constructed wire-rope machines, each about twenty-feet high, and fifteen feet in circumference, representing a large iron frame-work in the form of a cupola with a shaft or cylinder in the centre worked by a steam-engine of five horse power. Obedient to the ringing of a bell, says an eye-witness of the proceedings, the workmen took their places around one of the machines employed in the first process. The machines, the action of which was vertical, being set in motion by the steam-engine, the first, or interior, portion of which the composite cable consists, was payed out on to the shaft. This first layer was composed of four electric copper wires, known as the sixteen wire gauze, each encased in a covering of gutta percha a quarter of an inch in diameter. These placed in the machine, and with the assistance of the manipulators were twisted and plaited in spiral convolutions in the manner of an ordinary rope round the shaft. The next superincumbent coil to this consisted of hempen yarn, previously saturated in a reservoir of prepared pitch and tallow, with the view of what the workmen called "worming" the gutta percha. The gutta percha thus protects the delicate wire, and the hempen yarn, in addition, acts as a cementitious material to the more delicate gutta percha, which ultimately has thrown over it a coat of mail of galvanised wire. This completed the first process; the second part of the performance consisted in hauling off the cable when completed, and passing it, in another compartment of the factory, on to another wire-rope machine, where the cord was completely covered over with ten galvanised iron wires, each wire being about the thickness of a lead pencil, and known as No. 1 galvanised wire gauze. This galvanised iron sheathing, it is believed, will protect and preserve the iron layers from the action of the sea. The appearance of the cable, thus completely encased in a shining coat of galvanised iron, was described as quite silvery. The coil when completed was rolled up into a circle five feet high and twenty feet in circumference, representing a dead weight of 200 tons; the weight per mile of the cable was 8 tons, and its breaking strain 10. Too great praise cannot be given to all parties engaged in its manufacture, especially to the Gutta Percha Company, by whom the gutta percha wires were prepared. The whole of the 100 miles of communication represented by the four wires of 24 miles each were tested, and found true, by Mr. Wollaston in the Regent Canal.

The cable having been thus completed, preparations were immediately made for laying it down. On Saturday, Sept. 20, the Government Blazer arrived at the wharf of Messrs. Blyth and Co., Wapping, for the purpose of conveying it to Dover. The Blazer had her funnel, masts, and boiler removed expressly for the occasion. The transfer of the great mass of cable, though a laborious business, was accomplished very cleverly. This was done by passing it over an elevated revolving wheel above the coil, and thence to another wheel some seven feet in diameter, on to a stage some fifty feet high, overlooking the High-street, and thence through a wooden trough across the street on to the wharf. Here it was hauled, with seamanlike celerity, on to the prow of the vessel over what are termed "chocks," and supporting poles, at the rate of a mile an hour, and then stowed away in coils in the hold. On the following Thursday morning the Blazer arrived in Dover, when immediately proceedings were commenced at the South Foreland.

At six in the morning Capt. Bullock, R.N., was ready with the steam-ship Fearless and a picked crew to pilot the convoy across the Channel. The morning was calm and sea bright, and the crews of both vessels appeared to be animated with that feeling of adventure naturally enough evoked by an experiment of such enterprise and novelty. The first thing done, there not being sufficient depth of water for the Blazer to be brought near enough ashore, was to convey the extremity of the cable on to the South Foreland coast. The Fearless then steamed ahead, having made fast her towing tackle to the hull of the Blazer, at the rate of two miles an hour out to sea, the men on board the latter vessel paying out continuously the cable over her stern, from whence, by the action of its own weight, it sank into the submarine sand and valley. The track between the South Foreland and Sanngate, the corresponding point on the French coast, as presenting, from soundings and surveys, the fewest obstacles and probable disturbances, was marked out by pilot buoys, and was chosen as the best site for the submerging of the wire that could be adopted by those having the best knowledge of naval and marine dynamics. The depth of the sea line at starting point is from 20 to 30 feet, and the maximum depth 180 feet or 30 fathoms. Messrs. Crampton and Wollaston, the engineers, were in charge of the engineering arrangements, and some thirty men, and the necessary batteries being on board, complimentary messages and notifications of progress were sent over the progressing payed out cable, through the waveless depths to Dover. Owing to blunders perhaps not altogether unavoidable, it was found the cable was not long enough; so that, although the French coast was nearly gained, the completion of the undertaking was for a time delayed.

The completion of the undertaking so far was marked with great rejoicings on the other side of the channel. A line of communication between the two coasts was established on Sunday evening, about five o'clock, and the electric wire, after three days had been consumed in stretching it across the straits, was brought up on the French coast at Sanngate, about three miles below Calais, whence it was carried underground

to the telegraphic station of the Great Northern of France Railway at Calais. Electric currents were passed from coast to coast, and messages sent the same evening, but on Monday following a series of experiments were tried with the most satisfactory result. Early on Monday morning congratulatory messages to the President of the French Republic were sent direct from England to Paris, also to the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Austria, at Berlin and Vienna, and messages were also transmitted to London from the principal cities in Europe, who were included in the confidential system of telegraphic communication. During the whole of Monday, the town of Calais presented the appearance of a *fête*, and numbers of the inhabitants crowded on the ramparts, watching with interest and wonder the various experiments which were tried with the submarine wires. In the evening an entertainment was given in the Hotel de Ville, to those English gentlemen, promoters of the undertaking, who were on the spot, and had assisted in its completion. These were Sir James Carmichael, Mr. Crampton, C.E., Mr. Wollaston, and Mr. Tatham, of the Gutta Percha Company. M. Mayer, the Mayor of Calais, presided; and, in addition to the English guests, there were present MM. Legros Devot, Representatif du Peuple; De Hamel, Councillor of State and Member of the Academy of St. Petersburg; Dupont, Vice-Consul of Russia; and M. Bonhom, British Consul; together with the principal inhabitants of Calais, and the officers of the garrison. During the whole of the proceedings the utmost harmony prevailed, and after dinner the English gentlemen were conducted over the museum of the town, where it was determined that a portion of the electric coil should in future be placed, in juxtaposition with the balloon that the celebrated aëronaut, Blanchard, who, in 1795, made his first *supra*-marine voyage from Dover to Calais.

On Oct. 18 the great cable, for telegraphic communication was at length completed by carrying it up one mile out of the sea, to Sanngate, on the Calais coast. Telegraphic communication between Calais and the South Foreland—the latter about three miles from Dover—was practically, and, for the first time through a perfected sea cable, effected between coast and coast; and it is therefore hoped that no interruption will arise to continuous and successful telegraphic intercourse, when arrangements at present pending are completed. On arriving at the point on the French coast where the extremity of the cable, a mile out at sea, was anchored to the pilot buoy, the Red Rover was joined by the Fearless, Capt. Bullock, R.N., who has remained upon the spot until the operations should be completed. Here the end of the submerged cable was hauled up by the workmen on board the steamer, and the additional mile spliced on to complete it, the "join" being secured by iron clamps screwed over it. The inner cores of copper wires were braised together, and the overlapping strands of gutta percha, bitumised yarn, and galvanised iron wire securely interwoven. As calm a state of high water as possible was selected by Captain Bullock for the purpose, so as to prevent the pitching of the vessel from affecting so nice an operation. The part of the cable where the "join" occurs is thought to be as strong as any part where nothing of the kind occurs; but it is curious that it should exist at this particular place, where it will have to contend against the abrasion of shingle on the beach, and other casualties, and which in the experiment of last year sawed asunder the gutta percha cable on the rocks around Cape Gisnez. The communication is now perfect between coast and coast, though it suited parties and purposes to say it was so before. It is only fair to mention that the unskilful manner in which the cable was payed out, and which resulted in its short-coming, is generally attributed to the engineers and not to those who piloted the expedition, and who state that one of the chief causes of the cable running short arose from the fact that while the Blazer was being towed out by the Fearless at only two miles an hour, the cable at certain intervals was run out at the rate of four and five miles an hour, which necessarily caused it, from want of regularity in the delivery motion, to take the sea bottom in a series of loops or "kinks," thus accounting for each mile of the cable not covering its allotted mile of sea.

It is not yet known at what precise date the wires to connect the cable at the South Foreland with the telegraph office of the South-Eastern Company at Dover will be completed, but this would be only the work of a day or so, as the connecting wires for the purpose have been manufactured. They consist of the usual copper wires enclosed in gutta percha, the latter, to protect it, being covered with spun yarn, it being known that gutta percha, on exposure, expands with heat and contracts with cold. These wires, forming about a two-inch chord in diameter, will have to be run for about three miles along the coast intervening between Dover and the South Foreland. Some negotiations have been going on between the promoters of the Submarine Telegraph Company and the South-Eastern Railway Company, with the view of establishing some working arrangement, but nothing conclusive has been come to, though it is understood that something in the nature of a toll arrangement for working over each other's wires, similar to the working of railways over one another's lines, will be arrived at. On the other hand, it is said that messages of twenty words may be sent from Dover to Paris, by arrangement with the Great Northern of France and other railways, for 15s., being about 5s. more than is now charged for a similar message between London and Liverpool, or London and Dover; so that probably, although nothing is yet known as to the tariff, the expense of an imponderable despatch of this kind between London and Paris will come to 20s. Should no arrangement be made with the South-Eastern Railway, the promoters have power under their charter to run wires between London and Dover along the high road. Considerable difficulty is of necessity experienced in the adjustment of any tariff in connection with an enterprise so novel, nor is the matter found to be susceptible of such careful estimate, as in the carrying out and construction of a railway. For these reasons it has been found difficult to state with certainty the amount of revenue to be derived from the undertaking, to enable it to pay as a commercial speculation. It has been calculated that the submarine telegraph will be capable of printing 100 messages of 15 words each in 100 consecutive minutes, and that the whole of the communication between Europe, Great Britain, India, and America, might be supposed to employ eight wires twelve hours a day, it would give a return of £96,000 per annum, at a tariff of only one shilling per message of fifteen words. It is calculated, however, that when the four or more cables are completed and in full operation the probable return will be £25,000 per annum, after allowing for working expenses and maintenance of telegraphs and works. The cost of the present cable had amounted to about £16,000, or with contingencies to about £20,000. The probability is that the remaining cables intended to be laid down will cost £20,000 each, which will render a costlier scale of tariff necessary. The sources of revenue calculated upon are the Government despatches of the different countries, the newspapers (English and foreign), the public funds, the Paris Bourse and London Stock Exchange, bankers, merchants, Lloyd's correspondents, markets, India mails, and general messages.

The extension of the telegraphic wire to Marseilles is now looked upon in France as an indispensable adjunct to the completion of the submarine telegraph, since the ramification of the wires between Paris and that port would place the capitals of both countries in instantaneous communication with the Mediterranean. The cost of doing this, by completing the link between Chalons and Avignon, is estimated at under £3,000. On the other hand, the telegraphic communication is now completed from Ostend to Trieste, giving a through stretch of telegraphic communication little short of 2,000 miles. Telegraphic extension is also progressing throughout the east of Europe. Three great routes are now being laid down through the interior of Hungary; and the Turkish Government have come to the determination of laying down the telegraph in Turkey, and it already reaches Brussels, Cologne, Berlin, Vienna, and the Adriatic.

It is a somewhat curious coincidence that, although the establishment of a submarine or continental telegraph originates with British enterprise, England will be the last stage in the transmission, and the last recipient of all its European intelligence, although, from the instantaneousness of the method of communication, the intelligence, whatever the boundaries, may be said to be ubiquitous. It is not to be expected, however complete the international arrangements for the purpose may

be, that the fluid estafette will find its way without a break from France, Belgium, Prussia, Austria, Russia, since unavoidably, another the practical playing of a game of chess, through the wires, between the chess players of London and Paris.

GREAT COIL OF ROPE FOR THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

owing to the intervention of agency and language, communications ultimately intended for this country will be ventilated, and so to speak, alembicised through the remoter continental towns and cities first, and finally filtered through France; and in view of the present system of foreign supervision, it remains to be seen how this undeniable and hitherto unconsidered disadvantage will work for England.

Arrangements are being made for trying, through the instrumentality of the submarine telegraph, some remarkably curious astronomical experiments, and it is considered that facilities for a sidereal observation in all parts of the Continent will be greatly increased by means of it. The South Eastern Railway Company, with a view to the promotion of the object, have consented to carry a wire or wires from their telegraph to the observatory at Greenwich, so as to connect it with the submarine wires, which will also be connected with the observatory at Paris, and simultaneous observations be made between the Astronomer-Royal here and Professor Arago in Paris. The transit of a star over the meridian of London and Paris can thus be notified in a minute, together with the time of its transition. The longitude of both places, and of different places on the Continent can also be easily obtained, and the most accurate records of comparative astronomy be recorded and preserved, Several hitherto undreamt of, because hitherto impracticable diversions are in contemplation by means of the submerged cable. One is the firing off guns simultaneously from the nvalides, the heights of Dover, and the Tower of London; and

Fig. 1. First layer of gutta percha over the wire.
„ 2. Second layer of gutta percha enclosing Fig. 1.
„ 3. Section of Fig. 2.
„ 4. Wires bound in yarn steeped in solution.
„ 5. Galvanised iron wires.
„ 6. Complete rope bound with galvanised iron wire.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

A SERIES of biographies of illustrious men—of men who have nobly dared and done in the sacred cause of freedom—were indeed incomplete did it omit mention of the heroic man whose name heads this article. We propose in this number of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND to give his portrait and briefly to tell the story of his life :—

Joseph Mazzini was born at Genoa, in the year 1809, at which place his father was a physician, and in the university of which he was a professor. Originally intended for the law, he studied for that purpose at the university of his native town. In common, however, with many other distinguished men, such a study was eminently distasteful to him, and he turned aside to other and more congenial pursuits. Before he had reached the age of twenty-one he had become well known and admired for his vigorous contributions to periodical literature, and had already drawn down on himself the suspicious eye of "the powers that be." At this time Carbonarism was in full force in Italy. Mazzini was not long before he perceived the defects of a system which had no creed—no watchword—whose only common bond was that of hatred of the tyrant who ruled with a rod of iron their beautiful and beloved fatherland. Mazzini consequently soon ceased to have connexion with it, and determined instead to found a new national association, which he named "La Giovini Italia," "Young Italy." Its motto was "Dio e Popolo," "God and the People." Its faith was democracy in the fullest and widest acceptation of the term. Nor was this confederacy formed in vain. Around it rallied the truest and noblest of Italia's sons. Of this confederacy Mazzini has ever remained the representative and leader. Its worth and power were seen in the troublous times of 1848, when the Lombard volunteers, and the brave Venetians, and the men of Rome, in its name, struggled and triumphed for a time.

But we are anticipating. In 1830 Mazzini was arrested on suspicion of being connected with the Carbonari by Charles Albert, who, when Crown Prince, was himself a leader of the Carbonari. The authorities at Genoa examined him, and would have set him at liberty. Orders, however, came from Turin, and Mazzini was confined for six months to the fortress of Savona, without being brought to trial, or having any further accusation brought against him. Set at liberty, he commenced that life of exile which has subsequently been his lot. His first resting place was Marseilles. His personal appearance at this time is thus described by a friend who for the first time saw him practising rifle shooting with other strangers in that town. He says :—"I went into the ground, and looking round, saw a young man leaning on his rifle, watching

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

the shooters, and waiting for his turn. He was about five feet eight inches high, and slightly made; he was dressed in black Genoa velvet, with the large republican hat; his long, curling black hair, which fell upon his shoulders, the extreme freshness of his clear olive complexion, the chiselled delicacy of his regular and beautiful features, aided by his very youthful look, and sweetness and openness of expression, would have made his appearance almost too feminine, if it had not been for his noble forehead, the power of firmness and decision that was mingled with their gaiety and sweetness in the bright flashes of his dark eyes, and in the varying expression of his mouth, together with his small and beautiful moustachios and beard. Altogether he was, at that time, the most beautiful *being*, male or female, that I had ever seen; and I have not since seen his equal. I had read what he had published, I had heard of what he had done and suffered, and the moment I saw him I *knew* it could be no other than Joseph Mazzini."

For nearly two years Mazzini remained at Marseilles labouring in the cause of Young Italy. A weekly paper was commenced with this title, in which with signal success he made his *debut* as the political teacher of his countrymen. Everywhere enthusiasm was excited. It seemed as if the glorious hour of Italian emancipation was about to dawn.

The following is Mazzini's own testimony to the National Association:—"The Italian youth had found its men. The language which was addressed to it expressed all which it had long felt without giving it utterance—all the secrets of its heart. It caught the inspiration—it took its fire—organisation commenced at every point. In the twinkling of an eye the chain of communication was formed from one extremity to the other of the peninsula. Everywhere the principles of *La Giovini Italia* were preached; everywhere its standard was recognised and hailed. Its members continued to increase; its emissaries were continually meeting each other crossing from province to province. Every day the demand for its publications became louder; presses were set up in some parts of the interior, where small publications, dictated by local circumstances, or reprints of what were sent from Marseilles, were thrown off. Fear was unknown; there was no doubt of success. All this was the result of principles; and all this, effected by some young men, without great means, without the influence of rank, without material force, is strong evidence, it appears to me, in favour of the standard they had reared."

But Mazzini in Marseilles, a poor exile, was a subject of terror to the powers and principalities of the Continent. The Holy Alliance trembled at the formation of a central Association called Young Europe, consisting of all who, in France, or Germany, or Poland, were struggling against the tyranny by which they were crushed down. Accordingly a demand was made for the expulsion of Mazzini, to which, to the lasting disgrace of Louis Philippe be it known, he readily assented. Nevertheless, for more than twelve months Mazzini managed to elude the police and remain in Marseilles. This, however, was a matter of some difficulty. During the whole period he never left the room in which he took up his residence, except upon two occasions, when he ventured to take a short walk at night. At length when concealment became hopeless, Mazzini removed to Switzerland, where he organised the expedition to Savoy, which took place in 1833, "and failed, owing principally to the treachery of General Ramorino—the same who was shot by order of a court martial at the conclusion of the campaign against the Austrians in 1849." This expedition failing, Mazzini was again a wanderer; for the Swiss Republican Government shamefully stooped to imitate the ignominy of France, and expelled, at the dictation of the absolutist authorities the men whose only crime was that they had struggled for the possession of their rights. Before leaving Switzerland, Mazzini published in French a small pamphlet which is described by those who have read it, as "the most perfect specimen of his genius," in which the cause of the exile is pleaded with almost supernatural power. About this time also an event took place which led to the infamous charge so often repeated by the despots of the continent and their advocates, that Mazzini sanctioned, or at least connived at, assassination. The real truth of the matter is as follows:—While Mazzini was living in concealment at Aveyron, on the 31st of May a quarrel occurred among the Italian exiles living there, and two of them were killed by a third named Gavioli. The murdered men turned out to be spies of the Duke of Modena; and "the friends of order" pretended that the murder had been committed in obedience to the decree of a secret tribunal of which Mazzini was president. A French paper went so far as to publish the pretended decree, which at the time Mazzini, in a letter published in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, declared to be a forgery. In the November following Gavioli took his trial for the murder, and a verdict of "homicide without premeditation" was returned. One would have thought here the matter would have ended. On the contrary, however, the lie was eagerly circulated by men who must have known it to be false. Grisquet, the ex-Prefect of Police, repeated it seven years after in Paris and in London. In 1844 the lie was again repeated, but Sir James Graham was obliged to confess that he had inquired into the truth of the story, and *that it was utterly without foundation*. So we may trust, as regards the English people, the lie by this time is altogether dead; we only point to it to show how abiding is the hatred felt for Mazzini by the absolutist authorities, and to show consequently how great and powerful must be Mazzini himself. For the next eleven years of his life Mazzini found a refuge on our shores. "For eleven years," says Mr. Shaen, in a well-written series of papers which appeared in a contemporary, "he kept up an uninterrupted communication with all parts of Italy, and never relaxed in his labours to infuse into his countrymen his own firm faith in the future of his country, and to prepare them to insure it by adding to their faith a determined will. His was no easy mission—his name had not the weight and authority which the world willingly awards to a titled descent, to great wealth, or to striking personal success; for these he had to substitute the authority which is more grudgingly yielded to personal genius, truth, and perseverance. He was poor, yet he had to conduct all his operations not only at a distance but under the additionally expensive disadvantages of secrecy and frequent miscarriage caused by the powerful and watchful opposition of the despotic courts with which he had to contend. To obtain funds he devoted a portion of his time to literature; and, in this way, he has left scattered through our periodical press a number of articles of inestimable value, which procured him the means not only of continuing his political work, but of answering the ceaseless demands for pecuniary assistance by which he was assailed by the most needy and least scrupulous of his own countrymen. Nor had he even that devoted co-operation from all the self-styled patriots of Italy which, had they been worthy to become his fellow-labourers, he could not have missed; his principle and his practice were of truth and purity that were too absolute and unvarying to be appreciated by the worldly, the selfish, and the degraded, from whom no country and no cause can be altogether free. The old organisation of the Carbonari was not yet extinct, although it was rapidly losing both its character and its power, and becoming confined to the most worthless of the heterogeneous elements it had gathered together. Mazzini's Association of Young Italy had given it its death blow, and by those who still clung to it he was never forgiven. Some little time after his arrival in England, he was condemned by its remaining chiefs as a traitor to its laws, and sentenced as such to death. The old forms were kept up, the lot was cast, and the selected man was furnished with the necessary funds, and despatched to England to execute the sentence.

The choice had fallen upon one whose character accorded well with his diabolical mission. When he had got as far as Paris, he delayed a short time in order to take part in a robbery, in which he was detected, and, being tried and found guilty, he was sent to the galleys for life. His employers, however, resolved upon another attempt, and a second emissary was started off, who reached London in safety, and at once proceeded to reconnoitre his ground and lay his plan; for which purpose he assumed a false name, and pretended to be an unfortunate political exile, called upon Mazzini, who was at that time living in lodgings at Chelsea. It is a striking illustration of the extent and perfect organisation of the Association of Young Italy that they were able to send to their distant President notice of every particular of this deep-laid plot as it was formed. On the eventful morning Mazzini was out calling

on a friend who lived not far from his own lodgings, when he received a message that a countryman, newly arrived in England, was at his rooms, exceedingly anxious to see him, and waiting his return for that purpose. He at once returned home, and found in his sitting-room his intended assassin. It was his dinner hour, his servant brought in his dinner, and he sat down and quietly ate it while his visitor told his prepared tale. When it was ended Mazzini turned to him, and fixing upon him a look that at once unnerved him, told him his real name, detailed to him the stages of his journey, and then repeated the instructions with which he had been furnished, and which of course disclosed the real object of his journey. The wretched man gave himself up for lost, and, ready to sink in abject terror, besought Mazzini to give him a glass of water. Mazzini handed one to him, and when he had drank it, astonished him by simply telling him to leave the house. He went, but returned no more to Italy. He remained in England, gaining a miserable subsistence as a spy in the pay of Austria."

In 1844 an event occurred that brought Mazzini's name prominently before the English public. Sir J. Graham and Lord Aberdeen had excited the indignation of all true Englishmen by stooping to become the spies of Austria and Russia. It came out that Mazzini's letters had been opened at the Post-office by their authority, and that the information thus collected was communicated to the foreign oppressors of Italy. At first this was denied by Sir James Graham and his colleagues. In the House of Lords, on the 4th of July, 1844, Lord Normanby asked the Duke of Wellington, as the head of the Government, whether Mr. Mazzini's letters had been communicated to any foreign power. The Duke of Wellington replied that "he had no knowledge of it." Lord Aberdeen then rose and said: "I can more readily answer that question, and I can assure the honourable lord that *not one syllable of the correspondence has been communicated to any body whatever.*" When, however, a committee was appointed the value of this positive denial of the noble lord s was soon found to be but small. The Lords' Committee reported as follows:—"It is true that Mr. Mazzini's letters were for about four months stopped and opened under the warrants of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and inspected by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. *Certain parts of the information thus obtained were communicated to a foreign Government.*" But the course pursued by Her Majesty's Government on that occasion is too sickening for us to dwell on here. Falsehood is not the only crime to be laid at their door. There is but too much reason to believe that the British Government was the direct means of luring on to an ignominious death the brothers Bandiera, whose mournful fate Mazzini at Milan, in 1844, commemorated in an address of singular beauty and power.

Nevertheless, from the infamy of the British Government some good accrued. It became evident that the British Government and the British people were not as one on questions of foreign policy; that in these matters the English people repudiated with scorn the acts of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs—that the time had come for the realisation of Mazzini's dearest hope—a holy alliance of the peoples.

Accordingly, in 1847 was formed the "People's International League," the objects of which were declared to be:—

"To enlighten the British public as to the political condition and relations of foreign countries.

"To disseminate the principles of national freedom and progress.

"To embody and manifest an efficient public opinion in favour of the right of every people to self-government and the maintenance of their own nationality.

"To promote a good understanding between the peoples of all countries."

1848, however, found Mazzini and most of the foreign members of the League more active employment than they had anticipated when the League was originally formed. The revolutionary volcano burst, and all the thrones of Europe seemed about to be for ever overthrown. Mazzini, as soon as the revolution at Milan enabled him to do so, hastened to the scene of conflict, and, on his way thither, he attended a meeting of Italians at Paris, at which the National Association was founded, and at which it was decided that their programme should be national and republican instead of dynastic. As President of the new association, he went to Milan, where he was enthusiastically received, and where he started a paper called *Italia del Popolo*, "Italy of the People," at the same time keeping himself aloof from Charles Albert and his friends, in whom he could put no confidence. Shortly after we find Mazzini joining the Lombard volunteers, led by Garibaldi; but Austria had recovered, and a national insurrection was rendered impossible. Once more, then, Mazzini found refuge in Switzerland. While there the revolution broke out in Rome, and Mazzini proceeded thither, where he was made a Roman citizen and a member of the Roman National Assembly. Shortly after, as one of the triumvirs, his name became glorious throughout the world. Once more Rome was free. It seemed as though the withering blight of the despot and the priest had for ever passed away. We need not tell the sequel. How France sullied a name from which liberty had hoped so much, and Rome once more became enslaved. Still, however, though fallen, there is yet hope. There are hearts that yet beat with heroic impulses, and hands that yet dare do heroic deeds. At the final sitting of the Roman Assembly on the 4th of July, 1849, a decree was passed to "constitute provisionally, and until the people shall be enabled freely to manifest its wishes, an Italian National Committee composed of the following citizens:—Joseph Mazzini, Aurelio Staffi, and Mattia Montecchi; empowering them to add to their number, if necessary, two or more of the Italian citizens; and appealing to all true Italians to assist them by every possible means in the execution of their labour, and to conform themselves as much as possible to any regulations that may issue in the interest of the nation at large."

Upwards of 160 well known Italians have signed this decree; and again a resident in our midst, Mazzini lives to emancipate his country, and to illustrate the old truth—that there are no obstacles, no limits, to the patriot will—that there is a more potent power even than the armed men, or police, or dungeons of the subversers of human rights.

THE PURLOINED LETTER.

Nil sapientiae odiosius acumine nimio.—SENECA.

At Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the two-fold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book-closet, *au troisieme*, No. 33, Rue Dunot, Faubourg St. Germain. For one hour at least we had maintained a profound silence; while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I was mentally discussing certain topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening; I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue, and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Roget. I looked upon it, therefore, as something of a coincidence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G——, the Prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome; for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible about the man, and we had not seen him for several years. We had been sitting in the dark, and Dupin now arose for the purpose of lighting a lamp, but sat down again, without doing so, upon G.'s saying that he had called to consult us, or rather to ask the opinion of my friend, about some official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

"If it is any point requiring reflection," observed Dupin, as he forebore to enkindle the wick, "we shall examine it to better purpose in the dark."

"That is another of your odd notions," said the Prefect, who had a fashion of calling everything "odd" that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of "oddities."

"Very true," said Dupin, as he supplied his visitor with a pipe, and rolled towards him a comfortable chair.

"And what is the difficulty now?" I asked. "Nothing more in the assassination way I hope?"

"Why, I will tell you," replied the Prefect, as he gave a long, steady, and contemplative puff, and settled himself in his chair. "I will tell you in a few words; but, before I begin, let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose the position I now hold, were it known that I confided it to any one."

"Proceed," said I.

"Or not," said Dupin.

"Well, then; I have received personal information, from a very high quarter, that a certain document of the last importance has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a doubt; he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession."

"How is this known?" asked Dupin.

"It is clearly inferred," replied the Prefect, "from the nature of the document, and from the non-appearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing out of the robber's possession;—that is to say, from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it."

"Be a little more explicit," I said.

"Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable." The Prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

"Still I do not quite understand," said Dupin.

"No? Well; the disclosure of the docment to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honour of a person of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendancy over the illustrious personage whose honour and peace are so jeopardised."

"But this ascendancy," I interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare—"

"The thief," said G., "is the Minister D——, who dares all things, those unbecoming as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question—a letter, to be frank—had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal *boudoir*. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavour to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was upon a table. The address, however, was uppermost, and, the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the Minister D——. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognises the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the personage addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses, for some fifteen minutes, upon the public affairs. At length in taking leave, he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but, of course, dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third personage who stood at her elbow. The minister decamped; leaving his own letter—one of no importance—upon the table."

"Here, then," said Dupin to me, "you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendancy complete—the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber."

"Yes," replied the Prefect; "and the power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded, for political purposes, to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced, every day, of the necessity of reclaiming her letter. But this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me."

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is still in possession of the minister; since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs."

"True," said G.; "and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make a thorough search of the minister's hotel; and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "you are quite *au fait* in these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before."

"O yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartment, and, being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed, during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the D—— Hotel. My honour is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that although the letter may be in possession of the minister, as it unquestionably is, he may have concealed it elsewhere than upon his own premises?"

"This is barely possible," said Dupin. "The present peculiar condition of affairs at court, and especially of those intrigues in which D—— is known to be involved, would render the instant availability of the document—its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice—a point of nearly equal importance with its possession."

"Its susceptibility of being produced said I?"

"That is to say of being *destroyed*," said Dupin.

"True," I observed; "the paper is clearly then upon the premises. As for its being upon the person of the minister, we may consider that as out of the question."

"Entirely," said the Prefect. "He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person rigorously searched under my own inspection."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search."

"Why the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *every where*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room; devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined, first, the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly trained police agent, such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a 'secret' drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is so plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops."

"Why so?"

"Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bed-posts are employed in the same way."

"But could not the cavity be detected by sounding!" I asked.

"By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case, we were obliged to proceed without noise."

"But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces *all* articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large-knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs?"

"Certainly not: but we did better—we examined the rungs

of every chair in the hotel, and, indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the glueing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection."

"I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bed-clothes, as well as the curtains and carpets."

"That of course; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered so that none might be missed; then we scrutinised each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope as before."

"The two houses adjoining!" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble."

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the grounds about the houses?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed."

"You looked among D——'s papers, of course, and into the books of the library?"

"Certainly; we opened every package and parcel; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-*cover*, with the most accurate admeasurement, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed, longitudinally, with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond a doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?"

"We did."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is not upon the premises as you suppose,"

"I fear you are right there," said the Prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough research of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G——. "I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the hotel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh yes!"—And here the Prefect, producing a memorandum book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said,—

"Well, but G——, what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as overreaching the Minister?"

"Confound him, say I—yes; I made the re-examination, however, as Dupin suggested—but it was all labour lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal—a *very* liberal reward—I don't like to say how much, precisely; but one thing I *will* say, that I wouldn't mind giving my individual cheque for fifty thousand francs to any one who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. If it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done."

"Why, yes," said Dupin, drawlingly, from behind the smoke of his meerschaum, "I really—think, G——, you have not exerted yourself—to the utmost in this matter. You might—do a little more, I think, eh?"

"How?—in what way?"

"Why—puff, puff—you might—puff, puff—employ counsel in the matter, eh?—puff, puff, puff. Do you remember the story they tell of Abernethy?"

"No; hang Abernethy!"

"To be sure! hang him and welcome. But, once upon a time, a certain rich miser conceived the design of spunging upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion. Getting up, for this purpose, an ordinary conversation in a private company, he insinuated his case to the physician, as that of an imaginary individual.

"'We will suppose,' said the miser, 'that his symptoms are such and such; now, doctor, what would *you* have directed him to take?'

"'Take!' said Abernethy, 'why, take *advice*, to be sure.'"

"But," said the Prefect, a little discomposed, "*I* am *perfectly* willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would *really* give fifty thousand francs to any one who would aid me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a cheque-book, "you may as well fill me up a cheque for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The Prefect appeared absolutely thunder-stricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a cheque for fifty thousand francs, and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully and deposited it in his pocket-book; then, unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the Prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the cheque.

When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanations.

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G—— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the Hotel D——, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation—so far as his labours extended."

"So far as his labours extended?" said I.

"Yes," said Dupin. "The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond a question, have found it."

I merely laughed—but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case, and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are, with the Prefect, a sort of Procrustean bed, to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow, for the matter in hand; and many a schoolboy is a better reasoner than he.

"The more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D——; upon the fact that the document must always have been *at hand*, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the Prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary's ordinary search—the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the Minister had resorted to the

comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

"Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the Ministerial hotel. I found D—— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling, as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of *ennui*. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

"To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

"I paid especial attention to a large writing-table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly, some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

"At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery filagree card-rack of pasteboard, that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon, from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantel-piece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two, across the middle—as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless, had been altered, or stayed, in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D—— cipher *very* conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D——, the minister, himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

"No sooner had I glanced at this letter, than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was, to all appearance, radically different from the one of which the Prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D—— cipher; there it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S—— family. Here, the address, to the Minister, was diminutive and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But, then, the *radicalness* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt; the soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the *true* methodical habits of D——, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived; these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion in one who came with the intention to suspect.

"I protracted my visit as long as possible, and, while I maintained a most animated discussion with the Minister, upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination, I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack; and also fell, at length, upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinising the edges of the paper, I observed them to be more *chafed* than seemed necessary. They presented the *broken* appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reversed direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, re-directed, and re-sealed. I bade the Minister good morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

"The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed, quite eagerly, the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a terrified mob. D—— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime, I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a *fac-simile* (so far as regards externals), which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings—imitating the D—— cypher, very readily, by means of a seal formed of bread.

"The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behaviour of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay."

"But what purpose had you," I asked, "in replacing the letter by a *fac-simile?* Would it not have been better, at the first visit, to have seized it openly, and departed?"

"D——," replied Dupin, "is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I might never have left the Ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter, I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months the Minister has had her in his power. She has now him in hers—since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus will he inevitably commit himself, at once, to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Averni;* but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I have no sympathy—at least no pity—for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum*, an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the Prefect terms 'a certain personage,' he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack."

"How did you put anything particular in it?"

"Why—it did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank—that would have been insulting. D——, at Vienna, once did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humouredly, that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clue. He is well acquainted with my MS., and I just copied into the middle of the blank sheet the words—

"'—— —— Un dessein si funeste,
S'il n'est digne d'Atrée, est digne de Thyest.'

They are to be found in Crébillon's 'Atrée.'"

THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL.—The tomb of Moses is unknown; but the traveller slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with the cedar, and gold, and ivory, and even the great temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself, are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City not one stone is left upon another; but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day. The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into dust; but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Aque Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The Temple of the Sun at Tadmor in the Wilderness has fallen; but its fountain sparkles in its rays, as when thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonnades. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site save mounds of crumbling brick-work. The Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if any work of art should rise over the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither a palace nor a temple, but some vast aqueduct or reservoir; and if any name should flash through the mist of antiquity it will probably be that of the man who in his day sought the happiness of his fellow-men rather than glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility or benevolence. This is the true glory which outlives all others, and shines with undying lustre from generation to generation, imparting to works something of its own immortality, and in some degree rescuing them from the ruin which overtakes the ordinary monuments of historical tradition or mere magnificence.

MISCELLANEA.

An Easy Remedy.—The attendant of Matthews in his last illness intended to give his patient some medicine; but a few moments afterwards it was found that the medicine was nothing but ink, which had been taken from the phial by mistake, and his friend exclaimed, "Good heavens, Matthews, I have given you ink!" "Never mind, my boy—never mind," said Matthews, faintly, "I'll swallow a bit of blotting-paper."

Young America. — "Father," exclaimed the hopeful son and heir of a gentleman of our acquaintance, not long since, while the latter was congratulating the youth upon his smartness and scholastic studies—the youngster having attained eight years of age—"Father, I'm an American, ain't I?"—"Yes, my boy, you are," responded the delighted parent.—"Well, father, you ain't, are you?"—"Not by birth, my son."—"Well, then," exclaimed young America, in a thoughtful manner, "when I grow up to be a man, I will be able *to lick two like you*—won't I?"—The proud parent's answer is not recorded.

Advice.—There is a well-known custom prevailing in our criminal courts of assigning counsel to such prisoners as have no one to defend them. On one occasion, the court finding a man accused of theft, and without counsel, said to a lawyer who was present, "Mr. ——, please to withdraw with the prisoner, confer with him, and then give him such counsel as may be best for his interest." The lawyer and his client then withdrew, and in fifteen or twenty minutes the lawyer returned into court. "Where is the prisoner?" asked the court. "He has gone, your honour," said the hopeful legal "limb." "Your honour told me to give him the best advice I could for his interest, and, as he said he was guilty, I thought the best counsel I could offer him was to 'cut and run,' which he took at once."

Coleridge on Horseback.—Coleridge was a remarkably awkward horseman—so much so as generally to attract notice. He was once riding along the turnpike-road in the county of Durham, when a wag, approaching him, noticed his peculiarity, and (quite mistaking his man) thought the rider a fine subject for a little sport, when, as he drew near, he thus accosted Mr. C.:—"I say, young man, did you meet a *tailor* on the road?"—"Yes," replied Mr. C. (who was never at a loss for a rejoinder), I did; and he told me, if I went a little further, I should meet a *goose!* The assailant was struck dumb, while the traveller jogged on.

Witnesses to Character.—"What do you know of his moral character?" asks the president of a court-martial to a sailor in Jerrold's dramatic version of "Black-Eyed Susan." "A good deal," is the answer; "he plays on the fiddle like an angel."—The late Earl Dudley wound up an eloquent tribute on the virtues of a deceased Baron of the Exchequer with this pithy peroration:—"He was a good man, an excellent man. He had the best melted butter I ever tasted in my life."

Help Yourself.—Beg, borrow, seek office, fish for place, trust in patronage, wait for old men to die, worship fortune—who does not one or other of these? Who does not expect to rise by the help of others? Help yourself, and God will help you. Nine-tenths of the world live and die infidels of this truth. So destitute are most people of the knowledge or belief of this truth, that give them the slightest indications that they may rely on you, eat you, clothe themselves out of you, and they will do it without mercy. They will drop their tools and their labour, and do it. This it is that makes the world so hedgehoggish. The self-helpers know that, in the common run, if they help others they may help and be—eaten up. This it is that has spoiled most, if not all, the experiments to apply the science and economies of association to practical human life. Take people as they rise, and put them together in a bee-hive community, and one-half of them will turn drones and live upon the rest, because they have not been educated to rely upon themselves, but just the reverse. No wonder that the swarm should be eaten up by these drones, or exhaust itself in an effort to turn them out. Yet men are naturally self-reliant. The moment a baby can go alone, it goes itself and imitates all kinds of work, proud to be doing somothing. But this disposition is not encouraged, but discouraged. The rich are ashamed to have their children do anything menial, as if menial and mean were the same word. The poor cannot be bothered to teach work to babies, and when their babies get to be old enough they overload them with it untaught. Hence the child comes to maturity educated in sloth, bad health, and reliance on others, or to hate the burden which crushes him, and longs to be relieved entirely from it. Self-reliance is destroyed every way, in work, thought, and opinion. Whole classes, we may say races, of men are taught to feed upon others without returning any fair equivalent. They even think themselves generous to leave a little which they don't eat.

Result of Chemical Physiology.—Any substance that has to make its way from the human stomach, through the vessels which proceed to the various parts of the body, must be capable of being dissolved by the fluids of the body. An insoluble substance will pass unchanged and unabsorbed along the alimentary canal, and escape from the body in the usual manner, without producing any materially sensible effect. A soluble substance, on the contrary, passes into the blood, and if nutritious, nourishes, if poisonous, more or less injuriously affects the functions of life. Thus chemists are now familiar with methods by which in their laboratories many soluble poisonous substances can be united with other bodies, so as to become insoluble, and in this new state be rendered capable of being introduced into the stomach without injurious consequences. To perform such an experiment in the stomach, is to administer an antidote, of more or less certain efficacy, against a poison which has been previously swallowed. In this way, lime and magnesia are antidotes against oxalic acid, the white of egg against corrosive sublimate, hydrated per-oxide of iron against white arsenic, and so on. These severally combine with the poisonous substance when brought in contact with it in the stomach, render it insoluble, and consequently inert.

Mrs. Speckles says that the best vegetable pill that has yet been invented is an apple dumpling. To destroy a gnawing at the stomach, it is the only pill that can be relied on.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mary.—Your name is a great favourite with all classes. It has been famous both in sacred and profane history. It is from the French, and signifies exalted. Its French form is *Marie*.

A Student.—The first number of the "Edinburgh Review" appeared on the 1st of November, 1802. The number of copies printed was 750. This, however, was not enough, and more was speedily printed. In 1808 the quarterly circulation was about 9,000; and it is believed to have reached its maximum about 1813, when 12,000 or 13,000 copies were printed.

James Harding wishes us to give him some directions about writing for the press. We do so willingly. 1. Use note size paper, because a large sheet covers the printer's case, and hinders his work. 2. Do not write on the back of the paper, as that doubles the time of printing the article—while one side is being "set up," what is written on the back cannot be "gone on with." 3. Write with dark black ink, for an editor will read with reluctance what he sees with difficulty; and the compositor for the same reason will dislike to set it up. 4. Always write a plain bold hand.

A Poor Man's Wife.—Dr. Rees, late physician of Bellevue Hospital, New York, has been making experiments concerning the best mode of healing burns and scalds, and checking the acute suffering. He has found that flour, thrown on with a common dredging-box, is one of the best and most efficient remedies yet discovered. The external air is one cause of suffering, and the flour thus applied both heals and closes wounds to the atmosphere. The edges of the wounds which remained open he dressed with oil and lime, applied by a feather. Dr. Rees says the above application made to wounds by fire, hot water, gunpowder, &c., has been most happy in the practice at the hospital.

W. T.—The returns of newspaper stamps published by order of the House of Commons are not to be depended on. One Lincolnshire paper was returned with a circulation of some thousands two years before it was even in existence. One Cheltenham paper is altogether omitted, and its rival is returned with the circulation that really belongs to the two. We have heard of several other cases, but we merely give these as specimens. We believe the returns as regards the London press are more satisfactory. We learn from them that the ten daily papers issued morning and evening circulate only to the number of 64,408; of which the *Times* absorbs the immense proportion of 38,382, the *Morning Chronicle*, 2,915, and the *Daily News*, 3,630.

A Londoner.—The present area of the Metropolis, according to the census returns, is 44,850 square acres, or about 70 square miles; that upon it are erected 324,611 houses, of which 16,889 are uninhabited; and that on the 31st of March of the present year there were 4,817 houses in the course of erection. In 307,722 houses there resided 2,361,640 people, at the rate of 7·7 persons per house, and the estimated value of property rated for the relief of the poor is about £9,000,000. To have a better idea of the magnitude of the Metropolis, compare it with other places or countries. The population of the whole of Ireland by the last census was 6,515,794; Scotland had 2,870,784 inhabitants; and Wales, 1,188,821. The great manufacturing counties of Lancashire and Yorkshire contained a population respectively of 2,059,026, and 1,785,680. So that the Metropolis contains within its boundaries a population more than one-third as great as that of all Ireland, four-fifths as great as all Scotland, twice as great as all Wales, one-seventh more than Lancashire, and one-fourth more than the entire county of Yorkshire. By the Income-tax returns it appears that the assessed rental of the Metropolis amounts to the enormous sum of £12,186,508; but any attempt to estimate the wealth of the Metropolis would be useless, as there are no sufficient data whereby to judge. If, however, any one will look at the shipping in the Thames, the immense range of warehouses, the enormous capital of our different insurance companies, the £17,000,000 of bullion in the Bank, the almost incalculable amount of merchandise, the income derived by our several gas and water companies, the number and magnitude of our charitable and benevolent institutions, some faint idea of the wealth of the richest city in the world may be formed, but not realised.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE CHINESE.

THE amusements of the people are both varied and numerous. The following are two of their in-door amusements. One consists in each one of the party guessing at the number of fingers suddenly held up between himself and his antagonist, and the penalty of the loser, each time, is to drink a cup of wine. In still calm evenings, during the continuance of the Chinese festivals, the shouts of the common people engaged at this sport are said to be sometimes so boisterous as to drown all other sounds. The other festive sport alluded to is to circulate a handsome bouquet of flowers rapidly from hand to hand among the guests, while a kettle-drum beats a roll *con spirito* in an adjoining room; whoever holds the flowers at the instant the drum ceases, pays a similar forfeit.

Other games are designed for out of doors. One of these, in times of public festivity, is supplied by an axle, consisting of a heavy piece of wood, and furnished at each end with a wheel formed from a block of granite. The aim is to effect the greatest upraising of this mass. The first feat is to raise it to the knees, the second to lift it in the arms, the third to bear it aloft in the air. Muscular strength and dexterity are alike required for, and promoted by, this kind of exercise.

Another, which is a favourite among the middle classes in China, consists in projecting a ball into the air by a sudden stroke given with the inside of the foot. The art, in this instance, is to drive the ball aloft in a direction nearly perpendicular to the horizon, and as little as possible to discompose

CHINESE JUGGLERS.

the limbs and garments of the competitor. The game is ascribed, in the Chinese Encyclopædia, to an Emperor of very remote times, who is said to have invented it for the diversion and exercise of his soldiers

In flying kites the Chinese take great pleasure, and discover in their manufacture no little ingenuity. Not only do they imitate the forms of butterflies, fishes, and birds, but they give them motions bearing some resemblance to those of the creatures the kites represent. Thus, when there is the appearance of a fish, the tail vibrates and the body assumes an undulatory motion ; while the butterfly-kite looks like that insect when agitated by the wind. But the *chef d'œuvre* in this way appears to be an imitation of the fishing-hawk. In the summer, the kites thus formed hover over the river near Canton, just as fish-hawks do in creeks and harbours near the sea ; and so complete is the resemblance to the pendant mode of those birds when staying themselves in the air, as often to deceive the stranger who looks on. By means of round holes, supplied with vibrating cords, the kites are made to produce a loud humming noise, like that of a top. The ninth day of the ninth moon is a holiday specially devoted to this national pastime, when numbers may be seen repairing to the hills, for the purpose of kite-flying; and, after amusing themselves, they let the kites fly wherever the wind may carry them. The swing is also frequently used, resembling our own when suspended from the branches of a lofty tree, and oscillating like a pendulum in the arc of a very large circle.

The Chinese are, unhappily, addicted to gambling from their early years. A table, with a large circle divided into eight portions, is very commonly seen near the places of public resort. On one of the sections the player places his money, and then whirls round a shaft which turns on a pivot like the needle of a compass, hoping it will stop over the section he has chosen. In this lottery, as in others, the prizes are immensely exceeded by the blanks, but should there happen to be a pointing to the division containing the money, the sum staked is doubled.

One boy wishing for half a dozen oranges in this way, the fruit and half the price demanded for it are laid down together. The dice-box is then produced. Should the boy throw the highest number, he pockets his money again, and takes possession of the fruit; if the feat is performed by the seller, he, on the contrary, wins the stakes. In like manner, other eatables are sought, as rice-balls, filled with meat and vegetables, slices of pork, &c., which are stored up beneath the table of the vender, or so displayed in a vessel at hand as to attract the hopes of the hungry. Dice, cards, and dominoes, are all favourite amusements.

In the Chinese Encyclopædia there is a representation of the barbarous practice of cock-fighting. Quails, also, are trained for the same cruel sport; and besides these, a species of cricket. At certain seasons of the year, these insects are exposed for sale in great numbers, about the environs of Canton. They are kept in pans, covered with iron net-work. At the time of combat two of these crickets are placed in a bowl together, and irritated by a straw, when the attack takes place with great violence. The usual result is the retreat of one. Death appears rarely to take place. The passion that prevails for such sports is evident from the fact that hundreds of dollars are often staked on the issue of cricket-combats, and large sums are often paid for those insects who have proved victorious, as they are for successful racers in this country.

Jugglers are numerous in China, and often perform feats of a surprising character.

The Rev. George Smith describes the following performance when on a visit to a wealthy Chinese:—"Aquei conducted us into a room, where he was sitting with his two wives, handsomely attired, looking from a window on a crowd assembled in the street to witness the performance of a native juggler. The latter, after haranguing the crowd with much animation in the Nanking dialect (as is usual with actors), proceeded to one part of the crowd, and took thence a child, apparently five or six years old, who, with struggling reluctance, was led into the centre of the circle.

"The man then, with impassioned gestures, violently threw the child on a wooden stool, and, placing him on his back, flourished over him a large knife; the child all the time sobbing and crying, as if from fright. Two or three older men from the crowd approached with earnest remonstranc against the threatened deed of violence. For a time he d sisted; but soon after returning to the child, who was sti uttering most pitiable cries, he placed him with his bac upwards, and notwithstanding the violent protests of th seniors, he suddenly dashed the knife into the back of th child's neck, which it appeared to enter till it had almo divided it from the head, the blood meanwhile copiousl flowing from the wound, and streaming to the ground over th hands of the man. The struggles of the child grew more an more feeble, and at last altogether ceased.

"The man then arose, leaving the knife firmly fixed in th child's neck. Copper cash were now thrown liberally int the ring for the benefit of the principal actors. These wer collected by assistants, all of them viewing the influx of th coin with great delight, and bowing continually to the spec tators, and reiterating the words, 'Many thanks.' After time, the man proceeded towards the corpse, pronounced few words, took away the knife, and called aloud to the chil Soon there appeared the signs of returning animation. Th stiffness of death gradually relaxed, and at last he stood u among the eager crowd, who closed around him, and bounti fully rewarded him with cash. The performance was evidentl one which excited delight in the bystanders, who, by thei continued shouts, showed their approbation of the acting."

The deception practised in this instance, consisted in th construction of the blade and handle of the knife, which is s contrived, that by making a sawing motion on the throat c the child, a stream of coloured liquid, resembling blood, i pumped out of the knife and handle. All the rest is but specimen of clever acting.

Fireworks, as they are among ourselves, are especially at tractive to the Chinese. The writer just quoted describes giant specimen of pyrotechnic skill. A long pole was erected fifty feet in height, hung round with cases of rockets an other combustibles. On its being lighted at the bottom, ther was a rapid succession of squibs, roman-candles, guns, an rockets, which illuminated the sky to a great distance wit their igneous masses. After this minor display, a house sud denly dropped with its inmates from one of the arms of th pole. The surrounding fireworks, far and near, were so ar ranged as to pour in their shot and completely riddle th house. A volley of lesser combustibles suddenly terminate in a beautiful cluster of grapes, which lasted for some time and shed a deep blue light on the houses and walks for some distance around. A shower of golden rain was shortly afte followed by an umbrella of fire, which suddenly flew open amid the loud cheers of the spectators. Soon after, a human figure was impetuously carried round in a circular motion, and received the discharge of the surrounding crackers. An oblique shower of gold and silver followed; after which some rockets pursued their flaming track along the air, in a horizontal direction. These were succeeded by rockets, shot perpendicularly to a great height. The display occupied a quarter of an hour, and was concluded amid the boisterous plaudits of old and young.

In Peking, during the winter, skating, and other amusements on the ice, in which the Emperor takes part, are among the national exercises. Van Braam, who was one of the Dutch mission which proceeded from Canton soon after Lord Macartney's embassy, says:—"The Emperor made his appearance on a sort of sledge, supported by the figures of four dragons. This machine was moved by several Mandarins, some dragging before, and others pushing behind. The four principal Ministers of State were also drawn on the ice in their sledges by inferior Mandarins.

"Whole troops of civil and military officers soon appeared, some on sledges, some on skates, and others playing at football on the ice, and he that picked up the ball was rewarded by the Emperor. The ball was then hung up in a kind of arch, and several Mandarins shot at it, in passing on skates, with their bows and arrows. Their skates were cut off short under the heel, and the fore-part was turned up at right-angles."

Such diversions are quite in the spirit of the Tartars, though their original habits were strongly opposed to the quietude of the Chinese. The labouring classes in the southern province of the empire are robust and athletic, but others who have not their exertion are proportionately feeble. The Chinese, unless

of the military profession, seldom mount a horse; and as no one who can afford a chair ever moves in any other way, the benefits of walking are totally lost. Alluding to personal comfort and ease they say:—"It is better to sit than to walk; it is better to lie down than to sit; and still better to sleep than to do either."

When Lord Macartney's embassy was in China, its members determined on giving a grand ball. Every arrangement was made which it was supposed could produce a favourable impression on the native mind, as the British "tripped it" with their utmost spirit and gaiety,

"On the light fantastic toe."

In the course of the entertainment Sir George Staunton tried to gather the views taken of it by one of the Mandarins, but they were not *very* favourable. "I think," he said, "you English people put yourselves to great unnecessary trouble: we get our servants in China to do all this for us!"

The great heat of the climate during a considerable portion of the year must be regarded as one cause of the general inactivity, which would be productive of great suffering were it not that the people live so much in the open air. In the south they do so, attired in warm clothing, during even the winter months. In the north the weather is too inclement to allow of this practice.

The theatre is another amusement of the Chinese to which we must refer.

The splendour of wardrobes thus used is remarked by a Russian ambassador, nearly two hundred years ago. He says:—"First entered a very beautiful lady, magnificently dressed in cloth of gold adorned with jewels, and a crown on her head, singing her speech in a charming voice and agreeable motion of the body, playing with her hands, in one of which she held a fan. The prologue thus performed, the play followed, the story of which turned on a Chinese Emperor, long since dead, who had behaved himself well towards his country, and in honour of whose memory the play was written. Sometimes he appeared in royal robes, with an ivory sceptre in his hand, and sometimes his officers showed themselves with ensigns, arms, drums, &c."

On most occasions, the costume of the Chinese stage is still magnificent. Gay silks and splendid embroidery are lavished on the dresses of the actors. Most of the serious plays are historical, but for obvious reasons, do not touch on events that have occurred since the Tartar conquest. The moral writers of China frequently warn their readers against theatrical performances, and prohibit their being witnessed by females.

Mr. Fortune describes an invitation accepted by himself and some other Europeans to the house of a Mandarin at Shanghae to see a theatrical performance, and to dine with him afterwards. Alluding to some preliminary hospitalities, he says: "While this was going on in the house, the players were getting everything ready in the large room where the performance was to take place. In a little while one of them entered the room where we were, carrying in his hand several fine long ivory cards, on which were written a number of the most popular plays of the day, any one of which the players were ready to perform at the command of our host and his friends. We were most politely consulted on the subject, which, as we did not know a single character of the language, and had the greatest difficulty in understanding what was said to us, was not of much use. Having at last fixed on a piece for the evening's entertainment, we were all led into the theatre. The room was large and nearly square, having a platform at the upper end for the actors and band, and one of the sides being only separated from an open lane by a railing, so that the public might also have a view of the play. The centre of the room was filled with guests, and from the roof hung a number of lanterns in the Chinese style. As it was early in the afternoon when the play commenced, the lanterns were not lighted, and the piece went on in daylight.

"The play began with some pantomime-like feats. These were succeeded by something which appeared to be very pathetic, judging from the language and gestures of the performers. All was gone through in a kind of opera style, the actors singing their parts with false voices. The feats of tumbling which were now and then performed, were extremely dexterous and clever, and attracted our notice more than anything else, probably because they were best understood.

"The dresses of the actors were superb, and must have cost a large sum of money. There were no females among them, as it is not customary for them to act; but their places were supplied by men or boys, chosen from among those who are most lady-looking; and so well were their appearance and dresses arranged, that it would have required a practised eye to have detected the difference.

"The voices of the actors were not musical, at least to English ears, but the whole was in unison with the noisy gong, and the wind instruments, like bagpipes, which are in common use among the Chinese. In fact, noise seemed to be the thing which produced the greatest effect, and we certainly had enough of it.

"I was struck by the various figures made by the actors on the stage, intended, no doubt, to represent something like those scenes or pictures which are so much studied in our theatres at home. A quadrant seems to be a great favourite, and was constantly made by them in the different acts. They have no scenery to assist the delusions, only a simple screen, which is sometimes used to represent a room out of which some actor is to make his appearance. Fencing is much practised, and is, perhaps, the most curious part of these exhibitions. Each individual has two swords, which he swings about his head in the wildest manner, at the same time throwing his feet and legs about in a most fantastic way, as if they had as much to do in the business as the hands and arms. The exhibition or play lasted for three hours, and then we left the theatre, and retired into another room."

There are in China a great number of public *fêtes* celebrated at various periods of the year, the majority in honour of some of the gods. That which took place at Canton, in honour of the Tai-Tseou, the god who presides over the safety of houses, has been well described by a French traveller, and may serve to furnish the reader with an idea of what occurs in similar cases all over the empire. For some days previous many of the streets were covered over with red, blue, white, and yellow awnings, which completely intercepted the rays of the sun. Planks had also been stretched across from one house to another, about ten feet above the ground, and upon them were placed images of gods, goddesses, and heroes, in pasteboard. The greater number of these groups of statuettes were representations of combats with sword or spear—a strange manner, one would think, of showing honour to a god so pacific as a protector of houses and families. At intervals splendid lamps or lustres were suspended along the whole way; at the entrance of the streets, and in the passages, altars of pasteboard were raised, adorned with flowers, paintings, and tinsel. Brilliant illuminations, and numerous *sing-song* representations in theatres, got up for the occasion, formed the principal amusement of the *fête*. Something of a religious gravity was lent to the whole solemnity by placing mice inside the statuettes, and thus imparting motion to them, and by the terribly discordant sound of the musical instruments. The music is varied at each festival. In the present case the instruments most in use were gongs, or kettle-drums, whilst at the fire festival stringed instruments only are allowed.

Of all Chinese *fêtes*, however, the most important is that which takes place upon the first day of the new year. The Chinese year commences with the first moon in January, and lasts during twelve moons; and in order that there may be no derangement in the number of moons assigned to each year, at the end of some years the last moon is doubled; so as to make these years consist of thirteen moons. A law of the empire ordains that all the affairs of one year be terminated before the commencement of the next; and any merchant or trader who has not balanced his books and paid his debts by the end of the last moon incurs a heavy penalty. This deliverance from the cares of the closing year is celebrated with great rejoicings, in which fireworks are exhibited on an extensive scale. When the Chinese tradesman has ruled his books, he adorns the space in front of his shop with festoons of flowers, "crackers," rockets, &c., and the noise caused by the explosion of the latter apprises his neighbours that he is now at liberty to make merry. He then invites his most intimate friends into his house, and during three or four hours

abandons himself along with them to every sort of excess. Whilst these orgies last, the doors are closed, and the windows hung with a sort of a semi-transparent curtain, which protects

During the first two days of the year all the shops are clos and all business suspended; every one clothes himself holiday garments, and nothing is thought of but amusem

CHINESE THEATRE.

the inmates from the view of profane eyes. The rich often protract these saturnalia throughout the whole of the first moon.

Some carry about the branches of trees deprived of their lea and covered with white flowers called *teou-tchoung-fa;* oth send presents of sweetmeats, roast sucking pigs, &c., to th friends. Some rush to the theatres, others to watch the sp upon the water. The mendicants daub their faces with bl and white paint; and sometimes try to imitate the mark deep wounds.

CHINESE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

CHINESE MUSICIANS.

Just before the close of the year a great number of fanta paintings, marble tablets, and valuable furniture or orname of various kinds, are exposed for sale in the streets, at a pr

three or four times higher than that they would fetch in the shops. These are either the property of persons straitened for money to discharge their accounts, or of the rich, who fear being considered people of *mauvais ton* if they keep ornaments of this kind more than one year in their houses.

New year's day is almost the only interval of repose enjoyed by this industrious population. The entire remainder of the year is devoted to labour, except two or three holidays, which those who can, do not fail to make the most of—such as the "Feast of the Dragon," the "Carnival or Masquerade Day," in which the dragon plays the principal part; and the "Feast of the Lanterns." On the night of this last *fête*, the large towns offer an extraordinary spectacle. Every house is illuminated, and every boat upon the rivers and canals covered with lanterns; and the noise caused by the gongs, and other instruments, and the shouts of the people, is positively deafening.

THE PUPIL OF A GREAT MASTER.

"So, mamma, you have had a visit from our neighbour, Mrs. Campbell?" said a bright Hebe-looking girl, as she entered the small but neat-looking parlour in which her mother was seated, and began to arrange some flowers in a china vase.

"Yes, and she brought me some news, too."

"Of what sort?" asked the daughter.

"She tells me that the pretty cottage at the end of the lane, that has stood empty so long, is at last about to be occupied; and who do you think has taken it?"

"I can't tell, indeed. Is it any one that I know?"

"Yes, one with whom you are very well acquainted."

"Who can it be! Do tell me, mamma," continued the daughter, with increasing interest; "though I am almost afraid from the expression of your countenance that it is some one you are not very fond of having for a neighbour."

"You are quite right there. What do you think of its being James Davenport?" And as the mother pronounced the name she raised her eyes to the face of her daughter, whilst a deep flush passed over her own.

"James Davenport!" exclaimed her companion. "How can that be? He has not, I hope, proved unfaithful to Josephine."

"No, on the contrary, Josephine is to share it with him."

"Oh, I am delighted to hear that! Then Mr. Hardman has relented at last of his cruelty."

"No, not at all. So far from it, he continues to say, as he has always done, that if they want to marry they may, but they must not look for a farthing from him. So now, after having waited for a more cordial assent till their patience is worn out, they have determined to venture on the little they have, and trust to Davenport's talents and industry for bringing him gradually into fuller practice."

"And they are right," said the young girl with animation. "Better to live in a humble cottage, restricted by the closest economy, than in a palace where you are treated only as an incumbrance. And oh," she continued as a glow of pleasure lighted up her beautiful face, "how delightful it will be for me to have Josephine for so near a neighbour!"

On hearing these words, Mrs. Renwick (for that was her mother's name) fixed her eyes on the face of her daughter with an expression of surprise and displeasure, and then said—"Is it possible, Louisa, you can talk of making a neighbour of the daughter of Mr. Hardman?"

"Why not, mamma? you would not surely think of making her accountable for her father's transgressions. It belongs to the Almighty alone to visit the sins of the parents on the children; and no one that has ever looked at Josephine's sweet eyes, her pretty mouth, and her pure and open countenance, so full of artlessness and truth, can believe, for a moment, that she ever was capable of a mean or ungenerous thought."

"I don't pretend to say that Josephine is not a very good, amiable girl, but she is the daughter of the man who swindled your father out of an ample fortune, and drove us from the spacious mansion which we inhabited only a couple of years ago, and obliged us to take refuge in this humble dwelling, where your poor father breathed out the last sigh of a broken heart. When I think of this, Louisa, it is impossible I can ever bear the sight of her. So don't, I beg of you, attempt to bring her here."

"I won't, dear mother, do either that or anything else that will give you pain," returned the daughter, as the tears trembled in the full hazel eyes that had a minute before sparkled with vivacity; "but you will not, I hope, forbid my going to see Josephine, and showing her how much I still love her?"

"If the wrongs that your father met with at the hands of hers," continued Mrs. Renwick, without replying to her daughter, "were not sufficient to alienate your affections from her, I should have thought that the circumstance of Harry Roscoe's having likewise been so severe a sufferer would at least have had the effect. This is just about the time that you and Harry were to have been married, for your father and I had promised you should be his as soon as you had completed your nineteenth year; but Hardman, unfortunately, with his plausibility and cunning, persuaded your father not only to risk his own fortune, but that of his ward, in the tempting speculation that he held out to him merely as a trap, and now Harry has to make use of a profession that he had before studied merely as a means of gratifying the cravings of an inquiring mind, and has to submit to all the drudgery of a country physician, instead of waiting with his handsome fortune till practice sought him."

"Harry has never once complained of having been reduced to that necessity," replied Louisa. "On the contrary, in almost every letter he speaks with cheerfulness of the insight he is gaining into the science of medicine by the extensive practice in which he is engaged; and often declares his conviction that had he remained here under the enervating influence of wealth, he would never have been anything but a mere dribbler; but having, on the contrary, joined an old experienced physician, who was literally worn out with his extensive practice, he came at once into the experience of years, and constant opportunities of exercising his knowledge."

"All this is very fine and lover-like; but nothing could persuade me that he does not hate Hardman as heartily as I do, and would be mortified beyond expression were he to hear of your renewing your intimacy with his daughter. I hope, therefore, Louisa, that out of respect to his feelings, if not to mine, you will not think of doing so."

"And do you really say, dear mother," asked Louisa with a look of painful anxiety, "that I must not go to see Josephine when she comes so near to me?"

"Suppose you went, and met her father there?"

"And suppose I did, what of it? The encounter might be an unpleasant one to him, but to me it would be of little consequence. I have no need to be afraid of seeing Mr. Hardman; *I* never injured *him*."

"But is it not a most painful thing to see, and have to speak civilly to those we hate?"

"I don't know," answered Louisa with simplicity; "I never experienced the feeling of hate, and therefore cannot answer for its consequences."

"Louisa, you are a most provoking girl," exclaimed Mrs. Renwick, impatiently. "You really have no spirit. I believe if you even had an opportunity of being revenged upon him you wouldn't make use of it."

"There you are mistaken, mamma," said Louisa, looking at her mother with one of her sweet angelic smiles. "Give me an opportunity, and see if I would not have my revenge. But it is of no use talking of a thing that is not likely ever to happen. Mr. Hardman is independent of me, and altogether out of my reach. So only tell me, dear mother, if you will not agree to my going to see Josephine, provided Harry consents to my doing so."

"Well, well," replied the reluctant parent, as she turned away from the lovely face before her, lest she should be induced to give a too cordial consent, "I suppose, if Harry doesn't object, I must not, however disagreeable it is to me to yield."

"And you will write to him immediately?" urged Louisa.

"I have a letter half-written already, and will finish it directly."

"Oh, thank you, dear mother!" cried the sweet girl, as she again pressed her lips on the hand of her parent. "Now we will let the subject drop till the arrival of Harry's answer."

"But mind, you are not to write yourself and coax him," said Mrs. Renwick.

"Oh no, all shall be open and above board!" replied Louisa playfully, as she recommenced arranging her flowers, humming as she did so a lively air, for she knew the generous mind of her lover, and had no apprehension about the result of the application.

The answer to Mrs. Renwick's letter arrived even sooner than they had calculated, and nearly the first sentence was as follows:—"I am delighted to hear that Josephine and Davenport have at last determined to depend upon themselves for happiness. With his talents, diligence, and sobriety, and his amiable wife's industry and moderate desires, there is no doubt of their soon becoming independent. But I am half offended at my Louisa for thinking it necessary to consult me on the propriety of giving a welcome to her friend when she comes into her neighbourhood. Indeed, I cannot imagine what had come over her, for I could have been perfectly sure that her first impulse would have been to fly to her friend, and should have been equally certain of her giving me credit for partaking of the same feeling."

Louisa had scarcely finished reading this letter when their neighbour and chronicler, Mrs. Campbell, came in and announced the arrival of the bride and bridegroom at their little cottage the previous evening.

"Then I may go and see her, mamma," said the warm-hearted girl; and without waiting for a reply, she hastened out of the room to prepare for the visit; nor did she after she was ready venture to show herself in the parlour, lest her mother should start some new objection which would make it unpleasant for her to go.

She found the young bride alone, and was received by her with much affection, though with evident agitation, for this was their first meeting since the change in Mr. Renwick's fortunes had taken place under such circumstances as left no doubt of the fraud which had been practised upon him, with all of which Louisa knew her friend to be fully acquainted. She had not come, however, to recal painful recollections to the mind of the young bride, but to assure her of her sympathy and unaltered affection. With all the tenderness, therefore, of a generous heart, she repressed her own rising emotions, and led her on to talk of her husband, her house, and the beautiful garden by which it was surrounded, and help her to plan some simple alterations by which it might be improved. As they were thus engaged, and had almost forgotten the painful past in the sweet reciprocation of feeling that used to be so delightful to them, a harsh grating voice, which Louisa knew at once to be the well-remembered voice of Mr. Hardman, struck upon their ear, and they heard his step advancing towards the room in which they sat. Louisa was conscious of her friend's looking at her with an anxious eye, but she bore the examination with composure, for in truth she had no bad feelings respecting him to control. She thought of him with pity rather than resentment, for she felt it to be an awful thing for one so near his last account to entail upon himself sins which must inevitably bring a fearful charge against him. As he entered he discovered evident surprise at seeing her, and she fancied she saw a slight increase of colour in his face. She spoke to him politely, though coldly, and sat with composure whilst he conversed with his daughter, whom he met without taking any notice of her change of state or of the short journey she had taken after her marriage. After having answered all his questions, Josephine, by way of changing the subject, inquired how he liked her house.

"Oh, it looks very well!" replied the hard-hearted father; "but I think I see the auctioneer's mark on everything. The usual way things go when people set out beyond their means."

The young bride's colour went and came, but she made no reply to the cruel speech, whilst the father, as if satisfied with the wound he had given, drew his spectacles from his pocket and began to examine some books that lay on a centre table. Anxious to divert the mind of her friend from his cruelty, Louisa began to talk with great animation of some rare and beautiful flowers that had been sent to her by some of her relations, with seeds or roots of which she promised to supply Josephine. Then rising, she kissed Josephine affectionately, and promised to see her again soon; then bowing to the father she left the room. "Oh, how can such a man be the parent of such a daughter?" she exclaimed inwardly, as she bent her steps homeward. But Louisa forgot at the time that Josephine had had an amiable and excellent mother, and that the maternal relation, to a daughter especially, is most powerful.

On her return home she expatiated on the sweet and sensitive behaviour of her friend, the beauty of the house, and on everything she thought likely to please or amuse her parent, but was studiously silent when speaking of her encounter with Mr. Hardman, not to touch upon anything likely to irritate the feelings that had so long rankled under a sense of his base conduct.

Time passed on, and the two young friends enjoyed each other's society almost daily. Indeed, so fully was their former familiarity and confidence restored, that whenever anything occurred either to please or agitate her, Louisa's first impulse was to seek the ever-ready sympathy of her friend. They had, besides, without any explanation having actually taken place between them, become mutually acquainted with each other's feelings with regard to their parents, Josephine clearly understanding, from her friend's silence on the subject, that it was not in her power to ask her to return her visits, whilst the young bride, on her part, was always careful, in an indirect manner, to give Louisa notice if she had any reason to expect a visit from her father. Thus, by mutual delicacy and consideration, the intercourse between these amiable young women continued to be a smooth, unbroken interchange of sympathy and affection, under circumstances which would have involved less delicate natures in continual broils. And yet they were very different in their dispositions. Louisa was all sprightliness and animation, though possessing at the same time a deeply-reflecting mind, and a heart full of warm and generous feelings. She was beautiful; but though it was impossible she should not know she was so, her mind was too strong to put any undue value on her beauty, but wore it as we do a costly brooch, rejoicing in its possession, yet ceasing to think of it when we no longer see its reflection in our mirror. Indeed, though her person might be said to be faultless, her mind was the charm which most excited the admiration of all discriminating observers; and, like the flowers which, though lovely in themselves, are chiefly valued for the richness of their perfume, those who conversed with Louisa remembered only as a secondary excellence the beauty of her form, though all acknowledged it to be perfect.

Josephine was very different. As the daughter of a man of a low and grovelling mind, she had enjoyed few opportunities of improvement; and had it not been for the circumstance of having had a mother whose mind was of a finer mould, it is difficult to say how closely she might have assimilated to her unworthy parent, for though her dispositions were amiable, she possessed little native energy of character. Her mother, before her death, had prevailed upon the unworthy father to grant her daughter the advantage of a year's instruction in the same school in which Louisa had been for many years a pupil. The favour was granted grudgingly, though the infatuated father was at the same time lavishing hundreds upon a dissipated son, on whom he had centred all his affections. Whilst at school the intimacy was ripened between the two girls, who had before been only slightly acquainted. Charmed with the modest simplicity and sensitiveness of Josephine's character, Louisa took delight in aiding her, and even after she had left school continued to her such valuable assistance as aided materially in forming the character which eventually gained the affection of Mr. Davenport, a highly-respectable and talented young lawyer.

That fatal scourge, the cholera, which visits young and old, rich and poor, without distinction, was committing its dreadful ravages with unprecedented violence in the town of ——— and its environs, where our two young friends resided, and Roscoe kept writing almost daily to Mrs. Renwick, to give her instructions for the management of herself or his precious Louisa, in case of their being attacked with any threatening symptoms, as well as to encourage them with the assurance that the danger was slight if means were taken to check its progress on its first appearance. These valuable credentials Louisa always hastened eagerly to impart to her friend, that she might derive all the advantage they did themselves from her lover's experience and tender care. She had one morning just put on her bonnet for this purpose, when their neighbour, Mrs. Campbell, entered with a look full of importance, and inquired if they had heard the bad news. On being questioned on the subject, she informed them that Mr. Davenport, being anxious that his wife should have a little fresh country air, had procured a gig and taken her a short ride before he went to the office. The horse, however, had proved an unsafe one, and having taken fright at something on the road, had started off and run with such violence as to throw them both out, and had dashed the gig to pieces; that one of Mr. Davenport's legs had been broken, and his wife had received some internal injury, for she could not bear to be raised to her feet without fainting. She also added that she had just seen them both brought home on a kind of litter. Louisa waited to hear no more, but flew on the wings of affection to the assistance of her suffering friend, still hoping that, as usual, report had greatly magnified the evil. But on arriving at the house she found that, for this time at least, there had been no exaggeration. A physician

had already been there, and had reduced Mr. Davenport's fracture, and she was told that he was lying composed and comfortable; but as the girl who answered her inquiries spoke, she opened the parlour door, when Louisa beheld the gentle, sensitive wife, lying on a couch, the picture of death.

"Why are you here, dear Josephine?" she exclaimed, as she sprang to the side of the sufferer. "Why were you not laid on a comfortable bed at once?"

"I was there," replied the mistress of the house, "but I have just had a message from my father to say that he is very ill with the cholera, and has not a creature with him, for all his people, except one little boy, had left the house the moment he was seized, and as I felt easy whilst lying, I was in hopes I was strong enough to go to him, but fainted when I reached here."

"But why should you think of going?" asked Louisa. "You could do nothing for him if you were there."

"I could at least endeavour to procure some one to wait upon him. It is dreadful to think of his being in the house by himself, and so ill as I am sure he is, before he would think of sending me such a message, for he is not one to complain for a trifle."

As she spoke, the boy that had before been mentioned came bursting into the room, breathless with running, and said, "Mr. Hardman sent me to say he is dying, and you must come to him."

Josephine, without speaking, made an effort to rise, but Louisa, placing her hand on her shoulder to hold her down, said—"Lie still, dear Josephine, it is impossible for you to go, and if you even did so, it is most probable your life would be the sacrifice for such exertion."

"But can I lie here and think my father is dying, without a creature to do anything for him?" asked Josephine. "Oh Louisa, notwithstanding all his faults, he is my parent still;" and her pale lips quivered with emotion.

"I will go and see to him," said Louisa; "money will do everything, and he has plenty. I will go and find him a nurse;" and, without waiting to give her friend time to reply, she hastened out of the room. As she proceeded, accompanied by the little messenger, who was scarcely able to keep up with her rapid pace, she learnt from him that Mr. Hardman had been taken ill in the night, and had called up the servants, but did not send for a physician till about eight o'clock; that the doctor, as soon as he came, said he had got the cholera, and that then the housekeeper and the girl under her were so frightened that the moment the doctor was gone they left the house. They had now reached the house, the door of which they had scarcely entered when her ear was assailed by the most agonising cries she had ever before heard. In a moment pity got the better of every other consideration, and she flew upstairs to see if she could do anything to relieve a suffering fellow-creature. With a promptness and coolness of judgment that seemed almost supernatural, she turned over in her mind what was most likely to be of service, and without spending time in searching for other aid, she busied herself, with no other assistant than the little boy, in administering the necessary applications. Long and arduously, however, had she laboured before any appearance of benefit seemed to ensue from her exertions; but at length she was rewarded by seeing the sufferer more composed, though she was unable to judge whether his danger was diminished in proportion to the relief he had obtained. At this moment the physician came to make one of his hasty visits, for such was the virulence of the epidemic at the time, that the medical men had only a few minutes to bestow upon each patient as they went their rounds amongst them.

"Am I to die, doctor?" asked the sick man, in an interval of comparative ease. "Can you do nothing for me? Money will be no object in rewarding you if you can only save my life."

"When I left you last I hardly expected to find you alive on my return; but an angel," he added, fixing his admiring eyes on Louisa, whose person was unknown to him, "has come to your aid, and there is no knowing what miracle she may perform; still, however, if you have any worldly arrangements to make, it would be well to see after them while you are able."

The sufferer uttered a deep groan, but a moment after he raised his head and cried, "Who is it that has been helping me? Isn't it my daughter? I've been too ill to notice."

"It is Louisa Renwick," returned our heroine.

"Renwick!" repeated the sick man, "what brought a Renwick here?"

"Josephine is very sick, and I am here in her stead."

"And she has treated you like an experienced physician as well as a daughter," added the doctor.

"I should rather have expected her to put poison in my cup. Oh! I didn't need this," he continued, as Louisa began afresh to rub his cramp and contorted limbs with her beautiful little hands, that were already swollen and blistered by the severity with which she had applied them. "Get out of my sight, or it'll kill me to look on you."

"You had better send for some one to assist you in arranging your affairs—it may do you good by composing your mind," urged the physician.

"Well, well, send for Mr. M——. But oh, doctor, can you not save me?" cried the dying man, who had all his life made money his god, but who now found it wholly unable to give him relief in his last extremity. The little messenger was immediately dispatched for the lawyer, and the physician, after promising Louisa to endeavour to send some one to relieve her, hastened to another scene of misery and death.

Louisa's resolution and self-command seemed to rise in proportion to the demands made upon them; and as the violence of the disease seemed to have gained additional strength from its temporary relaxation, so her energy and activity increased in proportion, and only ceased when the arrival of the lawyer made her feel it necessary for her to absent herself. In going down stairs she met Harry Roscoe, and begged him to return and visit the unhappy man.

"I will come back to him, dearest," said the lover, "as soon as I have seen you safe home; but you have already exposed yourself too much, and I cannot think of allowing you to incur any further danger."

"Oh, I am not at all afraid!" replied the intrepid girl. "Besides," she continued, turning a look of sweet affection on her lover, "if there be danger, let us, dear Harry, share it together."

"That would do well enough if we had but ourselves to care for, but remember, Louisa, you owe a duty to your mother which forbids you running unnecessary risks. Go home, therefore, my own best beloved, and take care of her and yourself, and I will do all that humanity demands for one who, in truth, deserves little from either of us."

"Then let me go alone," urged the generous girl; "and do you hasten upstairs, for the lawyer has left the chamber; I hear his foot on the stairs."

To this Roscoe made no objection, and our heroine proceeded in the first instance to the house of her friend, to give her all the satisfaction about the sufferer in her power, and then hastened home. But by the time that she had reached the room in which her mother was seated, nature was exhausted; and, completely overcome by the various strong emotions by which she had been agitated throughout the day, and the severe bodily fatigue she had undergone, she sunk senseless on the floor.

Though it was not long before Louisa was restored to consciousness, a high fever succeeded, and the lover returned from the bed of death to watch over the being in whom his very life was centered. But youth and an excellent constitution struggled victoriously over disease; and when sufficiently recovered to begin to think of others, she was told that Mr. Hardman had only lived about an hour after Roscoe went to him.

"And Josephine and her husband?" said she.

"They are both doing well," replied Mrs. Renwick; "and though old Hardman made no change in that part of his will which left his daughter penniless, unless her brother should die without lawful issue, Josephine has already come into undisputed possession of the whole of her father's property."

"Then she is now a rich woman," said the lovely girl, her fine eyes, notwithstanding her debility, beaming with delight. "How rejoiced I am!"

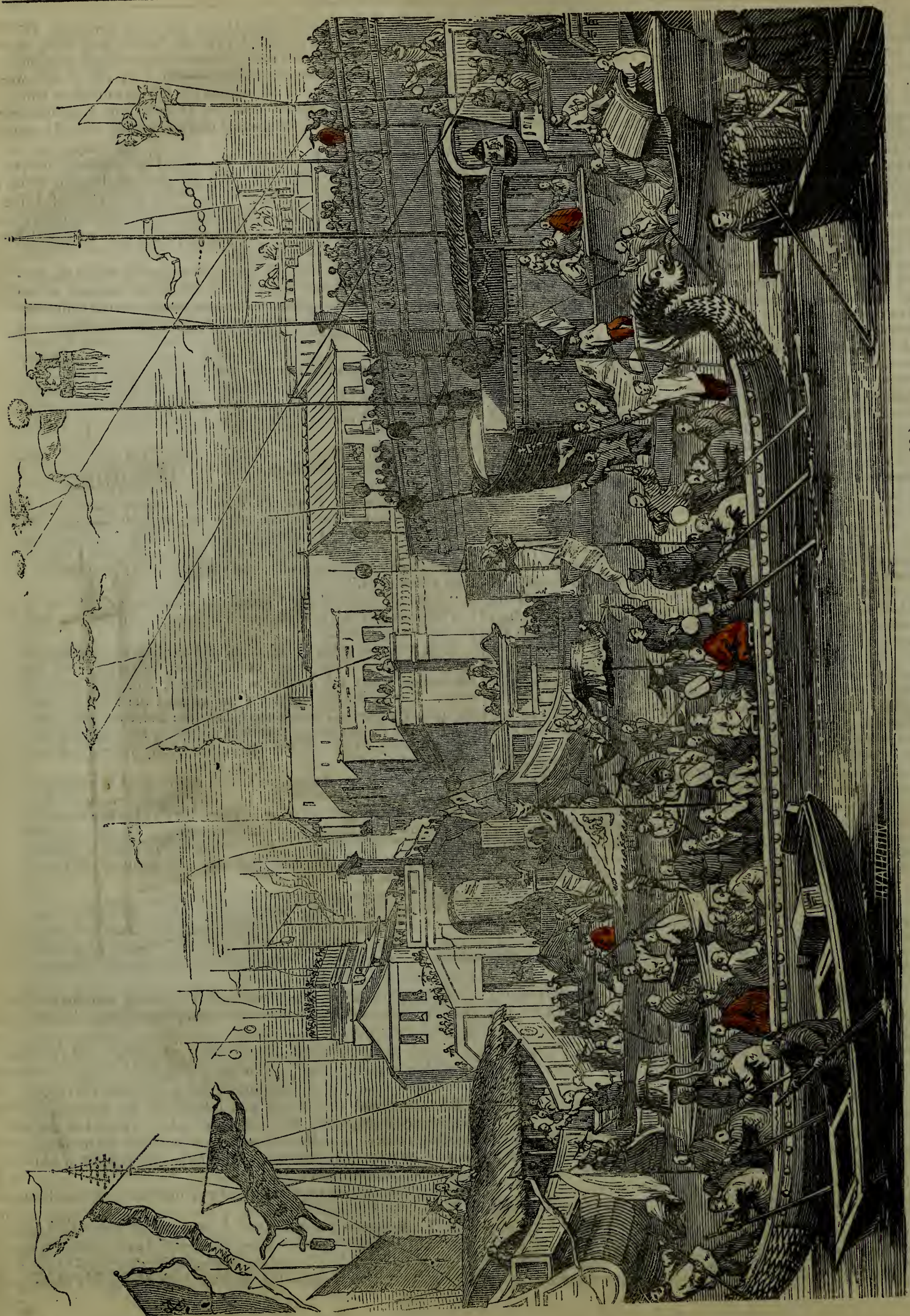
"Not so rich," returned her mother, "as she would have been, if you had not interfered and deprived her of a portion of it."

"What do you mean, mamma?" asked Louisa, in surprise.

"When the unhappy man sent for his lawyer, it was for the sake of adding a codicil to his will, by which he left the sum of one hundred thousand pounds to be divided between Harry and me, according to our respective claims. To this deposition he added that you, by your humane exertions to alleviate his sufferings, had heaped coals of fire on his head."

"Did I not tell you, mamma, that I would seek my revenge the first time I had a chance?"

"You did indeed, my child, and I am a greater gainer than I deserved by the course you have pursued. But I will endeavour, Louisa, in future to follow your example, and act according to the instruction the Saviour has given us, and 'return good for evil.'"



THE CELEBRATION OF NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN CHINA. (See page 83.)

LONDON SCENES.

MR. JONES, THE "RESPECTABLE."

SCENE—*the Street.* TIME—*Two o'Clock, a.m.*

IN the conventional language of our age, a man is considered *respectable*, not so much on account of his intelligence or moral worth, as on account of his property, dress, and outward appearance. Hence, *he* is considered a *respectable gentleman* who lives in a good-looking house, with brass plate and knocker on his door, handsome blinds to his windows, and a smartly-dressed young woman to attend to the baker, butcher, milkman, postman, &c., &c. Hence, too *he* is considered a *respectable tradesman* who sports a plate-glass front with brass or mahogany frames, who keeps well-dressed shopmen or shopwomen, and who exhibits the choicest specimens of the articles in which he deals. And, with a large portion of the community, that person is accounted *respectable*, be he gentleman or tradesman, who meets with a few others of his own standing in society, evening after evening, in some of those *respectable* taverns which abound in every quarter of our metropolis.

With one or two of these *respectable* individuals our artist appears to have met, in the course of his professional rambles. It is evident that the two individuals whom he has represented as "*rather* the worse for drink," do not belong to the working classes. "Mr. Jones," is, perhaps, a principal clerk in a large mercantile establishment, and his friend in the "Chesterfield" one of his juniors. And it is sad to find, "in this nineteenth century," and at a period when institutions abound for the diffusion of light and knowledge, that there should be so many hundreds of this class, and wealthy citizens, and men of standing in society, who degrade themselves by sensual indulgences, instead of partaking of the true "feast of reason and flow of soul," which they might enjoy by means of such institutions.

We were the other day travelling in one of our western counties, when we witnessed several examples of this. The individual whom we shall call No. 1, was a farmer occupying, as he asserted, a considerable estate. In the morning we travelled with him to one of our large towns, and while waiting for the train, and afterwards, during the journey, entered into conversation with him, and, in fact, became rather intimate. As he was afraid of being too late at the station, we had accommodated him with a seat in the chaise in which we were riding; and we found him in every respect an intelligent and apparently virtuous companion. But on returning at night by railway, we had no sooner taken our ticket than we were grasped violently by the arm by a person whose appearance and rudeness left an impression on our mind that he was a madman; for the transforming power of liquor had been such, that for a considerable time we had no idea that this wretched object was the respectable farmer with whom we had travelled in the morning; but so it was, and a more disagreeable companion we never yet found in a railway carriage. His oaths, and the follies and falsehoods he uttered, were not only humiliating but shocking. He insulted every one in the carriage. He rolled on you with all his weight; every now and then you were in danger of receiving a blow from his walking-stick, or of having your clothes fouled by his almost perpetual habit of expectoration. Though he only went with us about fifteen miles, yet at least a dozen times he wanted his ticket read that we might tell him where he had to stop. Never were we more pleased than when he arrived at his destination and took his exit.

In the same carriage were three gentlemen who felt dis-

gusted with our drunken farmer, and threatened to have him expelled, and yet immediately after he was gone, all their aspirations were for brandy and water; and from their conversation, it was evident that the tavern and the midnight revel were places to which they were no strangers.

The intoxicated yeoman, who stood in so much need of protection, had scarcely left us, before a wealthy individual, much the worse for liquor, and whom we shall call No. 2, entered our box. As he had received more education than the husbandman, and was not so far gone in liquor, we were not so much annoyed. Still it is was evident that both his body and mind were under the influence of strong drink. He did not travel with us very far, but when he was gone, we heard the following remarks concerning him from the brandy and water gentlemen, whom we might have called Nos. 3, 4, and 5. "That," said one of them, "is a thorough good-hearted fellow. He lives in this neighbourhood. I travelled with him the other day, and a real jovial companion he is. He has plenty of money, and he spends it freely, like a jolly good Briton." Our readers know what all this eulogy stands for; it intimates that the "jolly good Briton," No. 2, was fond of drink, of taverns, and of the revellers who congregate in such haunts. "*Goodness of heart*" was tested by fondness of drink, and the amount of property wasted thereon.

Here, then, we had five individuals who looked on themselves as belonging to the *respectable* ranks of society, all of them the worse for liquor, or else applauding the drinking extravagance of our age. We might add, that the only remaining companion in the carriage, whom we might call No. 6, was a *respectable* tradesman, who was also more than half-intoxicated, and who very cordially united with the farmer in his oaths and blasphemies. A member of the Society of Friends and his wife were about to join us, but one of the gentlemen went out and barricaded the door, giving as a reason that he did not like their dress. Doubtless, if he had spoken candidly, he would have said that the sobriety and morality for which they were renowned, formed a greater objection than the cut of the gentleman's coat, or the shape of the lady's bonnet.

The facts stated above are very much in harmony with the engraving before us. It is evident that Mr. Jones, the individual sitting on the step of his own door, is not a pauper, nor a London beggar, but a person moving in respectable life. When he went from home in the morning he was able to walk erect, and had perfect control over himself; and, probably, transacted business of importance during the day: now he has not strength enough to ring his own bell, and a policeman is performing that office for him. Were it not for his appearance, he would doubtless be taken off to the lock-up, and appear to-morrow morning before the magistrate; but his dress has saved him from that indignity. Mr. Jones is well known to be a *respectable* man.

The other individual, Mr. Snooks, with the cigar in his mouth, who is held by the arm of another policeman, and kept from falling, is evidently a person who does not belong to the masses. The deformity of his hat is rather the effect of a drunken fall, than of age or poverty. The countenance is that of an inebriate; and but for the grasp of the policeman, it is pretty clear, that his merely pointing at his drunken brother would so far disturb his centre of gravity as to lay him flat on the ground.

It is generally thought that policemen are required for the vulgar, the low-lived, the *mob*; and that if these were moral there would be no need of a constabulary force to walk our streets, and keep order. But in the engraving before us, only four persons are represented; two are officers of justice, and the other two are *gentlemen* in a state of intoxication! We have ventured a guess as to their position in society; we may be wrong, but it is evident that they are among the world's "respectable men;" looked up to, most likely, by their families, dependents, and neighbours: yet they are here both at the mercy of the policemen, and if they were dealt with as the laws direct, would spend their night in the station-house, and to-morrow would have to answer at the bar of the justice of the peace for their "drunken and disorderly" conduct.

Some of our readers may think that our artist has been too severe in giving this picture of *respectable* men; but constant observation has proved to us that we have thousands of persons in this Christian land who regard themselves as many degrees above the masses, who nevertheless often indulge to excess in what are erroneously called "the pleasures of the table;" and indeed the imperfect education, the mistaken prejudices, and the pernicious customs of our day are eminently calculated to produce such characters. Wealthy, respectable, and moral people indulge in the drinking customs of our country, and commend intoxicating liquor to their children, and, as a consequence, encourage them to drink. It may be a humiliating sight to see a gentleman drunk on the step of his own door, unable to ring his own bell, and placed entirely at the mercy of the police; but we would remind our readers that it is the use of strong drink which effects this degradation. The liquid fire creates thirst, and produces a most tyrannous appetite. And the desire for these poisons is evidently so strong in those who love them, that many spend every sixpence in purchasing them, and thus beggar their families, ruin their health, degrade their characters, and destroy their souls. A catalogue of the once wealthy and respectable men and women who are now, in consequence of drinking, either insolvents or bankrupts, or inmates of jails, unions, or madhouses, would present a frightful record; and thus, in the streets, the prison, the poor-house, and the lunatic asylum, Wisdom cries aloud, and calls upon the wealthy and respectable classes, upon the working classes, upon *all* classes—to ABSTAIN.

A VISIT TO THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

I HAVE the satisfaction of being a "*millionaire* of a moment"—a respectable personage, in the treasury of the Bank of England, having placed in my dexter hand one thousand notes of £1,000 each, of that establishment, duly signed, and payable on demand. Two more compact and portable little packages, of representative value, than the said sum of £1,000,000 sterling consisted of, it would not be possible to conceive, and even the transient possession of them made me feel immensely respectable, I can assure you. And wherefore not? Could I but have transported myself, and that same little handful, to any spot on earth, would not universal opinion pronounce me to be so? Is there a wiseacre who would not defer to my oracular judgments? Is there a wit who would not acknowledge the superior brilliancy of my jokes? Is there a patriot who would refuse me his vote at the next election? Would not that varied assortment of fine qualities, now latent within me, shine out through the transparent bank paper, like the light through a Chinese lanthorn? Of whose turbot should I not obtain the fin? What Amphytrion would not inquire anxiously, whether my palate relished better venison or turtle? Who would have the hardihood to warm his dining-room, if I said it was better cool? What "intimate friend" would "do" me in the purchase of a hunter? What artist would affirm before me that the precise height of the *Belvidere* Apollo was not five feet six inches and three-quarters?

"Felix et pulcher, et acer;
Felix et sapiens, et nobilis, et generosus——"

But for the very temporary character of the accommodation which I obtained at the Bank of England, I could have tested all these things, I am quite sure, with satisfactory results. As any of your friends who chooses may get a like sum, however, for a sufficiently long period, on the payment of two per

cent. per annum interest, and perhaps a quarter per cent. below that even, on depositing Bank Stock Exchequer Bills, or some such easily procured commodity, just by way of a nominal security to the lender, the experiment may be made at any time. The worthy gentleman who gave me the money was affable in the extreme; still, I had an idea that, while it was in my possession, he, perhaps, was inwardly repeating, "Don't you wish you may get it?" and this reflection rather disconcerted me, and made me feel less like a capitalist than I could have desired.

The Bank is remarkably well worth seeing—hardly anything in London more so. The focus of the enormous wealth of this mighty nation, where the "*divitiarum majestas*" is as sacred, at least, as it could have been in the days of the Roman satirist, it may well be contemplated with surprise. One cannot but wonder, when he finds himself in the midst of almost countless quantities of that fictitious wealth for which all mankind give their toil and thoughts so freely. In the treasury, in which I stood yesterday, there are £30,000,000 sterling—of which one million is in gold, in bags of £1,000 each, and the rest, with the exception of a comparatively small sum in silver, in notes of various amounts, from £1,000 downwards. One little safe, which was opened for us—about two feet by eighteen inches—contained, in a single compartment, £4,000,000 of the notes just specified. The bullion, now about £11,000,000, is kept in fireproof vaults, which are under ground. These are not shown, their position only being pointed out. In an apartment, joining the treasury, are the weighing-machines, for the sovereigns and half-sovereigns. The accuracy and mechanism of these are wonderful. A specimen of them was exhibited in the western nave of the Crystal Palace. There are ten in the Bank, worked by the steam-engine of the establishment, and about 50,000 a day are weighed by means of them. Each sovereign or half-sovereign is separately weighed, being passed through a tube on to the scale, whence, if full weight, it slides into a receiver on the right hand, and if light, it is jerked into one upon the left. The slightest want of weight will cause it to be rejected; but all the light ones are tested twice, working the machinery at half speed, before they are condemned. After this trial, those which are deficient in weight are clipped by a machine, which cuts them half through, and are thus returned to the parties from whom they were received. They must then be melted down, as they cannot again get into circulation. The mechanism of these weighing-machines is beautiful; but it suggested to me a curious contrast. As I observed the vast number of sovereigns coming "down the spout" to the various scales, I could not help thinking, that all the mechanism known in Ireland seems to perform the converse operation, and to send everything "up the spout." Whether this contrast of ascent and descent results from the levity of the Irish character, and the gravity of the English, I am not prepared to say. I must, however, observe that the Lothbury system is, in my opinion, the preferable.

One of the most interesting portions of the Bank is the "cancel" department. In this, every note of the Company received during the day is cancelled. The operation consists in tearing off the lower right-hand corner, and stamping out the word indicative of the value, as "Five," "Ten," or as the case may be, through which two round holes, like those made by a wadding-cutter are punched. When the notes are thus mutilated, they are sorted, according to amount, into packets of one hundred, the number of each, and the name of the party through whom the Bank received it, entered it in a book, and the packets then labelled and put by. In this state they are kept for ten years, and then burned. As the average amount cancelled is £1,000,000 daily, there are thus over £3,000,000,000 always in this department. The object of keeping them is solely to enable robberies and losses to be traced. At any moment the Bank can tell—at a glance, almost, at the books—whether any named note is cancelled, or remains in circulation, and, if cancelled, can produce it (within the ten years), and can tell how it came into the establishment. The Bank never re-issues a note, and notes may be, and frequently are, cancelled, which have never passed outside its walls, having only been taken from the issue department to some other. Thus, if one receives £100, dividend on stock, and takes the notes to the Bank-post-bill office, and obtains one of the latter for them, they are sent into the Cancel-office direct, and destroyed without having ever been in circulation. This system, of course, imposes both great expense and great trouble on the establishment, but is a necessary security for the public. The printing-office is remarkable for its exquisite machinery. Ten men are employed in it, each of whom has a plate with two notes engraved on it. No one superintends the printers, and the machine supplies them with the blank paper, as they require it. To commit any fraud here is impossible. Every note of the ten presses registers itself as it is printed. One of the most curious things in this department is the mode in which the blank paper is supplied. When a workman has printed one packet, of a hundred leaves—that is, two hundred notes—he lays it on a piece of copper and thrusts it into a sort of pigeon-hole, of which there are ten at one end of the room. It disappears, and the same quantity of blank water-marked paper instantaneously replaces it, the mechanism being so delicate that the change is effected by the mere weight of the ink on the printed notes. The ink for the plates is very fine, and is made in the Bank, from the charcoal of the vine. All the stationery of the establishment is also manufactured on the premises, and there are large rooms for the making and repairing of the machinery, likewise within the walls. In one of the court-yards men are now boring for an Artesian well. They have got to a depth of about 220 feet, and have pierced through a variety of strata, amongst them one of a heavy metallic ore, a piece of which I brought away with me. Not being a mineralogist, I can't say what it is. The stratum they have now reached is a soft mud, or rather a muddy water, such as was met in boring for the shaft to commence the Thames Tunnel.

After visiting these portions of the Bank, to which only a director can procure admission, we passed through the public offices, which I need not describe. The Cash-office is very beautiful, and so is that in which the stock accounts are kept. The dividend week, during which £7,000,000 are paid over the counter of the adjoining office, must be one during which a visit would repay one. The whole establishment, as I said at the commencement, is certainly one of the greatest of the London sights.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH RAILWAY.

The growth of the railway system amongst us is well worthy the attention of the inquiring student. The history of locomotion is the history of progress. When people are shut up in their own little circle—when the means of transport are few and costly—we have intellectual stagnation. When, on the contrary, transport is easy—when the men of Manchester and London can meet and take counsel together—knowledge is advanced and society benefited. We can scarce wonder at the mental darkness and ignorance of the good old times, when we remember how completely our ancestors were unable to stir from their little villages and towns from the simple fact that there were no roads, nor coaches, nor travelling accommodation whatever. In the hamlet where dwelt the father there dwelt the child. No fresh light broke in to disturb the congenial monotony. All things continued as they were.

Let us just look back to travelling in those days. Long journeys were necessarily performed on horseback. In the twelfth century Peter of Blois said, the yearly proceeds of a stall in Salisbury Cathedral were less than the cost of a visit from Salisbury to London. The herald of the King of Scotland was allowed forty days to proceed from London to the border. Markets were inaccessible for months together, and the fruits of the earth rotted in one place, while a few miles off the supply fell short of the demand. Long after coals were procured in Newcastle, London, even then a capital of importance, was contented with wood or turf, owing to the impossibility of the transmission of coal. "It was easier," says Mr. Francis, in his interesting "History of the English Railway," "to send merchandise from the capital to Portugal than to convey it from Norwich to London." In 1565 a new era commenced, owing to the introduction of coaches; the first one being built, according to Stowe, by the Earl of Rutland. About the same time also the roads were made the subject of

legislative enactment; hitherto they had been under no law. In the seventeenth century further, but not very successful, efforts were made to improve travelling; and in 1669, sanctioned by the doctors of the University of Oxford, the Flying Coach undertook to perform the journey from that place to London between sunrise and sunset. "This spirited undertaking," says Mr. Macaulay, "was solemnly considered and sanctioned by the heads of the university, and appears to have excited the same sort of interest which is excited in our day by the opening of a new railway. The success of the experiment was complete. At six in the morning the carriage began to move from before the ancient front of All Souls College, and at seven in the evening the adventurous gentlemen who had run the first risk were safely deposited at the inn in London." In 1706 a coach was started to run from London to York in four days. In 1712 the following advertisement appeared in the Newcastle Courant :—"Edinboro', Berwick, Newcastle, Durham, and London stage coach begins on Monday, the 13th of October, 1712. All that desire to pass from London, or any place on that road, let them repair to Mr. John Baillies, at the Coach and Horses, at the Head of Canongate, Edinboro', every other Saturday, or to the Black Swan in Holborn every other Monday; at both of which places they may be received in the stage coach, which performs the whole journey in thirteen days without any stoppages (if God permits), having eighty able horses to perform the journey, each passenger paying *four pounds ten shillings*, allowing each passenger 20 lbs. of luggage; all above, sixpence per lb. The coach sets off at six o'clock in the morning." Beside the waste of time, there were other expenses attending travelling. The roads were bad and infested with thieves. Gradually, however, these dangers became abated, and the invention of Macadam in 1825 made coach travelling for the first time really delightful. Such was locomotion till within a period within the memory of almost our youngest reader.

The precise origin of railroads is unknown. There is no doubt, however, that the wooden tramroad was the first approximation to the modern railway. This great event took place somewhere between 1602 and 1649, and in 1676 had become quite common in our collieries. In 1767 the idea was practically entertained of applying iron to a similar purpose. By this period the discovery of steam had been made, and a Mr. Symington exhibited the model of a steam-carriage at Edinburgh. In 1802 Mr. Trevithich, who seems to have been the most unfortunate of inventors, took out a patent for invention, and in 1804 brought into use a machine of this nature on the railroad of Merthyr Tydvil, in South Wales. The principle was perfect, and yet for years after men still clung to the idea that it could not draw heavy loads. In 1811 the fancied difficulty was overcome by Mr. Blenkinsop, of Middleton colliery, who conveyed coals by the aid of engines with tooth-wheels worked into a rack. Shortly after Mr. Blackett, of Wylam, discovered that the difficulty Mr. Blenkinsop had overcome was altogether imaginary, and on the Killingworth Railway, on the 25th of June, 1814, with an engine constructed under the superintendence of George Stephenson, the success of the principle was proved by a carriage, moving on a slight ascent, drawing after it eight loaded carriages weighing twenty tons. Mr. Francis says, "Lord Ravensworth was called a fool for advancing the money, and Mr. Stephenson laughed at as a coxcomb for attempting that which others in their superior wisdom declared impossible."

The first iron road on which the locomotive was used as the moving power was the Stockton and Darlington Railway. Its engineer was Mr. Stephenson; its originator Mr. Edward Pease. Its act of incorporation was obtained in 1821; it was opened in 1825. We thus reach the beginning of the present system. We had iron roads and locomotive engines, but the benefit of the new system was merely local. In all parts of Wales, and England, and Scotland it had been tried, and with success; but the traveller had not reaped the benefit of th enew system—he still travelled as usual—his turn is now to come. "It is now about twenty-eight years," says an anonymous writer, "since a thoughtful man" (this man was Thomas Gray), "travelling in the north of England on commercial business, stood looking at a small train of coal-waggons impelled by steam along a tramroad, which connected the mouth of one of the collieries of that district with the wharf at which the coals were shipped. "Why," asked Gray, "are not these tramroads laid down all over England, so as to supersede our common roads, and steam-engines employed to convey goods and passengers along them to supersede horse-power?" "Propose that to the nation," was the reply, "and see what you will get by it: you will be worried to death for your pains." The words were prophetic, but Gray disregarded the warning, and went to the principal inhabitants of Liverpool and Manchester urging them to adopt the new mode of locomotion. Gray was an enthusiast, and published books, and memorialised Ministers till the world began to deem him that greatest of all bores, a man with an idea in his head.

In 1822 an important step was taken. The survey for the railway between Liverpool and Manchester was made by Mr. W. James, who is a rival with Gray for the honour of originating the railway system. For a time, however, the scheme was abandoned. In a couple of years afterwards the first prospectus of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was published. The estimated expense of the entire line was given at £400,000, and the passenger traffic—that traffic so marked a feature in railroads—was cautiously alluded to. Mr. G. Stephenson was engaged for a survey, and application was made to the House of Commons for a bill. The most determined opposition was made. Foremost in its opposition was, of course, the "Quarterly Review," eager at once bitterly to attack so revolutionary a scheme. In 1825 it said, "The gross exaggeration of the power of the locomotive steam-engine, or to speak more plainly, the steam-carriage, may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned. . . It is certainly some consolation to those who are to be whirled at the rate of eighteen or twenty miles an hour by means of the high-pressure engine, to be told that they are in no danger of being sea-sick while they are on shore—that they are not to be scalded to death nor drowned by the bursting of the boiler, and that they need not mind being shot by the scattered fragments, or dashed in pieces by the flying off or breaking of a wheel. But with all these assurances, we should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off by one of Congreve's rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate."

This reads ridiculously enough after the splendid results witnessed in our days, but even the friends of railways were not very sanguine themselves. Mr. Nicholas Wood said, "It is far from my wish to promulgate to the world that the ridiculous expectations, or rather professions, of the enthusiastic professor will be realised, and that we shall see engines travelling at the rate of twelve, sixteen, eighteen, or twenty miles in hour. Nothing could do more harm towards their general adoption and improvement than the promulgation of such nonsense." Such was public opinion at the time. Stephenson had to put up with opposition and abuse of every kind. Nothing but evil was predicted. When, before the Committee of the House of Commons, he only recommended a speed of eight miles an hour with twenty tons, and four miles with forty tons, the committee deemed him mad, and he was sneered at as a visionary and a lunatic. Still he kept on his way, and when his engine, the Rocket, driven by that Fox who twenty-five years after built the Crystal Palace, went at a speed of twenty-nine miles an hour, public enthusiasm knew no bounds. The work went on steadily, and on the 15th September, 1830, the Liverpool and Manchester line was opened to the public.

We have neither time nor space to dwell on individual railways. We have seen the system at length successful. The victory was won—science had vindicated herself. We may here mention that 1825 was a great year of railway excitement; that then a capital of £21,942,500 was demanded for railways, of which £219,425 was actually paid. From 1825 to 1830 the railway with the entire commercial interest was depressed. Then the great trunk lines were talked of, and steps taken which led to their ultimate adoption. On the 17th of Sept., 1838, the London and Birmingham Railway was opened the entire distance. In 1841 the Great Western was opened. As an idea of the immense sums of money squandered on these lines, we may state that the parliamentary expenses on the London and South Western were £650 per mile; London and Birmingham £650 per mile; Great Western £1,000 per mile; London and Brighton, £3,000 per mile. And to show how the landlords took advantage of their position, and compelled

the companies to pay them most enormous sums, we state that the prices per mile for land and compensation were—London and South Western, £4,000; London and Birmingham, £6,300; Great Western, £6,300; Brighton, £8,000.

1836 was another era of railway excitement. That year no fewer than 35 railway bills passed the legislature. In 1843 again speculation became busy. That year twenty-four railway acts were passed. The next year thirty-seven additional projects received the royal sanction. The delusion continued to spread. In the first quarter of 1845 52 additional companies were added to the number. We have yet hardly recovered from those times—when porters and paupers were responsible for thousands—when the lust of gold deluged the land—when honour, and morality, and religion seem to have died out in our midst. One thousand four hundred and twenty-eight companies, with a total capital of £701,243,208, demanding £49,592,816 for deposits, were actually registered by 31st October, 1845. The capital of completed railways amounted to £70,680,877. There were one hundred and eighteen lines and branches in course of execution, which required £67,359,325; and there were 1,263 companies projected, asking from the capitalists of England £563,203,000. The promoters of five hundred and fourteen schemes intimated their intention to apply to Parliament in 1846. Never before had such a mania existed. It passed away, blighting many a happy home—sundering many household ties—saddening many a joyous heart. Since then the railway system has been left to develop itself according to the growing want of the people; and we trust that it may be long ere the madness of 1845-6 again occur.

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

The breakfast things had been cleared away, and the young people of the family were rejoicing in the prospect of a happy country walk, afforded by the leisure of Christmas-day; but it was so intensely cold that Robert Markham, the father, seemed unwilling to stir out, and he stood at the window in an unusually gloomy mood. True it was that he was a very poor man, though he often acknowledged that many alleviations were granted to him, and he gradually allowed himself to fall into a discontented reverie, as he gazed on his rich opposite door neighbours, who, wrapt in furs and velvet, were setting off in a handsome coach to church,

"The rich have everything they can wish for, I think," he muttered, half aloud; and that moment, to his surprise, a small man, clad in grey, stood beside him, who replied—

"Follow me," and gave him a pull, which, though gentle, he yet felt could not be resisted; and quitting the cellar they entered the very house at which Markham had been looking.

Here, in an inner chamber, paced to and fro an idiot girl, whose wasted loveliness, and the traces of superior intelligence still visible in her countenance, showed that though thus suffering for years, the time had been when she had been the life and joy of the domestic circle. Her mother sat in the chamber, quietly weeping bitter tears, and on following the handsome coach, Markham, by the aid of his guide, could see that the hearts of all within were every one more or less bowed down by the great trial to them of a sister and daughter so afflicted. Before he could ask any questions his guide had entered another wealthy abode, where around a late breakfast sat a family in great distress; for a letter had been just received conveying the unexpected intelligence of the sudden death of a very dear relative; and while the older members were absorbed in deep sorrow, the younger ones were lamenting amongst each other the sudden disruption of all their long-prepared schemes for a merry day and various joyous evening festivities. In the next house was a widowed mother, a young girl, and two old servants—the latter busily engaged in packing up for the departure by that night's mail of an only son, who, seated between his sole parent and his sister, vainly endeavoured to console them under the melancholy loss of his support and the comfort of his society during a ten years' sojourn in the Indian tropics.

"Alas! I dare not think we shall ever meet again in this life, my son—my only son!" was the sole response of those whose distress no human aid could soothe.

Markham, surprised and ashamed by all he had seen, would willingly, even now, have forborne any further inquisition behind scenes in rich houses. But the grey man gave him no time for parley, and a fourth mansion exhibited the hitherto unknown yet bitter suffering of a little girl, snubbed hourly by fretful self-important, tyrannical nurses, and daily tortured by the painful and undue partiality showed by her parents towards her brother, the heir of their noble house.

As they left this place, Markham heard the poor little girl murmuring to herself—

"Oh dear, I wish I was Nancy Dormer, the gate-keeper's child, for she loves her girls as well as her boys every bit."

In the adjoining square resided a large family, who were this morning quarelling like so many cats and dogs, their unyielding tempers and perverse dispositions effectually barring out any enjoyment of the lovely holiday which they might have enjoyed, when the rich toiling merchant had shut up his counting-house for once, and had leisure, though he seemed to have no inclination, to be happy with his wife and children. Their next door neighbours were a baronet and his lady, who had only one child, a grown up son, subject to epileptic attacks; he had had one that morning, and the rest of the day was being spent apart from all friends and festive gatherings by the anxious parents, in sorrowful expectations of a second fit, and in that most painful of all states, suspense, which could neither be avoided nor hastened. Again the grey man traversed the snow-laden streets, and introduced Markham to an artist's home, who—an eminent teacher—had just saved enough to establish his eldest son in business, and to give his daughter a dowry on her marriage, but who had just received a letter by the postman to say that all his savings, which had been lent out, apparently, on good security, were entirely swept away by the failure of the gentleman to whom they had been entrusted.

"Stay," said Markham, "you are merely picking out the worst cases; it should be the average; let me choose for myself."

His guide coldly assented, and in a moment they entered an abode which Markham selected at random; here servants, wife, friends, and children, were anxiously awaiting the return of the head of the house in order to sit down to a luxurious dinner. He had gone out to make a call on an old acquaintance, and no one could conceive what delayed him. He came at length, looking pale and agitated, and with difficulty related that he had been detained by endeavouring to restore to life three young men who had been skating and fallen under the ice. The by-standers had, however, only succeeded, after hours of exertion, in bringing to life one out of the three, and the agony which the gentleman had gone through during this scene, and the distress he had witnessed of the relatives of the drowned boys, had entirely spoilt Christmas-day as a festival occasion, and, through sympathy with him, that of the rest of his family. Impatiently Markham chose another dwelling, and there found a terrible scene going on in the anguish of heart with which two grey-headed parents were listening to the sad disclosure that one of their sons had committed a dishonourable, because dishonest, action, which would blast his reputation for life. The sweet sound of singing a hymn then attracted Markham to the opposite side of the street, and entering he saw a pale invalid with placid, resigned features, extended on a couch from which it was evident she would never rise again; and beside her another sister, as yet stronger, but also bearing the death-seal of consumption in her appearance, was singing the more suffering one to sleep, while their father, a widower, seemed praying for strength to bear these heavy impending trials.

The scene was peaceful but very sad; and the next mansion seemed to promise better, for it was now evening, and the sounds of gaiety showed that no pressing cause of grief prevented the seasonable festivities of Christmas; but at the side-table, lonely, neglected, sat a young fair governess, far away from all whom she loved; and whose magnificent salary, and the enjoyment of every external luxury, could not make up for the contempt with which she was treated; while the rest of the party were empty-headed people, caring only for good eating, save the son of the house, who had behaved ill and wasted his youth, and whose heart was now filled with corroding remorse. Five or six more examples only served still further to impress upon Markham the existence of the cross in every one's lot, which is the doom of rich and poor alike; and on entering a superbly-furnished drawing-room he beheld a spectacle from which he shrank, but which his inexorable guide compelled him to look upon. On the brocaded sofa lay a lovely

child some five years old—the darling of every one who knew him—his little features convulsed by terrible pain, and five doctors vainly striving to arrest the torturing suffering, or stay his fast fleeting life. The parents proffered gold, land, and houses to the medical men if they would only save their child, but in vain; and soon a piercing shriek told the spectators that all was over, and the wretched parents childless amidst their splendour.

Markham could bear no more. He fled bewildered, and seemed to outstrip his guide; and his hand was on the latch of his own door, when a kiss restored him to consciousness, and Jane Markham exclaimed—

"Why, father, what a long sleep you've had while we've been out! See, dinner's quite ready, and mother has dished up the plum-pudding."

Markham kissed his child in mute thankfulness, and with a full heart sat down to his clean simple meal, surrounded by healthy blooming children and his dear little crippled boy, to enjoy the luxury of pudding and beef provided by his employer, and feeling that he should never dare again to think his rich neighbours were free from trouble, because they happened to be wealthy.

A HOME PICTURE.

By Francis D. Gage.

Ben Fisher had finished his hard day's work,
And he sat at his cottage door;
His good wife, Kate, sat by his side,
And the moonlight danced on the floor:
The moonlight danced on the cottage floor—
Her beams were clear and bright
As when he and Kate, twelve years before,
Talked love in her mellow light.

Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay,
And never a dram drank he;
So he loved at home with his wife to stay,
And they chatted right merrily:
Right merrily chatted they on, the while
Her babe slept on her breast;
While a chubby rogue, with rosy smile,
On his father's knee found rest.

Ben told her how fast the potatoes grew,
And the corn in the lower field;
And the wheat on the hill was grown to seed,
And promised a glorious yield:—
A glorious yield in the harvest time,
And his orchard was doing fair;
His sheep and his stock were in their prime,
His farm all in good repair.

Kate said that her garden looked beautiful,
Her fowls and her calves were fat;
That the butter that Tommy that morning churned
Would buy him a Sunday hat;
That Jenny for Pa' a new shirt had made,
And 'twas done too by the rule;
That Neddy the garden could nicely spade;
And Ann was ahead at school.

Ben slowly raised his toil-worn hand
Through his locks of greyish brown—
"I tell you, Kate, what I think," said he,
"We're the happiest folks in town."
"I know," said Kate, "that we all work hard—
Work and health go together, I've found;
For there's Mrs. Bell does not work at all,
And she's sick the whole year round.

"They're worth their thousands, so people say,
But I ne'er saw them happy yet;
'Twould not be me that would take their gold,
And live in a constant fret;
My humble home has a light within,
Mrs. Bell's gold could not buy,—
Six healthy children, a merry heart,
And a husband's love-lit eye."

I fancied a tear was in Ben's eye—
The moon shone brighter and clearer,
I could not tell why the man should cry,
But he hitched up to Kate still nearer;
He leaned his head on her shoulder there,
And he took her hand in his—
I guess (though I looked at the moon just then)
That he left on her lips a kiss.

THE FRENCHMAN AND HIS ENGLISH MASTER.

Frenchman.—No, Sair, I never sall, can, vill learn your evil language. De verbs alone might, should, could, vould put me to death.

Master.—You must be patient. Our verb is very simple, compared with yours.

F.—Seemple! Vat you call seemple? When I say *que je fuisse*, you say dat I might, could, vould, should have been. *Ma foi!* ver seemple dat! Now, Sair, tell me, if you please, vat you call de verb?

M.—A verb is a word which signifies to be, to do, or to suffer.

F.—*Eh bien!* Ven I say I *can't*, vich I say; I be, I do, or I suffare?

M.—It may be hard to say, in that particular case.

F.—*Parblieu!* How I might, could, vould, should, am to know dat? But tell me, if you please, vat you mean ven you say de verb is *a* word?

M. *A* means *one;* and it is the same as to say the verb is *one* word.

F.—*Tres bien.* Den ven I say I might, could, vould, should, have been loved, I use one verb? Ugh! (with a shrug.)

M.—Yes, certainly.

F.—And dat verb be one word! I tinks ver long word, vid more joints dan the scorpion have in its tail!

M.—But we do not use all the auxiliaries at once.

F.—How many you use at once?

M.—One at a time. We say I might-have-been loved; or I could-have-been loved.

F.—And dat is only von word! Vat you mean by have?

M.—*Hold: possess.* It is difficult to say what it means apart from the other words.

F.—Vy you use him den? But vat you mean by *been?*

M.—*Existed.* There is no exact synonym.

F.—Ver well. Den ven I say, I could-have-been loved, dat vills to say, I vas-able-hold-existed-loved; and dat is von word! *Sacre!* I sall nevair learn de Engleesh verb; no, nevair—no time.

M. When you hear me use a verb, you must acquire the *habit* of conjugating it; just as—I love, thou lovest, he loves—and, believe me, you *can't* become familiar with the moods and tenses in any other way.

F.—Vell, den, I sall vill begin wiz "can't." I can't, zhou can'test, he can'ts; we can't, ye or you can't, zey can't.

M.—It is not so. Can't is a contraction of the verb *cannot.*

F.—Vell, den; I cannot, zhou cannotest, he cannoteth, or cannots; we—

M.—No, no! *Cannot* is two words—*can* and *not.*

F.—Den vat for vy you tie him together?

M.—I see I ain't careful enough in my expressions.

F.—Hold! stop dare, if you please. I sall, vill once more try. I ain't, zhou ain'test; we—

M.—*Ain't* is not a verb; it is only a corruption. I won't use it again.

F.—*Ma foi!* it is all von corruption. May or can I say, I von't, zhou vont'est, he von'ts?

M.—No; you cannot say so.

F.—Vat den? I might, could, vould, should, don't, ain't, von't, can't.

M.—No; you can't say any such thing; for these verbs are all irregular, and must not be so used.

F.—*Mus!* vat you call *mus?* I muss, zhou mussest, he musses. You say so?

M.—No, no, no.

F.—Vell, den—I might, could, vould, should-have-been, muss. How dat?

M.—*Must* is irregular. It never changes its termination.

F.—Den vat for vy you call him "irregulaire," if he no change? *Ma foi!* he vill, sall—be ver regulaire indeed! Who make de grammaire Engleesh?

M.—Nobody in particular.

F.—So I tinks. I might, could, vould, should guess so. I vill, sall, muss, can understand nevair, von grammaire vich say de verb be one word, ven he be four, five, six, half dozen; and den call irregulaire de only uniform verb dat nevair change. *Excuses moi, Monsieur;* I nevair, may, can, might, should, could, vould study such grammaire no more!

Facts Worth Knowing.—A Spanish journal contains the following singular summary:—"There are 3,064 languages spoken through the world—587 in Europe, 937 in Asia, 276 in Africa, and 1,264 in America. The number of males is nearly equal to females. The average life is 33 years; a fourth of the population die before the age of four years, the half before that of 17 years; such as survive these periods enjoy a measure of health which is denied to the other half of the human race.

MISCELLANEA.

THE ROSE.—Professor Agassiz, in a lecture upon the trees of America, stated a remarkable fact in regard to the family of the rose—which includes among its varieties not only many of the most beautiful flowers which are known, but also the richest fruits, such as the apple, pear, peach, plum, apricot, cherry, strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, &c.—namely, that no fossils of plants belonging to this family have ever been discovered by geologists! This he regarded as conclusive evidence that the introduction of this family of plants upon the earth was coeval with, or subsequent to, the creation of man, to whose comfort and happiness they seem especially designed by Providence to contribute.

A CINCINNATI paper states that three years ago a poor orphan girl applied and was admitted to set type for that paper. She worked two years, during which time she earned, besides her board, about 200 dollars, and availing herself of the facilities which the printing-office offered, acquired a good education. She is now an associate editress of a popular paper, and is engaged to be married to one of the smartest lawyers in Ohio. "We should be disinclined to credit the above if we did not have so many evidences of the elevating influences of the printing office."

A TEA-DRINKER.—Douglas Jerrold says:—"Hazlitt, the celebrated writer and critic, usually rose at from one to two o'clock in the day—scarcely ever before twelve—and if he had no work in hand he would sit over his breakfast (of excessively strong black tea, and a toasted French roll) till four or five in the afternoon, silent, motionless, and self-absorbed, like a Turk over his opium pouch, for tea served him in this capacity. It was the only stimulant he ever took, and at the same time the only luxury; the delicate state of his digestive organs prevented him from tasting any fermented liquors, or touching any food but beef, mutton, poultry, or game, dressed with perfect plainness. He never touched any but black tea, and was very particular about the quality of that, always using the most expensive that could be got; and he used, when living alone, to consume nearly a pound in a week. A cup of Hazlitt's tea (if you happened to come in for the first brewage of it) was a peculiar thing; I have never tasted anything like it. He always made it for himself, half filling the teapot with tea, pouring the boiling water on it, and then almost immediately pouring it out, using with it a great quantity of sugar and cream. To judge from its occasional effect upon myself, I should say that the quantity Hazlitt drank of this tea produced ultimately a most injurious effect upon him, and in all probability hastened his death, which took place from disease of the digestive organs. But its immediate effect was agreeable, even to a degree of fascination; and, not feeling any subsequent reaction from it, he persevered in its use to the very last, notwithstanding two or three attacks similar to that which terminated his life.

"SECOND-HAND MEN."—A matron dwelling on the banks of the Tees, when under cross examination as a witness at the Durham assizes, turned up her nose at an insinuation that *her* daughter was inclined to wed a widower. "Very likely, indeed," said she, with a toss of her head, "that *her* daughter should marry a *second-handed man*." The poor widowers would likewise seem to be at a discount in America. Four young ladies advertise for husbands in the *Troy Times*, and close with the intimation that "no widowers need apply!"

A FATALIST.—A western American paper publishes the following:—"I knew an old man who believed that 'what was to be would be.' He lived in Missouri, and was one day going out several miles through a region infested, in early times, by very savage Indians. He always took his gun with him, but this time found that some of his family had taken it out. As he would not go without it, his friends tantalised him, by saying that there was no danger of the Indians; that he would not die till his time came anyhow. 'Yes,' says the old fellow, 'but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and *his* time was come, it wouldn't do not to have *my gun!*'"

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.—Without the shepherd's dog, the whole of the mountainous land in Scotland would not be worth sixpence. It would require more hands to manage a flock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to markets, than the profits of the whole stock would be capable of maintaining. Well may the shepherd, then, feel an interest in his dog. It is, indeed, he that earns the family bread, of which he is content himself with the smallest morsel. Neither hunger nor fatigue will drive him from his master's side; he will follow him through fire and water. Another thing very remarkable is, the understanding these creatures have of the necessity of being particularly tender over lame and particular sheep. They will drive these a great deal more gently than others, and sometimes a single one is committed to their care to take home. On these occasions, they perform their duty like the most tender nurses. Can it be wondered at, then, that the colley should be so much prized by the shepherd—that his death should be regarded as a great calamity to a family, of which he forms, to all intents and purposes, an integral part—or that his exploits of sagacity should be handed down from generation to generation.

LOVE.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendour of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God, everybody, and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love; love to God, love to man.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN CASSELL informs his subscribers that for the future the advertising page in THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND will be discontinued. He will thus sacrifice £300 a-year, but at the same time he will be able to secure more room for the insertion of amusing or instructive matter. The sacrifice is great, and he trusts that the readers of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND will spare no exertion to extend its sale, as only a greatly-extended circulation will compensate him for the loss. John Cassell also announces that in the next number he will commence a series of articles on Hungary, illustrated by most superb Engravings. He does this in compliance with the wishes of a large body of subscribers, whose attention has been excited to Hungary by the arrival on our own shores of the illustrious ex-Governor. Bills containing this announcement are inserted in this number, that the readers of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND may distribute them among their acquaintances, and make the announcement as public as possible.

JUVENIS.—George Stephenson was a wonderful example of what a man, by steadiness and perseverance, may come to be. He was born in a small cottage in Newcastle, and spent his early years in a colliery. He was never idle; he worked when others slept that he might pay for his son Robert's schooling; he cut out the pitmen's clothes; he taught the pitmen's wives; he made shoes, and gave them to his poorer kinsmen. In short, he made his way in the world, and died the owner of broad domains, and the companion of nobles and great men.

SARAH wants to know how to use frosted potatoes. We will tell her. If much frozen, lay them in cold water, and to each peck of potatoes take a quarter of an ounce of saltpetre dissolved in water, which mix with the fluid in which they are boiled; if the potatoes are so frozen as to be quite unfit for nourishment, they will make starch, and will yield more flour than if unfermented by the icy power. This flour, with an equal quantity of wheat flour, some butter, sugar, a little balm, and a few currants, makes excellent bread for tea. If formed into small cakes, and put into a slow oven, it will keep a month.

A SCHOOLBOY.—The shortest river in the world is in Iceland. The glaciers of Klora-Yokul approach the sea-shore, and at their termination have a breadth of from fourteen to sixteen miles. A broad and rapid river, the Yokulsa, is generated in the dark womb of these immense deposits of ice, and rushes out from beneath them. In its course to the sea, which is scarcely three miles, it has no tributaries. Its temperature is nearly that of the freezing point.

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Water	793	parts.
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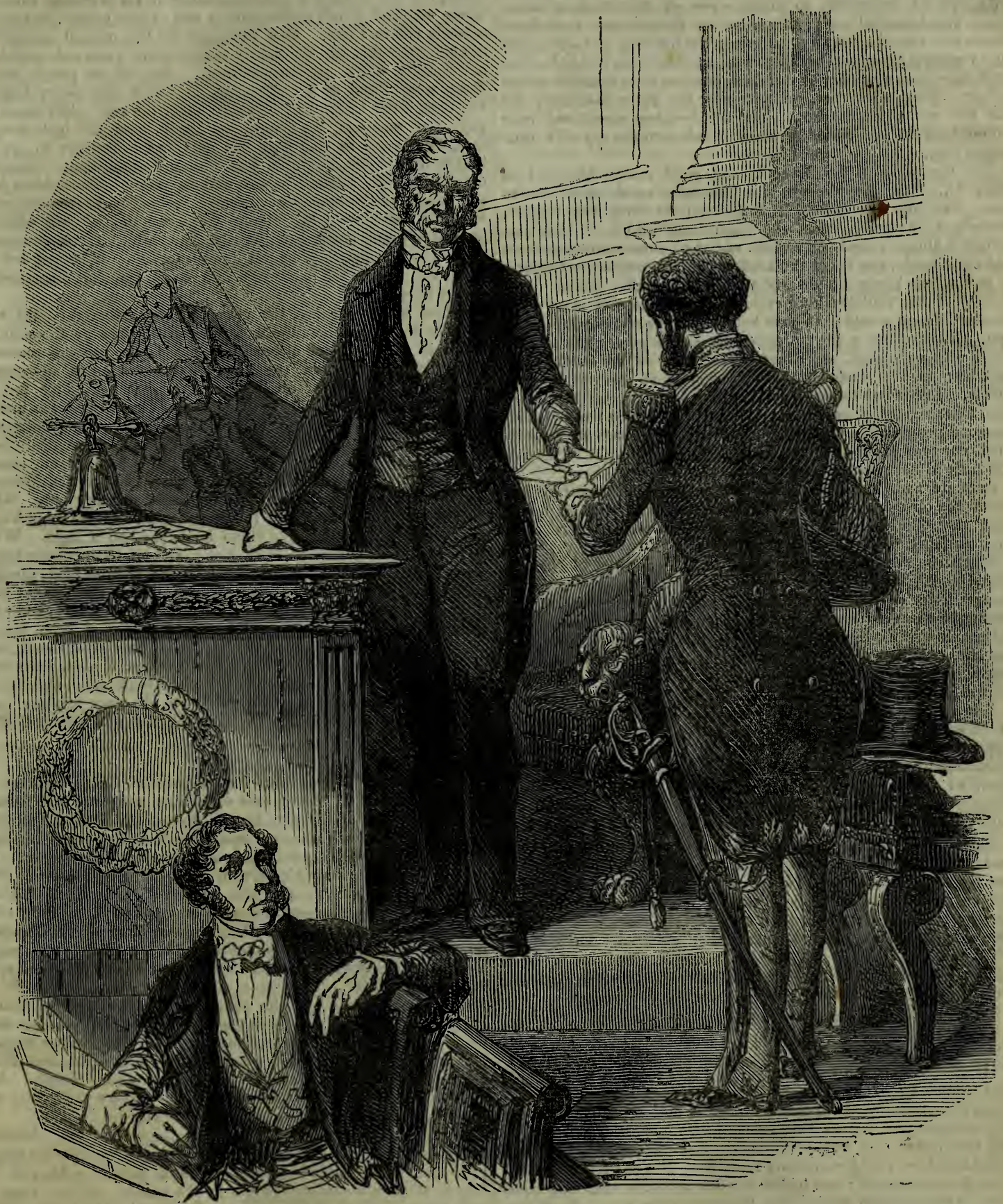


PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY RECEIVING THE MESSAGE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON, THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

La Napoule is, indeed, only a little place on the Gulf of Cannes, yet everybody in all Provence knows it. It lies in evergreen shades, high palms, and dark orange-trees. That alone would not make it famous. But they say that there grow the richest grape-clusters, the sweetest roses, and the loveliest maidens. I don't know—nevertheless, believe it. It is a pity that La Napoule is so little, and it is impossible to produce enough rich clusters, sweet roses, and beautiful girls; otherwise we should have some from thence into our own country. If since the building of La Napoule all its women have been beauties, without doubt the little Mariette must have been a wonder of wonders, because the Chronicle speaks of her. They called her, indeed, only the little Mariette; yet she was not smaller than a child of seventeen years and over would wish to be, whose forehead reached to the lip of a full-grown man.

The Chronicle of La Napoule had good reason to speak of Mariette. I, in the place of the Chronicle, would have done so too. For Mariette, who had hitherto lived with her mother, Manon, at Avignon, when she came back into her birthplace, turned it almost round—in reality, not the houses, but the people and their heads, and if not the heads of *all* the people, particularly of such whose heads and hearts are always in great danger in the vicinity of two soul-speaking eyes. In such a case it is no joke. Mother Manon would have done better had she remained in Avignon. But she had a little property in La Napoule; she had an estate with a vineyard, and a neat little house in the shadow of a rock between olive-trees and African acacias; so she was no poor widow. In her habitation she was as rich and happy as if she had been Countess of Provence, or the like. So much the worse for the good people of La Napoule. They had never seen such a mischief, nor read in Homer how a pretty woman brought all Greece and Asia Minor into armour and discord.

Scarcely had Mariette dwelt fourteen days in the cottage between the olive-trees and African acacias before each La Napoulen knew that Mariette lived there, and that in all Provence there lived no fairer maiden than in that house.

When she went through the town, tripping lightly, like a disguised angel, in her fluttering petticoat, pale green bodice, an orange-flower or a rose-bud in her bosom, and flowers and ribbons waving in the grey hat that shaded her beautiful face, the grave old people became talkative, and the young men dumb, and, right and left, a little window—a door—opened in succession. "Good morning," or "Good evening, Mariette," they said. And she nodded, laughing, right and left.

When Mariette came into the church, all hearts (namely, those of the young men!) left heaven, all eyes the saints, and the devout finger got confused in the pearls of the rosary. That actually must have caused great vexation, especially to the pious. At this time, no doubt, all the young maidens of La Napoule became singularly devout, for it vexed them the most, and they could hardly be blamed for it.

Since Mariette's arrival more than one bridegroom had become cool, and more than one suitor had forsaken his beloved. There was a great deal of quarrelling and scolding, and many tears, *good* lectures, and refusals. They spoke no more of weddings—only of separations. They gave back love-pledges, rings, and ribbons. The old folks mixed in the quarrels of their children. Discord and strife ran from house to house. It was a pity! "It is all Mariette's fault," said the pious maidens; so said their mothers; so said their fathers; and at last all, even the young men.

But Mariette, veiled in her modesty and innocence, like the bursting crimson of a rose-bud in the dark green of its calyx, did not guess all this great misery, and remained friendly towards all. That quieted first the young men, and they said, "Why should you trouble the sweet, harmless child? She is without blame!" Then the mothers said so, then the fathers, and at last all, even the pious maidens. For whoever spoke with Mariette could not help but love her. And before six months had passed everybody had talked with her, and everybody loved her. But she did not know that she was beloved; and before she did not know that they hated her. Does the dim violet, often trodden in the grass, know how dear it is?

Now each one wished to atone for his injustice towards Mariette. Pity heightened the tenderness of their good-will. And Mariette found herself greeted more kindly, she laughed more cheerfully, she joined more heartily in the country songs and dances.

. . . . . .

But all men have not the sweet gift of sympathy; some are stony-hearted, like Pharoah. This, doubtless, arises from the natural depravity of man since the fall; or, perhaps, because the baptism of these bad ones was not rightly administered.

A memorable example of such hardness was given by young Colin, the richest farmer and householder in La Napoule, through whose vine and olive gardens, citron and orange groves, one could scarcely run in a day. One thing proved the natural corruption of his heart—that he was nearly twenty-seven years old, and had never asked why a maiden was made. But all the people, especially womankind of a certain age, in which they easily forgive sin, considered Colin the best youth under the sun. His face, his gay, easy manners, his glance, his laugh, had the luck, people said, to please; so that if it had only been necessary to cry to heaven for his sins, he would have obtained absolution. But the opinion of such judges it is not well to trust. Thus, while old and young at Napoule had become reconciled to the innocent Mariette, and treated her kindly, Colin was the only one who remained without compassion for the dear child. If the conversation turned on Mariette he was dumb as a fish. If he met her in the street, he was red and white with anger, and shot a consuming glance after her.

When, in the evening, the young people gathered on the sea-coast by the old ruined castle for cheerful games or the country dance, or to begin an alternating song, Colin was not wanting. But after Mariette came, the spiteful Colin was quiet, and would not sing any more for all the gold in the world. Pity for his charming voice! Everybody liked to hear him, and he was unsurpassable in songs. All the maidens liked to see the bad Colin, and he was friendly with all. He had, they said, a roguish look, which the girls feared and loved; and when he laughed, one should have had him painted! But naturally the often-offended Mariette did not see this at all. And there she had a perfect right. Whether he laughed or not, it was the same to her. Of his roguish look she didn't like to hear, and there again she had a right. When he related stories, and he knew many, and all listened, she teased her neighbours, and threw, first at Peter and then at Paul, plucked leaves, and laughed and chattered, and would not hear Colin. That vexed his proud heart; he often broke off the story, and went away gloomy. Revenge is sweet. The daughter of Frau Manon might well have triumphed, but Mariette was too good a child, and her heart was too tender. When he was silent it made her sorry. If he was sad, she could not laugh. If he went away, she did not stay long; and when she got to the house, she wept brighter tears of repentance than Magdalene, and yet had not sinned half so much.

. . . . . .

The pastor of La Napoule, Father Jerome, a grey-headed man of seventy, had all the virtues of a saint, and only one fault—that, on account of his age, he was very deaf. But, for all that, he preached so much the more instructively to the ears of his baptized children and his penitents, and they heard him gladly. He only preached on two subjects, as if all religion dwelt therein. One was, "Little children, love one another;" the other, "Little children, the dispensations of heaven are wonderful." The "little children" loved each other very dutifully, and hoped in the dispensations of Providence. Only Colin, with his hard heart, would know nothing about it. Even when he seemed to be friendly, he had bad intentions.

The Napoulens go to the yearly fair in the town of Vence. They have a merry life, and if they get little gold, yet they have many goods. Mariette went also to the fair with Mother Manon. Colin was there also. He bought many nick-nacks and kick-shaws for his friends, but for Mariette not a sous' worth. And yet he was everywhere at her heels. But he spoke not to her, nor she to him. One could see he meditated evil.

Mother Manon stood before a shop, and said, "Oh, Mariette, see this beautiful pitcher! A queen need not be ashamed to put it to her lips. Only see, the rim is of shining gold, and the flowers thereon bloom no brighter in the garden, and yet they are only painted. And in the middle is Paradise! Only look, Mariette, how the apples laugh from the trees! one really longs for them. And Adam cannot resist, as the sly Eve offers him one to his cost. And see how charmingly the lamb frolics with the proud

tiger, and the snow-white dove, with gold-green neck, stands before the vulture, as if he would caress him."

Mariette could not see it enough.

"Had I such a pitcher, mother," said she, "it would be much too beautiful to drink out of; I would put my flowers in it, and always look into Paradise. We are in the market of Vence; but when I see the picture, it is to me as though we were in Paradise."

So said Mariette, and immediately called all her friends to gaze at the pitcher, and soon by the friends female stood the friends male, and at last almost half the population of La Napoule, before the wonderful pitcher. Timidly they asked the shopman, "Sir, how much is it?" and he answered, "It is worth a hundred livres among brothers." Then they were all silent, and walked off.

When no more from La Napoule stood at the shop, Colin came secretly, put down a hundred livres on the counter for the shopman, put the pitcher in a box full of cotton, and carried it off. Nobody knew his wicked plan.

Near La Napoule, on his homeward way, as it grew dusk, he met the old Jacques, the Judge's servant, as he came from the fields. Jacques was a good old man, but rather simple.

"I will give thee some drink-money, Jacques," said Colin, "if thou wilt carry this box to Manon's house, and leave it there. And if any one should notice thee, and ask 'From whom comes this box?' say, 'A stranger gave it to me.' But do not mention my name, or I shall be for ever angry with thee."

Jacques promised, took the drink-money and the box, and went towards the cottage amid the olive-trees and African acacias.

. . . . . .

Before he got there, his master, the Judge Hautmartin, met him, and said, "Jacques, what art thou carrying?"

"A box for Mother Manon. But, sir, I dare not say from whom."

"Why not?"

"Because Mr. Colin would be for ever angry with me."

"It is well that thou canst keep a secret. But it is very late. Give me the box. In the morning I shall go to Frau Manon. I will carry the box, and not tell that it comes from Colin. It will save thee a walk, and give me good employment."

Jacques gave the box to his master, for he was accustomed to obey him in all things without gainsaying. The Judge carried it into his chamber, and looked at it by the light with great curiosity. On the cover was written neatly, in red chalk, "To the lovely and beloved Mariette." Herr Hautmartin knew very well that this was only some jest of Colin's, and that a bad trick lurked behind it. So he opened the box carefully—a rat or a mouse might be concealed therein! But when he beheld the wonderful pitcher that he had himself seen at Vence, he was frightened. For Herr Hautmartin was a man well skilled in justice as well as in injustice, and knew that the thoughts and deeds of men's hearts are evil, from their youth up. He saw immediately that Colin wished to bring Mariette into trouble with this pitcher; that when it was in her hands he would give out that it was a present from some lover in the city, and that all good people must avoid Mariette. Thereupon Herr Hautmartin, the Judge, decided that he would put down this suspicion by confessing that he was the giver thereof himself. Besides, he loved Mariette, and would gladly have witnessed that she had more closely observed towards him the command of the grey Father Jerome, "Little children, love one another." Although Colin would fain have been the handsomest man in the town, the Herr Judge had the advantage over him in two things—namely, his great years, and a great, great nose! Yes, this nose, that went before the Judge like a yeoman of the guard, to announce his approach, was truly an elephant among human noses. With this elephant, his good intentions, and the pitcher, the Judge went the following morning to the house amid the olive-trees and African acacias.

"For the beautiful Mariette," said he, "nothing is too costly to me. Yesterday you admired the pitcher at Vence. Permit me, sweet Mariette, to lay that and my loving heart at your feet."

Manon and Mariette were enraptured and astonished when they saw the pitcher. Manon's eyes sparkled, but Mariette was beside herself, and said, "I wish to take neither your pitcher nor your heart."

Then Mother Manon got angry, and said, "But I take pitcher and heart too. Oh, thou fool, how long wilt thou scorn thy good luck? For whom waitest thou? Will a count of Provence make thee his bride, that thou despisest the Judge of La Napoule? I know better how to care for thee. Herr Hautmartin, I count on having the honour to call you my son-in-law."

Then Mariette went out and wept bitterly, and hated the beautiful pitcher with all her heart. But the Judge struck himself with his flat hand across the nose, and spake wisely: "Mother Manon, do not overhurry things. The little dove will be entirely submissive when she learns to know me better. I am not impatient. I understand womankind, and before a quarter of a year I will steal into Mariette's heart."

"His nose is too big for that!" whispered Mariette, who, behind the door, heard and secretly laughed. In truth, a quarter of a year had passed, and Herr Hautmartin had not with the tip of his nose pierced into her heart.

The next quarter of a year Mariette had other affairs. The pitcher made her much vexation and trouble, and, moreover, something besides. Fourteen days long they talked of nothing but the pitcher in La Napoule. And everybody said, "It is a present from the Judge," and the wedding was already agreed on, But when Mariette solemnly assured her companions that she would sooner her body should lie in an abyss of the sea than marry the Judge, the maidens went away angry, and teased her, saying, "Ah, how happily she will rest in the shadow of his nose!" This was vexation first!

Then Mother Manon went on the cruel principle of forcing Mariette to carry the pitcher to the spring at the rock every morning, to fill it with fresh flowers. She hoped thereby to accustom Mariette to the pitcher and the heart of the giver. But it only led her to hate gift and giver. And the labour at the spring was a real punishment to her. Vexation, second!

Then when she came in the morning to the spring, twice in the week lay upon a ledge of the rock the most beautiful flowers, beautifully arranged, ready to make the pride of the pitcher. And round the flower-stalks a strip of paper was wrapped, and on it was written, "Dear Mariette!" Now some one, the little maiden knew, must do it for her, since in the world now there are no magicians or fairies. Consequently the flowers and the sweet speech came from Herr Hautmartin. Mariette would never smell them, merely because the living breath from the Judge's nose had breathed over them. She indeed took the flowers, because they were better than field-flowers; but she tore the paper into a thousand pieces, and strewed them on the place where the flowers were accustomed to lie. But this did not vex the Judge Hautmartin at all, whose love was as great in its place as his nose in its place. Vexation third!

But at last she discovered, in conversation with Herr Hautmartin, that he was not the giver of the flowers. Who could it be now? Mariette was astonished at the unexpected revelation. From that time she took the flowers carefully from the rock, smelt them, but—who put them there? Mariette, like all young girls—else they are not worth anything—was very curious. She guessed this and that young man in La Napoule. Yet she did not stop at guessing. She waked and watched late in the night—she rose earlier—but she spied out nothing. And yet twice in the week, in the morning, lay the magic flowers on the rock, and wound round them the strip of paper, ever with the quiet sigh on it, "Dear Mariette!" This would have made the most indifferent curious. But curiosity becomes at last a burning pain. Vexation fourth!

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.—It is almost impossible, we think, to overrate the immense moral and political importance of a thoroughly good provincial journal. We hesitate not to say that in many instances the conductors of such publications have it in their power to serve the country more usefully even than some of our prominent politicians and statesmen. When, for instance, misunderstandings arise among large masses of workmen, in such parts of the country as Yorkshire and Lancashire, with regard to their employers, or to the rulers of the country, how important is it that the local press which they read should be under the conduct of good, loyal, liberal, and enlightened men. An injudicious article might keep alive a flame of discontent; when a few words of thorough good sense, dictated by a truly generous and liberal spirit, may keep a country in peace far more effectively than the *posse comitatus*, or a regiment of slaughter-breathing yeomanry.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

THE OPIUM-SMOKING OF THE CHINESE.

The drug called opium is formed of the concrete juice of the poppy. This plant is well known in England, as well as in the southern countries of Europe, but it appears to have come originally from Asia. It is reared most extensively in India, where opium forms the staple commodity of many provinces. The following is the general mode of treatment:—The plants are very carefully kept at a due distance from each other. Should the seed have been too thickly sown, some of the young plants are pulled up and used as pot-herbs; but when they have reached a foot and a half in height, they are considered, from their intoxicating nature, unfit for that use. The plant flowers in February, and the opium is extracted in March or April, according to the period of sowing.

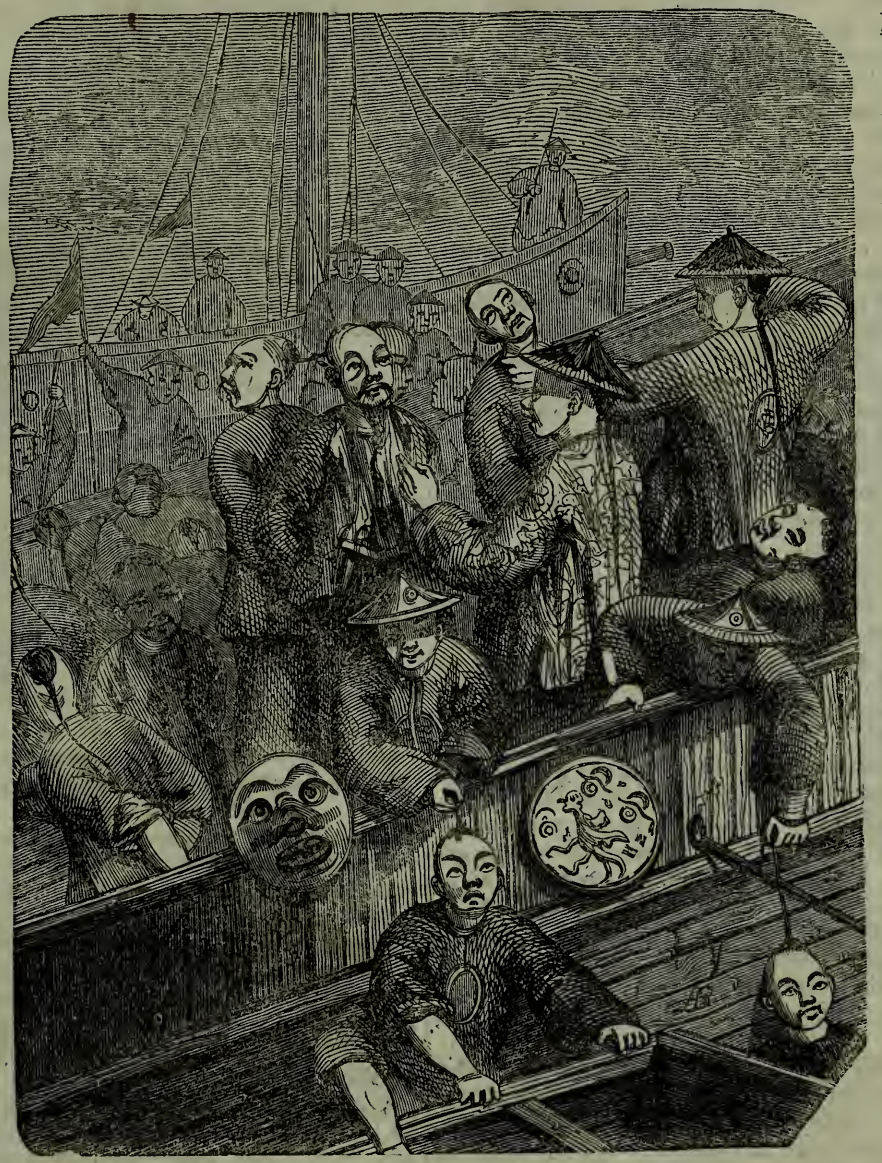
When the flowers have fallen, and the capsules assume a whitish colour, they are wounded with a three-toothed instrument, which is drawn from the top to the bottom of the capsule so as to penetrate its skin. This is done in the evening, and he opium is gathered in the morning. The wounds in each capsule are repeated for three successive days, and generally fifteen days suffice in this way to wound all the capsules in a field, and to gather all the opium. A milky juice, exuding from the incisions, thickens on exposure to the air, and is carefully scraped off with a shell, or a small iron instrument, previously dipped in oil. It is afterwards worked in an iron pot, in the heat of the sun, until it is of a consistence to be formed into cakes of about four pounds weight. These are covered with the leaves of poppy, tobacco, or some other vegetable, to prevent their sticking together; and in this state they are dried and packed away for exportation in chests lined with hides, each containing forty cakes, and weighing about 150 lbs. The drug thus prepared brings in India about fifteen shillings a pound.

CHINESE SMOKING THE OPIUM.

The consumption of this narcotic drug in China is very great. Within the last sixty or seventy years that of Indian opium has risen from 1,000 to nearly 30,000 of the chests just described. It has actually formed an article of export from India to China, exceeding in value all the tea which that country has supplied for our own consumption, and for exportation to our colonies and to foreign countries. Towards the close of the last century the trade in opium was chiefly carried on in Macao; but in 1802 the English merchants removed it to the island of Lintin,

which then became the great opium depôt. "At Canton," says a Chinese writer, "there are brokers of the drugs, who are called melters. These pay the price of the drug into the hands of the resident foreigners, who give them orders for the delivery of the opium from the receiving ships. There are carrying boats plying up and down the river, and these are vulgarly called 'fast crabs,' and 'scrambling dragons.' They are well armed, and are manned with some scores of desperadoes, who ply their oars as if they were wings to fly with. All the custom-houses and military forts which they pass are largely bribed. If they happen to encounter one of the armed cruising boats, they are so audacious as to resist, and slaughter and carnage ensue."

A few years ago, one of the Chinese cruisers addressed a memorial to the Emperor, in which he stated that "magistrates of districts issue proclamations interdicting the clandestine sale of opium, at the same time that their kindred, and clerks, and servants smoke it as before. The police, influenced by the people in the public offices, became the secret purchasers of opium, instead of labouring for its suppression; and thus all interdicts and regulations became vain." The fact is, that a contraband trade of some millions sterling, in annual value, grew up despite of frequent edicts for its suppression.



CHINESE POLICE ARRESTING THE OPIUM SMUGGLERS.

The taste for opium prevailing in China, which begun with the richer and descended to the poorer classes, appears to have been extended with astonishing rapidity. The following Imperial edict was issued in 1833:—"Let the buyers and smokers of opium be punished with one hundred blows, and be pilloried for two months. Then let them declare the seller's name; and in default of this declaration, let the smoker be punished as an accomplice of the seller, with a hundred blows and three years' imprisonment. Let mandarins and their dependants who buy and smoke opium be punished one degree more severely than others; and let governors and lieutenant-governors of provinces, as well as the magistrates of subordinate districts, be required to give security that there are no opium-smokers in their respective districts."

Six years after, more decisive steps were taken, under the direction of an Imperial Commissioner from Peking; the British residents were shut up in their factory, and only released on giving up the stock of opium on board the ships, amounting to 20,283 chests, worth nearly £3,000,000 sterling, the Superintendent of British Trade giving the owners indemnity scrips. The contents of every chest were subsequently emptied into sluices communicating with the river, in the presence of the Chinese authorities and many of the residents of the British and

INTERIOR OF OPIUM SMOKING ROOM.

WORN-OUT OPIUM-SMOKER.

other factories. And men were employed from day to day in hastening the process of maceration until the opium had become muddy and fetid, when the whole of it was washed into the river.

The merchants now withdrew to Macao, and, on being expelled by the Chinese, to their ships at Hong Kong. But the opium trade is still extensively carried on. At Amoy, for example, the large native wholesale dealers are in the habit of strongly manning and arming a boat, in which they proceed outside the boundaries of the port to the six islands. There the foreign opium-vessels lying at anchor are similarly armed and prepared for resistance, in the event of the Chinese authorities attempting to capture them. The native boats return with the chests of opium to Amoy, and may be seen, with some European flag flying aloft, passing swiftly through the harbour, with sails set, and all the crew plying their oars. They always form too strong a force to encourage the hope of successful pursuit, either by the pirates or by the Mandarins. The wholesale native smugglers then dispose of the opium-balls separately to the retail dealers and proprietors of opium-shops. No secrecy is observed respecting this article of universal traffic.

The Rev. G. Smith, who recently witnessed the state of things, says:—"I have seen three consecutive houses, kept by opium-venders. The people say that there are nearly a thousand such establishments in Amoy. Public notices on the corners of streets frequently invited the attention of passers-by to opium 'three winters old' sold in the opposite house. To the better class of these shops the servants of rich men might be seen resorting, in order to purchase the prepared drug, and to carry it in little boxes, or, if the quantity were moderate, on little bamboo leaves, to their master, for smoking at his own house. They all asserted that they paid no bribes to the Mandarins, saying that these also smoked opium; and, therefore, were prevented by shame from interfering with the people. They assented to the probability of bribes being paid to the native authorities by the large wholesale purchasers, who go outside the harbour to buy opium from the foreign ships. Among other proofs of the full cognizance of the local authorities, as well as of the general prevalence of opium-smoking, may be mentioned the fact of persons being met with in almost every street, who gain their entire livelihood by manufacturing the bowls of opium-pipes, which they publicly expose for sale in every direction.

The opposition now made by the Chinese Government to the opium-trade, at any time, appears to be extremely feeble. Mr. Fortune says, that he had many proofs of this during his residence in China, one of which was as follows:—An admiral, renowned for his valour, was sent with a number of war-junks to a particular station, where the opium-ships were anchored, for the purpose of compelling them to leave the Chinese shores. Gongs were beat, guns were fired—at a respectful distance, however,—and the junks came down with all that pomp and parade which the Chinese know so well how to assume, and which seem to form a principal part of their warlike operations. In the meantime, the little opium-vessels were lying quietly at anchor, apparently paying but slight attention to all these threatening demonstrations. Presently, a message was sent from the admiral, ordering them to get up their anchors and stand out to sea, and never more *to dare* to enter the waters of his Celestial Majesty, under the penalty of being *completely annihilated*.

A summons like this, in former days, might have had some weight, but now it had none; and the only answer the messengers carried back was, "That the foreign vessels were well armed, and that they would not leave their anchorage." This was quite sufficient to cool the courage of the admiral, who was now in a dilemma; he durst not fight the "barbarians," and if he did not manage to get them out of the way, his character for courage would suffer when the affair was represented at head quarters. He therefore altered his tone, and *requested* the captains, as a great *favour*, to leave the anchorage and move outside for a day or two only, after which they might return to their old quarters. This was agreed to on the part of the captains of the opium-vessels, and, on the following morning, they got under weigh, and went out to sea. The Chinese, who were on the look-out at the time, made a great noise by beating gongs and firing guns, and followed the opium-ships until they were fairly outside. The admiral now sent up a report to his government, to the effect that he had fought a great battle with the "barbarians," and had driven them away from the shores; or very probably, he said, that he had blown some of their vessels to pieces, and sunk the rest in the depths of the sea! In the meantime, even before the report was half-way to Peking, the opium-vessels had quietly taken up their old anchorage, and things were going on in the usual way. Such is a specimen of the way in which affairs are managed in China.

To prepare the opium, a portion is taken and dissolved in a copper ladle, over a charcoal fire. When it is melted, it is poured into a coarse paper filter; and, unless it be of the worst description, it readily passes through this into a small basin placed under it. When it will not pass through the filter, the Chinese account it bad, and it is sold only at a very reduced price. The filtered mixture is put again into a clear copper pan, and boiled slowly over the charcoal fire until the whole of the water is evaporated, and nothing remains but pure opium.

The opium is kept for smoking in small cups made for the purpose. The smoker commonly lays his head upon a pillow, has a lamp or candle by his side, and with a kind of needle he raises a small portion of the opium to the candle, which being ignited, he puts it into the small aperture of the bowl of the pipe. The candle is applied to the bowl in the process of inhaling, and the smoke is drawn into the lungs in the same manner as an Indian or Chinese swallows tobacco. A whiff or two only can be drawn from a single pipe, and, for continued use, the drug has to be frequently renewed. Houses are appropriated to this evil practice. One is described at Amoy as having four or five rooms, in different parts of a square court. These were occupied by men stretched out on a rude kind of couch, on which lay a head-pillow, with lamps, pipes, and other apparatus for smoking opium. In one part of the principal room the proprietor stood, with delicate steel-yards, weighing out the prepared drug, which was of a dark, thick, semi-fluid consistency. Here was a little company of opium-smokers, who had come hither to indulge in the expensive fumes, or to feast their eyes with a sight of that which increasing poverty had placed beyond their reach.

Many persons are said to use this drug "in moderation." In such instances the smoker lies down, but after he has taken a few whiffs, he quietly resigns the pipe, perhaps, to one of his friends, and walks away to his business. But, as in other instances, it is difficult to maintain this hold on the indulgence, and frequently this "moderation" becomes excess. In China, the spendthrift, the man of lewd habits, the drunkard, and other bad characters, in great variety, slide into the opium-smoker; so that the drug seems to be chargeable with all the vices of the country. Opium, doubtless, has its victims in persons who, but for its fascinating lures, might have escaped their ruin, but, in the great majority of instances, it only adds one stain more to a character already polluted.

The effects witnessed by Lord Jocelyn as produced on the Chinese at Singapore, he has thus described:—

"A few days of this fearful luxury, when taken to excess, will give a pallid and haggard look to the face, and a few months, or even weeks, will change the strong and healthy man into little better than an idiot skeleton. The pain they suffer when deprived of the drug, after long habit, no language can explain; and it is only when to a certain degree under its influence that their faculties are alive. In the houses devoted to their ruin, these infatuated people may be seen at nine o'clock in the evening in all different stages; some entering, half distracted, to feed the craving appetite they had been obliged to subdue during the day; others, laughing and talking wildly under the effects of a first pipe; whilst the couches around are filled with their different occupants, who lie languid, with an idiot smile upon their countenance, too much under the influence of the drug to care for passing events."

The sweet charities of life, sympathy, affection, and benevolence, are the blessings blended with sorrow, sickness, and infirmity; and from the restraints of temper and mutual forbearance we practise to each other arise the kindness and good-will which are the charms of social life.

COLERIDGE AT HIGHGATE.

Nothing is more interesting than to witness the fluctuation of public opinion, by which the hero of one day becomes the scorn and ridicule of the next. The same law applies to literary reputation. The fleeting Cynthias of the minute are numerous enough. We may say of them, as Byron said of heroes, that—

"Every month brings forth a new one."

In the case of Samuel Taylor Coleridge this was remarkably illustrated. The wits of the Anti-Jacobin could scarce find language too severe. He was all that honest men should shun and abhor. The bitter satire of Byron is almost equally malignant. In our own day, by a numerous class, he is reverentially read. He is considered as the only man who has bridged over the chasm between reason and revelation, and laid the foundation of a faith which the acutest rationalism even must accept. Our opinion is different. Christian verities are dependent on no man, for in man's universal heart, as it beats with hope or sinks in despair, do they find a sure and safe response. If it were only by the painful mastery of Coleridge's writings that we became Christians, we should have but little hope for the spread of Christian truth. Coleridge's claim to admiration, aye, to immortality, was, that he wrote the "Ancient Mariner" and "Genèvieve." As a poet he will live in the memories of men, when the conversational power, for which he was so famed, will be altogether forgotten. Latterly the conversational powers of Coleridge have been brought up before the world by the publication of the lives of Chalmers and Stirling. Chalmers says in one of his letters:—

"We spent three hours with the great Coleridge. He lives with Dr. and Mrs. Gillman on the same footing that Cowper did with the Unwins. His conversation, which flowed in a mighty unremitting stream, is most astonishing, but, I must confess, to me still unintelligible. I caught occasional glimpes of what he would be at, but mainly he was very far out of all sight and all sympathy. I hold it, however, a great acquisition to have become acquainted with him. You know that Irving sits at his feet, and drinks in the inspirations of every syllable that falls from him. There is a secret, and to me as yet unintelligible, communion of spirit betwixt them, on the ground of a certain mystical and transcendental lake-poetry which I am not yet up to. Gordon says it is all unintelligible nonsense; and I am sure a plain Fife man as uncle "Tammas," had he been alive, would have pronounced it the greatest *buff* he had ever heard in his life."

Thomas Carlyle, more in the habit of writing cynically than Dr. Chalmers, speaks out very strongly as to the utter intelligibility of what he calls "Coleridgean moonshine." He says:—

"Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate-hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle; attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character. He was thought to hold—he alone in England the key of German and other transcendentalisms; knew the sublime secret of believing by 'the reason' what 'the understanding' had been obliged to fling out as incredible; and could still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him, profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and point to the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices at Allhallowtide, *Esto perpetua.* He distinguished himself to all that ever heard him as at least the most surprising talker extant in this world, and to some small minority, by no means to all, the most excellent. The good man—he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps—gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute, expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and sing-song; he spoke as if preaching—you would have said, preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest thing. I still recollect his 'object' and 'subject,' terms of continual recurrence in the Kantean province; and how he snuffled them into 'om-m-mject' 'sum-m-mject,' with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more surprising.

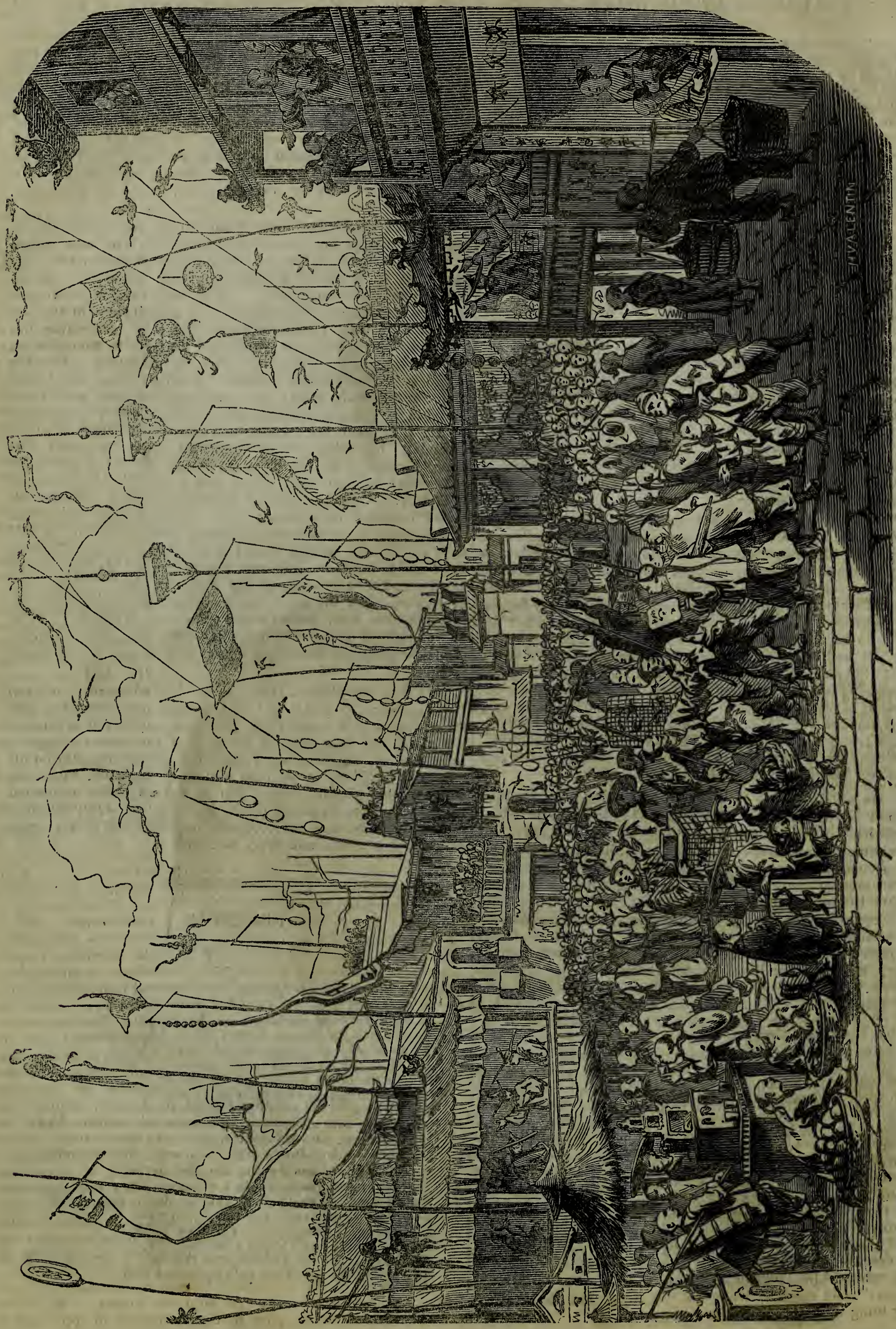
"He had knowledge about many things and topics—much curious reading; but generally all topics led him, after a pass or two, into the high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of Kantean transcendentalism, with its 'sum-m-mjects' and 'om-m-mjects.' Sad enough, for with such indolent impatience of the claims and ignorance of others, he had not the least talent for explaining this or anything unknown to them; and you swam and fluttered in the mistiest, wide, unintelligible deluge of things, for most part in a rather profitless, uncomfortable manner. Glorious islets, too, I have seen rise out of the haze; but they were few, and soon swallowed in the general element again. Balmy, sunny islets, islets of the blest and the intelligible; on which occasions those secondary humming groups would all cease humming, and hang breathless on the eloquent words, till once your islet got wrapt in the mist again, and they could recommence humming. One right peal of concrete laughter at some convicted flesh-and-blood absurdity, one burst of noble indignation at some injustice or depravity, rubbing elbows with us on this solid earth, how strange would it have been in that Kantean haze-world, and how infinitely cheering amid its vacant air-castles and dim-melting ghosts and shadows! None such ever came. His life had been an abstract thinking and dreaming, idealistic one, passed amid the ghosts of defunct bodies and of unborn ones. The mourning sing-song of that theosophico-metaphysical monotony left on you, at least, a very dreary feeling."

It is true Archdeacon Hare, in his life of Sterling, talks of "the oceanic ebb and flow" of Coleridge's conversation—but we are inclined to suspect that Chalmers and Carlyle are nearer the mark, and that after all the fame of the old man eloquent must rest, not on the wisdom that fell from his lips, or from his efforts to build up a rational and lofty Christian faith—for which we fear with his dreamy life he was singularly unfit—but for that rare and exquisite poetry which strikes every chord of human feelings, and the response to which will never cease whilst man can live, and hope, and love.

FREEDOM.

By W. C. Bryant.

O Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crown'd his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hadst from heaven.
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his smart armourers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.



A FETE DAY IN CHINA.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THE personage whose name stands at the head of this paper has excited no small amount of public attention during the last four years, and Europe is already watching with interest to see what will become of him in 1852. But it must be confessed that not only has he no recommendation, save the name of Bonaparte, and a very small amount of talent of any kind, but his character as a man is by no means above reproach. He is the son of Louis, ex-King of Holland, the brother of the Emperor, and of Hortense Beauharnais, daughter of the Empress Josephine; and therefore at present stands at the head of the Bonaparte family. He has, however, no claim to be considered heir of his uncle. The latter, in the same breath that he repudiated any claim to ancestral nobility, said also—"My son cannot replace me. I could not replace myself. I am the creature of circumstances."

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Prince Louis commenced his historical career at Rome in 1831, at the age of 23, by taking part in a general insurrection of the people of Italy against the despotic power of the Pope. This revolt, however, legitimate in its origin and objects, was carried on with such impudence and want of energy, that it brought ruin on nearly all its leaders. The Austrians at last interfered, and upon the advance of their forces the Prince immediately fled.

In 1832 he was residing in Switzerland as a political refugee, where his stupid intrigues, carried on in connection with a number of Frenchmen disaffected to Louis Philippe's government, drew upon him the indignation of France, and the distrust of the surrounding states. An event occurred in 1835, which plainly showed that it was the bauble of royalty on which he had set his heart, and that he cared no more for France than for any other country in which a prospect of obtaining this might be opened up to him.

In this year the young queen, Donna Maria of Portugal, became a widow by the death of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, a son of Eugene Beauharnais, and consequently a cousin of Louis Napoleon. The latter immediately became a candidate for the matrimonial throne of his relative. Rejected with scorn by the Portuguese Queen and Ministry, on the 14th of December, 1835, he issued a bombastic bulletin, in imitation of those of his uncle, denying the rumour which his friends had circulated, that he was the accepted suitor of the heiress of the House of Braganza, and declaring that even if the throne of Portugal were offered him, he would refuse to accept of it. "Sour grapes!" said the fox, when he found the branch on which they hung too lofty for him to reach.

In October, 1836, he "invaded" Strasbourg, at the head of a few miserable adventurers, expecting the whole of France to rise and join him. He was forthwith taken into custody as a dangerous lunatic, but afterwards liberated on his giving his parole of honour to remain in exile in the United States for ten years. In 1838 he broke his word, and came back to Europe, and again setting intrigues on foot, he was obliged to fly for safety to England. Experience did not appear, however, to have taught him wisdom, and in 1840 he embarked with some drunken companions on board a Thames steam-boat for Boulogne, carrying with him a tame eagle with clipped claws and moulted pinions—a fit emblem, it must be confessed, of an expedition intended to subdue France.

He was again arrested and sent a close prisoner to the fortress of Ham. He escaped in 1846, in the disguise of a workman, and again made his way to London. His after residence in this country was comparatively unmarked. His chief associates while here, it was well known, were ladies and gentlemen, bearing aristocratic names, but of very questionable character—speculators on the variations of stocks, gamblers, money-hunters, diners-out, haunters of the saloons of second-rate fashion, and of the nameless resorts of low vice and dissipation. He had no scruple whatever in getting into debt beyond his means of payment, and his most serious pursuit was the study of alchemy, by which he expected to arrive at the discovery of the philosopher's stone! So vigorously did he prosecute this exploded science in a house which he had fitted up as a laboratory, in Camberwell, and so firm was his faith in the charlatan empyric whom he employed to aid him in transmuting the baser metals into gold, that he actually appropriated his revenues in anticipation, and applied the first million of his gains to paying off the national debt in France, hoping that he might thus purchase the Imperial crown. Upon the first news of the revolution in 1848 he betook himself to France. In June, 1848, he was elected member of the National Assembly for the Department of the Seine, by 84,420 votes, as well as for many other departments in various parts of France. Such is the influence of a mere name over the great mass of the people. A vigorous effort was made in the National Assembly to have the edict still kept in force which excluded the Bonaparte family from the French territory, from the fear that Louis Napoleon might avail himself of the popularity caused by his relationship to the Emperor to aim at the supreme power. M. Ledru Rollin took a leading part in the discussion in opposition to

the claims of the Prince, and laid some force upon the circumstance that the latter had as yet made no public declaration of his sentiments as to the revolution of February, 1848. This objection was removed by the appearance a few days afterwards of an address to the electors of the Seine, declaring his attachment to the cause of democracy, order, and labour. He took his seat towards the end of September, 1848; and upon his appearance, no small amount of curiosity was evinced by the other members to get a sight of him.

In December, 1848, he was elected President of the French Republic. 7,326,385 persons took part in the election, and of these 5,334,226 voted for Louis Napoleon. One of the first public acts of his Government was his sending an expedition against Rome to subvert a republic, if possible, more legitimate in its origin than that over which he himself presided. The daily waste of life and money, the destruction and dilapidation of some of the finest buildings in the world, are subjects too painful to dwell upon even at this distance of time. We hope to enter into them more fully when giving a memoir of Garibaldi. Rome and Italy were again delivered over to the blighting influence of Neapolitan, Austrian, and Papal despotism, and the people of that fine country are now placed in a state of moral and physical degradation, of which an Englishman can scarcely form an idea. Louis Napoleon is fairly chargeable with being the author of this misery and ruin. He has spent the three years and a half during which he has now occupied the Presidential chair in *fêting* the soldiery to render himself personally popular, in making progresses through the provinces, and delivering fine speeches, which mean nothing, and in continuing a series of systematic attacks upon the liberty of the press until he has totally destroyed it. His last feat was the arrest and imprisonment of Victor Hugo and his son, for condemning capital punishment in the columns of his journal.

When M. Kossuth presented himself upon the frontiers, he was refused a passage through, as it was well known that he was the representative of principles diametrically opposed to those upon which the French Government are at present acting. In short, M. Louis Napoleon's career has been a continued lie—a perjury—and he is at this moment as great a reactionist as Francis Joseph or the Czar. The French people will have an opportunity of shaking him off in 1852, and we hope they will do it *con amore*. The fate of this pinchbeck republic may furnish a warning to visionaries in our own country, and convince them that liberty, equality, and fraternity are so many high-sounding words—meaning nothing, or positively mischievous, when political knowledge, public virtue, and education, are wanting among the masses.

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION.

One of the wonders of modern science is, decidedly, the electric telegraph. Our readers may not be aware that the system of telegraphic communication is old—almost as old as the hills. We find it resorted to by the men of all countries and all ages—by the rude barbarian and the polished Greek alike. For this purpose the Roman used the flag and the banner—the Greek lit fires on the mountain-tops—the untutored Indian ascends some neighbouring hill, where he stands as a signal or a guide, with arms uplifted to the sky. When the Spaniards discovered Mexico, they found an extensive system of communication by means of couriers trained from childhood, whose dress was indicative of the news they bore. The history of our own country supplies us with instances of similar attempts. When the Armada hovered on our shores, beacon-fires were lit, and a fiery warning passed through the land.

The Italian historian Strada is generally supposed to have given the first idea of the modern telegraph. In one of his essays he gives an account of a correspondence carried on by the help of a loadstone, which, if touched by two several needles, the other, at whatever distance it might be, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He says "that two friends possessed of these needles made a dial-plate, and fixed one in each of them, so that it could move without impediment to any of the twenty-four letters. Upon their separating they agreed to withdraw to their closets at a certain hour, and there to converse. To accomplish this, when some hundreds of miles asunder, each one shut himself up at the time appointed, directed the needle of his dial to every letter of the words he wished to use, making a pause at each to avoid confusion; and his friend saw his own sympathetic needle moving to every letter which that of his correspondent indicated." How far the Jesuit priest knew and foreshadowed the power of electricity remains doubtful. However, in 1684, a mode of communication was mentioned to the Royal Society, by which intelligence was sent from any high place to another as quickly as it could be written. In this "Century of Inventions" the Marquis of Worcester tells us "how at a window, as far as one can discover black from white, a man may hold discourse with his correspondent." In 1794 the French Directory established a system which is thus described:—"At the first station, which was on the roof of the Louvre, M. Chappe received in writing from the Committee of Public Safety the words to be sent to Lisle, near which the French army at the time was. An upright post was erected on the Louvre. At the top of this were two transverse arms, moveable in all directions with much rapidity. The different position of these arms stood as signs for the letters of the alphabet, and these he reduced as much as possible. Having received the sentence to be conveyed, he gave a signal to the second station to prepare. At each station there was a watch-tower, on which telescopes were fixed, and the person on the watch gave the signal of preparation which he had received, and this communicated successively through all the line, which brought them into a state of readiness. The person at the second station received letter by letter the sentence from the Louvre, which he repeated with his own machine, and this was again repeated from the next, with almost an inconceivable rapidity, to the final station at Lisle." In 1795 Great Britain followed the example set by France, and the Admiralty adopted a plan of a six-shutter telegraph, proposed by Lord George Murray. About this time, also, the electric spark was used. Arthur Young, speaking of a Monsieur Leonard, says—"You write two or three words on a paper—he takes it with him into a room, and turns a machine enclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer—a small five-pith ball; a wire connects with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment, and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motions of the ball, writes down the words they indicate, from which, it appears, he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance. There were other forerunners who from time to time came before the public, but their names were soon forgotten, and their plans died away.

The father of the system at length arose in the person of Mr Cooke, who, having become acquainted at Heidelberg with Professor Moenche, witnessed some experiments intended to illustrate the possibility of signalising by electricity. He came to London, obtained a patent with Professor Wheatstone, and devoted himself to the extension of that wonderful system by which time and space are annihilated, and thought made to travel with the speed of the lightning's flash.

The following is the description of Mr. Wheatstone of this wonderful application of science to practical purposes:—

"Here is what may be called a dial with five vertical magnetic needles. On this dial twenty letters of the alphabet are marked, and the various letters are indicated by the mutual convergence of two needles, when they are caused to move. If the first needle turn to the right and the second to the left, 'h' is indicated; if the first needle deviates to the right, and the fourth to the left, then 'b' is indicated; if the same needles converge downwards, then 'v' is pointed to. These magnetic needles are acted upon by electrical currents passing through coils of wire placed immediately behind them. Each coil forms a portion of a communicating wire, which may extend to any distance whatever. These wires, at their termination, are connected with an apparatus consisting of five longitudinal and two transverse metal bars in a wooden frame, the latter being united to the two poles of a voltaic battery, which ordinarily have no metallic communication with the longitudinal bars, on each of which two stops, forming two parallel rows, are placed. When a stop of the upper row is pressed down, the bar on which it is placed forms a metallic communication with the transverse bar below, which is connected with one of the poles of the battery; and when a stop of the lower row is touched, another longitudinal bar forms a metallic communication with the other pole of the voltaic battery, and the current flows through the two wires connected with the longitudinal bars, to whatever distance they may extend."

THE RUSSIAN'S DAUGHTER.

AN INCIDENT OF THE GRAND ARMY.

The rattling of drums, the sharp discharge of musketry, and the indescribable confusion incident to the movement of vast bodies of men, announced the departure of Napoleon from Wilna. Far out on the plain, so distant that the music at its head scarcely disturbed the listening ear, marched the vanguard of the Grand Army; and through the thronged streets of the Russian town endless columns poured forth in dark and bristling lines. At intervals came troops of horsemen, their steeds pawing the ground, and neighing in response to their comrades on the open plain: now more frequently rumbled the artillery and baggage-waggons, startling the gazer by their number and equipments, and filling him with awe at the genius of the mighty conqueror, at whose bidding this host of men and array of warlike munitions had been suddenly evoked, as from some world, unknown or forbidden to all other men. As the Grand Army passed on, in the face of each soldier might be read the spirit working beneath. The French conscript, fresh from his ancestral acres, which he had ever longed to leave for the bivouac and the field, wore upon his countenance only the expression of exultation and joy. The veteran, on whose breast you might perceive the medal of Austerlitz or Marengo, marched with the mien of a Roman legionary, confident and secure in the genius of his commander as when he heard his clear voice ring amid the perils of Wagram, or saw him push out in his frail skiff to the raft of Tilsit to dictate terms of peace to two fallen emperors. The aged soldier renewed his youth, the boy's sinews were stiffened like steel, at the sound of the constant watchword, "To Moscow—to Moscow!" It was only in the muttered execrations of the conquered Austrian or Prussian, whom the vicissitudes of fortune had forced into an ungrateful service against their hereditary ally, that you might read the omen which cast its black and growing shadow over the campaign.

The welcome command of "Halt!" had been given, and each soldier was busily engaged in preparing his noon-day meal, when a young officer detached himself from his company and rode swiftly to the waggons at the rear of the column. Arriving at one distinguished from the rest by its superior elegance and finish, and showing by its equipments its peculiar use, he gently lifted the curtain, and said in a low tone—"And how is Paul, now that we are once more on the road to fame and Moscow?"

"Alas!" answered the sick man, wearily raising himself on his elbow, "I feel as yet none of that strength which my good doctor promised me when you begged me away from the hospital at Wilna. It is dreadful to lie here, and hear the moving life without, and to feel one's self cut off from it all; to catch the joyful shout of the soldiers, and to reflect that it must be long before one's own voice can be raised in the cry for *la belle France*. But courage, Paul—and don't make your comrades melancholy! How well you look, Pierre! and that cross, too—ah! don't try to hide it; Paul will earn one also if he ever escapes from this waggon. And do you know that the Emperor looked in on me to-day, and was delighted with my stubborn determination to go on with the Grand Army! And as he passed on I heard him humming,

'Marlborough s'en va à la guerre,
Ne sait quand il reviendra.'

That last line—your Paul has had it running in his head ever since. I hope we may *not* return till we have finished our work."

"Bravo, Paul," replied the officer, "dying men don't talk like this! The lancers will see their favourite lieutenant at their head again in a month, and meantime, perhaps, you are as well off here as we, who labour so hard to get over these everlasting deserts. As for the Legion of Honour, Paul, you deserve a cross much more than I, for your heroic patience in this tedious sickness. And see, I am going to share my dinner with you to-day. Here is an omelet which I prepared last night, for I knew how fond you used to be of omelet, and how much better it is for you than thin soups, now that you ought to be growing strong again. Why, you eat like a veteran already! Let it be a sweetener to every morsel that in a few months we shall be entering Paris with the spoils of that heathenish old Kremlin, and our gay city dames will no longer be cruel, for will we not be heroes of the Grand Army! Adieu! expect me again at evening, and keep your courage up." And the warm-hearted Pierre galloped off.

Left to himself, Paul attempted to sleep, but his feelings had become somewhat excited, and this, with the motion of the waggon, which had once more begun its rude joltings, baffled his efforts.

"It is a long time," he soliloquised, "since I have had an opportunity to review these mementoes of my past life;" and he carefully opened a small casket which reposed at the head of his couch. "Pierre talks of gay women, but how shall I forget that one who was only dear to me the moment she was snatched away, but whom I loved in a moment sufficiently for a life-time? Now these silent tokens shall bring up to me the dead past, and I will live those days over again. I have not written my thoughts since I entered the army. Sometimes I think I dare not. I am more ambitious than I was then, when I stained the white leaves of this little book with words like these."

He turned over a few leaves of the journal and read to himself in a low tone—"Pierre has just left us—our playground is deserted. The fields look mournful. The birds do not sing as sweetly as they did. I have lost a friend.

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"I am puzzled to account for the interest Mddlle. F—— has recently taken in me. She is, I know, a little older than myself, and her disposition is not calculated to harmonise with mine, for she is bold and ambitious beyond most women, and I am so void of ambition that Pierre says I am good for nothing but a country *curé*, or at best a quiet scholar. Nor can I imagine why my conversation should please her, for I know nothing of the great world, and she has spent half her life in Paris. I shall see her again this evening.

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"So soon! Is it possible she loves me—that her love is returned—that we are henceforth all the world to each other! How little could a prophet ever have foreseen all this! And how little could we have read in those gay scenes and brilliant saloons the secrets of our destiny! I do not blame myself, for I am proud of the affections of a woman so beautiful and gifted; yet she has a haughty and imperious nature, and I know not how it will accommodate itself to the quiet of a philosopher.

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"Daily I feel that something is wanting to that perfect love which I ought to cherish toward dear Victorine. It may be useless in me to indulge the thought, but I doubt if more than my pride and feelings are interested. She loves me deeply, I am conscious, although I am unworthy of such affection. Our characters are so opposite that I must make sacrifices to ensure lasting harmony. I must soar to her views, she must not descend to mine. I will go into the army. I will win honours under the Emperor; I will return, and she shall meet me with a proud and delighted heart, for she shall find her early confidence not misplaced.

"All is settled. To-morrow I start for Brienne. I have written my determination to Pierre. I have resisted the entreaties of my parents. I have bid adieu to Victorine. She weeps, but I can see she is proud of the resolution I have taken. We are to correspond by every post. The rascal Baptiste pretends to be sorry that he cannot go to the wars with me. The *abbé* merely says, 'My son, prove yourself worthy your country and Victorine.' The last injunction would make a hero of a coward."

"Alas!" sighed the young man, covering his face for a moment, "I scarcely dare to read more. Those dreadful days are too fresh in my memory. Why did I narrate them with such minuteness?" And he impatiently turned over a handful of pages.

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"They write that she is unwell—their letters are filled with strange hints—hints that I cannot understand, and can only interpret unfavourably. Her illness is but trifling, and the physician augurs well. If so, why send to Paris for advice, and why conceal it from me so long that she was ill? And why

urge it on me not to be alarmed, and not to distress Pierre with my sorrow, if there be no need for alarm and anxiety? I must hold myself in instant readiness to start at any moment. I must apply for permission to go when necessary.

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"She is dying! I have only seen her once, and then she did not know me, who would die for her! They were holding her in their rude grasp, and when I bid them cease they told me she would destroy herself if her hands were free! They commanded me from the room, but I would not go. I resolved to wait till she returned to her mind. I wished to be the first one whom her reviving consciousness would recognise.

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"After days of gloom and sorrow, and nights of dreary watching, I was at length addressed by my right name. Alas! how feeble were the lips that pronounced it! How mournful in their paleness, and yet how serene and lovely in their expression! I stood at her bedside, her hand in mine—the unseen hand of the grim angel over us both. 'Paul,' she whispered,—'Paul!' I knelt by her, and her last words flowed into my heart, as the last drops of a summer cloud melt into the heart, while the cloud vanishes for ever. 'I have loved you, Paul, deeply and truly—how truly you can never know. I am going to leave you. I will not ask you to remember me. If you forget Victorine, *she* will not forget to watch over you. You will find some other Victorine, less proud and more loving than the first. Over her, too, I will watch, and will love her for your sake. Honour God—your country. Be your ambition ever noble as now. And when in a few days you go to the camp and the field, bear with you a resolve worthy yourself—to do nothing but what is virtuous and good. And here I have prepared you a little packet. Open it when—when I am gone—and cherish its contents for her sake who loved you so well. Kiss me, Paul—there—let me lean on you, for I am growing very weak ——'

"'Quick!' exclaimed the *curé*: 'she is dying ——'

"'Merciful heaven!' I cried, 'she is falling from my arms! Her eyes—O God, is this death?'"

And as the sick man closed the book, he took from the casket a curiously-fashioned bracelet, on which was engraved the simple legend, "Love, the child of sympathy.—V. F." He gazed at it long and earnestly, at times burying his face in his hands and giving way to passionate grief. At length the excitement passed away, and with the jewel firmly locked in his grasp he sank to sleep.

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A few months after the events narrated in these brief notes Paul Dubois and Pierre Chatelet entered the army — the former a prey to a seemingly incurable melancholy. In every engagement they attracted attention by their courage and their singular attachment—ever fighting side by side, each intent upon the safety of the other. By degrees Paul recovered his spirits, and began to mix among the ordinary pleasures of young men. Still it was observable that his actions were regulated by principles higher and more sublime in result than those of most of his fellows. He was wont sternly to reprove all deviations from the laws of honour and morality, all indications of a downward tendency in desire. As his brother officers saw that his character as a soldier became more eminent and admirable by reason of its stern virtue, they unconsciously imitated him. His influence was widely felt. All who knew him loved him. And thus it happened that when in the flush of awakening hopes, and at the very outset of the expedition wherein he had expected to reap a rich harvest of honour, he was prostrated by a fearful disease, his fellow-soldiers felt for him so deep a sympathy, and entreated with so much earnestness that he might still accompany them. And though he daily lost strength, his enthusiasm seemed but to kindle the more. His physician shook his head, but the sick man cared not for the uncomfortable paliet, the unwholesome food, nor the harsh motion of the waggon, so long as the rude soldier who marched by his side chanted the warlike chorus—"To Moscow—to Moscow!"

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"I am afraid, *monsieur le général*," said the surgeon to the Chief of Division, "that we shall be obliged to leave our friend, Paul Dubois, as a prisoner of war in some wayside cottage, for he cannot hold out to Smolensk."

"Nay," interposed Pierre, who had just ridden up, "I have been with him constantly on the march, and he is as eager as ever to go on. To leave him here would be even worse than death."

"Ah, my good friend," answered the surgeon, "in that waggon he cannot live twenty-four hours longer. I repeat it, General, our only hope is in leaving him. It is a great loss to the division, and a melancholy fate to so brave and enthusiastic an officer. But we have no alternative."

The General consulted a moment with his staff. "Go, then," he said to Pierre and the surgeon, "go to the Lieutenant Paul Dubois, and inform him that in the opinion of the medical staff and his brother officers, it is unsafe and impossible for him to proceed with us. Express my sincere regrets at the circumstances which separate us, and my ardent hope that ere the campaign is over we may meet again under better omens; and see that he is put in comfortable quarters. As for you, Captain Pierre Chatelet, you have full permission to use all time and camp equipage necessary for this purpose; and may you have a favourable report to give me when I next see you! And now, gentlemen, to your patient."

Paul received the intelligence of his destination with less grief than Pierre and the surgeon had anticipated. In truth, his illness had in the last few days gone far toward weakening the energies of life and passion, and a languid sigh was all the resistance he offered. The horses were turned into a bye-road. The murmur of the Great Army gradually died away, and at last the eyes of the sick man, as he gazed through the parted curtains, rested only on his attendant and the devoted Pierre. On each side the fields lay basking in the bright sunlight, and in the distance a white cottage appeared, solitary amid a grove of tall pines, and at the meeting of the roads which branched out in every direction over the cultivated plain. "And there," signed Pierre, coming to his side, "there is, without doubt, your prison-house, on your road to Fame. Now, Paul, you have, indeed, an opportunity to show the strength of your philosophy and your religion. You know that I cannot be spared from the army. God give us a joyful meeting at a not distant day!"

"We ask permission, may it please you," said Pierre, bowing very low to a comely Russian, who came forward from the house to view the unwonted spectacle of a military equipage at his very door, "to leave with you an invalid officer of the French army. Of necessity his life is in your hands, and I am not miscalculating on the generosity of a subject of Alexander, when I say that I feel he is safe with you. And if, sir, at a future time a ransom shall be required, your demands cannot exceed our willingness."

"A Russian's duty is ever to his fellow-men," replied the farmer, lifting the curtain of the waggon, "and therefore the sick man shall be to me as a brother. For your Emperor, and his wars—I detest them. But this is needless now. Catherine," he continued, returning to the door, "bid the servants hither."

In a moment there appeared a fair, slight girl, followed by two or three of the household.

"Take carefully now the couch from the waggon," said the Russian, "and lay the stranger in the shaded room. Go, girl," he added, to his daughter, "see that all is ready above."

"Ah, sir!" sighed Paul, as, supported by the arm of the faithful Pierre, he gazed from his couch at the simple but tasteful apartment in which he had been laid, and at the earnest face of the Russian bending over him, "how can I thank you for so unlooked-for a kindness from one whom men would call my enemy?"

"God is all-wise," answered the host, "and I have a son in the army of Alexander. It may be that he will yet have cause to bless a Frenchman."

The rays of the sun slanted through the narrow window, and fell higher and higher on the wall. The regular breathings of Paul told of more healthful sleep than had visited him for weeks. "I will leave him now," said Pierre, "and avoid the sorrows of leave-taking. Put away that casket quietly, Baptiste. There, let us go."

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Awaking from a long and refreshing sleep, Paul composed himself for a survey of the abode in which for the pre-

sent he was domesticated. The room where he lay was small, and tastefully furnished, exhibiting in a thousand particulars the tokens of graceful and feminine care. His couch, albeit somewhat coarse, was of the whitest linen; upon the low mantel, the humble chairs, and the frames of the simple pictures, not a stain or speck of dust was visible. One window was open, looking out on green and dewy fields; the song of birds floated cheerfully in; the din of the marching army was no longer heard; the jolting of the sick-waggon was forgotten. The invalid had already begun to retrace his steps to the portals of life.

A light step in the passage, and the Russian maiden came softly in, lingering modestly for an instant on the threshold. "And how has Monsieur slept?" she inquired in the purest French. "We much feared to disturb you last night. Monsieur is very sick, but we can give you rest and quiet, and we can prepare you food, such as is good for the sick; and we have a physician—oh! he is a wonderful man, and he lives but a few versts off."

"Ah!" replied Paul, "perhaps my nurse of last night is the better physician. At least," continued he, in the natural language of compliment, "one kind look from you does me more good than a whole packet of the doctor's drugs. Your air is wonderfully refreshing, too; and really I fancy I begin to have an appetite."

"Monsieur shall not complain of hunger," said Catherine; and, gliding from the room, she soon returned with a small salver, on which were displayed the materials of a meal which, to the eyes of the invalid, accustomed for months to the rude food of the camp, appeared tempting beyond all description. There might have been nothing alluring to the epicure in that snowy bread and plain broth; but their very simplicity, together with the grace of the fair girl by whom they were offered, made them more delicious to Paul than the most costly feast. And Paul's situation caused him to depend upon his nurse for those little attentions which invalids ever exact. Those blue eyes looked only sympathy; those fresh lips opened only in pleasant smiles and pleasant words.

So day by day the hours passed away in that still chamber. As Paul gathered strength, he loved to tell the simple maiden of France, of the broad lands through which he had passed in his marchings, of the many scenes in which his soldier-life had been spent. He grew more fond of watching Catherine's light form as she moved about the apartment, arranging its exquisite order, or when, in the still twilight, her golden hair streaming over her shoulders, she sat by his bed-side singing him to sleep with her ancestral ballads. By degrees her image formed itself on his heart, and lent form and colouring to his deepest reveries. Ah! Paul, Paul, there is a meaning in that simple motto in yonder casket, which you both will have applied to yourselves beforey ou are aware!

The Russian, too, was a frequent visitor in the chamber of the sick man. But his talk was of realities, of truths, which could not fail to urge themselves with great weight upon men interested in the mighty struggle then going on almost within hearing. "Let us," Lossmin would say, "view these things as friends, and from a common ground.

"It is now August, and the frosts of autumn are already beginning to be felt. Your Emperor has not yet arrived within sight of Moscow—the last courier announced to me that he had just left Smolensk. Your army is already suffering famine. You will reach Moscow in September, and you will have left one quarter of your army on the road.

"Let your Emperor make peace if he can now that the sword is in sight of the scabbard. As for conquering Russia, it were impossible, though there were no such thing as winter. The moment you retreat, you will find yourselves beset on every side by our light troops and Cossacks. Your Emperor is playing a fearful game—let him look well to his pieces."

"Stay," replied Paul, "you know not our strength—nor our Emperor. He will make peace in your capital. He will pledge Alexander under the shadow of the great cross of St. Ivan. He will receive your ambassadors at Paris before the Cossacks shall have found their way back to their native deserts."

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Days rolled on. August passed away, and September came, bringing golden twilight and sharpening air, reddening the broad fields, and lending a richer shade to the dark pine and hemlock. Paul had escaped from the confinement of his chamber. Although a prisoner, no one could have been more at liberty. And Catherine—whom he used laughingly to call his gaoler—never was minister of justice more lenient. Those long walks—how inexpressibly delicious, in the fresh, sunny air! And the eloquence of the young man—how captivating to a susceptible mind, which had hitherto never opened itself to the rude influences around! Her feelings to the young man, while he lay on his couch of pain, she had easily excused to herself as the offspring of compassion—how was it that, as he hourly became less an object of pity, those feelings hourly increased in intensity? The minutes began to seem long when he was absent. Paul, too, was attracted to the gentle girl by stronger inclinations than could lay to the charge of gratitude or alleviated loneliness. Her character, so pure, so confiding, so sympathetic, seemed the full realisation of all he had imagined in his Eutopia of love. So, while he cherished the memory of Victorine, he allowed his thoughts to dwell at liberty upon the Russian maiden. As for Lossmin—his sagacity was somewhat blunted by time—he had outlived romance. If Catherine had had a mother, she might have been warned of her indiscretion—for so a prudent mother would inafallibly have termed it—and the good Lossmin might have awaked to the manifest danger of sheltering a handsome French officer under his roof; but the worthy woman had been dead some years, and so Catherine went on nursing the young and growing love.

The visits of the courier began to be more frequent, as the needs of the empire demanded that its inhabitants, and especially those near its great roads, should be acquainted with the progress of the war. The carnage of Borodino, the desertion of Moscow, had been communicated in fearfully rapid succession to the startled inmates of the house of Lossmin, and one evening, as Lossmin himself was sitting moodily at his door, a breathless courier placed in his hands a letter from his son, an officer in the Russian army.

"My honoured father," for so the letter ran, "our trust is in that God who watches over the destinies of righteous men, and also in our father-sovereign, Alexander, and our own good swords. Moscow is in ruins; our rear-guard have finished their mournful work of desolation, and the French conqueror lords it only over a heap of ashes. He has sought peace, but our brave Alexander has vowed not to sheathe the sword while the enemy remains on Russian ground.

"I cannot write more now. We have fallen on fearful times. Our capital is deserted—our hereafter is uncertain. I hope to revisit you soon, when we have chased the Frenchmen over the Niemen; but God is all-knowing. It is said the enemy will endeavour to remain at Moscow. If he attempt it he will perish of famine. We are already closing in on the return roads.—Your devoted son, "IVAN."

"Thus far," exclaimed Lossmin, hastening to read the letter to Paul, "I have spoken truly. Let your Emperor look to his gods, if he acknowledge any, for the God whom we worship will not serve him. And behold," he continued, as a few scattered snow-flakes, brought by the chill north wind, slanted through the air, "behold the winding-sheet of the Grand Army!"

. . . . . .

The winter had set in with unheard-of rigour. The roads were well nigh impassable, and intelligence from the army, although intently looked for, came less often. It chanced upon a wild and stormy night, that Lossmin, Catherine, and Paul were sitting by the huge fire in the dining apartment. The tables had long been cleared, and the remainder of the family had dispersed for the night. The moaning of the wind, and the noise of the drifting snow, naturally turned their thoughts to the two armies engaged in their deadly struggle amid such adverse circumstances.

While thus conversing, Paul exclaimed, "Hark!—a knocking at the great door. And some one shouting—'Help!' Quick—a light!"

The party instantly rushed to the door at which the noise was made. They unfastened and opened it amid the entreaties of the voice to lose no time.

"It is—it is Pierre's voice!" cried Paul, as he eagerly

darted forth into the gloom and grasped his friend by the hand.

"And," exclaimed the latter, "I bring you one Ivan Lossmin, whom I made prisoner near here, who is dangerously wounded, and wished only to die under his father's roof. Quick, for the love of God, or he will perish with cold!"

There was no need of his passionate exclamation. Ere he had finished speaking, Lossmin had gained the rude sleigh, and, lifting thence the helpless form of a wounded soldier, bore him across the threshold, crying, "My son! my son! now has the curse of war come home to my own hearth!"

The wounds of Ivan proved of a less severe character than Pierre had at first feared. Added to the combined influence of cold and hunger, they would soon have proved fatal; but warmth and food are powerful aids to the system, and after a night of sound sleep, in which the eyes of the devoted Catherine were never once closed, he declared himself out of danger, and almost entirely free from pain. And with the two officers at his side, Catherine holding his hand in her own, and Lossmin leaning over the head of the couch, he proceeded, at the earnest request of the latter, to relate the circumstances which had led to this unlooked-for and strange reunion.

"We had," said Ivan, "steadily followed the French army on their retreat from the capital. Never was there greater bravery displayed than by the Grand Army in their perilous march across a wasted and hostile country. Daily we drew in more and more closely on their flying columns, and daily our combats became more fierce and bloody.

"At length, after weeks of the closest fighting, those whom we pursued found themselves on the banks of the Beresina, spanned in this place only by a single bridge. It was then for the first time that our corps (for hitherto we had kept much in the rear) saw to what a miserable remnant that army was reduced which had so lately entered our capital. We had yet to learn how much stronger they were in all the energies of despair—those men who looked so haggard and famished.

"It was our design to cut the enemy off from crossing the bridge, and had we kept somewhat nearer them in the pursuit we might have succeeded. But in our attempts we met with a most determined resistance, and a bloody struggle ensued, in which you had well-nigh lost a son.

"I found myself surrounded by three French horsemen, and separated from my ranks. I saw that escape was hopeless, and by a strange fatality aimed a blow at the very one who was to preserve me. He is by my side. It was Pierre. My stroke glanced, and a quick, sharp pain in my breast is all that I remember after. When I awoke to consciousness after the lapse of a few hours, I was in the tent of my captor, and my wounds I found dressed with as much care as could have been expected. But I heard the surgeon declare, as he left the tent, that I was in great danger.

"Then I wished to see you once more before I died. I implored Pierre to send me to you. He replied that it was impossible. I then gave into his hands my farewell message to you. He gazed at the name. 'Lossmin!' at length he exclaimed; and asked me if you were my father? I replied, yes. In a moment he had left the tent.

"He returned almost immediately, and enveloped me in the best robes he could procure, and removed me to his sleigh. We had scarcely set out before we were overtaken by that fearful storm in which I had well-nigh perished before we found you last night. And now, my father, do we not owe eternal gratitude to the brave man that has restored me to you and to life?"

"Ah!" said Pierre, "who would not have done as I did?"

"Say no more," exclaimed Lossmin, "we shall part from you with sadness, when you return to your army, taking away your brother Paul, whom you have made free were he ten times a prisoner. So long as you will bless the house of the Russian, remain; and when you would depart, it shall not be without a fitting equipage for the brave soldier."

At the mention of departure, the face of Catherine was instantly shaded; a half-checked exclamation burst from her lips; and before she could recover herself, the watchful eyes of Paul were gazing into her own with more than ordinary meaning. She hastily rose, and without uttering a word retired from the room. She was passing through the great hall to her own apartment, when she felt herself detained by a gentle but firm grasp, to which, for the instant, she could not but yield.

"Catherine—my dear Catherine!" said Paul in a low tone, "forgive me for thus addressing you—my love is my only plea—it is a strong one if you will acknowledge it. Am I presumptuous in imagining that I am not without place in your thoughts? I would have the preserver of my life its constant guardian. Oh, Catherine, do not frown on one who loves you, and fancies your sympathy looks kindly on him!"

"Nay, sir," exclaimed the frightened girl, "so noble, so ambitious, you would not wed the simple Russian maiden! Be content to forgive me—or think of me only as one who aided to restore you to your country and the world. Gladly would I hear of your success hereafter. I will promise more, that I will never forget you, though our destinies are so widely different—"

"No more! no more!" interrupted Paul. "I will yet earn your love. For your sake I will renounce all ambition for that glory which most men prize, but which you in your pure wisdom look on as empty. Then you will love me—"

"Catherine!" exclaimed the deep voice of Lossmin—for the precipitate flight of the lovers had aroused him to a sudden perception of the truth, and had brought him in quest of them—"Catherine, do you love the young French soldier?"

There was no reply, but the soft eyes were directed upward for a moment, and Paul fancied the small hand in his own ceased to struggle.

"It is enough," said Lossmin fervently. "God, I thank thee, that in one day thou hast given me two noble sons! Lean more firmly on him, my daughter, and may Paul Dubois never do aught than bless this hour! My children, I leave your young hearts to their own expressions!"

. . . . . .

In a stately park near Paris there stand two mansions, which, by their resemblance and noble appearance, elicit frequent remarks from those who extend their search after pleasure beyond the gay city. They are tenanted by citizens Paul Dubois and Pierre Chatelet.

A Bold Stroke for a Husband.—General Gunning had a most beautiful and accomplished daughter: her charms attracted many admirers; among others, the Marquis of Blandford, eldest son of the Duke of Marlborough, and the Marquis of Lorn, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll. At first the young lady seemed to favour the pretensions of the Marquis of Lorn, but in a short time she evinced a decided preference for the Marquis of Blandford. The Duke of Argyll, who had married the widow of the Duke of Hamilton, a sister of General Gunning, inquired of the General whether the Duke of Marlborough was apprised of his son's attentions to his daughter, and approved of the projected matrimonial alliance. The General frankly admitted he did not know, but would immediately address a letter to the Duke of Marlborough on the subject, and if he disapproved of the match, he would at once put an end to the affair. Accordingly he wrote a letter to the Duke, and sent it to Blenheim by his groom. He received an answer expressive of the Duke's entire approval of his son's choice, and of his own deep sense of the good qualities of the young lady. General Gunning immediately repaired to the Duke of Argyll, who, having read the letter attentively, expressed strong suspicions of its authenticity. General Gunning then went to Lord Charles Spencer, the Duke's brother, who unhesitatingly pronounced the letter to be "an awkward imitation of the Duke of Marlborough's handwriting." The seal was either an impression from a small seal, which the Duke had ceased to use for many years, or from one copied from it. General Gunning returned home and questioned his wife and daughter on the subject; they assured him the letter was genuine, or they had been imposed on. The General next interrogated the groom, who, impelled partly by threats and partly by solicitations, confessed he had been bribed by Miss Gunning, who had furnished him with the letter. The General then turned his daughter out of his house, and shortly after separated from his wife. Mrs. Gunning published a large pamphlet, entitled, "A Letter to the Duke of Argyll," in which she attributed the forgery to Captain and Mrs. Bowen, whom she had offended by endeavouring to prevent their marriage, at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Bowen's father. But Mrs. Gunning does not attempt to explain how the Bowens became acquainted with the General's intention to write to the Duke of Marlborough, or transmit his letter by his groom. The Duke of Argyll declined all further intercourse with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Gunning, and his niece, Miss Gunning.

MISCELLANEA.

LUMP 'EM.—A young Wesleyan student recently occupied, on Sunday morning, the pulpit of one of their chapels in Manchester, and in his prayer, he prayed for the Queen, Prince Albert, each of the royal babies by name, then proceeded to the Duchess of Kent, and got as far as the King of Hanover, when a blunt, honest countryman, who happened to be a worshipper, tired of this long catalogue, cried out aloud, "Lump 'em! lump 'em!" A hearty "Amen!" from the congregation testified how feelingly they entered into the countryman's request, to the surprise and confusion of the "man in black,"

EDUCATION IN AMERICA.—It is by the attention it pays to public education that the original character of American civilisation is placed in its clearest light. Schools were established by law in every township obliging the inhabitants, under pain of heavy fines, to support them. Schools of a superior kind were founded in the same manner as in the more populous districts. The municipal authorities were bound to enforce the sending of children to school by their parents: they were empowered to inflict fines upon all who refused compliance; and, in case of continued resistance, society assumed the place of the parent, and deprived the father of those natural rights which he used to so bad a purpose. At this very time (in the year 1650) those principles which were scorned or unknown by the nations of Europe were proclaimed in the deserts of the New World, and were accepted as the future creed of a great people. The boldest theories of the human reason were put into practice by a community so humble that not a statesman condescended to attend to it, and a legislation without a precedent was produced off-hand by the imagination of the citizens.

"JIM, does your mother ever whip you?"—"No; but she does a precious sight worse, though."—"What is that?"—"Why, she washes my face every morning."

SLOW AND RAPID COMPOSITION.—Speed in composition is a questionable advantage. Poetic history records two names which may represent the rapid and the thoughtful pen—Lope de Vega and Milton. We see one pouring out verses more rapidly than a secretary could write them; the other building up, in the watches of the dark, a few majestic lines. One leaving his treasures to be easily compressed into a single volume; the other to be spread abundantly over forty-six quartoes. One gaining fifteen pounds; the other a hundred thousand ducats. One sitting at the door of his house, when the sun shone, in a coarse coat of grey cloth, and visited only by a few learned men from foreign countries; the other followed by crowds wherever he appeared, while even the children shouted after him with delight. It is only since the earth has fallen on both that the fame and the honours of the Spaniard and the Englishman have been changed. He who nearly finished a comedy before breakfast now lies motionless in his small niche of monumental biography; and he, who, long choosing, began late, is walking up and down in his shining robes, and with laurel round his head, in the cities of many lands, having his home and his welcome in every devout heart and upon every learned tongue of the Christian world.

WHAT IS A COQUETTE?—A young lady of more beauty than sense, more accomplishments than learning, more charms of person than graces of mind, more admirers than friends, more fools than wise men for attendants.

AN EDITOR'S REVENGE.—A Donegal paper publishes a short paragraph descriptive of the Earl of Ennis' visit to his estates in that quarter. His lordship, it seems, addresses his tenants at great length; but, says the *Ballyshannon Herald*, "As his lordship never had sufficient patriotism to subscribe to his county paper, we shall not occupy our columns in publishing his speech."

ONE MISSING.—The Rev. F. Coyle, in a lecture on memory, delivered at Adelaide (reported in the *South Australian Register*), instanced stage-drivers, whose memory of the orders and directions given them is remarkable. He once rode outside with the owner and driver of a stage from Troy to the land of Knickerbocker; the driver could not have had less than fifty parcels and messages to deliver by the way; but he was at a loss, he knew he had forgotten *one* parcel, but "ding him if he could remember what it was." At length the stage arrived at his own door, when the children came rushing out with "Welcome home, Pa; but, oh, where did you leave Ma?" "May I be totally scorched," said he, "if I hain't forgot Sal!" That was the missing parcel.

ETHAN SPIKE ON THE UNION.—The following (says an American paper) is Ethan Spike's best effort, and it will be read with interest by all who can appreciate true eloquence and patriotism. Ethan Spike is from Down East:—"Feller-citizens, we have come up here, every man prepared to take his life in his trowsis pocket—to preserve the union—that blessed union—fit for, bled for, and died for, by our reverend posterity on the fields of Buena Vista, Yorktown, Mahawsky, and Waterlieu. This here glorious union, feller-citizens, is threatened within an inch of its life. By whom? Why, by a set of unsarcumsized, mean, nasty critters, who cannot depreciate this blessed perladyium that pervides every man a vine and fig-tree—under which we've sot, and our fathers has sot, and no one has dared to molest or skeer us. Feller-citizens—I'm for the union. Yes, *sir!* and though the hull world was again me, though the devil jined the aberlishunists, yet, as Mr. Webster said in his Newburyport letter—'*Hue staltum, santa Purisima Historia sacre lox taglionis, echo, signum ee Broadaxy*'—though pelican towered on ossa, I'd fire till all was blew! (Hear, hear, and stomping.) . . . . . Feller-citizens, I'm in airnest! A crisis is riz! Ar it wakin' up the free, onterrified suvrins of these 'ere still more suvriner states to the reskew.

"Thar's a musterin' of nations,
A wakin' up of snakes—
The devil's broken out again,
And all creation shakes."

Yes, everything is wakin' up, and takin' off its coat. Even the sleepy lion, Daniel Webster, is arousin' and shakin' his tail and mane, and prepares to fite for human rites un democratic usages. 'The great confounder of the constitution,' as he is justly termed, in his last letter to me, very truly and gassically says:—'Ethan,' says he, 'I don't speak as a Massachusetts man nor nothin' else—no pen up your turkeys counteract my powers—the hull continent, however bounded, is mine!"

THE DEATH OF A WIFE.—"The death of a man's wife," says Lamartine, "is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, falls upon the old widower's heart, and there is nothing to break their force, or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand were withered; as if one wing of his angel were broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground. His eyes are dimmed and glassy, and when the film of death falls over him he misses those accustomed tones which might have smoothed his passage to the grave.

PUTTING THE QUESTION.—"Sally, don't I like you!"—"La, Jim, I reckon so!" "But don't you know it, Sally? Don't you know I'd tear the eyes out of any tom cat that dares to look at you for a second?"—"I s'spect you would." "Well, the fact of it is, Sally, I——"—"Now, don't, Jim; you're too sudden." "And, Sally, I want you to——"—"Don't say anything more now; I will——"—"But it must be done immediately; I want you to—"—"Oh, hush, don't say any more!"—"I want you, to-night, to get ——"—"What, so soon? Oh, no—impossible! Father and mother would be angry at me."—"How? be mad for doing me such a favour as to m——"—"Yes, dear; oh, what a feeling!"—"But there is some mistake; for all I want to have you do, is to *mend my trowsers!*" Sally could hear no more. She threw up her arms; and, screaming hysterically, fainted away—says an American paper.

PRECOCITY OF INTELLECT.—Having watched the growth of the young mind a good deal, we are less and less in love with precocity, which, indeed, is often a mere manifestation of disease, the disease of a very fine, but weak nervous organisation. Your young Rosciuses and all your wonders of that kind generally end in the feeblest of common-place. There is no law, however, precise and absolute in the matter. The difference of age at which men attain maturity of intellect, and even of imagination, is very striking. The tumultuous heat of youth has certainly given birth to many of the noblest things in music, painting, and poetry; but no less fine productions have sprung from the ripeness of years. Chatterton wrote all his beautiful things, exhausted all hopes of life, and saw nothing better than death, at the age of eighteen. Burns and Byron died in their 37th year, and, doubtless, the strength of their genius was over. Raffaelle, after filling the world with divine beauty, perished also at 37; Mozart earlier. These might have produced still greater works. On the other hand, Handel was 48 before he gave the world "assurance of a man." Dryden came up to London from the provinces, dressed in Norwich drugget, somewhat above the age of 30, and did not even then know that he could write a single line of poetry; yet what towering vigour and swinging ease appeared all at once in "Glorious John." Milton had, indeed, written his "Comus" at 28; but he was upwards of 50 when he began his great work. Cowper knew not his own might till he was far beyond 30, and his "Task" was not written till about his 50th year. Sir Walter Scott was also upwards of 30 before he published his "Minstrelsy," and all his greatness was yet to come.

A negro once gave the following toast: "De Gobernor ob de State—he come in wid berry little opposition, he go out wid none at all."

Women's teeth generally decay sooner than men's, the reason of which, says some writer, is because of the friction of the tongue and the *sweetness of the lips.*

DO IT WELL.—A noble saying is recorded of a member of our British House of Commons, who by his own perseverance and industry had won his way to that high position. A proud scion of the aristocracy one day taunted him with his humble origin, saying, "I remember when you blacked my father's boots." "Well, sir," was the noble response, "*did I not do it well?*"

AMERICAN ADDRESSES.—We deem it useful to remind all who are in the habit of writing letters to the United States, of the necessity of adding, on the addresses of their letters, the names of the county and the state to the name of the locality. The utility of this is evident from the fact, that there are in the United States 25 localities called Washington; 24 called Franklin; 23, Salem; 22, Springfield; 25, Canterville; 19, Jackson; 15, Jefferson; 18, La Fayette; 10, Filmore (the name of the present President); 14, Troy; 9, Kossuth; 10, Lowell; 20, Richmond; 18, Waterloo; 22, Columbia; 18, Concord, &c., all scattered over the union, and at immense distances from each other.

ADVANTAGE OF DRINKING WATER.—It is a great mistake to think that beer is necessary for a hard-working man. At the time I write, there are a set of men, employed in draining by task-work in Richmond-park, who are patterns of English labourers. Hard as they work from morning to night, and in all weathers, they seldom drink any beer. They boil a large kettle of coffee in their little bivouac in the park, and drink it hot at their meals; this costs them but little, but they do as hard a day's work upon it as any labourers in England, and have continued to do so for three years past, under all the disadvantages arising from wet and cold to which a drainer is subject. A proof of this may be found in Capt. Ross's recent voyage to the Arctic regions. He says, that on a journey, attended with great difficulty and hardship, he was the only one of the party whose eyes were not inflamed: he was the only one who did not drink grog. He was also the oldest person amongst them; and for the same reason he bore fatigue better than any of them. He adds, that he who will make the experiment on two equal boats' crews, rowing in a heavy sea, will soon be convinced that the water drinkers will far outdo the others. No better testimony to this is required than the experience of the men who work at the iron founderies. This is the hardest work that falls to man to do; and so well do the labourers in this department know that they cannot perform it if they drink even beer, that their sole beverage during all the hours of this hot and heavy labour s water.

THE HONOUR OF THE BAR.—Some of the scandal in which the profession has been involved has originated in the shabby tricks of a few, and more in the *badinage* of the many. Serjeant Davy was once accused of having disgraced the bar by taking silver from a client. "I took silver," he replied, "because I could not get gold; but I took every farthing the fellow had in the world; and I hope you don't call that disgracing the profession."

NOT VERY COMPLIMENTARY.—One of the delegates of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, from France, who had not acquired the English language very perfectly, observing that a bare country was called a barren one in English, remarked on rising, as he looked round upon the great number of bald heads and venerable men before him, that "he felt very much embarrassed in speaking before so many barren heads."

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.—Beautiful things are suggestive of a purer and higher life, and fill us with mingled love and fear. They have a graciousness that wins us, and an excellence to which we involuntarily do reverence. If you are poor, yet pure and modestly aspiring, keep a vase of flowers on your table, and they will help to maintain your dignity, and secure for you consideration and delicacy of behaviour.

ECONOMY IS DUE TO OUR EMPLOYERS.—"Waste not, want not," is a good old proverb. "He that is faithful in little is faithful also in much." A person who takes no care of the materials committed to his hands by his master will never duly husband his own property. Economy and wastefulness are habits that will influence us in all things, both when we are engaged about our own substance or that of another. To waste another's goods is the same as to rob him. The loss in both cases is equal, and the principles whence they spring very much alike. The man who takes care of his employer's goods is sure to look after his own, and thus is on the road to prosperity. It would be difficult to calculate the immense less of property that every year occurs from carelessness and want of economy. Some persons are worth nearly half their wages more than others, because they never injure or waste anything. The employer being wealthy, or the stock abundant, is no excuse for carelessness. A loss is a loss, and a robbery is a robbery, whether taken from the heap of the miser or the smaller store of the indigent. "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost," is a divine command. Heaven allows nothing to be destroyed. There has not been a single drop of water wasted from the creation until now. The decomposed elements of last autumn were the aliment of our last spring. Economy, rigid economy, is one of the laws of nature; and we shall not realise "the good time coming," until we have a careful and economical world. Let this spirit prevail, and not only will the master be saved from loss, but in many instances the servant will rescue himself from the Union.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. ANDREW LEIGHTON, of Clevedon-terrace, South-street, Toxteth-park, Liverpool, writes to complain of our insertion of a poem by his sister, without acknowledgment, in the number of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND for the 1st of November. We must plead not guilty to the charge of having intended any disrespect or injustice. The poem was sent us, and we inserted it, deeming it very suitable to our columns, and one which our readers would peruse with pleasure. We refer to the poem entitled "The Lyre of Labour." Mr. Leighton states that it was by his sister Marie, and that it originally appeared in the *Preston Guardian.*

MR. HENDERSON has kindly pointed out a mistake which occurred in our number for November 1. We call a Chinese reel, a loom. If our readers turn to page 69, they will be able to make the correction for themselves.

HUMANITAS.—In ancient London, in various parts of the town, public conduits were erected where animals might quench their thirst; there were two on Snow-hill, closely contiguous to Smithfield, one erected in 1489, and the other in the reign of Henry VIII., and called Lamb's Conduit. In the year 1728, however, all the ancient conduits were destroyed, and the reason assigned by the writers of the last century is, that it was the object of the City authorities to compel all persons to pay for a supply of water from the New River, then recently brought to London by Sir Hugh Middleton; since which time no provision whatever has been made for supplying water to the beasts and sheep in the market.

SAMPSON.—The length of railways now in operation in the United States amounts to 6,674½ miles. We give a statement furnished by an American friend showing the length of line owned by several of the companies owning the largest roads, including branches:—

South Carolina	242 miles.
Michigan Central	221 ,,
Baltimore and Ohio	212 ,,
Georgia	210 ,,
New York and Erie	200 ,,
Central Railroad of Georgia	191 ,,

The longest continuous line of railway in the United States is from Savannah to Dalton, 932 miles.

Central Railroad (Savannah to Macon)	191 miles.
Macon and Western (Macon to Atalanta)	101 ,,
Western and Atalanta (Atalanta to Dalton)	100 ,,
	392 ,,
From Dalton to Chatanooga is	38 ,,
which will be opened the present year, making a continuous line of	430 ,,

From Chatanooga and Nashville the whole line is under contract, 150 miles to be completed in two years, giving to Savannah a connection through the interior, in one continuous line of 580 miles, to navigable waters flowing into the Mississippi. The actual expenditure upon these lines amounts to one hundred and seven and a half millions of dollars. There are now some 3,600 miles more of railroad in progress, and which will, in the proportion of the roads completed, absorb some sixty millions more of capital, to which add the cost of roads finished and in use, but of which the cost is not given—such as the Georgia Railroad, the Michigan Central, the New Jersey, Central New Jersey, New York and New Haven, New York and Erie, and others—and it would probably not be an excessive estimate to assume two hundred millions of dollars as the amount invested, or in progress of being invested, in railroads in the United States. Of this large sum a very small proportion only is held abroad.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

POSTPONEMENT OF THE HISTORY OF HUNGARY FOR ONE WEEK.

We regret to announce that, notwithstanding the most careful preparation on our part for the commencement of this History, we are compelled to defer the publication of the first chapter till our next number. The large number of Engravings to be introduced (upwards of One Hundred) has prevented the artists from furnishing those requisite for the commencement. The first chapter, with seven beautiful engravings, will positively appear in our next number, when the History will be continued without interruption till its completion. We trust our readers will excuse this unavoidable delay, remembering that, in consequence of our large circulation, we are compelled to go to press nearly a fortnight prior to the date of publication, which will also account for our having so extensively announced the History to commence in the present number.

THE
WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I., No. 8.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1851. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE truth of the assertion, that every nation has a mission assigned to it by Providence, is every day becoming more fully recognised. One by one kingdoms and empires have appeared, run their course, and passed away, having fulfilled their destiny with more or less of faithfulness and truth. With them, as with individuals, death is less terrible when its approach has been heralded by slow decay, and its victims sink to rest from a well-spent life of toil, of triumph, of duty. But when "the voice of the weeper wails manhood in glory"—when a people has entered on its career with all the vigour of hardy youth—with the proud consciousness of the power to do and the heart to dare—or is struck down in the fullness of its early pride and beauty—the shock is more severely felt, and men throng to mourn and admire the features of the departed—

> "To mark the mild angelic air,
> The rapture of repose that's there."

So has it been with Hungary. Thousands of the people of this country knew nothing more of her than that she was in existence; but when they heard of her heroic struggle, and of her unhappy fate, the gaze of all Europe was turned towards her. The interest has been still further increased by the advent of her great chief to our shores. People ask with anxiety for information as to the fatherland of this celebrated man, and the cause in which he fought. There is still another circumstance in connection with Hungary which arrests our attention with no small force, and will perhaps contribute more to the instruction and interest which we hope to supply in the following pages than any other. While all other countries of Europe have been verging more and more every year towards an amalgamation of interests, of manners, of institutions, and even of language, Hungary has remained as separate and as distinct as ever. Standing upon the confines of Europe, she has again and again stood the full brunt of the assaults of the Moslem; and whilst her people and institutions have all the calm heroism and solidity of Christian civilisation, their manners,

BATTLE OF MAURIAC BETWEEN THE HUNS AND THE ROMANS.—(*See page* 114.)

their eloquence, and their costume, have all the picturesque beauty and romantic colouring of the "children of the sun." Our readers may therefore expect to find themselves in another hemisphere as they linger over the records of the heroic but unfortunate Magyars. All history is full of matter for deep thought; but that of Hungary has the charm of a romance, with the sober details of sad, but profitable, experience.

The Magyar historians are unanimous in affirming that they derive their origin from the people known as *Huns*, and celebrated for the fury of their assaults upon the Roman empire. They were amongst the number of those fierce tribes who issued from the north and north-east about the fourth or fifth century after Christ, and bore down the degenerate legions by their desperate and ferocious valour. They were the terror of the Greeks and Romans; and as men generally like to disfigure whatever they hate, the Latin and Byzantine writers paint the Huns as hideous savages, ugly and deformed, having small eyes, flat noses, no beards, and a tawny complexion. Independently of the circumstance already mentioned, some doubt attaches to the correctness of this description, from the fact, acknowledged by all, that the Magyars of the present day are types of manly beauty. The frightful ravages committed by the Huns struck terror into the inhabitants of the old and worn-out Roman empire; and Attila, one of their leaders, was celebrated amongst them as "the scourge of God." Wherever he directed his march, blood, havoc, and desolation marked his path; and many a Roman infant ceased its cries and tried to sleep when that dreaded name was uttered by the nurse's lips.

Modern historical and philological researches show that the Finns, the Turks, the Magyars, and also the Mongols, and least civilised Tartar tribes of central Asia, all belong to the same stock. It is true that there exist many striking differences of physiognomy and manners between the Turks and Magyars at the present day, but none that may not be accounted for by the difference of climate, and the mixture of other races.

The original seat of the Huns was the centre of Asia to the north of China, between the rivers Irtisch and Aum. The Chinese annalists ascribe to them an antiquity equal to that of their own nation. Previous to the year 200 of the Christian era many dynasties had in succession reigned over them. They had in those vast *steppes* or open plains an empire of wider limits than that of Rome—kings, "strong in war and wise in council," and legislators, who, if they did not possess the subtlety and *finesse* of modern statesmen, had at least sufficient ability for their age and generation, and the circumstances by which they were surrounded. It must not, however, be for a moment imagined that the Huns were by any means under the influence of what may be termed a *fixed* civilisation—that they applied themselves to the cultivation of the soil, or to manufacturing industry. They were essentially a nomadic, or wandering race, tending their flocks and herds, and spending their whole lives on horseback. War and the chase were the two great national pastimes; and the more effeminate Chinese were forced to purchase peace from their troublesome neighbours by many a heavy sacrifice. In the reign of Pou-nou-Tanjou, about the 87th year of our era, the empire of the Huns was considerably enfeebled. A desolating famine was a prelude to the misfortunes which followed. The Chinese managed to sow dissension between them, and thus achieved by cunning what their arms had proved unable to effect. The Huns separated into the northern and southern tribe. The former was subjugated and remained for a long time enslaved; but it is with the latter that we have to occupy ourselves—for they were the ancestors of the Magyars. The others, harassed by the intrigues of the Chinese, left their country at last, to take possession of Turkey and the Holy Land. It was only by a great series of changes, and after the lapse of many years, that contact with other races, and their conversion to Islamism, deprived them of many of the leading characteristics of their tribe, and moulded the Tartar of the eastern plains into the modern Turk. The northern Huns were attacked afresh by the Chinese; and having been defeated by the Imperial general in several battles, they too abandoned their original seats; and after wandering for many years through various parts of Asia, they at last poured themselves upon Europe like an avalanche. They overthrew all who opposed them. The two empires of the Goths fell beneath their arms, and in 427 they settled, temporarily at least, in Pannonia, and entered the Roman empire both from the east and west. They had many chieftains of more or less celebrity in this exodus; but the most renowned of all was Attila, to whom we have already made reference. By the Hungarians he is called *Etele*. The opinions entertained concerning this extraordinary man are various. His partisans and followers considered him a hero of the highest order, and compared him to Hannibal or Alexander; whilst the Greeks and Romans agree in pronouncing him to be a bloodthirsty monster, "incapable of any dram of mercy," whom no misery could pierce and no prayer could soften. It is clear that he was fierce and relentless as a tiger; and that wherever he passed, neither property, nor life, nor honour remained unspared. From time to time the Greek Emperors at Constantinople purchased a shameful peace by large tribute, but nothing could satisfy the greedy barbarian but the possession of the whole of the two empires. Town after town fell before the fiery valour of the Huns, until all central Europe, save Spain and Italy, was in their hands. On they swept in their dreadful course, like some horrible monster, "tainting and poisoning with pestiferous breath what the voracious appetite could not devour." A short time previous to his setting out upon this expedition, an incident occurred which might well be scouted as a piece of incredible romance, if it were not verified by the unanimous testimony of contemporary historians. The fame of the redoubtable warrior had penetrated the boudoirs of the Roman ladies, and despite the depreciatory reports of their affrighted countrymen, the ardent imagination of the Italian women had pictured the barbarian conqueror as the idol of chivalry, and the very soul of poetry and of love. Honoria, the sister of Valentinian III., had besought her brother to bestow her hand upon Attila; but the Emperor, degenerate as he was, had still some sparks of the ancient national pride remaining, which, centuries before, had dictated the haughty and famous answer, that the daughter of a Roman citizen was too good to be the bride of a king. Enraged at his refusal, Honoria, though only sixteen or seventeen years of age, had the courage secretly to forward a ring to Attila, as a pledge of her love, and a gage of the union which she hoped would afterwards take place, at the same time requesting him to march upon Italy. The rude barbarian at first answered by an expression of cold surprise at so strange a proposal; but six years later it suited his policy to demand her as his bride, and half the empire as her dowry. Valentinian replied that Honoria was already married, and that he had consequently no claim upon the empire. Attila only needed an excuse to commence the war, and, joined by Clodion, a prince of the Franks, who had been deposed by the Romans, and whose brother was a hostage in their hands, he now marched upon Italy. No sooner had he reared his banner, than barbarian hordes rushed from every side to serve beneath it, from the shores of the Baltic, and the banks of the Rhine, the Volga, and the Danube—all gloating with eagerness to seize upon the rich spoils of the falling empire. A small body of Franks, commanded by the eldest son of Clodion, acted as their guides. His army amounted in all to seven hundred thousand hardy warriors, burning with the desire of plunder and conquest, and having unbounded confidence in their leader.

The Romans, on their side, were roused from their "sloth and apathy by terror and despair; to shame they had long before been lost." The army, under the command of Aetius, "the thrice-appointed consul," to whom "the wretched Britains" vainly sent their "groans and tears," took their last stand beneath the Alps—those eternal hills, which had looked down upon so many brilliant victories won by their forefathers. The formidable *pilum*, with which they had conquered the world, still hung at the belts of their degenerate descendants; but the hands that were to grasp it were unnerved by luxury and vice, and the brave and unconquerable will, without which weapons are useless, was wanting too. Theodoric, the King of the Goths, fearing a descent upon his kingdom in Spain, had joined his forces to them, and the united armies awaited the approach of Attila upon the vast plains of Mauriac (now Mury). On the morning of the 1st of July, the opposing forces were drawn up in hostile array, the worn

soldiers of the past, and the fresh youth of modern Europe, standing face to face, panting for the signal to commence the strife for the empire of the world.

The battle was long and bloody. Again and again the fiery Huns rushed to the charge upon their mettled steeds, and were dashed back by the Roman legions, who fought with unshaken constancy. Aetius, in person, performed prodigies of valour, and rallied his faltering troops by deeds worthy of Marius or Cæsar. Theodoric, too, was everywhere, and everywhere was valiant as a lion. Attilla proved himself not unworthy his ancient fame. No troops could flinch from the onset under such leaders. During the forenoon fortune appeared to incline to neither side; but towards evening Theodoric was knocked off his horse in the *melée*, and trampled to death under the feet of the furious combatants. Night fell before the victory had declared for either side, but the Romans remained in possession of the field of battle.

In June, 452, Attila set another army on foot, and at last made an irruption into Italy, and carried everything before him. The affrighted inhabitants lost time in fruitless deliberations, without taking measures to make an effectual resistance. Some fled from the mainland to take refuge in the islands of the Adriatic, and there laid the foundation of Venice. Concordia, Pavia, Padua, Vicenza, Verona, and even Milan, fell into the power of the Huns. He was in the midst of his triumphs, when the Pope and the Consul Arienus, were sent to treat with him by the Emperor, and he consented, upon being promised an annual tribute, to withdraw from Italy. Upon his return he occupied himself with internal organisation of the vast empire which now owned his sway; and it certainly required a commanding genius to rule under one sceptre so many peoples, differing so much in their manners and their origin. At last, when crowned with glory, and when he might reasonably look forward to spending the rest of his days in peace and retirement, he took a step which proved fatal to his kingdom and his life. He become violently enamoured of the daughter of Errick, King of Bomgogne, and married her; but she, on the wedding night, from what motive is not known, stabbed him with a poignard as he slept.

His followers celebrated his funeral rites with great pomp. At the festivities which followed, the bards sang of his exploits, and the warriors made the air resound as they clashed their swords in accompaniment around the body of the fallen hero. In compliance with ancient custom, they enclosed his remains in a magnificent coffin, and declaring that the memory of such a man deserved "not ordinary tears, but tears of blood," they sacrificed upon his tomb the workmen who had erected it, lest they should ever insult the *manes* of the deceased by engaging in any less honourable employment. With Attila, the Hunnic empire fell. It had been erected by conquest, and when the master-spirit which presided over it disappeared from the scene, it at once went to pieces.

The Huns dispersed, and, annihilated as a people, fell back towards Asia, and from that period their primitive name is no longer seen in history. Other tribes of the same family succeeded them upon the political arena, and the history for a long period presents only the spectacle of incessant struggles. Before the entrance of the Huns into Europe, the country, which is denominated Hungary at the present day, and which was the centre of the Hunnic empire, had been peopled from remote ages by the Pannonians and Illyrians, races of Greek origin, with some mixture of Celtic blood. In the northern part, on the borders of the Danube, dwelt the Quadi and Marcomanni, two tribes often mentioned by Cæsar in his Commentaries, who were Germanic in their origin. To the east, in modern Transylvania, Moldavia, and Wallachia, the great nation of the Dacians, belonging to the Thraco-Greek family, had established itself. Last of all, in a corner at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, between the Quadi and the Dacians, were the Jazyges, a people belonging to the Sclavonic stock. The Huns found all these people in subjection to the Romans, or Goths. The Hunnic invasion had set in motion many other tribes of the same race, who were then encamped near the shores of the Black Sea, in the way of the Asiatic races in their march towards Europe. The Avars, a branch of the Huns of the south, arrived upon the confines of Europe about the year 558. They resembled the Magyars of the present day, in their physiognomy and general appearance. The lightness of their complexion, and the regularity of their features, attracted the attention of the Greeks and Romans. They wore their hair in flowing tresses, tied with gaily-coloured ribbons, a custom which still prevails among the Magyar peasantry, but in other respects they were dressed as the Huns.

The Avars precipitated themselves upon the Roman empire with the same violence as their predecessors, and established themselves in Pannonia. Their sway extended in 582, under their Khan Bayan, from Thuringia to Italy. In 646, having lost Dalmatia, and some other provinces in succession, they retained possession of Pannonia alone, and the countries bordering on the east. Charlemagne, who had extended his empire as far as the Ebro in Spain, resolved to drive the Avars beyond the eastern frontiers of Europe. It took four campaigns, however, when he was in the zenith of his power, to accomplish this. Having obtained possession of Upper Pannonia, he formed it into a margravate. One division of the Avars then returned to Asia, and the remainder became blended with the rest of the population, so that their famous name entirely disappeared from history. Their ruin was achieved by the same people who had overthrown the Hunnic empire. It was the Franks and Germans who put an end to the Avar domination after it had lasted for three centuries.

Then came the Croats, from the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, to occupy the countries now known as Croatia and Dalmatia. Swatopluk founded in the north-west the kingdom of Great Moravia; and the Bulgarians, who were another branch of the Hunnic race, established themselves in the countries lying to the east. It was about this time, also, that some other tribes of the Slavonic family commenced to settle in some parts of those districts, now known as Hungary and Transylvania.

We must entreat the attention of the reader to the distinctions between these various races, in order that he may clearly understand what follows.

We have now arrived at the invasion of the great Magyar race, which predominates in Hungary at the present day. About the time of the downfal of the Carlovingian dynasty, or dynasty of Charlemagne, in France, a people bearing the name of Magyars, who had previously dwelt in the original seat of the Huns, appeared suddenly upon the frontiers of Transylvania and Moldavia (the ancient Dacia). These also belonged to the Hunnic race, and received as an inheritance whatever rights had been acquired by conquest in the preceding migrations of their countrymen. The Magyars had in succession abandoned their seats on the banks of the Volga, and the shores of the Caspian Sea, at first for want of sufficient extent of territory, and afterwards because Arnhulf, Duke of Bavaria, besought their aid against Swatopluk, King or Duke of Great Moravia. When they had entered Pannonia, they sent forward Kusid, the son of one of their chieftains, to make observations, and bring them intelligence as to the fertility of the soil which their forefathers had inhabited, and in which they were now about to settle. Kusid filled a pitcher with water from the Danube, and a basket with some soil and herbage, and carried them back. Upon seeing them his countrymen clashed their arms in token of satisfaction, and moved forward with confidence. Though they thus gave evidence of their desire of bettering their condition in material concerns, they by no means laid aside their arms and warlike habits. Their appearance spread terror upon every side. They cast themselves like a flood over Pannonia, and under the conduct of their chief Almos, they made themselves masters of the vast tract between the Tibissa and the Danube, upon which Attila had formerly pitched his tents. They in like manner defeated the Slavonian monarch Swatopluk, and having put to flight the neighbouring chieftains, they finally took possession of the country which at the present day constitutes the kingdom of Hungary and the principality of Transylvania, a part of Wallachia, and Austria, except Croatia, and the coasts of the Adriatic Sea. This conquered territory now took the name of *Hungary*, according to some from a town called *Hungvar* or *Ungvars*, in which the new-comers had fixed their head-quarters; and according to others, from the name of the Huns themselves. The Magyars called their own country *Magyarorszag* or Magyary.

If any proof were needed of the spirit of liberty which animated the Magyars from the earliest times, it would be afforded by the treaty into which they entered with Almos their chief, upon their settling in their new territory. Almos proclaimed himself the successor of Attila, and wished to obtain from the people an assurance that they would place his son Arpad upon the ducal throne at his own death. In the compact which was made upon this occasion, the king guaranteed the preservation of all the ancient rights and usages of the nation; and that, upon the achievement of any fresh conquest, the land thus acquired should be equally divided amongst all those who had contributed to the success of the enterprise. The people, on their part, swore allegiance to himself and his son, not as irresponsible monarchs, but as freely elected leaders, "first among their equals;" and in accordance with an ancient national usage, the contracting parties, or their deputies, opened with their swords the veins of their arms, and letting the blood flow into goblets half filled with wine, drank it off as the pledge of their faith. He who violated an engagement thus ratified, covered himself with eternal infamy.

Arpad reigned in 894 over little less than a million of Magyars, of whom 215,000 were men capable of bearing arms. He was the monarch whom the national historians delight to honour He occupies the place in the memories of the Hungarian people that Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings, or Richard Cœur de Lion, does in our own; nay, perhaps a higher one, in consequence of the greater tincture of romance and

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enthusiasm which pervades their character. Louis Kossuth, in one of those spirit-stirring and eloquent bulletins, issued by him during the late war, which have made his name immortal, proved himself a true orator in the highest and best sense of the word, when he addressed the Magyar army as "Warriors of Arpad!" He knew that every heart would awake to the sound, recalling as it did one of the proudest periods of their history, when the swords of their forefathers were never drawn but to conquer.

Arpad greatly added to the strength of the nation by his wise measures for the internal organisation of the new state. For this purpose he convoked an assembly upon a great plain, under the open sky, to deliberate upon affairs of common interest. In this meeting we find the origin of the Hungarian Diet. It is at this time, also, that the political privileges, which the Magyars reserved to themselves alone, to the prejudice of the conquered people, begin to show themselves more distinctly; privileges at that time, however, indispensable to the preservation of their nationality and their conquests. It is a remarkable circumstance, that those countries in which this distinction between the victors and the vanquished has been rigidly preserved, have for the most part proved unfortunate, and fallen under the yoke of foreign nations. Poland, where a few hundred thousand nobles reigned over two or three millions of serfs, is a melancholy instance of the truth of this. Hungary is another, although in it the evil did not prevail to so

great a degree. In Ireland the two races have never become amalgamated, and the result has been unceasing misery. Happily for England, the Normans and Saxons were at an early period completely mingled. In whatever country serfs are found who till the soil, and eat the bread of hardship and slavery, they are the descendants of the vanquished people, and the nobles the descendants of the victorious invaders; and woe to the land in which the two races stand apart, the one slavish, lifeless, degraded; the other proud, brave, and idle, but weak and divided!

This preponderance of the nationality of the conquerors was the cradle of the Magyar nobles, of whom we hear so much. Every Magyar was noble; that is to say, he was one of the masters of the country, or the descendant of one, and so were his children and his children's children. Among themselves there was the most perfect equality. Those of the Hungarians who are not nobles at the present day, are the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants, who were subdued by the Magyars, and who have not been absorbed into the dominant race; or else of those Magyars who, by their refusal to embrace Christianity, lost their title to be considered freemen or nobles. It has been at various times in the power of the House of Hapsburgh to remedy this evil of divided races; but, notwithstanding the various assertions to the contrary, it has always neglected to do so; and we may guess with what motive. Consequently, down to the close of the late war, the Hungarian constitution rested upon a basis exclusively Magyar, or aristocratic. M. Kossuth acknowledges this, and laments it;

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ANCIENT MAGYARS.

but in the short period during which the Hungarian Diet was independent, in 1848, they took many steps to raise the serfs to a position of freedom and equality; and it must be remembered, that national independence is, above all things, necessary to the progress of internal, social reform.

Let us return to our narrative. The accounts that have come down to us of the ancient Magyars have all been transmitted by their enemies, the Greek or Roman historians, and are, consequently, anything but favourable. They represent them as having been small in size, with a hideous, frightful-looking face, and a voice which resembled the howling of wild beasts. We must, however, ascribe to those who drew this portrait a large amount of blind hatred or stupid credulity, as we can scarcely be brought to believe that such frightful ogres as these could ever, by the influence of climate or situation, be moulded into those forms of manly vigour and beauty by which the Hungarians of the present day are distinguished.

Like the Huns, the Magyars passed their time on horseback. Hence their proverb, *Lora termett a Magyar*—"the Magyar is born to ride." Like the Parthians, their charges in battle were swift and sudden, and upon meeting with a reverse they retreated with equal rapidity; and they were so expert in the use of the bow and arrow, that they were able to inflict heavy loss upon regular troops, whilst remaining themselves beyond the reach of danger.

The Greek Emperor, Leo, the historian Constantine Porphegrogenetus, Theophylact, and others, bear testimony to their

valour and their stern integrity. Like all the other wandering tribes, they pillaged towns without scruple, but no Magyar ever violated female honour, even in the flush of victory or the horrors of actual combat. They strictly observed any treaty into which they had once entered, and it required more than ordinary provocation to induce them to break the ties of good faith, even in matters of trifling importance.

In their private, as in their political life, the Magyars were simple and unrestrained. They never contracted marriage, but lived with one or more women, constantly and faithfully, as suited their inclination or their means. Hence, even at the present day, *hazassag*, *hazasodas*, "to make a house or household," are the words answering to our "wedding" or "marriage." The man calls his wife *feleseg*, "his half." Some of their most common proverbs may serve to give an idea of their general character.

Bujdosas embernek elete—"man's life is but the passage from one country to another." *Három dolog egeszseges; leget nem enni munkátol nem futui, es nem, bujalkodni*—"the three things necessary to secure happiness are, sobriety, labour, and moderation in pleasure."

They measured time by the phases of the moon. Sunday they called *vas*, or *vasarnap*, "the day of iron," because on that day iron was sold, when they dwelt near Mount Altai, in Asia.

They were serious and solemn by habit, but were nevertheless at all times distinguished by their gaiety and good humour. They were fond of consulting sorcerers or necromancers, and of witnessing the performances of showmen and mountebanks, and would often exclaim, when any misfortune befel them, *Pokolban is esik egyszer egy innep*—"there are *fêtes* even in hell."

Of their religious belief, previous to their conversion to Christianity, we know but very little. One thing is certain, that they adored but one God, for the word *Isten*, meaning God, is the only one they have ever had in their language to express the idea of a supreme being; but what their sentiments were regarding his character and attributes we can offer no information, and can form no opinion. They sacrificed white horses, however, to some idols, but with what particular object is not known. They set a high value on white horses, and upon their first arrival in Pannonia sent one as a present to King Swatopluk.

These are the only traits of the domestic life and manners of this singular and interesting people which have been handed down to us.

After the occupation of Hungary, properly so called, of Transylvania, of Wallachia, as far as the river Aluta, and of part of Austria, the country was divided into a number of districts, each governed by an elective chief. In these there was some resemblance to the municipalities of ancient Rome, but with less unity, less regularity, and greater conformance to Oriental customs. The first National Assembly was held, as we have already said, in the plains of Tibissa, and other meetings of similar character afterwards took place there regularly. Arpad preserved the divisions into counties which had been originally made by Charlemagne, under the name of *Megye*, or *Varmegye*. Any people who offered no resistance to Magyar domination remained free—at least we find no mention of harsh treatment used towards those who submitted quietly. Peaceable strangers were freely allowed to enter the country; but the singular idea which first emanated from King Stephen, that unity of language and manners enfeebles and enervates a state *(unius linguæ, uniusque moris regnum imbecille, et fragile est)* afterwards cost the Magyars dearly, as Austria was not slow in explaining such a paradox to her own benefit.

The Duke Zoltan, who succeeded Arpad, spread the terror of his arms through the whole of Germany, and even Italy and France. In the year 900 the Magyars, attracted by the renown and the riches of Venice, forced a passage across the Alps, and soon arrived on the shores of the Adriatic. They then embarked, and numerous sanguinary battles were fought at Citta Nuova, Equilo, Capo d'Argere, and Chiozza; so that at last it only remained for them to cross the arm of the sea which separates Venice from Malamocco, to become masters of the "bride of the sea" herself. Consternation spread through the city, until the Doge, Petra Tribuno, armed the fleet, and, reminding the Venetians of the victory they had achieved over Pepin under similar circumstances, and in similar peril, he led them against the enemy. The Magyars embarked in the first ships they met with, and although possessing a competent knowledge of the principles of navigation, and possessing enough of courage and hardihood, their fleet altogether wanted organisation and proper equipment. The Venetians, therefore, being familiar with the coast and soundings, and possessing consummate maritime skill, attacked them vigorously, and throwing them into disorder, achieved a complete victory. The sea was covered with the wrecks of the Hungarian vessels and the bodies of the dead; and the Magyars returned to Italy to revenge their defeat on the inhabitants. Toxis, the successor of Zoltan, was also the terror of the Christian countries; but Geyze I., who came after him, embraced Christianity, and from that time the manners of the Magyars became softer and more refined.

Duke Stephen, who succeeded Geyze, was the first to introduce Christianity generally amongst the people, and he wrought changes of such importance in the internal organisation of the kingdom, that he demands as much of our attention as our space will allow us to bestow. The ease and rapidity with which the conversion of the Magyar nation was achieved, must, however, be ascribed not less to the national inclination of the people towards whatever was lofty, pure, and elevated, than to his zeal and activity. If one element more than another was largely developed in the genius of the Hungarian people, it was the desire for social and intellectual progress; and it must for ever form a subject of regret that their aspirations have so often been cramped by the blighting influence of foreign domination.

In return for his exertions on behalf of the Christian faith, Stephen received from Pope Sylvester II. a royal crown, and the title of Apostolic King, as his Holiness at that period looked upon the bestowal of these honours as forming a part of his special prerogative. He was canonised after his death, and is now numbered amongst the saints of the Romish calendar.

The influence of the clergy, and of feudalism in the surrounding nations, compelled Stephen to organise his kingdom upon the basis of a constitutional monarchy. He established three distinct orders among the Magyars—prelates, magnates *(seniores domini)*, and petty *noblesse (nobiles servientes regales)*. Each of these orders took part in the administration of the country, but at the Diet they simply signified their agreement or acquiescence in the measures proposed. The Palatine was the first personage in the kingdom after the King; he was the medium of communication between the latter and the people, and filled the Sovereign's place during his absence. Stephen created also a supreme judge, and treasurer, and other high officers, who composed the order of barons of the empire, or magnates. The chiefs of the ancient Magyar bands were ranged under this head. The primitive republican government disappeared almost insensibly, and the prelates, by working upon the religious feelings of the King and people, managed to secure to themselves a considerable amount of political influence, and a place in the first rank or order.

Stephen founded also the municipal districts, or counties for the administration of justice, which are still in existence, and which M. Kossuth considers the safeguard of Hungarian liberty. Each of these counties had an independent jurisdiction. The members of the *noblesse* were chosen as public functionaries, and the king himself often appeared at the sittings of the tribunals. The counties were in every respect organised as little republics, and had the right of periodically convoking assemblies, which exercised a direct influence upon the general politics of the kingdom. In short, we do not know that we can point the reader to a better analogy than the federal institutions of the United States of America. This municipal system is held in such reverence by the Magyars, that many of the national writers declare their belief that the spirit of divine truth must have directly inspired Stephen with the idea of its formation. The military organisation of sixty-two or seventy-two county citadels, distinct from the civil counties, was very useful for the defence of the country. The superior commandants had their residence in these fortresses, and hence received the title of *Comites Castri*, or "Counts of the Bailliage." But what is most deserving of attention is the system of national defence. The magnates composed the army of the king (*Kiraly Sereg*), and the ordi-

nary *noblesse* the national army, known at the present day as the *Insurrection*, which was bound to be ready to take the field whenever danger threatened the country. The possession of land in Hungary had an intimate connection with the rights of the *noblesse*. Two leading principles presided in the appropriation of their privileges. The first was something similar to one of our own legal fictions, that the king was proprietor of all the lands of the country. In the full strictness of the Magyar law, that which we call the right of property was among them only the right of possession *(jus possessionarum)*. The second was, that no one, who was not noble, was able to acquire landed property, and consequently was not obliged to defend the country. The entire kingdom was thus divided amongst the warriors—the descendants of the first conquerors. The ordinary condition attached to the bestowal of lands or tenements, was that of military service; and it was understood on both sides that whenever there was a failure of the male line, the property would revert to the crown, a female heir being incapable of discharging the duties annexed to her position. Those who possess an acquaintance with the history of land-tenure in England, will perceive the striking analogy which exists between the Hungarian law and the earlier stages of our own. In these ordinances of King Stephen, we cannot fail to recognise a mind considerably in advance of the age in which he lived, and a wideness of view and comprehensive grasp of intellect which, working in harmony with the genius and disposition of the various races united under his authority, went far to assure a brilliant future for the Magyar race.

His successor, Bela I., governed with great energy, and was the first to give a fixed and definite organisation to the legislative assemblies.

We must now turn our attention for a few moments to other races and other conquests. The reader will doubtless remember that after the retreat of the Avars into Asia, great numbers of Slavonic tribes invaded Europe. Between the years 602 and 641 large hordes of Croats and Serbes, abandoning their habitations at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, came and settled in the southern part of modern Hungary. Those who established themselves in the centre of the new country called it Dalminium, from a town of that name, and themselves Dalmatians. The Croats, fixing themselves in the country lying to the south-west of Hungary, preserved their original name, as also the Serbes, who retired still farther towards the west. The name of Slaves, or Slavonians, was given by the Venetians to a tribe placed between the Serbes and Croats. Crecimir, the first Croat prince, reached a position of great power and influence, and his son Dirzislaw assumed the title of King of Croatia in 970. In the time of Solomon, King of Hungary, Peter Crecimir, a man of great talents and address, occupied the throne of Croatia, and being attacked by the Duke of Carinthia, he sought the aid of the Magyars. It was cheerfully and successfully rendered, without any stipulation or reward whatsoever. Sometime afterwards, Zwonimir, successor of this monarch, married Helena, daughter of Bela, King of Hungary. Her husband dying, Helena was driven from the country by a faction roused up against her under the joint influence of religious bigotry and national hatred. She applied to Hungary to interpose in her behalf, and Ladislas, the Magyar King, immediately attacked the Croatians, subdued the whole country in the space of a few weeks, and replaced Helena upon the throne. Upon her death the King of Hungary took possession of the country by the right of conquest and succession, and established a national constitution as the fundamental law of the kingdom. He then bestowed the crown upon Almos, his own nephew, and Minister of the late Queen, as a dependency upon Hungary. Before his death he gave his eldest daughter in marriage to Kalo, son of Alexis Comneus, Emperor of the East.

To Ladislas succeeded Coloman, who was surnamed *Bibliophilus*, or the Book-lover. His reign forms one of the most pleasing pages in Hungarian history, from the success of his efforts to promote the glory and amelioration of his kingdom, and his devotion to literary pursuits in an age when learning was at its lowest ebb. A noble, named Peter, having laid claim to the Croatian crown, was defeated by Coloman, in a series of battles, and after a number of successes gained in conjunction with the Venetians over the Normans, into the details of which our space will not permit us to enter, the latter was crowned King of Croatia and Dalmatia. It was under his reign that the crusades commenced, and the restless longing for change and movement which distinguished the age, sought refuge in the out-pouring of Christian vengeance upon the Saracens. Godfrey of Bouillon, celebrated as the King of Jerusalem, arrived upon the frontiers of Hungary at the head of the Soldiers of the Cross. His character, full of ardent and romantic enthusiasm—his fiery valour, calm, devout, and child-like submission to the Church and the fair sex, and spotless honour — all these were so much in unison with what the Magyars loved, honoured and revered, that Coloman received him with open arms. After a conference, full of cordiality, a free passage through his territory was immediately granted to the Crusaders.

The two succeeding reigns present little worthy of notice, save the continued struggle carried on by the Magyars, in repelling the incursions of the Turks, Russians, and other barbarous tribes of the east and north-west. Europe owes Hungary an eternal debt of gratitude for having repeatedly saved her from the imposition of a religious creed, which would for centuries at least have stayed the progress of Christian civilisation, or from the horrors of a second barbarian invasion.

Under the reign of Geyze II., emigrants from Germany and Flanders settled in Sepuce in the north of Hungary, where they formed a distinct people, and were governed by their own counts. This was another addition to the evils of divided races, so detrimental to Hungarian nationality. When Stephen III. ascended the throne, his younger brother, Bela, was named by the Emperor of the East heir presumptive to the Byzantine Empire, and received in possession the duchies of Sirmia, Slavonia, and Croatia. But afterwards, in consequence of the Empress giving birth to a son, his claim was destroyed, and he became simply King of Hungary. Sometime afterwards, troubles began to break out in Gallicia, now known as Poland; and the country was put under the protection of the King of Hungary. In 1188 Bela III. asserted this claim against Casmir, the old Duke of Gallicia, and for some time the Hungarian King bore also the title of King of Poland. It was in virtue of this right (if right it may be called) that Austria took part in the dismemberment of that unfortunate country. Bela III. married, as his second wife, Margaret, daughter of Louis VII., King of France. This lady was the means of introducing into Hungary a great deal of the refinement and elegance which, even at that early period, distinguished the French court. The Magyar youth began to repair to Paris to complete their education, and study foreign manners; and a university, upon the model of that of Paris, was established in Vesprim, a central town of Hungary. After the death of Bela, Henry VI., Emperor of Germany, determined upon sending an army to aid the crusaders in Palestine. At the head of the quota furnished by Hungary, Margaret, the youthful widow, set out in person. What was her motive for this strange undertaking we know not, unless it were that weary longing for rest and consolation in another world, which finely-wrought natures then thought purchaseable only by privation and toil in this. But this picture of female youth and beauty setting out upon a distant and perilous expedition, surrounded by the fierce warriors of the Cross, is one of those pleasing gleams of light which now and then shoot across the heavy darkness of the middle ages. Margaret died in Palestine.

Emete, who succeeded Bela III., followed up the conquests of his predecessor, and subdued Bulgaria and Servia. Andre, a brother of the King, governed Croatia, as a vassal of the Hungarian crown.

We have now arrived at one of the most memorable periods in the history of Hungary, that which witnessed the reform of the constitution. The close resemblance existing between this important event and the grant of our own Magna Charta by King John, must possess the deepest interest for every English reader. Notwithstanding the foreign wars and intestine broils to which Hungary had for centuries been a prey, the real power of the government rested entirely in the hands of the king. The great dignitaries of the state did not hold their offices in hereditary succession, or even for life. They could be at any moment deprived of them for no better reason

than the sovereign's pleasure; but the very fact of their meeting together in the Diet, or great council of the nation, secured to them an influence, which was becoming every day more and more powerful, and promised at no distant day the right, and perhaps the power of taking exception to the arbitrary acts of the monarch. On the other hand the organisation of the counties was going to decay, forming as it did the best bulwark against domestic tyranny or foreign invasion. Things were in this position, when Andre II., a feeble and vain prince, ascended the throne. He carried on war for a considerable length of time against the Russians and the Saracens in the Holy Land, without reflecting upon the evils caused by his absence from his dominions, and the lavish expenditure of blood and treasure which his long contests entailed upon the kingdom. Upon his return he found the affections of the people entirely alienated, and was astonished by the loud and general outcry raised on every side against his extravagance. His quarrels with his son Bela still further increased the number of his enemies. His Queen, Gertrude, a woman of very masculine disposition, but who had acquired this manly vigour at the expense of her woman's tenderness and truth, sought to allay the storm by seizing upon the reins of government in her own name. Her unfaithfulness to the instincts of her sex, and to the commonest dictates of honour and religion, wrought her own and her husband's ruin. She encouraged and aided her brother in an attempt to seduce the wife of a proud and haughty noble, Benedict Bor (the famous Bank Ban) the Palatine of the Kingdom. Enraged at the insult and dishonour, Benedict rushed into the palace, followed by some friends, and struck the Queen dead on the spot. The assassins were executed, but this only irritated the malcontents still more. Andre lost all authority, and with characteristic imbecility, applied to the Pope to re-establish tranquillity. After a long struggle, the Prince Bela undertook to act as mediator between the contending parties; and through his instrumentality, important concessions were obtained from the King, and ratified by him at a Diet held in 1231. He acknowledged the legislative assemblies to have the same rights as himself, and he confessed that those privileges of the *noblesse*, which Saint Stephen had established upon a firm basis, but which his successors had failed to recognise fully, had been violated by himself also. He solemnly confirmed in their fullest extent all the political privileges claimed by the noblesse and the free inhabitants of the country, with the addition of the following clause:—"That every time that the King or his descendants should violate the privileges of the Magyar nation, the nobles should be at liberty to rise up, sword in hand, to

MARGARET, QUEEN OF HUNGARY, AT THE HEAD OF THE HUNGARIAN CRUSADERS.—(*See page* 119.)

oppose this breach of the law, without being liable to the charge of high treason." This was a concession, at the same time just and dangerous. The right of resistance should be ever present to the eyes of the government; but the people should never look upon it save as the closing scene in a long vista of unavailing remonstrance and entreaty. But when placed in the hands of a powerful and warlike *noblesse*,

"Who sleep with head upon the sword
Their fever'd hands must grasp in waking;"

whose sympathies and occupations are distinct from those of the masses of the population, it sows the seeds of strife, turmoil, and division. In addition to the confirmation of their old privileges, the Magyar aristocracy obtained some new ones. They were declared free of taxes, and none of its members could be placed under arrest except for clearly proved violations of law. They were obliged to arm at their own expense, and attend the King in warlike array as far as the frontiers of their own country; but, if farther, the Sovereign should bear the cost. The latter was forbidden to make any office or employment hereditary, or to commit the administration of the finances to Jews or Mahometans; and it was strictly stipulated that a diet should every year be convoked upon St. Stephen's Day.

All these articles, thirty-one in number, were united in a code, and became the basis of the aristo-democratic constitution, which prevailed in Hungary up to the close of the late war, commonly called *Bulla Aurea*, or the "Golden Bull." Andre was the first Magyar King who was obliged to take an oath, at his coronation, to be faithful to the constitution.

Hungary was thus one of the first countries in Europe to obtain effectual guarantees for her liberty; and although her Bulla Aurea, like our own Magna Charta, bears unmistakable marks of its feudal origin, it has, nevertheless, every claim to be considered a reform of true and lasting value. It must not be forgotten that the terms "Magyar nobles," or "free men," at that time included the whole of the conquering nation.

Bela IV. succeeded to his father, Andre II. After he had ascended the throne, he showed great force of character, but, at the same time, a great leaning to arbitrary measures. A calamity fell upon Hungary during his reign, from the effects of which she did not recover for many generations. A tribe of the Hunnic race arose about this time, and rendered itself powerful by its conquests under the leadership of its chief Mogol, or Mogul, whose name it assumed. Under one of his successors, Iengis Khan, it spread terror through the whole of Asia; but that quarter of the world not proving enough to satisfy its ambition, it precipitated itself upon Europe. Poland and Russia bore the first shock of the invasion, but it soon spread to the plains of Hungary, and left them waste and silent as a pathless desert. After having massacred great numbers of the population, the Moguls retreated, carrying with them thousands of captives.

MAGYARS OF IASZBERENY.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

(*Concluded from Page* 99)

Now on a Sunday Father Jerome had preached again on this subject: "The dispensations of heaven are wonderful." And the little Mariette thought, would that it might ordain that I should discover the invisible flower-bringer! Father Jerome was not wrong. On a summer's night, when it had become very warm, the little Mariette was awake early, and could not go to sleep again. She dressed herself, and went out to wash face, breast, and arms in the cold spring; she took her hat, with a desire to wander an hour by the sea. She knew there a retired place for a bath. But, in order to get to the retired place, she must go over the rocks behind the house, and then downward among the pomegranate-trees and the palms. This time Mariette did not get by; for under the slimmest and youngest of the palm-trees there lay in sweet sleep a slender young man—near him a nosegay of most beautiful flowers. Also there was a white paper there, on which, probably, a sigh was left. How could Mariette go by? She stood fixed, and trembled for fear in all her limbs. She would go back again to the cottage. Scarcely had she gone two steps, when she looked again at the sleeper, and remained stationary; yet so far off she could not see his face. Now or never she must discover the secret. She tripped lightly nearer the palm-tree. But he appeared to move. Then she ran back toward the cottage. Yet his motion was only Mariette's timid fancy. Again she took the path to the palm. But perhaps he feigned sleep. Quickly she hastened towards the house. But who would fly for a mere perhaps? She trod with a bold heart the way to the palm. By these fluctuations of her timid and irresolute soul between fear and curiosity, by these hither-and-thither trippings between the cottage and the palm-trees, by degrees her little steps had come nearer to the sleeper, while at once curiosity conquered fear.

"Why should he affect me? The path carries me by him. Whether he sleeps or wakes I will certainly go past." So said Manon's daughter. But she did not go by, she remained standing, for now the face of the flower-bestower is sufficiently in sight to be certain of the whole affair. Still he sleeps on; he cannot have had a sound sleep for four weeks. And who was it? Now who else should it be but that arrant villain, Colin!

There! it was he who, out of his old enmity to the good maiden, had brought on her so much vexation with the pitcher, and had got her into this vexatious affair with Herr Hautmartin; it was he who came here and teased her with flowers to provoke her curiosity. Why? He hated Mariette. In all companies he behaved towards the poor child in an unaccountable manner. He avoided her when he could; when he could not, he distressed the innocent little one. Towards all the maidens of La Napoule he was friendly, talkative, pleasant—all but Mariette. Only think! he had never asked her for a dance, and she danced enchantingly! Now, there he lay, caught, entrapped! Revenge awoke in Mariette's breast. What disgrace could she do him? She took the bunch of flowers, untied them, and revengefully scattered his present, in just anger, all over the sleeper. Only the paper on which was the sigh, "Dear Mariette!" she took, held, and then thrust hastily into her bosom. She would keep this proof of his handwriting for a future occasion. Mariette was sly. Now she must go. But her revenge seems not yet satisfied. She could not go from the place without punishing Colin's wickedness with something similar. She tore from her hat the violet-coloured silk ribbon, and threw it lightly round the sleeper's arm and round the tree, and tied Colin, with three knots, fast to the palm. When he awoke, how astonished he would be! how his curiosity would be aroused to know who had played him the trick! It would be impossible for him to guess. So much the better. It served him right. Mariette was only too merciful towards him. She seemed to repent her work as soon as she had finished it. Her breast heaved. I really believe that tears came into her eyes as she looked with too much compassion on the transgressor. Slowly she went back from the pomegranate trees over the rocks, often looking round; slowly up the rocks, often looking down at the palm-tree. Then she hastened to the calling Mother Manon.

But that same day Colin played a new trick. What did he do? He would openly mortify the poor Mariette. Ah! she had not thought that everybody in La Napoule knew her violet-coloured ribbon! Colin knew that too well. He twisted it proudly round his hat, and wore it before all the world for a show, like a trophy. And everybody said, "He had it from Mariette." And all the maidens said, angrily, "The wretch!" And all the young men who liked to see Mariette said also, "The wretch!"

"How, Mother Manon!" shrieked the Judge, as he came to Manon, and shrieked so loud that it echoed wonderfully through his nose—"How! did you suffer her? Did my bride present the young farmer, Colin, with her hat-ribbon? It is high time that we should celebrate our wedding. When it is past, then I shall have a right to speak."

"You have the right," answered Mother Manon. "If affairs stand so, the wedding must be soon."

"But, Mother Manon, your daughter refuses her consent."

"Only prepare the wedding-feast."

"But she will not look favourably on me, and when I seat myself by her, the little wild thing jumps up and runs away."

"Herr Judge, only prepare the wedding-feast."

"But if Mariette resists?"

"We will take her by surprise. We will go to Father Jerome. On Monday morning, when it is early and quiet, the ceremony shall be performed. We will persuade him to that. I am the mother. You, the first magistrate of La Napoule. He will submit. But Mariette must not know anything about it. On Monday early I will send her to Father Jerome, all alone, on an errand, so that she will suspect nothing. Then the pastor shall appeal to her heart. Half an hour afterwards we will come along. Then immediately to the altar. And even if Mariette says, No, what difference will that make? The old man cannot hear. But, till then, do not let Mariette or La Napoule know of it."

Very early Mariette went to the spring with the pitcher. No flowers as yet lay on the rock. It was too early; the sun had scarcely come out of the sea. Footsteps rustled. Colin made his appearance with flowers in his hand. Mariette blushed. Colin stammered, "Good morning, Mariette."

"Why dost thou so openly wear my ribbon, Colin?" said Mariette, and set her pitcher on the rock. "I did not give it to thee."

"Thou gavest it not to me, dear Mariette?" asked he, and was white from inward rage.

Mariette was ashamed of her falsehood, cast down her eyelids, and said, after a while, "Well, I gave it to thee; but thou shouldst not have worn it as a show. Give it back to me."

He slowly unbound it; his vexation was so great that he could not conceal the tears in his eyes, or the sighs in his breast. "Dear Mariette, let me have the ribbon," said he, gently.

"No!" answered she.

Then his anger changed to despair. He glanced to heaven with a sigh, then sadly at Mariette, who quietly and modestly stood by the spring, with downcast eyes and drooping arms. He wound the violet-blue ribbon round the flower-stalks, saying, "Take all then!" and threw the bouquet so spitefully against the beautiful pitcher on the rock, that it fell upon the ground and broke. Glad of the mischief, he went away.

All this Mother Manon, leaning from the window, had heard and seen. But when the pitcher broke she lost hearing and seeing. She had no command of her tongue from astonishment. And as she pressed with violence against the closed window, to call after the wretch, she forced the window out from the crumbling stone, so that it fell with a great noise on the ground, and was shattered to atoms. So many misfortunes would have made any other woman lose her mind; but Manon soon recovered herself.

"Lucky! that I was the witness of his deed!" said she. "He must go before the Judge. He shall outweigh window and pitcher with his gold."

But when Mariette brought in the remnants of the broken pitcher—when Manon saw Paradise Lost, the good Adam without a head, and only Eve's leg remaining, the serpent triumphing unhurt, and the tiger uninjured, while the lamb had all vanished except his tail, as if the tiger had swallowed him, then broke forth Mother Manon, crying, into curses against Colin, and said, "One may see that throw came from the hand of the devil!"

And so she took the pitcher in one hand, Mariette in the other, and went at nine o'clock to Herr Hautmartin, where he was accustomed to sit in court. Then she broke out into loud complaints, and showed the broken pitcher. Mariette wept bitterly. The Judge, when he saw the broken pitcher, and the beautiful bride-elect in tears, scolded in such righteous anger

against Colin, that his nose grew violet-blue, like Mariette's famous ribbon. He sent his constable to fetch the rascal. Colin came, deeply troubled. Mother Manon repeated her complaint with much eloquence before Judge, constable, and clerk. But Colin heard not. He approached Mariette, and whispered to her, "Forgive me, dear Mariette, as I forgive thee. I broke, inadvertently, thy pitcher, but thou hast broken my heart."

"What does the whisperer there?" with judge-like dignity, said Herr Hautmartin. "Hear your accusation, and justify yourself."

"I will not excuse myself. I broke the pitcher, though not wilfully," said Colin.

"I believe so, indeed," sobbed Mariette. "I am as much to blame as he, for I vexed him and made him angry. He threw me the flowers and the ribbon heedlessly. He could not help it."

"What do I hear?" shrieked Mother Manon. "Will the maiden be his justifier? Herr Judge, speak! He has broken the pitcher, that he does not deny, and I, on his account, the window—if he denies that, he can go and see it."

"That you cannot deny, Herr Colin," said the Judge; "so do you pay for the pitcher three hundred livres, for so much it is worth, and for—"

"No," said Colin, "it is not worth so much. I bought it at the fair at Vence, for Mariette, for one hundred livres."

"*You* bought it, Herr Shameless!" cried the Judge, and all his face became like Mariette's hat-band. Yet he would not, and could not say any more; he naturally feared investigation into the affair.

But Colin was angry at the speech, and said—

"I sent this pitcher to Mariette on the evening of the fair, by your own servant, Jacques. Jacques is there at the door. He is a witness. Jacques, speak; did I not give thee a box to carry to Mother Manon?"

Herr Hautmartin would have interposed. But the simple Jacques said:—

"Only think, Herr Judge, you took Colin's box from me, and carried what was in it to Mother Manon. The box lies there under your papers."

Then the constable forced out the half-witted Jacques, and though Herr Colin would have had him in, no one would call him back.

"Very well, Herr Judge," pursued Colin; "but this trick shall be your last one in La Napoule. I know more than by this thing that you would ingratiate yourself with Frau Manon and Mariette with my property. When you aim at me you would do well to ride over to Grasse for the bailiff."

With that Colin went away.

Herr Hautmartin was very much puzzled in the business, and did not know what to do in his perplexity. Frau Manon shook her head. The thing looked dark and suspicious. "Who will pay for the broken pitcher?" asked she.

"To me," said Mariette, with glowing face, "to me it is already fully paid for!"

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The same day Colin rode to Grasse for the bailiff, and came back the next morning early. But Herr Hautmartin only laughed and talked Mother Manon out of all her suspicions, and swore he would have his nose cut off if Colin were not made to pay the three hundred livres for the broken pitcher. And he went also with Frau Manon to Father Jerome about the wedding, and urged him well to place before Mariette her duty not to refuse the marriage against the will of her mother, as a dutiful daughter. That the good old man promised, although he only understood half that they bawled into his ear.

But Mariette took the broken pitcher to her sleeping-room, and now first truly loved it, and it was to her as if Paradise had been brought into her heart ever since it had been shattered out of the pitcher.

So, when Monday morning came, Mother Manon spake to her daughter:—

"Dress thyself up, and carry this myrtle crown to Father Jerome; he wants it for a bride."

Mariette dressed herself in her Sunday clothes, took without suspicion the myrtle crown, and carried it to Father Jerome. On the way she met Colin, who greeted her gently and tremblingly, and when she told him where she was carrying the wreath, Colin said:—

"I am going that way, too, for I must carry to the pastor the money from the church-tithes." And as they both went along he, trembling, took her hand, and they both trembled as if they had committed some great crime against each other.

"Hast thou forgiven me?" anxiously whispered Colin. "Ah, Mariette, what have I done to thee that thou art so cruel to me?"

But she could say nothing, only "Be quiet, Colin! Thou shalt have the ribbon back again, and I will preserve thy pitcher. I hope it is indeed from thee?"

"Mariette, canst thou doubt? All that I have I would fain give thee. Wilt thou in future be as friendly to me as to others?"

She answered not; but as they went into the pastor's house, she looked at him sideways, and when she saw his beautiful eyes wet, she whispered, "Dear Colin!"

Then he bent and kissed her hand. At that moment the door of a room opened, and Father Jerome, with his venerable form, stood before them. The young people felt dizzy, and would certainly have fallen had they not leaned on each other. I do not know whether it was the effect of the hand-kiss or fear of the old man. Mariette handed to him the myrtle crown. He laid it on her head and said, "Children, love one another!" and touchingly and affectingly entreated the maiden to love Colin. For the old pastor had either, owing to his deafness, wrongly heard the bridegroom's name, or, owing to his failing memory, forgotten it, and thought that Colin must be the bridegroom. Under this exhortation of the old man, Mariette's heart melted, and amid tears and weeping she said: "Ah, I have loved him for a long time, but he hates me!"

"I hate thee, Mariette!" said Colin. "My soul has lived only in thee since thou camest to La Napoule. Oh, Mariette, how could I hope or think that thou didst love me? Did not all La Napoule seek thee?"

"Why didst thou flee from me, Colin, and associate with all my companions before me?"

"Oh, Mariette, I went in fear and trembling, with sorrow and love. When I saw thee, I had not courage to be near thee, and yet if I were not with thee I was unhappy."

While they spoke together thus, the pastor thought they were quarrelling; so he laid his arm around them both, drew them together, and said, "Little children, love one another!" Then Mariette sank on Colin's breast, and Colin put both arms around her, and both faces shone with quiet rapture. They forgot the pastor, the whole world. Colin's lips touched Mariette's sweet mouth. Both were lost in each other. Both had so lost their presence of mind, that, without knowing it, they followed the delighted Father Jerome into the church, and before the altar.

"Mariette!" sighed he.

"Colin!" sighed she.

In the church prayed many worshippers; but with astonishment they became witnesses of Colin and Mariette's marriage. Many ran out before the end of the ceremony, to publish right and left through La Napoule, "Colin and Mariette are married." When the ceremony was over, Father Jerome rejoiced heartily that it had turned out so well, and that the parties had offered so little resistance. He led them into the parsonage.

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Soon came Mother Manon, breathless. She had waited long at her house for the arrival of the bridegroom. He did not come. At the last stroke of the clock, her anxiety troubled her, and made her set out on the way to Herr Hautmartin's. But a new surprise awaited her. She learned that the bailiff, with all the deputies, had taken into custody all the deeds, bonds, and registers of the Judge, and had committed Herr Hautmartin at the same time. "That godless Colin has done this!" was her thought. Now she hastened to the parsonage to inform Father Jerome of the postponement of the wedding. She came in smiling, proud of her work, towards the good old man, with his hands on the newly-married pair. Now, in good earnest, Frau Manon lost thought and speech, as she saw what had taken place. But Colin had never in his whole life had thought and speech more than at present. He told of his love and the broken pitcher, and the falsehood of the Judge, and how he had unmasked his injustice at Grasse to the deputies. Then he asked Mother Manon's blessing.

Father Jerome for a long time did not understand it; but when he got a full conception of the marriage by mistake, he raised his hands devoutly, and said, with upward gaze, "Wonderful are the dispensations of Providence!" Colin and Mariette kissed his hands. Mother Manon, out of mere veneration for heaven, gave the newly-married her blessing, but they noticed between them that her head seemed as if it were turned.

WHAT A WORKING MAN CAN BECOME.

We hear much of the wretched lot of the poor—that it is too often bitter and bleak we should be the last to deny; yet every day teaches us that with many men it is their own fault that they are poor. It is clear that with energy, and industry, and self-denial, most poor men might be in a better position than that in which they are. Illustrations of this truth come before us every day. Most of our great men have begun life in the humblest circumstances; but while their fellows were frittering away their time and opportunities, they were resolutely fighting the battle of life. Sir Joseph Fox was an engine-driver; Sir William Cubitt was an operative in the employ of Ransome and May, of Ipswich. After all, it is clear that the men who die paupers, and are buried in the pauper's grave are not the energetic—the industrious, but the lazy, the profligate, or the weak. They failed from want of proper knowledge, or self-control, or power; but society did not blast them, and they may not lazily sit and arraign the evils of the competitive system. If they will work honestly and heroically their names may be yet famous in our land.

Just now all England resounds with the name of Richard Andrews, the thrice-elected mayor of Southampton, who greeted Kossuth with such a warm reception when he first landed on our shores. Now, who was Richard Andrews? The son of a poor working wheelwright, at Bishop Sutton, in Hampshire. The earnings of the father in those times, when schools were few and provisions dear, barely enabled him to send his first son, Richard, from about five until he was eight or nine years of age, to a dame-school, at twopence a week. Thus slenderly provided for with education, his mother's father, an agricultural labourer, took him to work at ploughing, turnip-hoeing, thatching, and all the other usual odds and ends of a farm-boy's hard work, at the magnificent wages of 3d. a-day, for which he laboured away for nearly three years. He was always, however, on the look out for something better; and when a little more than twelve years old, a chance turned up for him of employment as an under sawyer, at the village of Hitchen Stoke, where, for two years, he worked in the saw-pit at a shilling a day. For this he laboured twelve hours; and, having to walk to and from Hitchen Stoke ten miles, was on foot or in the saw-pit from four o'clock in the morning until nine at night.

The saw-pit led to a better trade; he used to go to the forge to get the tools put in order, and there—it might be from the flying sparks, or the free swing or ring of the hammer, or the warm look of comfort of the forge-fire on a winter's day, or the pleasure of seeing the iron beaten out to any shape, that the wish took hold of him to become a smith; and whilst waiting for the tools, he used to amuse himself trying his hand at heel and toe-tips and hobnails, at which he soon became an adept, and showed such skill at iron, and spoke with such desire to learn the trade, that Mr. Beaumont, then a great stage-coach maker, gave him employment as hammerman under one of his smiths. Here he soon gained the approbation of his master and fellow-workmen; had his wages raised from 5s. to 6s., 7s., 8s., and 9s. a week; and in three years, being four years before the end of his apprenticeship (and a most unusual thing), had a fire to himself, and a hammerman under him.

During the last four years of his apprenticeship, Andrews was considered the first hand in the shop. He made all the heavy coach-axles, which in those days were wrought from well-used wheel-tyres, and he made, too, the whole of the tyres for that immense stage-coach factory, which employed at the time upwards of 100 men.

At a dance at Tichbourne Down, Andrews, then nearly out of his time, met his future wife, who was living at Alresford. She soon, however, went home to Hounslow. Those were not days of railways or excursion trains; Hounslow was forty-seven miles from where Andrews lived; but he walked the distance in a day, and in about a week walked back on one of the hottest days in summer. Three or four months afterwards, his seven years being ended, he rewalked the distance to be married; to this day Hampshire Dick's wedding is remembered in Hounslow; for he put down the immemorial usage on such occasions of setting up a hideous din of pokers and tongs, tin kettles, and cows' horns.

The apprenticeship over, the mystery of smithcraft thoroughly mastered, and Andrews 21 years of age and married, his employer offered him a guinea a week. He knew he was worth more, so he left the shop to seek better fortune. It was the depth of winter, when, on a Thursday, Andrews and a companion-workman set off for Chichester at two in the morning. The distance was 30 miles, but they arrived in time to breakfast in the city, at half-past nine. The companion fainted at the breakfast-table. There was no work to be had at Chichester; so next day Andrews walked back the 30 miles. His former master then offered 23s. a week to engage with him for a year; but he had too recently got over his apprenticeship to wish to bind himself again; so the very next day, Saturday, he started at four in the morning, and by nine had walked the 20 miles to Southampton. This was in 1821; and he had in all the world just 2s. 6d. in his pocket. He, however, got work at Jones's coach factory, at 24s. a week; and having in three weeks saved £2, he returned to Hitchen Stoke to bring his wife and child home to Southampton.

For seven years he worked at the same factory, and got on from the 24s. to earning two guineas a week. He resolved, and kept to it (though his family increased rapidly), to put something, little or much, into the savings bank every week; and at length, having gathered £75, he started, in a little back-street, on the 1st October, 1832, as a master coachmaker, with two workmen. In three weeks the £75 were gone, in first expenses; but repair jobs came in fast, were well and punctually done—a name was earned, and trade grew. In the same year came on the general election, at which the Tories fought their great battles against Reform. The most influential canvassers came to Andrews. They promised him that he should make his fortune by the support of the surrounding gentry if the Tory had his vote. They urged that his was a business depending solely on the gentry, and that if he went against them he must look for ruin. Southampton was then but a fashionable and invalid watering-place, a whole day's fast stage-coach journey from London; it had neither dock nor warehouses; the Peninsular and Oriental Company was not formed; there was no railway, no West India steamboats; no one thought, then, of such a town of trade and manufacture as is now increasing every day in Southampton-water. The odds seemed dead against the man who should go against the gentry. "Give me," said Andrews, "an hour to make up my mind. Come back then, and you shall have your answer." They came, expecting to tick the vote against Reform. Andrews looked up from the forge—"I believe," he said, "Reform to be right, and I will vote for it. I have so far worked my own way without any other help than my skill as a workman, and I have no doubt of getting on in the same way without selling my conscience."

There were abundant grumblings and threats against him, but his first year in business for himself brought him in over £2,000, and within ten years of that election he had laid out £10,000 on the ground and buildings of his factory; and in a single year (1845) he earned more than £22,000, selling upwards of 300 new and second-hand carriages. Travellers by overland route to India cross the desert in Andrews' omnibuses. He built the state carriages for the late Mehemet Ali and the Sultan; has a large trade with the colonies, Mexico, Valparaiso, and Porto Rico; carries on every part of the manufacture of carriages, with the exception of patent axles, on his own premises.

But it was not only on the Reform occasion that Andrews stood by his opinions against his apparent interest. He was one of the members of the Anti-Corn-law League, belonged to its Council, gave a handsome pony-carriage to the League Bazaar in 1844; and in 1842, when the Mayor refused the Town-hall, and a public meeting was violently broken up, Andrews cleared out his carriage-bazaar, which held from 2,000 to 3,000 persons, his workmen mounted guard at the entrance, wheel-spokes in hand, and so Free-trade had a place for its advocacy in the home of a business said to depend solely on the favour of those who were strong monopolists. Threats again there were in abundance of supporting others, and setting up fresh opposition in coach-making, to all of which Andrews used to reply, "Set up as many as you please; coach-building has already grown to be the staple business of the town; the more makers, the more name the place will have for carriage building, and I am certain of getting as good a share of it as I deserve."

THE VICTORIA REGIA.

The Crystal Palace, after all, had a beginning. Previously other Crystal Palaces had been erected, though not of such gorgeous character, or lofty aim. Amongst these must be mentioned the one built at Kew—a place with which every Londoner or London visitor should be familiar—a place at one time dear to royalty, for it was the favourite residence of George III. For a long time Kew was utterly neglected; visitors were admitted by stealth to the Botanic Gardens; no encouragement was given to them to repeat their visit. But now the case is altered. The place is thrown open to the public, and on a summer day, whether you go by rail, or buss, or steamer, we know no place out of London that will better repay a visit than the Botanic Gardens of Kew and the accompanying pleasure-grounds, lying on the banks of the majestic Thames, far away from London smoke and dirt and noise. No other spot in England can boast such gardens. From all parts of the world seeds and specimens and flowers reach Kew.

The palm-house, the pride of the Gardens, is built of stained yellow glass, and rejoices in all the majesty and luxuriance of the East. Around you palms and plantains raise their graceful forms; but the wonder of wonders is the gigantic water-lily, the flowers of which we have engraved here. It was discovered accidentally by the traveller Schomburgh, in British Guiana. It is one of the largest, and at the same time the finest of the vegetable kingdom. It opens upon the surface of the calm water something like our water-lily, but in proportions of which we, accustomed to stunted vegetation, can scarcely form an idea. The flowers are not less than a foot in breadth, and the leaves float upon the surface of the water, in the form of large disks, five or six feet in diameter. The structure of these leaves is very singular. Their shape is that which botanists call *petiolate*—that is to say, the petiole stalk, is attached to the centre from beneath: they are smooth and green at the upper part, and have a raised border of about two inches in breadth all around, like that of a sieve or large plate. Below they are of a reddish colour, and divided into a large number of compartments by very prominent veins, which leave between them triangular or quadrangular spaces, containing the air which helps to support the leaves upon the water, so that birds and other small animals have been often seen running about and pursuing their prey upon them, as if on solid planks.

VICTORIA REGIA IN BUD.

VICTORIA REGIA IN BLOSSOM.

This marvellous flower, as Tennyson says, "anchored to the bottom," annually exhibits its wonders. In a way that would have charmed the Lady of Shalot, the admiring spectator may see

"The water-lily bloom."

Thanks to science and Sir W. Hooker, and those much-abused people, the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests, the Victoria Regia has become one of us; and buds and flourishes here, in this land of fog, and cloud, and rain, as vigorously as it ever did in that warmer climate where first it sprang into beauty and life.

ODYLE.

Most of our readers, we presume, by this time have heard of odyle. It is the name of a certain property perceptible in highly sensitive persons, of both sexes, by which a peculiar influence is produced on such persons whenever they approach a powerful magnet, or by the sun, the fixed stars, the moon, and planets, chemical action, and, indeed, the whole material universe. The discoverer of this extraordinary property was the Baron Von Reichenbach, an Austrian nobleman, of great scientific attainments, who had long devoted himself to making experiments with magnets, and whose discoveries have been verified by numerous witnesses in Germany, and by the English translator of his work —Dr. Gregory, Professor of Chemistry, in the University of Edinburgh.

The sensitives, it appears, are very numerous. At first, Reichenbach thought the sensitive state was essentially a morbid one, and that healthy persons were not subject to it. Wide experience, however, has shown this to be a fallacy. Reichenbach finds fully one third of people, in general, to be more or less sensitive. The highest degree of sensitiveness is comparatively rare, but is still common enough even among the healthy.

The peculiar property, called odyle, was first discovered while the author was making magnetic experiments. He found that a certain effect was produced upon the sensitives by making downward passes with strong magnets, having a supporting power of 10 lbs. The Baron says:—"The nature of this impression on such excitable persons, who may, however, often be justified in regarding themselves as perfectly healthy, is not easily described. It is rather unpleasant than agreeable, and is associated with a gentle feeling, sometimes of cold, at other times of warmth, which resembles a cold or tepid *aura*, or current of air, which they believe gently blows upon them. Occasionally, they experience a dragging or pricking sensation; some complain very soon of headache. Not only females, but also men in the prime of life, are to be met with, who distinctly perceive this influence. It is sometimes very vividly felt by children." To avoid error or deception, a great number of persons were tested, and he has selected a list of nearly a hundred of both sexes, whom he placed under the head of healthy and diseased sensitives. Their avocations and addresses are given. Amongst them we find noblemen and gentlemen, physicians, divines, military and naval officers, eminent functionaries in the Imperial and public service, tradespeople, servants, and peasants. Aware of the strenuous opposition he would be called to encounter, he has proceeded carefully on the inductive system, and has varied his experiments in every possible way, so as to render his discoveries worthy of the reception of the world.

This property having thus been discovered in the magnet, Baron Reichenbach thought it might also be possessed by other bodies. The same effects he found were produced, though in a less degree, by crystals of quartz, gypsum, alum, borax, and other salts. Similar sensations were also experienced from the end of a wire, whose other end was exposed to a surface connected with the sun's rays. By similar means the solar rays were tested, and it was found that not only the moon, but all the planetary bodies, produced a similar effect. Here we have a clue to the influence produced on lunatics by the moon. Aided in this way, Reichenbach elicited some exceedingly curious results from the varied phenomena of the earth's surface. He also found that chemical action was a source from which this new power could be obtained. During the decomposition of salts, and even in their solution, this agency was liberated, and produced similar effects with those occasioned by magnets, crystals, sun, moon, and stars. The Baron's next step was to attempt to obtain odyle, so as to render it cognisable to vision. For this purpose he selected an inner apartment at Schloss Reisenberg, his residence, near Vienna, which he rendered perfectly dark, and in which, by means of a wire running through a long suite of rooms, he could command a metallic communication with the outer air. Here—not being a sensitive himself—the Baron shut up his sensitives. The lowest class, he found, after being shut up from fifteen to sixty minutes, were enabled to see, what they described as a faint cloud-like smoke, of a greyish-blue colour, that issued constantly from both poles of his large horse-shoe magnet immediately after the armature or keeper was removed. A higher class of sensitives beside this discovered odyllic sparks; whilst the highest class of all saw flames issue from both poles of the magnet, from two to six inches in length, which then united and ascended to the ceiling, as a luminous cloud or nebula. They described the flames as being very ethereal, and of a lightning-colour; that issuing from the positive pole having a reddish tinge, while the flame from the negative was greyish, tinted with blue. This odyle is described as imponderable. It is influenced by the currents of air or the breath. If the hand is placed over the flame it becomes flattened, and streams around it, rising upward again. Odyle is not magnetism, for it has not the property of imparting polarity to needles, or attracting iron, and can be copiously obtained by chemical action.

By means of this wonderful discovery, many facts now come clearly to be explained. The human body is a vast store-house of chemical action. Odyle is liberated from the entire body, but chiefly from the eye, the inside of the hands, the tops of the fingers, and the lips. Here we have clearly the philosophy of kissing, if not of love-making in general.

We can now also account for other phenomena, which have been a sad stumbling-block to our philosophers in days gone by. In the decaying graves of our brethren, chemical action takes place, and odyle is liberated. A sensitive perceives it; ignorant and terrified, the spectator swears to having seen a ghost, and the village churchyard is said to be haunted ground. The Baron took Mlle. Reichel, a highly-sensitive female, residing with his family, one night to a cemetery, near Vienna, where she saw a dense vaporous mass of odyllic flame rising to the height of four feet. Had the lady been an ignorant rustic, a fearful ghost story would have sprung into existence, and long been greedily believed.

We will give another instance of the odyllic exhalation. Some years ago the blind German poet, Pfeffel, engaged a young Protestant clergyman, named Billing, as an amanuensis. One day as they were walking in the garden, Pfeffel observed that as often as they passed over a certain spot Billing's arm trembled, and the young man became uneasy. He made inquiry as to the cause of this, and Billing at last unwillingly confessed that as often as he passed over that spot he was attacked by certain sensations, over which he had no control, and which he always experienced where human bodies lay buried. He added, that when he came to such places at night he saw strange things. Pfeffel, with the view of curing the young man of his folly, as he supposed it to be, went with him that night to the garden. When they approached that place in the dark, Billing perceived a feeble light, and when he drew nearer he saw a ghost-like form hovering in the air. Many experiments were tried during several months. Company was brought to the place, but no change occurred. Still the ghost-seer stuck to his story, and at last Pfeffel had the place dug up. At a considerable depth they came to a firm layer of white lime, about as long and as broad as a grave, tolerably thick, and on breaking through that the bones of a human being were discovered. The bones were taken out, the grave filled up, and when Billing was again brought to the place the nocturnal ghost was no longer visible. Reichenbach easily explains the phenomenon. A human corpse is a rich field for chemical changes. A layer of dry quick-lime compressed into a deep pit adds its own powerful action to these affinities. Rain-water from above is added. The lime first falls to a mealy powder, and afterwards is converted by the water which trickles down to it into a tallow-like external mass, through which the external air penetrates but slowly. Such masses of lime have been found buried in old ruined castles, where they had lain for centuries, and yet the lime has been so fresh that it has been used for the mortar of new buildings. The occurrence in Pfeffel's garden is therefore quite according to natural principles, and since we know that a continual emanation of the flames of the crystalline force accompanies such processes, the ghost-like appearance is thus explained. It must have continued until the affinities of the lime for carbonic acid, and for the remains of organic matter in the bones were satisfied. So, whenever a sensitive passed over the spot, he would perceive the exhalation of which Billing spoke. Ignorance, and fear, and superstition, would give to the luminous appearance the form of a human spectre, and supply it with head, arms, and feet, just as we can fancy when we wish any cloud in the sky to represent a man or demon. Thus the existence and appearance of ghosts may be easily explained. Thus, every day the mysteries of human life are cleared up, and the wonderful is brought down to the level of the commonest understanding. Thousands of ghost stories will now receive a natural explanation, and will cease to be marvellous. We shall even see that it was not so erroneous or

absurd as has been supposed, when our old women asserted, as everyone knows they did, that not everyone was privileged to see the spirits of the departed wandering over their graves. In fact, it was at all times only the sensitive who could see the emanations from the chemical change going on in corpses, luminous in the dark. Thus do we see for ever destroyed one of the densest veils of human ignorance and error. What our forefathers called a witch was often merely a sensitive. It is to be trusted, that we are more merciful in these times, because more knowing, and that we shall cease to persecute men who but truthfully narrate what they see and hear and feel. Our fathers did this, and the result was the perpetuation of ignorance of every kind. It is time now that we learn to listen to new truths with respect, however they may clash with parties and principles with which we have become identified. The world reaps the benefit, and in that we should rejoice.

COMPUTATION OF TIME BY THE ANIMAL CREATION.

This faculty is perfectly unconnected with the external senses, and exhibits so completely the combination of method and judgment, that perhaps nothing in the whole animal system goes so far to prove the existence of mind; and although almost every proof has a reference in some manner to the human race, yet it is not the result of education, but of observat on. The peculiarities of the season, and of the periods of migration and of hybernation, do not fall under this head, as the knowledge of them is entirely attributable to instinct, and to that impulse over which the animal has no control, affecting the young as strongly as the old. Recognition of circumstances has no influence on the judgment, for, where any variation takes place, the animal is bewildered and cannot reconcile it to its accustomed practice. Thus, we read of the dog, the constant companion of its master, which remained quietly at home on the Sundays, but followed him to the church on Good Friday, although to outward appearance the two days were the same. The same with the deer in Greenwich-park, which, accustomed to the crowds frequenting the spot, are so little alarmed at their appearance that they feed from the hand, but confine themselves on Sunday to an enclosure set apart for them, and never wander from its precincts; but on Good Friday, when the park is equally thronged, they remain at large. Poultry know the exact moment of feeding time; and domestic animals return of their own accord at the stated period from their pasture. Robins and other little birds, will come regularly at the hour of breakfast to receive their crumbs from the window. An ostrich, at Paris, rang a bell at the door of its enclosure when its food was not brought at the usual hour. We are so accustomed to the presence of our dogs that we almost cease to notice their actions, but the least intelligent of them seem to be perfectly conscious of the arrival of certain periods of time. There is the well-recorded story of the Newfoundland dog which took daily a basket with sundry pence in it to the baker's, and brought back the rolls for the family's breakfast, but on Sundays made no effort to move. The race of turnspits is almost extinct, as their services have been superseded by machinery, but in some places this has not been of long date. These dogs know the roasting-day most distinctly. At the Jesuits' College at Fieche, the cook took one of these dogs out of its turn to put it into the wheel of the spit; but the animal, giving him a severe bite, ran away, and drove in from the yard the dog whose turn it really was. Arago describes something similar; he saw several dogs at an inn, whose duty it was to turn the spit in regular rotation, one of which skulked away, and obstinately refused to work, because its turn had not come round, but went willingly enough into the wheel after its comrade had turned for a few minutes. A dog, which was in the habit of accompanying its master from Paris to Charenton, where he spent the Sunday with a friend, having been locked up on two successive occasions, ran off alone to Charenton on the Saturday evening, and wailed there for its master. A gentleman writing from Edinburgh, and speaking of the Scotch shepherd's dog, describes it as one of the most intelligent of the canine family, as a constant attendant on his master, and never leaving him except in the performance of its duty. In some districts of Scotland these animals always accompany them to church; some of them are even more regular attendants than their master, for by an extraordinary computation of time, they never fail resorting thither, unless employed in attending their charge. To a stranger, their appearance is somewhat remarkable in such a spot, and the propriety with which they conduct themselves during the service is remarkable and singular. In one parish great complaints were made against the disturbances occasioned during divine service by the quarrelling or otherwise unmannerly conduct of the dogs, when it was agreed that all those who had dogs should confine them, and not allow them to come to church. This did very well for the first Sunday or so; but the dogs not at all relishing to be locked up on a day when they were wont to enjoy themselves, were never to be found; they by some instinct knew the Sunday as well as their masters, and set off before them, whither they had been in the habit of going on that day.

LOVE ON.

Love on, love on, the soul *must* have a shrine—
The rudest breast must find *some* hallowed spot;
The God who formed us left no spark divine
In him who dwells on earth, yet loveth not.
Devotion's links compose a sacred chain
Of holy brightness and unmeasured length;
The world with selfish rust and reckless stain
May mar its beauty and not touch its strength.

Love on, love on—ay, even though the heart
We fondly build on proveth like the sand;
Though one by one Faith's corner-stones depart,
And even Hope's last pillar fails to stand:
Though we may dread the lips we once believed,
And know their falsehood shadows all our days—
Who would not rather trust and be deceived,
Than own the mean, cold spirit that betrays?

Love on, love on, though we may live to see
The dear face whiter than its circling shroud:
Though dark and dense the gloom of Death may be,
Affection's glory yet shall pierce the cloud.
The truest spell that Heaven can give to lure,
The sweetest prospect Mercy can bestow,
Is the blest thought that bids the soul be sure
'Twill meet above the things it loved below.

Love on, love on—Creation breathes the words—
Their mystic music ever dwells around;
The strain is echoed by unnumbered chords,
And gentlest bosoms yield the fullest sound.
As flowers keep springing, though their dazzling bloom
Is oft put forth for worms to feed upon,
So hearts, though wrung by traitors and the tomb,
Shall still be precious, and shall still love on.

Proof Positive.—Not long since, it seems, a steam-boat, called the Old Kentuck, blew up near the Trinity, at the mouth of the Ohio, where it is a well-established fact that a great many of the mosquitoes will weigh a pound, by which accident a lady rejoicing in the name of Mrs. Jones lost her husband and her trunk, for both of which an action was brought. There was, strange to say, great difficulty in proving that Mr. Jones had been on board at the time of the collapse, that worthy having notoriously been very drunk on the wharf-boat just as the steamer left Trinity. Many witnesses were called to prove the fact, until finally a Mr. Dietzmar, a German, was placed on the stand. Our friend, J. S., Esq., was attorney for the boat, and elicited from Mr. Dietzmar, his examination: "Mr. Dietzmar, did you know the Old Kentuck?"—"Yah, I wash blowed up mit her."—"Were you on board when she collapsed her flue?"—"When she busht the biler? Yah, I wash dare."—"Did you know Mr. Jones?"—"To be sure: Mr. Jones and I took passenger togeder."—"You did? When did you last see Mr. Jones on board the boat?" "Well, I didn't see Mr. Jones aboard de boat last time." J. S. fancied his case was safe, and with a most triumphant glance at the jury said: "You did not? Well, Mr. Dietzmar, when last did you see Mr. Jones?"—"Well, when de schmoke pipe and me was going up, we met Mr. Jones coming down!"

MISCELLANEA.

CANDID STATEMENT.—An honest lady in the country, when told of her husband's death, exclaimed, "Well, I do declare, our troubles never come alone! It ain't a week since I lost my best hen, and now Mr. Hooper has gone, too, poor man!"

DR. FRANKLIN'S LETTERS TO A LADY.—The *Boston Post* publishes five copies of unpublished letters from Dr. Franklin, which have recently been found in that city. The following one seems to have been addressed to a lady with whom he was on intimate terms previous to his marriage, and who was single at that time:—"Philadelphia, Oct. 16, 1756.—Dear Katy,—Your favour of the 28th June came to hand but on the 22nd September, just three months after it was written. I had two weeks before written you a long chat, and sent it to the care of your brother ward. I hear you are now in Boston, gay and lovely as usual. Let me give you some fatherly advice: kill no more pigeons than you can eat; be a good girl, and don't forget your catechism; go constantly to meeting or to church till you get a good husband, and then stay at home and nurse the children, and live like a Christian. Spend spare hours in sober whist, prayers, or learning to cipher. You must practise addition to your husband's estate by industry and frugality; substraction of all unnecessary expenses. Multiplication—he will make you mistress of. As to Division, I say with brother Paul, 'Let there be no division among ye;' but as your good sister Hubbard (my love to her) is well acquainted with the Rule of Two, I hope you will become as expert in the Rule of Three, and when I have again the pleasure of seeing you I may find you, like my grape-vine, surrounded with clusters, plump, juicy, blushing, pretty little rogues just like their mamma. Adieu. The bells ring, and I must go among the grave ones and talk politics.—B. F."

HOW TO DRAW A CONGREGATION.—The *Tribune* says: Several years ago we were a resident of North-Western Louisiana, near the confines of Texas. The people were as a general thing not much given to religion. An itinerant preacher happened to go along in the neighbourhood during the dearth of religion, and set about repairing the walls of Zion in good earnest. But his success was poor. Not over half-a-dozen could be got together at his Sunday meetings. Determined, however, to create an interest before leaving the neighbourhood, he procured printed handbills, and had them posted up in every conspicuous place in the district, which read to the following effect:—"Religious Notice—Rev. Mr. Blaney will preach next Sunday, in Dempsey's Grove, at ten o'clock, a.m., and at four p.m., Providence permitting. Between the services, the preacher will run his sorrel mare, Julia, against any nag that can be trotted out in this region, for a purse of 500 dols." This had the desired effect. People flocked from all quarters, and the anxiety to see the singular preacher was even greater than the excitement following the challenge. He preached an eloquent sermon in the morning, and after dinner he brought out his mare for the race. The purse was made up by five or six of the planters, and an opposing nag produced. The preacher rode his little sorrel, and won the day, amid the deafening shouts, screams, and yells of the delighted people. The congregation all remained to the afternoon service, and at its close more than 200 joined the church; some from motives of sincerity, some for the novelty of the thing, some from excitement, and some because the preacher was a good fellow. The *finale* of the affair was as flourishing a society as could be found in the whole region thereabouts.

A CRIMINAL CASE IN TEXAS.—At a late trial, somewhere in Texas, the defendant, who was not familiar with the multitude of words which the law employs to make a very trifling charge, after listening a while to the reading of the indictment, jumped up and said, "Them 'ere allegations is false, and that ere allegator knows it."

A USEFUL MAN.—Benjamin's new paper contains the following announcement:—"To advertisers.—We have the pleasure of announcing that we have secured a stout, healthy young man, who will take all patent medicine advertised in this paper, and furnish certificates of any desired stringency, according to price, to the proprietors."

When it was remarked in company how very liberally those persons talked of what their neighbours should give away, who are least apt to give any themselves, Sydney Smith replied, "Yes, no sooner does A. fall into difficulties than B. begins to consider what C. should do for him."

PROOF THAT A MAN IS DEAD.—A subscriber to one of the eastern papers a few years ago, being sadly in arrear for the same, promised the editor that if his life were spared to a certain day, he would without fail discharge his bill. The day passed and the bill was not paid. The conclusion, therefore, was that the man was dead—absolutely defunct. Proceeding on this conclusion, the editor in his next paper placed the name of the delinquent under his obituary head, with the attending circumstances of time and place. Pretty soon after this announcement, the subject of it appeared to the editor, not with the pale ghostly appearance usually ascribed to apparitions, but with a face as red as scarlet. Neither did it, like other apparitions, wait to be first spoken to, but broke silence—"What the ———, sir, do you mean by publishing my death?" "Why, sir, the same that I mean by publishing the name of any other person—viz., to let the world know that you were dead." "Well, but I am not dead!" "Not dead? then it is your own fault, for you told me you would positively pay your bill by such a day if you lived till that time. The day is past, the bill is not paid, and you positively must be dead, for I will not believe that you would forfeit your word—oh, no!" "I see you have got round me, Mr. Editor—but say no more about it, here is the money. And harkee, you wag, just contradict my death next week, will you?" "Oh, certainly, sir—just to please you—though, upon my word, I can't help thinking you died at the time specified, and that you merely came back to pay this bill on account of your friendship for me."

IRISH WIT.—"Molly," said a lady to her servant, "I think you'll never set the river on fire." "Indade, ma'm," innocently replied Molly, "I'd never be afther doing anything so wicked—I'd be burning up all the little fishes."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HENRY.—The earthenware manufacture of this country is very large. It is estimated that at the Potteries alone the value of the earthenware produced annually is about £1,700,000, and that the value of the manufactures of Worcester, Derby, and other parts of the country, may amount to about £750,000, making a total annual value of £2,450,000. The value of the gold annually consumed at the Potteries in ornamenting porcelain is £34,400. The quantity of coal consumed annually at the Potteries is 468,000 tons. It is calculated that the present total amount of the export trade in earthenware is about £1,300,000.

THOMAS.—You are quite right. Science is a great help to the unprincipled knave. As a proof, at this time there are in circulation a large number of counterfeit half-crowns, which have been produced from dies in brass and then electro-plated with silver, by which means the base coin has much more the appearance of silver than that produced in the common way by a mould. For instance, the milling round the edge struck from the die is as perfect as that on coin issued from the Mint; and it is well known that the greatest difficulty the coiner had to contend against was to mill the edge of the spurious equal to the genuine crown. To these brass coin the coin-detectors now in use are of little avail, as they cannot bend them. These half-crowns are the best imitations of the genuine ones yet produced, and they are only to be distinguished from them by the peculiarity of their ring and their lighter weight.

JUVENIS.—It was Luther who said that to rise early and marry young was what no one would ever repent of doing. You will find the passage in that delightful book, "Luther's Table Book," where also you will read how he threw the inkstand at the devil, and how that brave old soul was as much afraid of the Turks then as now-a-days some of our good people are afraid of the Pope.

W. J.—Eighty-five thousand six hundred and three emigrants left the ports of the United Kingdom, at which there are Government officers, in the quarter ending September 30, 1851. This is at the rate of 930 a-day; 6,510 a week. 13,963 sailed from Irish ports; 1,378 from Glasgow and Greenock; and 67,262 from three English ports—namely, 10,062 from London, 2,759 from Plymouth, and 54,401 from Liverpool. Many of the Irish emigrants are returned at Liverpool. Of the total number, 68,860 emigrants sailed to the United States; 9,268 to British North America; 6,097 to the Australian colonies; and 1,278 to other places. The emigration has hitherto been greater in 1851 than it was in the corresponding quarters of 1850.

G. G.—The lunar day, or, in other words, the time which the moon continues above the horizon, is of various lengths. While she remains near any of those points of the heavens which the sun occupies during the summer, she, like that luminary, necessarily rises early and sets late, with reference to the time of her coming to the meridian. For instance, we will suppose the moon to be in one of the sun's summer constellations, say Taurus or Gemini, with her day about sixteen hours in length. We will suppose her also to be about the full, when she would be on the meridian about midnight. She would, in that case, rise about eight hours before midnight or about four p.m., and she would set about eight hours after midnight, or about eight a.m. But while the moon is near any of those points which the sun occupies during the winter, she rises late and sets early, also with reference to the time of her coming to the meridian. This is a beautiful provision of the Divine bounty, as by these means the full moons are when we most want them—that is, in the winter—by far the most beneficial; for not only is the day, or time of being above the horizon, of the winter full moon much longer than that of the summer full moon, but also the moon's meridian altitude is very much greater in the former than in the latter case, and her light, in consequence, much more intense.

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HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER II.

UNDER this terrible calamity, Bela sought in vain for assistance from the Duke of Austria. Hungary was covered with dead bodies and ruined houses, but the King was not discouraged. He introduced a number of German colonists for the cultivation of the soil, and appealed to the people to support him in the carrying out of the measures designed to insure their own safety.

ASSEMBLY OF THE MEMBERS OF THE HUNGARIAN DIET ON THE PLAIN OF RAKOS, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE OPEN AIR, IN 1295.

He ordained, amongst a number of other useful regulations the regular holding of the county assemblies. These assemblies were one of the most important of the privileges of the Hungarian people. Their rights, their duties, and their connection with the supreme power of the state, bore, as we have already said, a close resemblance to those of the states of the American Union. The sovereign authority was vested in the King and the Diet with regard to questions of general interest only. If the student reading of the thousand perils and disasters through which the Magyar nation has passed, unparalleled for their number and magnitude in the history of the world, should ask what was the safeguard of Hungarian liberty while passing through an ordeal so trying, we can give him no other answer than refer him to the county assemblies. The life-blood of manly independence must have coursed quickly through the veins of the Magyar noble, as, with measured tread, arrayed in the splendid national costume, he strode proudly to the hall of council, where kingly power wrought no fear, and kingly smiles inspired no hope; where "the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely" for the common weal was accorded to all, from highest magnate down to the plainest and poorest country gentleman. The sittings were all in public, and the eyes of the country were upon all the proceedings. There was the highest of all motives for a man's doing his duty fearlessly. The King or the minister might sway or corrupt the Diet, but his labour was in vain whilst the freely elected representatives of the people were meeting in every county to watch over the public liberty, and whose interests and sympathies, coinciding with those of their constituencies in the midst of whom they lived and deliberated, were the most effectual guarantees against any betrayal of the confidence reposed

in them. Individuals may be traitors, but no treacherous representative body, save the Irish parliament, has ever been heard of in history. It was in these assemblies that the Hungarians received that political education which has rendered them so much superior to all the nations of eastern Europe. The happy distinction between the legislative and executive powers, the best safeguard of freedom, was recognised in Hungary before any other country in the world.

Bela, when he had in some measure repaired the disasters inflicted by the famine and the invasion, proceeded to chastise Austria for her refusal to assist him in his time of need. Frederic the Archduke was killed in the campaign, and by a treaty entered into at its close, Hungary obtained the whole of Styria, and an extension of the frontiers of Dalmatia. Bulgaria was also incorporated with the Magyar kingdom as a dependent province. A short time afterwards the Moguls again appeared, but were this time defeated with tremendous slaughter, thirty thousand men being killed in one battle.

It is at this epoch that the House of Hapsburgh, which was destined to exercise so baneful an influence upon the future of the Hungarian nation, first appears upon the scene. There was an implacable rivalry going on between Rodolph of Hapsburgh and Ottochar, the rightful King of Bohemia, and Duke of Austria. The former sought the aid of the Magyar King, and by means of it expelled his antagonist from his dominions, and laid the foundation of his own dynasty. It was the eagle lending his plume to wing the arrow that was to drink his own life-blood. The history of the relations of the Hapsburgh family with the Magyars, Kossuth has well designated, "a continued perjury." But who could foresee in 1278 that results so disastrous would spring in 1848 from this ill-advised connection?

All the national writers agree in their opinion of the great merits of Bela IV. During his long reign he surrounded himself and his kingdom with glory. No other prince has ever encountered greater difficulties, and none ever surmounted them with so much courage and ability. Before his death he gave his granddaughter, Mary, in marriage to Charles Martel, Prince of Salerno, a scion of the House of Anjou—an alliance which paved the way for the accession of a branch of this French family to the Hungarian throne.

There is nothing worthy of remark in the reigns of his successors, until we come to Andrew III., the last of the dynastry of Arpad. The pope, who considered Hungary a fief of the Holy See, opposed his election, and claimed the crown for Charles Martel, to whom we have just been referring. Rodolph of Hapsburgh, on the other hand, wished to place his son Albert upon the throne. Andrew III. espoused Agnes of Austria, and it is upon this marriage that Austria afterwards based her pretensions to the Magyar crown.

With the view of bringing about a reconciliation between the contending parties in these disputes, the King convened a grand Diet of the nation upon the plains of Rakos. This was the first time the great assembly of the Magyars was held in the open air. It is curious to find this singular custom equally prevalent amongst the Poles and Hungarians. The nobles of both countries met on horseback, to deliberate or elect a king, upon a vast meadow, clothed in their most splendid garments, a single gentleman often carrying his whole fortune in his own accoutrements, and the rich housings of his steed. There are a number of interesting circumstances, however, in connection with the Polish Diet, into which at present it is not our province to enter.

Andrew III. died in 1301 without any heir, and with him ended the dynasty of Arpad.

At this period the Hungarian people had made no inconsiderable amount of progress, not in political knowledge only, but in science and the industrial arts. St. Stephen had declared the inviolability of private property, and decreed its transmission from one generation to another by hereditary descent. The Magyars did not reserve to themselves alone the enjoyment of these political rights and liberties. Amongst the free inhabitants of their country were comprised all those stranger populations who had voluntarily submitted to their rule, and even the immigrants who had more recently entered their territory, and claimed to be considered as their guests. Those only who were taken with arms in their hands, and those of the Hungarians who were convicted of theft or adultery, who sought to escape from military service, or who remained obstinately attached to Paganism, after the rest of the nation had embraced Christianity, were condemned to a state of slavery or serfdom. The laws against stealing, and against the illicit intercourse of the sexes, were more than ordinarily severe; and any freeman who was detected in an amorous intrigue with the domestic of another was sentenced to have his head shaved. Although the sale of women was strictly forbidden after the introduction of Christianity, these rigorous measures were indispensably necessary to root out the old custom of polygamy. The military superintendents (*ewreok*) formed a police service, and travellers were obliged to be provided with a passport or safe conduct. Royal messengers kept up postal communication between all parts of the kingdom, and each county was obliged to furnish them with relays of horses. This was the origin of those post-houses (*vorspann*) which are seen in every part of the country and of which the tourist is obliged to avail himself at the present day. The expenses of the government were defrayed by the revenues of the royal domains, that is, by the cultivation of the crown lands, and the produce of the salt and gold mines, and by the imposition of a small duty upon certain articles sold in the markets. The administration of the finances was conducted with great prudence and ability. As in central Europe, the towns arose, in nearly every case, in the neighbourhood of the great fortresses or castles, and became enlarged and enriched by the extension of industrial employment, and the influx of foreign colonists; as the Hungarians, in general, preferred living in the open country. Many of these towns became in process of time independent of the Chatelain, or lord of the castle, and were then called *free* or *royal*. All strangers paid a tax by way of compensation, for the protection afforded them, and their share in the political privileges, and thus greatly augmented the revenue. The consequence of this fixed internal organisation, and the security afforded to labour and property, was a rapid increase in the commerce and manufactures of the kingdom. The agricultural produce was every year more than sufficient for home consumption, and the utmost attention was given by the government to the promotion of industrial employment. St. Stephen sent shoemakers, carpenters, wheelwrights, &c., at his own expense through most of the towns in his dominions, for the purpose of imparting a knowledge of the manual arts to those desirous of acquiring them. The Magyars were celebrated at an early period for their skill in tanning, and Hungarian leather was in great demand all over Europe; they excelled also in dressing the furs, which formed part of their rich national costume. Their foreign commerce was also extensive. Their merchants had large counting and warehouses at Constantinople for carrying on their trade with the East. They supplied the northern countries with linen, woollen cloth, and arms, and the Germans with corn, cattle, and ale. They received their spices and other foreign products from Venice and Dalmatia, and supported a powerful and well-manned navy for the protection of their commerce.

The foregoing sketch has shown us a barbarous, nomadic people, from the central plains of Asia, possessing all the coarseness and unbridled passion of the savage state, but full of courage, energy, and self-confidence, precipitating itself upon the worn-out civilisation of the Roman empire, and conquering new seats in the heart of another hemisphere. From the chaos which succeeded the breaking up of the old order of things, it arose a young and hardy nation, girding its loins to run the race of civilisation and progress with the other peoples of modern Europe. We have seen its conversion to the mild doctrines of Christianity; and have watched with interest its growth and improvement in the arts of peace, and its close adherence to the older and sterner virtues of the warrior. We have seen it every day coming out stronger and more self-reliant from the rude shocks and rough turmoil of the middle ages, and gradually building up a constitutional monarchy like our own, a canopy thrown over the head of a great nation to shield it from the biting chill of despotism, or the rough storms of an unbridled democracy—an undertaking the more difficult, because there was then no model to guide in the formation of free institutions. The progress has been hitherto slow, and it may be, at times painful, but always

successful. We have now arrived at the era of power, influence, and glory, in which Hungary was the bulwark of Europe against the terrible assaults of the Turks, and its leader in arts, and law, and commerce.

It would be useless, as well as uninteresting to our readers, to attempt in the following pages to furnish a full detail of the various kings who have occupied the throne of Hungary, with their exploits or the incidents of their lives. Our space will only permit us, if we wish to avoid furnishing merely a dry catalogue of names, to seize upon the salient points of the history, and by them to illustrate the growth and life of the nation, the development of her commerce and civilisation, her decline under the influence of foreign domination, and above all the genius and disposition of the people, as displayed in their institutions and manners.

When the Magyars placed Almos, the son of Arpad, upon the throne, it was not so much a recognition of his hereditary right to the succession, as an acknowledgment of the great services of his father, and an expression of their veneration for his talents and virtue. From the same motives they gave up entirely their undoubted right to elect their monarchs, as long as there remained a scion of the house of Arpad to wear the crown; but when at the death of Andrew III. the dynasty became extinct, they resumed the exercise of their prerogative, and four candidates immediately appeared to claim their suffrages. Two of them, Venceslas and Otho, obtained it one after the other, not so much from their intrinsic merits, as because the remaining candidate, Charles Robert of Anjou, was the favourite of the Pope, who endeavoured to procure his election by lavish threats of excommunication and anathema. The two former, however, having been successively driven from the kingdom, the Magyars succeeded in overcoming their repugnance towards Charles as the nominee of the Holy See, and chose him as their King. Their dislike to him arose from the obnoxious interference with their constitutional privileges made on his behalf by the Pope, whose sympathies and interests have in all ages run counter to those of the people. The Hungarians, like ourselves, would not be terrified into a surrender of their rights by the thunders of the profligate imbeciles who have so long swayed the destinies of Italy, and who walked slipshod over the necks of kings, when Europe was in its childhood.

Charles was the son of Charles Martel, and nephew of Charles II. of Naples, who was nephew of the celebrated Saint Louis, King of France; and, notwithstanding the inauspicious circumstances under which he ascended the throne, the Hungarians had afterwards reason to remember him with pleasure as one of the wisest and ablest of their monarchs. Notwithstanding his legitimate election, some of the great nobles refused to acknowledge him, and one of their number, Mathew Csak, perhaps better known as Count Trencin, who possessed immense estates at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, refused to do him homage, and shutting himself up in his castle, bid him defiance. The King immediately put himself at the head of an armed force, and proceeded to enforce submission to the national will; but so powerful was the rebel lord, that it was only after a tedious war, and great loss, that he was compelled to surrender. At the siege of the fortress of Saros, which was commanded by Demetrius on behalf of Count Trencin, and was carried by storm after a gallant defence, the sons of Elias Goergey, the Count of the German Colony of Sepuce, fought with unshaken courage at the side of the King in defence of the law and the constitution. Little did they think that a man of their stainless race would afterwards make their very name a synonyme through all Europe for whatever is traitorous and base. Arthur Goergey, the recreant of 1848, is the lineal descendant of one of them. As soon as peace was restored, Charles, who was now for the second time a widower, married the Polish Princess Elizabeth, and fixed his residence n the fortress of Visegrad upon the Danube, of which we urnish an engraving. Crowning the summit of a lofty hill, t delighted the eye by its picturesque situation, and astonished the visitor upon a nearer approach by its grandeur and extent. In the hands of Charles, it became one of the most magnificent royal residences in Europe. He carried to its embellishment all the French taste for what is showy and imposing, chastened and refined by a diligent study and high appreciation of the classic models of antiquity. Nor was his attention diverted from the work by the premature and lamented death of his two sons, or the constant anxiety caused by the ambitious designs of Paul Subics, who claimed the title of Ban of Croatia and Bosnia.

An outrage, disgusting for its coarseness, and rendered terrible by its sanguinary results, at length disturbed the course of this prosperous and happy reign. Casimir of Poland, afterwards surnamed the Great, the brother of the queen, a man of dissolute habits and violent temper, paid a visit to the Hungarian court, for the purpose of regulating the affairs of the Order of Teutonic Knights under the immediate superintendence of Charles Robert. Falling violently in love with one of the Queen's maids of honour, Casimir brought to bear all the tactics acquired in a long course of dissipation, declarations of the warmest love, prayers, entreaties, and splendid offers, without making any impression upon the cold virtue of the Magyar lady. This unsuccessful wooing inflamed his passion still more, and seizing a favourable opportunity, he obtained by brutal force what purity and innocence had steadily refused him.

The unfortunate girl, overwhelmed with grief, shame, and remorse, fled from the palace and sought relief in pouring out her sorrows to her father, Felix Zacs, a Hungarian noble. Roused to fury by the injury and insult, Zacs rushed to the apartments of Casimir, swearing to wash out the disgrace in the heart's blood of the offender. But the ravisher had fled immediately upon the perpetration of his crime, and the disappointment of not finding him, still further increased the rage of the unhappy father. Losing all command over himself, he entered the room at which the royal family were seated at dinner, and struck the queen with his sabre, cutting off the four fingers from her right hand. In vain the king attempted to defend his wife. Zacs wounded him also, and was about to attack his two sons, when three noblemen with their attendants, entering the apartment, they all fell upon him at once, and cut him to pieces.

The royal vengeance did not rest satisfied with the summary punishment thus inflicted upon Zacs. The gentlemen of the court went armed to his house, and seizing his son, dragged him through the town tied to the tail of a horse, until he died from sheer exhaustion. We may excuse this outrage, committed in the first moments of rage; but nothing can palliate the after horrors, ordered by the king in his calmer moments. Clara Zacs, the unhappy lady whose injuries had been the cause of all, was compelled to walk through the town, having her nose, lips, and fingers cut off; while the crier proclaimed, "This is the punishment of traitors!" The king's vengeance extended itself to the second generation, and even further. The grandson of Felix Zacs was banished, and the collateral members of his family were obliged to save themselves by flight from torture or mutilation.

This terrible event occurred in 1336.

Charles Robert's attention was soon turned from this dreadful tragedy to other and more honourable employments. In the year 1285, the Tartar Noguis, the inhabitants of Moldavia, united with the Wallachians, the remains of the Daco-Roman colonies, and commenced to devastate Hungary. Having been defeated in some sanguinary engagements, they at length settled peaceably between the Danube and the right bank of the Aluta. The two tribes into which they were divided, uniting under one chieftain, they began to cross the river, and whether it was that Charles Robert was alarmed at their progress, or wished to reduce them to a state of complete subjection, he declared war against them, although Bessarab, the waywode, or leader, paid him homage as his suzerain. Despairing of being able to contend against the king in the open field, Bessarab resorted to stratagem. Decoying the Magyar army into a mountain pass by feigning a retreat, he suddenly surrounded them on every side, so that to avoid the destruction of his forces, Charles was compelled to sue for peace. The wily waywode feigned the most friendly disposition, and protracting the negotiations to as great a length as possible, he in the meantime fortified the entrances to the defile, and crowned the heights with men-at-arms and archers, ready to pour down showers of arrows, and roll heavy rocks upon the Hungarian army at the word of their leader. When the Magyars become aware of the full danger of their position, their consternation was great. They saw every odds that can

encourage a soldier, on the side of their enemies—numbers, position, and the certainty of a safe retreat. Their only hope lay in forcing the entrance of the gorge without delay; but long ere they reached it, three-fourths of their number were buried beneath the missiles of their assailants, and the king only, and a few nobles, succeeded after a desperate combat, sword in hand, in fighting their way out.

Charles Robert had naturally but little taste for war, and this catastrophe completely convinced him that he would meet with greater success in the smoother field of diplomacy.

Upon the death of his grandfather, as the heir of Charles Martel, he preferred his claim to the Neapolitan crown before the Papal Court at Avignon. Clement V., the Pope, pronounced, however, in favour of Robert, the uncle of the Hungarian king, a brave and experienced warrior, who was very popular amongst the Italians. At the death of the latter, so disgusted was he at the corrupting influence exercised over his own heirs by the French ladies of his court, that he determined to leave the crown to one of his nephew's children. He therefore sent an embassy to Hungary, inviting Charles Robert to Naples, and requesting him to bring with him his second son Andrew. No sooner had the message arrived, than the King set out, accompanied by a numerous and brilliant suite. Upon their arrival at Naples, Robert betrothed his daughter Jane, aged only six years, to Andrew, the son of Charles Robert, and declared them his heirs. Andrew henceforth remained in Italy with his tutors, and a suite of Magyar gentlemen.

COLOMAN.

When Charles Robert regained his kingdom, he found a splendid field for the exercise of his diplomatic talents suddenly opened up to him. Vladislas Loketek, the King of Poland, had died during his absence, and his son Casimir, who committed the outrage already mentioned at Visegrad, had succeeded to the throne. The latter was undoubtedly a man of great personal bravery, and possessed some celebrity as a warrior, and patron of the fine arts; but he was given to indulgence in sensual pleasures, indolent, and averse to the transaction of serious business. Charles rightly judged that such a monarch would be continually placed in difficulties, from which the resources of his own uncultivated intellect would be entirely insufficient to extricate him; and that he would naturally look to him as a man of ability, and a near relative, for advice and assistance.

FORTRESS OF VISEGRAD, THE PALACE OF THE MAGYAR KINGS.

The event answered his expectations. He was constantly referred to as an arbitrator in the troubles which at that time distracted Poland, and his great taste, the gentle and winning courtesy of his manners, and his great superiority when thus placed in comparison with their own monarch, gradually won for him the esteem of the Polish nobles, and caused them to listen with a readier ear to representations which the Magyar king caused to be made to them, of the importance of a change in the order of the succession.

At a meeting held at Visegrad, in 1335, Charles, in the character

of a mediator, finally succeeded in smoothing away the differences which existed between Casimir and the Order of Teutonic knights. In many similar cases he rendered like services, always acting the part of a disinterested arbitrator, but at the same time, gaining over the *noblesse* by his smooth flattery and the splendour of his presents. He had, however, a dangerous rival in John, King of Bohemia. Having rendered him important services, however, so dexterously did Charles Robert manage, that the Margrave of Moravia, who was the rightful heir of the Bohemian crown, promised his daughter Margaret in marriage to Louis, eldest son of the Magyar King, at the same time engaging to guarantee to him the succession in case Casimir died without issue. The wife of the latter died childless in May, 1339, and the Diet of Cracow proclaimed Louis of Hungary heir presumptive. Casimir himself came to Visegrad, with a magnificent retinue, to announce the good tidings. He was received with the splendour in which Charles delighted, and never was the exquisite taste and lofty dignity of the Magyar King displayed to better advantage than in this celebration of the consummation of his hopes and labours.

His days were now in the "sere and yellow leaf," and in 1342 he died, after a long and brilliant reign of thirty-two years, in which he had done more for the promotion of the arts, commerce, and manufactures of his kingdom, and the extension of its influence, than any monarch who had come before him. The Hungarians before his death had learned to love him with an ardour which more than atoned for their former dislike. In the greatness of his talents, and the splendour of his services, they forgot that he owed his elevation in some measure, at least, to the support of a bigotted foreign priest, and remembered only his devotion to the Magyar nation, and the proud position to which his exertions had raised it. This forms a splendid trait in their character. This willingness to abandon prejudices, this homage to talent, to magnanimity, to personal worth, without reference to its antecedents, are the surest evidences of the lofty moral courage, and the high-souled devotion to great principles which distinguish the Hungarian people.

LOUIS I.

Vast crowds, amongst whom were Casimir of Poland and the Margrave of Moravia, followed the remains of Charles Robert to the tomb; and by their sorrowing aspect, and lowly-muttered lamentations, furnished the last testimony of their unavailing regret.

But the public grief was hushed or forgotten when Louis I. ascended the throne, amidst universal acclamations; in possession of a genius and aptness for affairs which gave early promise that his career would by its greater brightness obscure the lingering rays of his father's glory. In the commencement of his reign he showed more than usual activity, and in an expedition which he directed against the Saxons, his arms achieved the most splendid triumphs. This people inhabited many towns of Transylvania, to which some of them had come at an early period to submit themselves to the dominion of Charlemagne; others had been settled in different parts of the country at various times as colonists, after the devastations which had been committed by the Asiatic barbarians. Presuming upon the youth and gentleness of Louis, immediately after the death of his father, they refused to pay the public taxes, and the customary tribute exacted from all foreigners. The King, however, entered their terri-

JAZYGES, ANCIENT INHABITANTS OF THE COUNTRY BETWEEN THE DANUBE AND THE JABISSA, SINCE MINGLED WITH THE MAGYARS.—HORSES AND MEN IN MAIL ARMOUR.

tory at the head of a large army, and quickly reduced them to submission. The Wallachians also, who had so successfully resisted his father, acknowledged his sway, and ever after remained firmly attached to him.

An event occurred in Naples about this time which occupied the attention not of Hungary only, but of all Europe, and which, from its interest and importance, demands as much of our space as we can well bestow. Our readers may remember the precocious engagement which was concluded by Charles Robert between his son Andrew and Jane, the heiress of Robert, King of Naples. The young prince, as we have already mentioned, was left at the Neapolitan court at the age of six years, to be brought up under the eye of his intended father-in-law, who, in order to remove all cause of dispute or division, promised that his daughter should succeed him in the kingdom in case she married Andrew. The latter, as he grew in years, prepossessed every one in his favour save his future bride. It is rarely that the human heart will bend its likings or dislikings to accord with the dictates of policy or ambition, and the hatred of Jane towards the youth whom she was expected to love and honour, but had not been permitted to choose, grew every day more violent. She and her young sister Mary were endowed with all the charms of figure and face which poets love to paint as the birthright of the women of the south; but they had also the hot temperament, and longing after forbidden pleasure, which destroys domestic peace in the lands of sunny skies and starry nights, but is comparatively unknown amongst the denizens of less favoured climes. Jane's beauty won the attachment of the bishop of Cavaillon, a jolly priest and gallant gentleman; called forth the melodious praises of Petrarch, the ardent but dreaming and sentimental scholar, and secured for her the flattering notice of Pope Clement VI,, who plumed himself upon being an excellent connoisseur in female beauty, almost as much as upon wearing the triple crown. All this might flatter the vanity of the young princesses, but the bad example of their mother, Margaret of Valois, corrupted their morals; and Phillippine, a depraved woman, who by her influence over Yoland, a half-brother of Jane, obtained the situation of governess in the royal family, finished the work of evil, which she had begun. Jane's dislike to Andrew manifested itself clearly upon the death of the King her father. Acting upon the evil counsel of her advisers, she declared that though her marriage gave him a right to share her bed, she certainly would not permit him to share her throne, and therefore would not concede to him the title of King or allow his coronation. The Pope was the universal referee at that time in all disputes relating to crowns and sceptres, and Clement VI., who was residing at Avignon, was called upon to decide between the husband and wife. In this instance, at least, the successor of St. Peter would ten thousand times rather have waived the exercise of his prerogative. On the one side he feared the great power of Louis, the King of Hungary; on the other, the loss of Jane's favour, to whose beauty his vows and her marriage did not by any means prevent his paying court.

In this dilemma he resolved upon sending Petrarch to Naples to make diligent inquiry into the cause of the quarrel. A worse emissary he could not have selected. Petrarch's disposition was amorous in the extreme, and he was consequently prepared to pardon all faults committed under the influence of that absorbing passion. Louis, hoping to save his brother's rights and Jane's reputation before matters came to an extremity, sent on his side his mother, Elizabeth, a high-minded and amiable woman, possessing great purity and integrity. She therefore set out for Naples, attended by a brilliant escort, but had no sooner arrived than she found it would be impossible that she could exercise any influence at such a court, where all the worst vices of our nature were covered over with a show of refinement which increased their allurement at the same time that it deepened their depravity, and where the frank and open manners of the Magyars were stigmatised as gross and barbarous. Nevertheless she endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation which would in all probability have been lasting, if her efforts had not been frustrated by the harsh sternness of the monk Robert, of the order of St. Francis, Andrew's tutor, being placed in opposition to the puling sentimentalism of Petrarch. Robert governed the kingdom in Andrew's name with great vigour and inflexibility, but having no taste for poetry, looked upon all poets with profound contempt. He therefore received Petrarch with studied indifference, and paid no attention to the Pope's instructions. The former, though he generally employed his pen in pouring out mournful complaints of the coldness of his mistresses, flew to arms, and revenged himself by writing a satirical poem, in which he heaped bitter reproaches upon Robert. Elizabeth was still at Naples, when the titular Empress of Constantinople, Catharine of Valois, provided a lover for Jane in the person of her son, Louis of Tarentum, who, in snatching the first fruits of unlawful love, rendered Andrew still more odious in the eyes of his wife.

The maternal affection of the Hungarian Queen now made her alive to the dangers which threatened her son, and she wished to take him back with her from an atmosphere so tainted with treachery and corruption.

The Greek Empress, however, entreated her to change her determination; the Chancellor of the kingdom, Count of Monte Scaglioso, an honest and powerful man, and devoted to the Hungarian cause, expressed to her his conviction, that if Andrew remained, matters might still be arranged; and Jane herself, with the ferocious cunning of a tigress, besought her, with tears in her eyes, not to deprive her of her husband. She therefore yielded to their solicitations, and took her departure.

At last the Magyar ambassadors purchased from Clement VI., with a sum of 44,000 marks of silver, some concessions in favour of Andrew. The amount was not sufficient to obtain all. The Pope consented to confer upon him the title of King, and crown him as such, but without any stipulation as to the succession at his death.

The Hungarians rested satisfied with this, but did not perceive till too late, that all their efforts would be rendered unavailing by the intrigues of the ladies of the Neapolitan court. Agnes de Perigord, Duchess of Durazzo, another member of the royal family, jealous of the success of the Empress Catharine on behalf of her son, determined to counterbalance the influence thus obtained. Supported by the Cardinal de Talleyrand, she obtained from the Pope permission for her son Charles of Durazzo to marry Mary, the younger sister of the queen. Prompted by Catharine, however, Jane refused her consent, and they therefore determined upon carrying off the princess in the night. In this there was a fresh insult offered to Andrew, as Mary had been previously affianced to his brother Stephen; and in case Jane died without issue, the succession remained to her sister. In this instance he again gave proof of his gentleness and humanity, or as some may think, his feebleness and incapacity, by pardoning the ravisher. About this time a new scandal precipitated the closing scene of this hideous drama. The queen's figure began to afford evidence, every day more unmistakeable, of her infidelity to her husband, and the insult and dishonour were rendered deeper by her indifference to her disgrace. Some mentioned Bertrand Artus, the son of the Grand Chamberlain, and the sworn enemy of Andrew, others Louis, Duke of Tarentum, as the cause of it; but Andrew was too proud to exhibit any outward signs of the mortification he felt. Soon after, some courtiers made a banner, with the figures of a block and an axe displayed upon it, and paraded it at a tournament in Andrew's presence, to signify the determination of the court to get rid of him, since they could no longer delay his coronation. On the 18th of September, 1344, he accompanied the queen to a party of pleasure at a country house, near Aversa, and riding out in the country, they stopped to dine at the convent of St. Peter of Morono, some distance from the town. In the evening a messenger came to the royal apartment to summon Andrew, as if for the purpose of delivering to him some important despatches. He had no sooner left the room than the door was closed behind him, and a hand placed on his mouth to stifle his cries. Andrew shook himself loose by a tremendous effort, and ran towards the hall for his arms; but he found all the doors shut, and Jane lay quietly in her bed, paralysed by fear or anxiety. At length the noise aroused his attendant, who cried for help; but Bertrand d'Artus, the favourite of the queen, again seized his victim, and urged the assassins to attack him. After a fierce struggle, they hung him from the balcony of the great hall, with a rope which the queen herself had provided. The disfigured

and bleeding body was then thrown into the garden, and the monks, when aroused, had to search for it during the greater part of the bright summer night before they found it.

When the news reached the town of Aversa, the tumult was great. The women rushed into the streets bewailing the murdered king, and the men went in arms to the convent, and forcing the gates, in blind fury slaughtered every one whom they met, without inquiry as to his innocence or guilt. All, in the bitterness of their grief, thought only of avenging the murder, and forgot to bury the body, which lay for many days before it obtained the rites of sepulture.

The queen, after the first flood of hypocritical tears, set out for Naples, and immediately abandoned herself to indulgence in every sort of licentious pleasure. The birth of an infant son awakened the memory of her past delinquencies, and filled the minds of the people with horror and disgust. Louis of Hungary instantly demanded an inquiry of the Pope, with a view to the discovery and punishment of the authors of this lamentable outrage. It accorded neither with the interest nor the inclination, however, of the Papal court to throw any light upon the matter, as the chief offender was the near relative of his Holiness. Cutting short the negotiations, Louis required the Cardinal de Talleyrand, and his nephew, the Queen herself, Catharine of Valois and her two sons, to be delivered up to him, that they might suffer capital punishment. Being anxious, however, to save his brother's honour, he consented that Charles Martel, Jane's illegitimate son, should be educated by Elizabeth at the Hungarian court, and that during his minority, his brother Stephen, Duke of Slavonia, should govern the Kingdom of Naples. But he was resolved in any case to punish the Queen, and deprive her of the crown, and for that purpose levied an army and marched upon Italy.

This dispute has been rendered one of the most famous in modern history, by the means which were now taken to decide between the contending parties. A man at this time sat at Rome in the chair of the ancient tribunes, who united the austerity and the severe and inflexible justice of the ancient Brutus, with the fire of the Gracchi, and the brilliant eloquence of Cicero. Raised from the body of the people, he was their idol; and when he banished from the gates of his native city the lawless nobles, the descendants of their barbarian conquerors, and re-established the reign of pure justice and equal rights, his fellows hailed him as their prophet and their guide. He had humbled the power of the great—and they looked upon him with a jealous eye; but the multitude clung to him as a father. He had become renowned for the largeness of his intellect, and the far-sighted justice of his decisions; and happier than the modern Ciceroacchio, he had gained the confidence of most of the princes of Europe. This plebeian saw crowned heads submit their disputes to his arbitration, and upon him Louis and Jane called, to decide between them. The task was a difficult one. By giving judgment in favour of either, he made the other his enemy. Rienzi temporised, postponed his decision from day to day, either from prudential motives, or with the view of making his finding upon the case more highly valued and more anxiously expected. Jane tried him with gold, but found him incorruptible, and then addressed herself to work upon his affections, flattering the vanity of his wife by rich presents, whilst she assured the Tribune that she sought only an impartial sentence.

At last the day came on which this great trial, wonderful for the demonstration which it affords of the might of moral power, and the force of great traditions, was to take place. Taking his seat upon a throne beneath the mighty dome of the Capitol, with the tribunitial crown upon his head, and the silver ball, the ensign of power, in his hand, he summoned before him the advocates of the rival monarchs, and bid them plead their clients' cause. And when the vast multitude which had assembled to witness this strange and thrilling scene, saw their great law-giver giving judgment between the kings of the earth, it seemed as if some lingering rays of the glory of the old empire cast their mellow light through the hoary ruins that mouldered around, recalling the days when Rome sat upon the seven hills clothed in majesty, and Jugurtha and Adherbal, the rival claimants of a great kingdom, awaited the voice of the senate to decide their fate.

The Tribune heard but did not decide. With a hesitation certainly not inherent in his character, he declared that he could not pronounce upon so weighty a matter without first consulting the Pope.

Louis could not brook the delay, and he consequently refused any longer to leave the matter in Rienzi's hands, but determined forthwith to right himself by force. Sending forward the main body under the command of Nicolas Henrici, a pious bishop (according to the notions of the times) and a brave soldier, he followed himself at the head of one thousand men, as an avenging corps, in the midst of which floated a black banner, carrying a portrait of his murdered brother. Town after town fell before him; the petty princes of the peninsula sent embassies to seek his alliance, and the Pope alone attempted to arrest his triumphant progress. A legate met him, and threatened him with the anathemas of Mother Church, unless he consented to desist from hostilities, and make peace with the Queen. Louis' reply was characteristic of the man and of the nation to which he belonged. "The Pope," said he, "has no right to place bounds to my vengeance. He promised to punish the murderers of my brother, and his blood still cries against them from the ground. The criminals still survive, and are sheltered and protected by the Holy See, while I, who have taken arms only for their chastisement, am threatened with excommunication. The Holy Father reserves his curses for innocence and his favours for crime. Let him excommunicate me. I make no objection. I don't fear his empty thunders. There is a higher judge than he, who knows the justice of my cause, and will one day review the decisions of the Pope's."

He continued his course, and the Neapolitans began speedily to flock to him. The Queen was deserted on every side, even by her husband, Andrew's murderer, whom she married in less than a month after his death. She escaped in the night, and landed safely upon the coast of Provence.

Upon taking possession of Naples, Louis guaranteed to al the free enjoyment of their liberty and property, except those who had taken part in the assassination of his brother.

This promise seems to have reassured Charles de Durazzo, who rested under the gravest suspicions. The Magyar headquarters were then at Aversa, and thither the Neapolitan nobles flocked to pay homage to their new sovereign. Durazzo followed their example. This man was a strange compound of bravery and ambition, carelessness of his own interests, and great perseverance. He was constantly mixed up in low and vile intrigues, and was consequently looked upon with great suspicion by the nobles, although his conduct appeared less equivocal in the eyes of the people. He had drawn upon himself the hatred of the Archbishop of Naples, who appeared before the Hungarian King as his principal accuser.

A grand council of the Magyar barons was summoned by Louis to deliberate upon the guilt of the culprit and the punishment of his crime. The sentence of death was unanimously pronounced. According to the custom of the time, the King was seated at a solemn banquet in the midst of his lords, when the unfortunate Charles was called before him.

"Duke," said the King, regarding him with a stern aspect, "your lot is cast—you shall die within an hour. But you must first listen to the recital of your crimes. You hindered the coronation of my brother by your machinations; you ravished Mary, the sister of the queen, who was promised in marriage by her father, first to me and then to my brother Stephen. You have, it is true, pursued the assassins of Andrew, but only that you might further your own ambitious projects. You were the first to invite me to this country, and the first to desert my standard when I had arrived. You shall now expiate your guilt by an ignominious death."

It was in vain that Charles begged and prayed for life on any terms; the King spurned him from his feet in disgust. He was beheaded on the same balcony from which the unfortunate Andrew had been hanged.

It would seem as if a curse has for centuries hung over the kingdom of Naples. When Louis conquered it, it was as corrupt, as degraded, as void of honour, humanity, and good faith, as now, when the finest intellects in the kingdom are buried in dungeons thirty feet below the level of the Adriatic.

He set to work immediately to introduce some sort of order into the hideous chaos, and afford some sort of security to the unfortunate people who had been so long plundered by the nobles and the court. The task was difficult—but it was one

HUNGARIAN COUNTRY GENTLEMAN OUT DRIVING.

worthy the ambition of a great man. He protected personal liberty, private property, and the fruits of honest labour against open violence of the robber, and the more silent, but no less dangerous attacks of fraud and chicane. "Activity, honour, justice, replaced sloth, jobbing, and corruption, assassination, and dissoluteness of manners, and the people began to revive." *

Louis entertained a feeling of deep disgust at the low state of morality which he found prevailing amongst the mass of the people, and the total want of principle of the *noblesse*. When, upon making his triumphant entry into the capital, the great lords presented him with a magnificent throne, he refused it with evident marks of contempt; and when the orators appeared with their panegyrics, and the poets came to recite their complimentary odes, he refused to hear them.

He had to steer clear of two evils. He had on one hand to avoid offending the pride of the nobles by too great severity, and on the other hand, to see that the authors of a great crime should not escape with impunity. Under the stern severity of the Magyar rule, however, the Neapolitan barons soon began to regret the gay licentiousness of the old *regime*, and long for its return.

A deplorable calamity soon occurred which hastened the outbreak of their discontents, and enabled them to give form and consistency to their hatred of Hungarian domination. A terrible earthquake shook the whole of Italy, burying towns and villages by the shock, and close upon it followed a pestilence which spread, with greater or less degree of virulence, over the whole of Europe. Hungary escaped with little injury, but Naples was the very centre of the widespread desolation. Louis travelled through the whole kingdom, exposing himself to imminent personal danger, in the attempt to alleviate the sufferings of the wretched inhabitants. His labour was, however, in vain; and, after fortifying the garrisons and distributing troops through the country, at the earnest solicitation of his ministers, he returned to Hungary. No sooner had he disappeared than the nobles threw off the mask, and sent deputies to Avignon, where Jane had taken refuge, beseeching her to return with her husband, and take possession of her throne. But she had no money; and, in order to raise supplies, she sold the town of Avignon, and the territory attached to it, to the Pope for a sum of 80,000 florins, and even pledged her jewels to fit out an expedition. She arrived at Naples, and was received into the town, although the Hungarian garrison occupied the castle, and Louis of Tarentum, her husband, put himself at the head of the army. Charles Martel, Jane's son, being at this time dead, Louis wished to marry his brother Stephen to Mary, the widow of Charles de Durazzo, and place them on the throne; but the Pope steadfastly refused his consent, and succeeded in inducing the German levies to desert the Hungarian standard. This defection

* Mathaeus Villani, l. I. c. 16.

obliged Louis to suspend his operations for some time; but in the spring of 1350 he again appeared with large reinforcements, and carried everything before him. He was twice wounded at the sieges of two towns, but still persisted in exposing himself in the thick of every fray. At the siege of Melfi, he received a challenge to mortal combat from Louis of Tarentum, to which he sarcastically replied, informing him that if they met face to face in a general engagement he should not decline the conflict.

Marching upon Naples, it surrendered to him without striking a blow. Upon taking possession of the town, he informed the inhabitants that he would levy a contribution on their goods as a punishment for their treason. This was the signal of a general outbreak, and, after a murderous conflict in the streets, the Magyars, harassed and worn out by the overwhelming numbers of their assailants, were compelled to retreat to the citadel. The Pope seized this opportunity of renewing his offers of peace on behalf of the Queen, at the same time declaring his intention of delivering judgment upon the differences existing between the two parties. It was impossible to exculpate Jane from the charges alleged against her; but at the same time Clement was by no means willing to have a powerful king as his neighbour, instead of a beautiful woman, who was anything but niggard of her favours towards those whom she wished to conciliate. To end the matter, he forthwith formed a tribunal of his own creatures, before whom Jane was arraigned with a mockery of legal procedure; and, in accordance with the advice of her ecclesiastical counsellors, she declared that, instigated by *diabolical witchcraft*, by an excess of folly, of which she could not divine the cause, she had, *against her will*, ordered the murder of her husband, whereupon the Pope declared her innocent of the "*withcraft and its consequences!*" The moment the judgment was pronounced, a letter signed "Lucifer, Prince of Darkness," and addressed to "His Holiness the Pope, his representative upon Earth," fell in the midst of the astonished consistory. In the epistle, his Satanic Majesty informed them of the satisfaction with which the accounts of the manifold vices, misdeeds, and injustice of the Pope and his cardinals were received by the damned spirits in the infernal regions.

The absurdity of this judgment was apparent to every one; but Louis, perceiving that the kingdom of Naples was as difficult to keep as it was easy to acquire, and being disgusted with the shameless immorality of the Papal court, at once acquiesced in it. The Queen sent him 300,000 florins to meet the expenses of the war; but it was returned with the cold reply, that he fought to avenge his brother, not to accumulate wealth. He immediately evacuated Naples, after having occupied it for six years.

SERBE, CROAT, AND GERMAN, DIFFERENT RACES OCCUPYING HUNGARY IN CONNECTION WITH THE MAGYARS.

Such was the negative result of a conquest achieved by the expenditure of blood and treasure. It affords one of those useful lessons that men learn from history, of the folly of endeavouring to sway a foreign nation and an alien race by force alone, without the aid of moral power and influence. Would that the present ruler of Hungary would follow the example of his wiser and abler predecessor, and quiely relinquish what can only be retained by arms and coercion.

ISABEL LESLIE.

One calm summer evening, a travelling carriage, drawn by a pair of spirited bays, was slowly ascending a hill in one of the most beautiful and romantic portions of South Wales. Its occupants were a lady and gentleman, who were so absorbed in earnest conversation, that the many beauties of the surrounding scenery were unheeded. As they reached the summit of the hill, however, the driver reined in his steeds, in obedience to a signal from his master, and Mr. Leslie exclaimed—

"There, Marion, we are almost at home now; have I been too poetical, or too prosaic, in my descriptions of Glenwood?"

The young bride looked hastily from the window, and an exclamation of mingled surprise and admiration escaped her.

"Your descriptions certainly fell very far short of the reality," she replied, with a smile. "I had no idea of anything half so lovely."

For some moments they sat in silence. There was a blending of new and strange emotions in Marion's breast, and she could not give vent to them in words. At length, as her eye wandered round in search of new beauties, it fell upon a simple but tasteful monument of white marble, gleaming out in strange contrast with the deep green turf, and from among the overshadowing trees.

An indefinable thrill passed through the frame of the young wife, and her cheek perhaps grew a shade paler, for her husband, marking the direction of her glance, bade the driver go on, and, drawing her closer to his side, kissed her fondly, as he said—

"The mother of my child sleeps there. Nay, do not tremble, dearest. I know that if her gentle spirit looks down upon us now, she rejoices that my heart is no longer desolate—that her little one is no longer motherless. And look, Marion," he continued, laying aside the solemnity of his tone and manner; "there is Isabel in the piazza ready to welcome us."

A moment more, and the carriage drew up at the door. The household had all assembled in the hall to greet their new mistress; but the little Isabel had escaped from her nurse, and stood upon the piazza, clinging to a vine-wreathed column that supported the roof. Her face was flushed, her eyes sparkled with excitement, as, shaking back her dark curls, she leaned forward to obtain a better view of the new comers; and when Mr. Leslie lifted his wife from the carriage, she sprang forward, and, without noticing her father, extended her little arms beseechingly, exclaiming, "Mamma, mamma!"

Tears started to Marion's eyes, and she would have clasped the little creature to her heart with whispered words of tenderness; but the child, after gazing in her face long and earnestly, while surprise, doubt, and finally bitter disappointment, were depicted on her own expressive features, broke from her embrace, and, bursting into tears, ran to her nurse, crying, "Take me away, Nanny—take me away!" . . . . .

One pleasant evening in August—it was in May that our young bride first saw her new home—Mr. and Mrs. Leslie were seated in the piazza, of which we have before spoken, and Isabel was playing on the grass at a little distance. Her father's eyes rested fondly on her, as he watched her graceful movements, and noted her rare beauty, with pardonable pride.

"She is very lovely," he said at last. "Is she not, Marion?"

"She is, indeed," was the reply, and a shade of sadness rested on the sweet face of the young stepmother. "Oh, if she would only love me!"

"Do not say so, my Marion; how can she help loving one so kind and gentle as yourself?" said Mr. Leslie, earnestly, as he tenderly clasped the little hand that his wife had placed upon his arm while speaking.

"No, Ernest, Isabel does not love me. I have no disrespect or rudeness to complain of—her temper is too sweet for that; but, with all my endeavours, I have not advanced one step in winning her love and confidence. She has no personal dislike to me; it is but her fidelity to the memory of her mother that keeps us apart. Of her she no longer speaks, unless it be to Nannie; but it is not because she has ceased to think of her. Every morning she takes her little basket, fills it with the flowers which she has been told her mother best loved, and goes to her grave, and scatters them over it."

"I know all this, my Marion. Have you ever spoken to her of her mother?"

"Never. I have felt almost afraid to do so."

"Try the experiment, then—and, take my word for it, she will soon, of her own free will, love you as a mother."

At the usual hour, immediately after breakfast the next morning, Marion saw Isabel take her little basket, and go to the garden in search of flowers. Throwing on her bonnet, she slowly followed the child, and reached her just as she had filled her basket.

"You have some beautiful flowers here, my little Isabel," she said, adding at the same time a superb moss rose-bud to her fragrant treasures. "Shall we go and sit under the large oak-tree near your mother's grave? Then I will show you how to make some pretty wreaths, and we can hang them in the shade over the grave, so they will keep fresh nearly all day. Will you come?" she continued, extending her hand, with a smile. Isabel lifted her large, dark eyes wonderingly to the kind face that was bending over her, and finally, placing her hand quietly in that of Marion, she walked silently by her side to the oak-tree, which was one of her favourite resting-places.

"Now, Isabel, we will hang the wreath on that willow-tree that bends just over your dear mamma's head. There, does that please you? and shall we make one every morning?"

Isabel made no reply; but her red lips quivered, and her hands trembled so violently, that her little basket fell from her grasp. At last she flung herself upon the grave, and sobbed convulsively. Marion knelt by her side, and, putting her arm around her asked—

"What troubles you, dear Isabel? Are you weeping for your mamma, my poor child?"

The little creature struggled with her tears for a moment, and then, lifting her tiny arms, she clasped them around Marion's neck, and kissed her over and over again.

"Oh, no, no!" she exclaimed, "I was not weeping for my mamma; but I have been so very, very naughty! They told me you were my new mamma, and that papa would be angry with me if I did not love you; and then I thought that if I loved you, and called you my mamma, I could not love my own poor mamma any more: and, oh! she always loved me so much! and I was afraid you would not like me to come here, and bring flowers, and would not wish me to talk of my mamma any more, and so I would not love you at all."

An hour afterwards Mr. Leslie found them in the same spot, still talking earnestly. Isabel sprang with a glad cry into his outstretched arms; and laying her head on his shoulder, murmured, "God has been very good to me, dear papa. I have two mammas to love me now—one in heaven, and one on earth."

From that hour there was confidence—perfect, entire confidence—between Marion Leslie and the child of her adoption. As time passed on, and the young wife knew that ere long she would be indeed a mother, she could not help feeling a slight degree of anxiety as to the effect the arrival of the little stranger might produce upon Isabel; but her uneasiness was wholly uncalled for. All hearts rejoiced, when, after a day and night of torturing suspense, Mrs. Leslie was pronounced out of danger, and the joyful tidings of the birth of a son passed from mouth to mouth; but none were more overjoyed than she who had been before regarded as the heiress of Glenwood.

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Fifteen years! how long in anticipation—how short in the retrospect! Years had passed away, and to our friends at Glenwood they had brought many changes. Marion Leslie had, for three long years, worn the garb of widowhood; and the same fell disease that tore her noble husband from her side, laid its hand heavily upon her first-born. When at length, after many months of suffering, they bore him from the chamber where he had lain so long out into the piazza, that the pure fresh air might play amid his golden locks, it was with saddened hearts and tears that would not be kept back, for they knew that their pride, their darling, their precious little Willie, might not look upon the roses that were just opening their white and crimson buds upon the soft, green turf—nor on the large old trees, beneath whose swaying branches he had so loved to play. The boy was blind!

His sisters, Marion and Isabel—for another daughter had been added to the household band—a laughing, hazel-eyed little fairy, who was then four years old, escaped. The latter was opening from a lovely child into a still lovelier maiden. She was, indeed, beautiful; but hers was not the dazzling beauty that at once challenges admiration. She would very possibly have passed unnoticed amid a crowd. Her dark, lustrous eyes, were generally so veiled by the heavy lashes that shaded them, that few knew how they could flash and sparkle; and she was, perhaps, too pale, save when some high thought or spirit-stirring impulse made her heart

beat quickly, and sent the rich blood to her cheek. Yet beautiful or not, all loved her for her thoughtfulness, her purity, and for the warm, confiding heart, that found some good in all God's creatures.

"Trouble," it is said, "never comes singly," and at the time when we take up again the broken thread of our narrative a shadow was resting upon the spirits of the inmates of Glenwood. Death was again hovering over the dwelling; and this time his destined victim was she who, years previous, had crossed its threshold a trusting, happy bride. Marion Leslie knew that her days, nay, her very hours were numbered; and can we wonder if, when the thought of her orphan children, one of whom was so helpless, so dependent, her heart sunk chill within her, and she wildly prayed that the cup might pass from her!

She was reclining one evening on a low couch near an open window, around which hung, in rich luxuriance, flowering vines that her own hand had trained there, and Isabel sat near her reading. As she paused, her mother's eyes kindled, and a faint flush rose to her cheek.

"Beautiful!" she murmured; "but Isabel, lay aside your book, love, and sit here close by my side. I want to talk with you awhile. I would speak of the evening when we first met. Do you remember it, my Isabel?"

"Do I remember it? Indeed, indeed, I do, my mother!" was the fair girl's answer, as she bowed her head, and her tears fell fast upon the wasted hand that clasped her own. "I can never forget the day that I long ago learned to regard as the brightest of my life—the day that brought you here, to be to me at once a guide, a companion, and a friend. Oh, my mother—my more than mother—how can I ever repay you for all your kindness and affection—for your persevering efforts to win my love and confidence when I was but a wayward child—for the unvarying tenderness that has never allowed you to evince, by look, or word, or deed, that I was less dear to you than your own children—for the watchful care that has kept my yearning heart from realising that I was motherless!"

"Blessings on you, my sweet Isabel! I feel that I shall not be with you long; and were it not for my children, I should welcome the hour of my release. But, oh! Isabel, when I think of them—of my poor blind Willie, and of my clinging, sensitive, affectionate little Marion, it is hard—hard to be reconciled to the approach of death!"

Mrs. Leslie had half raised herself from her couch, in the excitement of the moment; but, as she ceased speaking, she sank back exhausted, and large tears forced their way through her closed eyelids. Isabel had fallen upon her knees, and buried her face in the pillow, and for some moments the silence was unbroken. At length she raised her head, and looking steadily in her mother's face, she said, in a voice that, though low and solemn, was yet calm and firm—

"Mother, I am young, very young, and the words I am about to speak might be deemed presumptuous by a stranger, but you will not so understand them. What you have been to me, that—God helping me—will I be to Willie and Marion. Their happiness shall be dearer to me than my own, and I will watch over and care for them even as you would have done. Do you trust me, mother? Will you accept this vow?"

"Will I accept it? will I trust you? Oh! my Isabel, you little dream what a burden you have removed from my heart. You are young, it is true; but I have such confidence in you, that I can leave my darlings in your charge without a fear or a doubt. God in heaven bless you, my child—your words have removed the last cloud that came between my heart and heaven, and now the pathway to the grave has no terrors!"

She ceased, and Isabel's watchful eye marked the increasing pallor of her cheek.

"You have exerted yourself too much, dear mother," she said; "lay your head upon my breast, and try if you cannot sleep."

Mrs. Leslie complied, and for several hours Isabel supported her in one position, refusing to listen to the entreaties of the nurse, that she might be allowed to take her place.

"She will surely waken if we attempt to move her, Nannie; and she was so very tired. Oh, do let her sleep!"

Just then the physician came in; and, in reply to Isabel's remark, that her mother had slept sweetly for three hours, he approached the window, and drew the curtains farther back. It was as he had anticipated—they looked upon the face of the dead!

Sacred as the promise that Isabel Leslie made to her dying mother would have been regarded by her under any circumstances, the fact that the words in which it was couched were almost the last that had fallen upon that mother's ear—that, in a few moments after they were breathed, she had exchanged the discordant sounds of earth for the deep harmonies of heaven—rendered it still more so.

Riverside, the estate of Walter Hamilton, lay about five miles to the north of Glenwood. Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Leslie had been friends in boyhood. Their families had ever been upon terms of the closest intimacy; and it was a rare thing if a week passed without finding Clarence, the only son of Mr. Hamilton, quietly seated in the pleasant parlours of Glenwood, reading to, or chatting with, Mrs. Leslie and Isabel; or, as was more frequently the case, pleading with the former for a walk or a ride with the latter.

For the last year, there had been more reserve in their manner towards each other; and, meanwhile, Clarence Hamilton had been looking into his own heart, and had learned—but we will not anticipate.

At the close of a dark, gloomy day, about six months after her mother's death, Isabel sat alone in the library. The large parlours had looked so lonely and dreary after the children had retired, that she had ordered lights in her father's favourite apartment, thinking that change of place might, perhaps, drive away the sadness that weighed upon her spirits. There had been an unusual display of wilfulness on the part of Marion, that day, and she had been obliged to exert her authority more decidedly than ever before; she had been fancying, too, that Willie was growing paler and more feeble,—and these causes, together with some trifling household difficulties, made her feel more oppressively than was her wont, the burden of care that rested upon her. She had tried to read, in vain; and was sitting by the table, with her head resting upon her folded arms, when the door opened, and Clarence Hamilton entered.

She looked up, and welcomed him with a faint smile, as he seated himself by her side; but, after a few fruitless attempts to maintain a conversation on ordinary topics, he said, "You look sad, to-night, Isabel; I wish I dared to ask why you are so, as I used to do when we were children together."

"I know no reason why you may not, Clarence," replied Isabel, without raising her eyes; for there was something in his tone and manner that embarrassed her—she knew not why. Then, trying to speak more gaily, she continued: "There is nothing the matter, except that I sometimes find being the 'Lady of the Manor' rather a troublesome dignity. Have you been to L—— lately?"

"I have not," was the answer:—and the long pause that ensued was broken, at last, by Clarence, who exclaimed, "I cannot talk to-night upon indifferent subjects. I came here to speak to you of ourselves—of our own intercourse. Isabel—Isabel, why do you shun me as you have done of late? For the last few months I have found it difficult to obtain even a glimpse of you; and never, until this evening, have I met you alone. May I not ask, why is this?"

"I have not the leisure I once had, to devote to my friends," was the evasive reply; "and my spirits have not been such as to allow me to mingle in society with any pleasure, either to myself or others."

"And this to me, Isabel?" asked the young man, sadly. "I had hoped that you regarded me as more than an ordinary acquaintance; that friends, as we have been, from our very childhood, I might have claimed the privilege of friendship, and striven to soothe and comfort you in your affliction. But that you have not permitted; and now, I hardly dare ask that you will give me the right to do so for the future. Yet you must know that I love you, Isabel—that I have loved you for years—that the hope of one day calling you mine, is the dearest that my heart has ever cherished. May I not believe that hope is not a vain one?"

Isabel had turned her face away; it was pale as marble, and almost as rigid, such was the effort she made to retain her composure; and, so successful was she, that her voice scarcely trembled as she replied, "It may not be, Clarence; we can never be more to each other than we now are, friends."

Young Hamilton rose hastily, and, gazing upon her face for a moment, said: "Then I may linger here no longer. I thought I had reason to believe that my love was not unreturned; but it seems I was mistaken—farewell;" and, without another word, he left the room.

Isabel's forced composure gave way the moment he passed from her sight. "Oh, my mother, this is terrible!" she murmured, and her slender frame swayed to and fro, in the violence of her emotion. The door had not quite closed behind Clarence Hamilton, and turning, involuntarily, for a last look, he was startled by beholding the sudden change in the countenance and attitude of her he loved. Noiselessly entering the room, he stood again by her side.

"Isabel, I was not deceived; you do love me; and this strange agitation convinces me that some cause, of which I am yet ignorant, occasioned the cruel words you have just spoken. I leave you not again until all is explained."

"Oh, Clarence! I have hoped and prayed that I might be spared the agony of this moment." was the young girl's answer; "I will no longer try to conceal from you that you are dear to me; but there is a bar to our union that can never be removed."

"There can be none that is insuperable. Oh, Isabel! now that I know you love me, I cannot give you up."

"A promise to a dying mother can never be broken, Clarence;" and Isabel related to him her last conversation with Mrs. Leslie. Earnestly he strove to alter her determination—to persuade her that duty required no such self-sacrifice; and, finally, he said, "You need not be separated from Willie and Marion, dear Isabel—my home shall be theirs, and you can watch over and care for them as well in one place as another."

"I know, I feel, that Willie's life would be shortened by taking him from Glenwood. Here, he is familiar with everything around him—he can go from room to room, and even, to some extent, about the grounds, alone. It could not be so elsewhere; and he is so attached to his home, that, if taken from it, he would droop and wither like a transplanted flower. No, Clarence, urge me no longer; our paths lie in opposite directions, and God will give us strength to walk therein. Leave me now, I beg; you are but torturing yourself and me by prolonging this interview. Go—and may heaven bless you!" She extended her hand; Clarence raised it, for a moment, to his lips, and Isabel Leslie was alone.

. . . . . .

We pass over the period of ten years in the lives of those to whom our story relates. It was a morning in early spring-time: Glenwood bore much the same appearance that it did when we first looked upon it. By one of the open windows sat a lady, apparently about twenty-seven or eight, engaged in some light embroidery. She did not look in the least sad or unhappy, yet there was something about her face and mien that spoke of past sorrow. You could scarcely tell what, however; for her smile was sweet and even joyous, as she turned to greet a young girl, who, at that moment, approached the window from without—one tiny hand grasping the folds of her riding-dress, while, with the other, she unfastened the little velvet cap that so well became her.

"Oh, sister Isabel! I have had such a charming ride!" she exclaimed, as she laid her cap on the window-seat, and commenced smoothing the long brown ringlets that shaded her bright, animated face. "Ebony was in fine spirits, and we flew over the hills like two madcaps, as we were. Cæsar found it hard work to keep up with us, and I imagine he hopes Miss Marion won't take another ride very soon. And, oh! I have some news for you, Isabel: we passed Riverside, and—what do you think?"

"Pray, don't make me guess, dear Marion. I was never good at riddles."

"Why, then, I learned that Clarence is coming home. Old Lina had every window in the house wide open, I verily believe; and such tearing down and putting to rights again, I never saw in my life."

A slight flush had mounted to the brow of the other sister, but the other one marked it not; and, in a moment, added,

"I wonder if he looks at all as he used to? Lina said he had been gone ten years."

"Do you remember him?"

"Oh, yes! and how handsome I thought he was. Are you not glad he is coming home? I am; for now there will probably be something going on to keep us awake;" and the merry girl bounded away to her room, singing as she went.

Clarence Hamilton was coming back; and how would he come, alone or otherwise? Isabel knew not—they had never met since the interview of which we have before spoken. He left for the Continent the next week. Until the death of his parents, she had heard from him occasionally through them; but, for the last five years, no intelligence concerning him had reached her.

A few weeks afterwards, he stood again in her presence; and no one would have dreamed that the two who there met—not coldly, but so calmly and quietly—could ever have loved each other as they had loved. The interview was not long, and it was tinged with sadness on both sides; for Mr. Hamilton had returned to look on the graves rather than the faces of his nearest relatives. Willie's wonted seat, too, was now vacant; and, as his eye fell on a shorter mound near Mrs. Leslie's resting-place, he needed no explanation.

"Marion, my own dear sister, why will you no longer confide in me? For weeks you have been sad and restless—your cheek grows pale—your step is slow and languid, and, at times, you startle me by an unnatural gaiety that is more painful to behold than sadness itself. I am convinced that your suffering is more mental than physical, yet you evade all my questions. What have I done, Marion, thus to forfeit your confidence?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing, dearest Isabel! Do not be anxious about me. I have not felt very well for the last few weeks, but it will soon pass over."

"You cannot deceive me, Marion. I have read your heart too long not to be well aware that something distresses you. I cannot now demand your confidence; you are too old for that; I can only beg, by the love I have so long borne you—by the memory of your mother—that you will no longer withhold it from me. May I ask you a question or two, my own sister, and will you answer me truly?" she continued, as she drew the now weeping girl to her breast and twined her arms around her.

"I will, I will, Isabel; ask me whatever you wish."

"Then tell me, Marion, do you not love Clarence Hamilton?"

Marion started quickly from her sister's embrace at this unexpected question, and an almost angry flush rose to her very forehead; then with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she buried her face in her sister's lap, and wept more bitterly than before.

"I am answered, darling," said the latter, after she had allowed her to weep awhile in silence. "Now, tell me all about it."

"Oh, do not blame me, Isabel! Indeed, indeed, I did not mean it. I could not, knowingly, have given my affections to any, unsought. I did not dream that I cared for him, until I was told that—that—"

"That what, dear Marion?"

"That Mr. Hamilton had been a lover of yours before he went aoroad, and that you refused him. Then my eyes were opened, and at the same time I felt that he who had once loved one so good and noble as you are, even vainly, could never care for one like me."

"You do yourself injustice, my sweet sister. I should fee that I was bestowing a treasure upon any man, in giving him the hand of my Marion; but tell me, have you ever had reason to think Mr. Hamilton loves you?"

"Never, never. His manner is always kind and courteous, but nothing more. But, oh, Isabel! do not, do not betray me. I could never look upon his face again if I thought he suspected my folly."

"Nay, fear not, dear one. Your secret is as safe with me as if it were hidden in your own breast. Now, go, let Flora smooth these dishevelled curls, and try, if for my sake at least, you cannot call your smiles and roses back again," she added, as she tenderly kissed Marion's now glowing cheek.

"Blind fool that I have been!" murmured Isabel, as she gained the secrecy of her own apartment. "How could I expect that one as young, as confiding, as prone to love as Marion, could associate as freely as she has done with one like Clarence Hamilton, without loving him? Now, once again my radiant dream is over—'their happiness shall be dearer to me than my own!' were the words of my vow. I have kept it thus far—shall I break it now?"

Not many months afterwards, there was a small bridal-party assembled at Glenwood. Lovely was the childlike bride in her robe of pure white, and her luxuriant ringlets unconfined save by a simple wreath of the lily of the valley; but scarcely less so was the pale, spiritual Isabel, with her deep, dark eyes, and raven tresses, bound with severe simplicity around her beautifully-shaped head. Once only during the evening did Clarence Hamilton, on looking suddenly up, meet those eyes bent upon him with such a strange expression that his heart thrilled, and the unbidden thought arose, "Has she quite forgotten that she ever loved me?" But the next moment she was receiving her guests with a graceful dignity that completely deceived him. Two hours later, and Isabel Leslie was alone in the home of her father.

GARIBALDI.

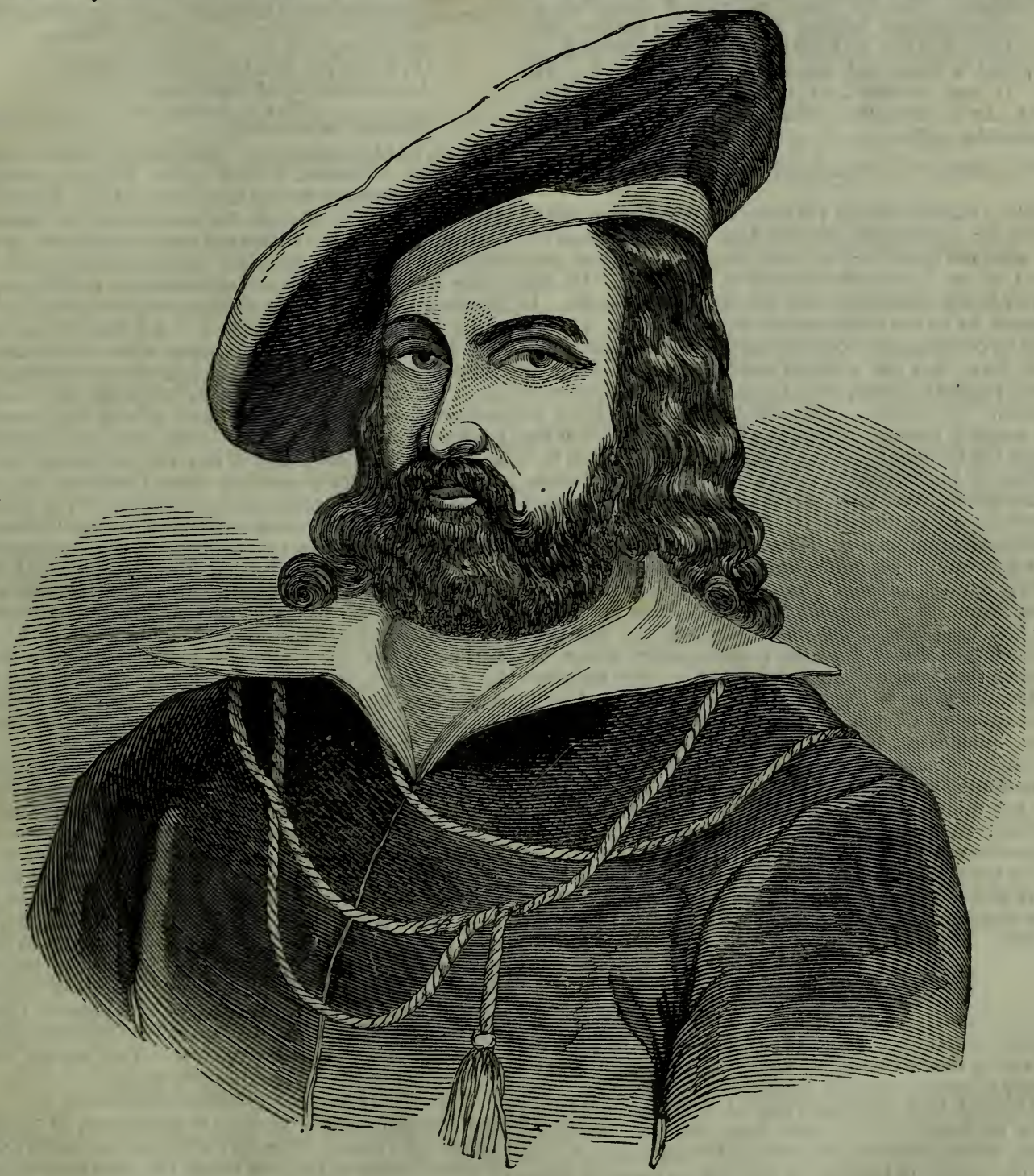
THERE are times when out of evil Providence can educe good. The world's history is rich in illustrations of this truth. For instance, the appeal to the sword has often advanced a nation; and yet nothing can be more hostile to the very spirit of that Christianity, which is but another name for true progress, than that appeal to the sword. It is clear, brute force cannot spread opinion—cannot strengthen or weaken truth—has nothing whatever to do with the right of the question by which it is evoked; and yet some of the brightest scenes in the annals of our race are those in which the Hampdens and Washingtons of the past have nobly battled for their hearths and homes. War is so fearful a curse—so completely opposed to the inductions of reason, or the teaching of religion—that we must always mourn the necessity which calls it into being—that, while we ask, with the poet,

"What can alone ennoble fight?"

we feel constrained to pause ere we complete the quotation, and reply—

"A noble cause.'

Yet the men who dare all for liberty claim our admiration. It is a fine sight, that of a people struggling against the oppressor—to the best of its power endeavouring to burst its chain and become free. In 1849 such a sight was presented to the admiration of Europe. For a brief period Rome woke up from her sleep of centuries, and recalled the glories of the past. Under the guidance of Mazzini it seemed on its way to life and liberty once more. The Pope was an exile at Gaeta. The Bible, that charter of human rights, was no longer a sealed book; once more man stood erect and free. But soon came clouds and storm, and the bright illusion was destroyed. To the eternal disgrace of Louis Napoleon, Italian liberty was blotted out by the bayonets of France. With her fine words—with her men of chivalrous honour—France could yet stoop to sully a name from which freedom had fondly hoped so much, and a yoke abhorrent to the people of Rome was once more placed upon their necks.



GARIBALDI.

The short but glorious defence made by the Roman people during that time is familiar to our readers. While Mazzini legislated, Garibaldi fought with a heroism that deserved success. Like Mazzini he was not a Roman, but like him he cast in his

lot with that young republic, feeling that there centred the only chance Italy had of regeneration. From his youth Garibaldi seems to have devoted himself to the profession of arms. In 1844 we find him heading an attack upon the squadron blockading Monte Video, under Admiral Brown, and putting them to flight. In 1848, when Italy, under Charles Albert—that traitor in the cause of Italian independence—rose against Austria, we find Garibaldi fighting for his father-land. And when t came out that that cause was betrayed—that Charles Albert was seeking his own weal and not that of his country—that the man who swore with his sons to shed the last drop of his blood i n defence of Milan, could yet hand it over to Radetzky without striking a single blow, Garibaldi headed the Lombard Volunteers, who to the last remained faithful to the cause to which they were pledged. This little army established themselves at Lugano. Amongst them, fighting as a common soldier, was Mazzini. Their aim was to kindle once more a national insurrection, and a rising did actually take place in the Val d'Intelur. It was, however, in vain; the people had been wearied out. In common with most hereditary bondsmen, they had forgotten the truth—

"Who would be free themselves must strike the blow."

But Garibaldi's mission was not yet over; and when Rome rose to do battle for her rights, we again meet him. Of the Roman republic we need not speak here at much length. It suffices here to say, that it was thoroughly Roman in its origin. Of the parties to its first proclamation only one was not a Roman. It was welcomed by all the towns in the Roman States. During the time of its continuance, from February, 1849, to June of the same year, there was not a single condemnation to death or exile for any political offence, nor a single newspaper suppressed or suspended. Well, then, might Garibaldi—like Mazzini, we believe, a native of Genoa—(probably a friend from youth of the latter)—join the Romans in the conflict they waged—waged, be it remembered, by 14,000 Roman soldiers against 30,000 French. Much of the glory of that wonderful stand made by the Romans against Oudinot was attributable to him alone. Surprising tales are told of his personal bravery. He was welcomed by the people there as a deliverer on his public entry into that city, May 10, 1849; but against superior force bravery or patriotism avails but little. So Garibaldi found it. After the public buildings had been bombarded—after immense loss had been sustained—on the third of June the French entered Rome. At the same time Garibaldi quitted it with four or five thousand men in the direction of Terracina. His wife, in a state of pregnancy, mounted a horse, and shared with him the perils of his flight. Gradually, beneath successive encounters with enemies, and hardships, his troops wasted away, and at last he escaped to Genoa, where for some time he seems to have found shelter. But few particulars are known of him; such as they are, however, we have gathered them together here. By a recent American mail we learn that Garibaldi arrived at Panama, by steamer from New York, *en route* for Lima, there possibly to wait the time when again the Italian nation will rise up in its majesty and might to break the oppressor's yoke and become free.

The School and the Scholar.—The school is like the earth in spring time; it requires merely to be sown. But on that sowing depends, perhaps, the harvest of centuries. The one single word that falls upon the mind of the child may determine its course for life time, may determine something far higher, whose consequences are felt through ages; for the progress of thought is endless—it reckons its posterity to the thousandth generation—to the end of days. Therefore the child is a holy thing, for it bears God's unbroken seal on its forehead. Treat it with all truthfulness and care, for care has its reward—if not to-day, hereafter; if not for you, for a coming race. Ye are labourers in God's kingdom. But God's kingdom has no fairer symbol upon earth than a child with its innocence—than a youth with his open countenance. Of such are the kingdom of heaven.

FEMALE COSTUME.

If manners make the man, it would seem that at this time a large number of the other sex fancy that dress makes the woman; for never, in these British isles, has there been so much attention paid to female costume as at present. We have had the Bloomer committee at Miss Kelly's Theatre, in Dean-street. The provinces have been invaded by Mrs. Dexter. Mrs. J. C. Foster, and other ladies, more or less talented or public-spirited, have also appeared upon the platform, in support of Mrs. Bloomer's novel dress. In quarters where we least expected to hear it, the cry of "Pantalettes, and woman's rights," has been vigorously raised:—

"To don, or not to don,
The sweet unmentionables, is now the ladies' question.
Whether 'tis nobler in a woman to sweep
The dirty streets with draggling tail,
Or, with a pair of scissors, cut it off,
And make a pair of pantalettes?
'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished."

At least, so Shakspere says. We prefer to remain neutral in the matter. However, a brief survey of female costume may not be unacceptable at this time. One thing, at any rate, we shall learn from it—that is, the antiquity of the much-abused and neglected skirt. Following the example set us by many wiser and better men, we begin at the beginning:—

The British female dress, first mentioned in history, is that of Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni. Dion Casisus gives us an account of her appearance, from which we learn that she wore a torque of gold, a tunic of several colours, all in folds, and over it, fastened by a brooch, a robe of coarse stuff. Females in the lower walks of life were not so elegantly clad, but simply arrayed themselves in skins; holding with the poet—"when unadorned adorned the most." The dress was not very picturesque or graceful, but it had one advantage—it did not entail the necessity of wearing stays. Under the Anglo-Saxons, considerable improvements were adopted. The ladies threw aside their bear-skins—but not having the fear of Mrs. Bloomer before their eyes, we are compelled to state that they adopted that abominable skirt, which the strong-minded American females, who have lately been lecturing at Miss Kelly's Theatre, denounce as the badge of slavery, and as the result of the wickedness of that hard-hearted monster, man. Mr. Planche tells us, "The Anglo-Saxon females of all ranks wore long loose garments, reaching to the ground, distinguished, in various documents, by the name of the tunic, the gunna, or gown, the cyrtle, or kirtle, and the mantle. The first and last articles describe themselves; but the terms, gown and kirtle, have caused much disputation, from the capricious application of them to different parts of dress. We must presume the gunna, or gown, generally means the long full robe, with loose sleeves, worn over the tunic, and the kirtle an inner garment, at this period, as we find it mentioned in the will of Wynfloda, 'among other linen webb,' and in one place described as white. The sleeves of the tunic, reaching in close rolls to the wrist, like those of the men, are generally confined there by a bracelet, or terminate with a rich border, and the mantle hangs down before and behind, covering the whole figure, except when looped up by the lifted arms, when it forms a point or festoon in front. The head-dress of all classes is a veil, or long piece of linen or silk, wrapped round the head and neck." Under the Danes, little alteration was made in the costume. Then woman was not

"Variable as the shade,
By the light quivering aspen made;"

and fashion did not alter every three months, as in these more enlightened times. The only alteration adopted by the Anglo-Norman ladies was that of lacing the gown so as to make it sit close to the figure—a custom, we may suppose, they would have been slow to adopt, could they have foreseen the long series of disasters that would ensue. In the reigns of Rufus and Henry I., the ladies sported outrageous skirts and sleeves. In King John's time, richly-furred pelisses were worn, in winter, under the mantle. The wimple also then came into use. It was a handkerchief worn round the head and chin. Under Edward I., we find the satirists attacking the ladies' skirts. The

authors of the "Roman de la Rose" advise the ladies, "if their legs be not handsome, nor their feet small and delicate, to wear long robes, trailing on the pavement, to hide them; those, on the contrary, who have pretty feet, are counselled to elevate their robes, as if for air and convenience, that all who are passing by may see and admire them." Another poet, of the 13th century, compares the ladies of his day to peacocks and magpies; "For the pies," says he, "naturally bear feathers of various colours; so the ladies delight in strange habits and diversity of ornaments. The pies have long tails that trail in the dust; so that the ladies make their tails a thousand times longer than those of peacocks and pies." At the same time, the tight-lacing, to which we have already referred, continued. In a MS. copy of the "Lay of Syr Launful," written about the year 1300, we have a description of two damsels the knight meets. He says—

"Their kirtles were of Inde sendel,
Ylaced small jolyf and well."

In the same romance the Lady Triamore is described as:—

"Clad in purple pall
With gentyle body and middle small."

Female fashions progressed amazingly under Edward III. The gown was cut lower in the waist, and was worn so long, not only in the train, but in front, as to be necessarily held up in walking. Another fashion introduced at this time was the wearing of a spencer, or jacket, or waistcoat, for it resembled all three, faced or bordered with furs, according to the rank of the wearer, and some of the fast young ladies of this period are represented in a kind of coat, buttoned down like that of the men, with side pockets, pretty much the same as we have seen in our time. With the exception of stomachers and enormous head-dresses, like frightful towers or steeples, in length about three-quarters of an ell, we find little novelty in female costume, till we come to the reign of Henry VI., when we meet with bishop-sleeves. The troubled reigns of Henry VIII., King Edward VI., and Mary, produced few novelties in dress. Other things occupied the public mind. The country was passing through a transition state. Men were learning to appeal to the real Word of God instead of the counterfeit article that spoke from Rome; but the vain and imperious Queen Bess gave an impulse to the subject of dress, to the great scandal of the Puritan censors of the time. Our readers all know the dress of "glorious Queen Bess." We can easily call up the features of that royal lady, with her great ruff and jewelled stomacher, and pointed petticoats. Cynical old Stubbes, writing, says:—"The women have doublets and jerkins as the men have, buttoned up to the breast, and made with wings, welts, and pinions on the shoulder points, as man's apparel in all respects; and although this be a kind of attire proper only to a man, yet they blush not to wear it." "About the middle of this reign," says Mr. Planche, "The great change took place that gave the female costume of the sixteenth century its remarkable character. The lady was imprisoned in whalebone to the hips; the partelet which covered the neck to the chin was removed, and an enormous ruff, rising gradually from the front of the shoulders to nearly the height of the head behind, encircled the wearer like the nimbus or glory of a saint. From the bosom, now partially discovered, descended an interminable stomacher, on each side of which jutted out horizontally the enormous fardingale, the prototype of that modern antique, the hoop, which was banished the court by King George IV." The ruff was the consequence of the introduction of starch, which Stubbes gravely tells us was the invention of the devil. The ruff continued in fashion till Mrs. Turner, who had a principal hand in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, was fortunately hung in one. Under Charles I. and the Commonwealth female costume once more became elegant, and paved the way for the introduction of the loose and negligent dresses of the Restoration, which but too well corresponded to the character of the gay and graceless dames who wore them. With William and Mary came Dutch fashions—the stomacher was restored—the full sleeve was tightened. Under Anne and the first Georges fashions of the most extravagant character appeared—hoops and head-dress completely altered the appearance of our ladies. Addison, in the *Spectator*, speaking of one of the temporary variations of fashion, says: "The whole sex is now dwarfed and shrank into a race of beauties that seem almost another species. I remember several ladies who were once very near seven feet high, that at present want some inches of five." Gradually the more ridiculous features of dress were assuming a more rational form, till the French revolution came and swept away altogether the old style of dress. Fashion ran into the other extreme. Hooped petticoats, high-peaked stays, figured satins, yard-long waists, were abandoned, and, instead, the lightest products of the loom clung round the form, girdled under the arm-pits—altogether forming a dress as ungraceful and inappropriate as ever disguised female charms. At length the fashions of the day are graceful. Whether the ladies of our day will rush into Bloomerism, of course we cannot tell. The advantages are, that it makes the ladies look much younger, and that it does away with the necessity of wearing stays—a matter of importance, as it concerns that future which must be wrought out by healthy hearts beating in healthy frames.

ON KOSSUTH'S VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

By Walter Savage Landor.

Rave over other lands and other seas,
Ill-omen'd, black-wing'd breeze!
But spare the friendly sails that waft away
Him, who was deemed the prey
Of despot dark as thou—one, sending forth
The torturors of the north
To fix upon his Caucasus once more
The demi-god who bore
To sad humanity Heaven's fire and light,
Whereby should re-unite
In happier bonds the nations of the earth;
Whose Jove-like brow gave birth
To that high wisdom, whence all blessings flow
On mortals here below.

Rack not, O Boreal Breeze! that labouring breast
On which, half dead, yet rest
The hopes of millions, and rest there alone.
Impiously every throne
Crushes the credulous; none else than he
Can raise and set them free.
Oh, bear him on in safety and in health!
Bear on a freight of wealth
Such as no vessel yet hath ever borne:
Altho' with banner torn
He urges thro' tempestuous waves his way,
Yet shall a brighter day
Shine on him in his own reconquered field;
Relenting fate shall yield
To constant Virtue. Hungary! no more
Thy saddest loss deplore;
Look to the star-crown'd Genius of the West,
Sole guardian of the opprest.
Oh! that one only nation dared to save
Kossuth, the true and the brave!

LITERARY NOTICES.

In answer to numerous inquiries, John Cassell *informs the readers of "The Working Man's Friend" that the* Illustrated Exhibitor *will be ready by the 15th of December, price 7s. 6d.; or, handsomely bound in extra cloth, with gilt edges, admirably adapted for presents, price 8s. Cases for binding the volumes, handsomely got up in ornamental cloth, with gold back and sides, will be ready in a few days, price 1s. 9d.; and may be had, on application, at 335, Strand.*

The appearance of the French Manual *has been delayed, that it may be printed with the greater care. It will, however, be ready by the 20th of December, when it will be published in stiff covers, price 2s., or, neatly bound in cloth, 2s. 6d.*

The History of Scotland, *by Dr. R. Ferguson, author of "The History of England," of which work nearly 30,000 copies have been sold, will be ready December 1, price 1s. 6d. in cloth.*

MISCELLANEA.

THE PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES OF LABOUR.—There is a false notion in the world respecting employment. Thousands imagine that, if they could live in idleness, they would be perfectly happy. This is a great mistake. Every industrious man and woman knows that nothing is so tiresome as being unemployed. During some seasons of the year we have holidays, and it is pleasing on these occasions to see the operative enjoy himself; but we have generally found that, after two or three days' recreation, the diligent mechanic or labourer becomes quite unhappy. Often he sighs over the wretchedness of being idle. The fact is, we were made to labour, and our health, comfort, and happiness depend upon exertion. Whether we look at our bodies or examine our minds, everything tells us that our Creator intended that we should be active. Hands, feet, eyes, and mental powers, show that we were born to be busy. If we had been made to be idle, a very large portion of our bodily and mental faculties would be redundant.

THE ART OF CRUSHING BORES.—Wits have a happy faculty of getting rid of bores. The old men of the sea that sit so heavy upon the shoulders of the Sinbads are cast adroitly into the mire by a dexterous movement of these nimble gentry. Most men of talent are now and then condemned "for want of company to put up with trumpery." George Selwyn had tolerated a prosy old gentleman in the country, that in Dogberry's phrase "would have been most tolerable and not to be endured" in London. In London, therefore, George hurried past him in the street. "Surely," said the gentleman, stopping him, "you remember me?" "Yes," replied Selwyn, breaking away, "and when next we meet in the country, I shall be happy to renew the acquaintance." Sheridan's persecutor was an elderly twaddler of the fair sex. He escaped her by maintaining that the weather was too bad to go out, and when she caught him returning from a walk and accused him of inconsistency, "it cleared up" he said, "enough for *one*, but not for *two*." The suspected feint of Smith, the author of the "Rejected Addresses," is more amusing than either. He was laid up with gout at the house of a country squire. A friend proposed a stroll in the garden. "A stroll?" exclaimed Smith, "look at my gouty shoe." "Ah," replied his friend, "I wish I had brought one myself; but our host is out of the way now." "What difference does that make?" inquired Smith. "You don't mean to say," rejoined the friend, "that you have really got the gout? I thought you had merely worn that shoe to escape being shown the improvements." But nothing ever passed the ingenuity of Lord Norbury. He once, in Dublin, out of formal civility, told an elderly couple that they must pass some time with him at his country seat, which was many miles distant. He espied them one day coming down the avenue in a chaise and pair, the roof loaded with a mountain of luggage. He was at the door to greet them—seized their hands, shook them with Irish warmth and exclaimed with rapture, "This *is* kind—this *is* kind, indeed! Now, I'll take no denial—none whatever—you *shall* stay and *dine* with me!" When the Abbé Coyar intruded upon Voltaire, with the intention of remaining some weeks at the least, the great man endured him till the following day. But the torture of a story interminably long, and intolerably dull, induced him to cut short the narrative and the visit by this interlocutory speech—"Do you know the difference, Monsieur l'Abbé, between Don Quixote and yourself? Don Quixote mistook inns for castles, you mistake private houses for inns."

NEW SATELLITES OF URANUS.—Mr. William Lassell, of Starfield, Liverpool, says—"I have discovered two new satellites of the planet Uranus. They are interior to the innermost of the two bright satellites first discovered by Sir William Herschell, and generally known as the second and fourth. It would appear that they are also interior to Sir William's first satellite, to which he assigned a period of revolution of about 5 days and 21 hours, but which satellite I have as yet been unable to recognise. I first saw these two of which I now communicate the discovery on the 24th of last month, and had then little doubt that they would prove satellites. I obtained further observations of them on the 28th and 30th of October, and also last night (Nov. 2), and find that for so short an interval the observations are well satisfied by a period of revolution of almost exactly four days for the outermost and two and a half days for the closest. They are very faint objects—certainly not half the brightness of the two conspicuous ones; but all the four were last night steadily visible in the quieter moments of the air with a magnifying power of 778 on the 20 foot equatorial.

CLERICAL CELIBACY.—A correspondent of *John Bull* communicates the following:—"I happen to know one of our bishops, second in worth to none on the bench, was thus reproved by a noble Romanist lady:—'I wonder, my lord, you are not ashamed of having a wife and half-a-dozen children.' 'I should be much more ashamed,' he answered very gravely, 'to have the children without the wife.'"

PATENT MILK.—A very valuable discovery has recently been patented by a French gentleman of some eminence in scientific circles. The discovery relates to the preservation of milk for an indefinite period of time, and it seems eminently calculated to confer a lasting benefit upon the maritime interest of the world. Mr V. B. Fadenilke is the inventor of *solidified milk in tablets*. The air cannot exercise any prejudicial effect whatever on this milk, as is too often the case with other milk when it is preserved in bottles. By a process, known of course only to the inventor, the impurities of the milk as it passes from the udder are extracted, and then the milk itself is manufactured into a sort of tablet substance. This solidified milk of Mr. Fadenilke is extremely economical as regards the ordinary wants of life, and it is well adapted for hospital purposes; but its great advantage rests in the milk being useful in long sea voyages. This discovery found a place in the Crystal Palace during the Exhibition; but, unfortunately, it appears to have escaped the observation of the jury. The milk tablets can be grated into a fine powder, and, when put into tea, they will immediately dissolve, without leaving any sediment whatever behind, while the milk itself not only retains its full flavour, but also all its nutritious qualities.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. B., and several other correspondents, have suggested the propriety of our publishing a cheap reprint of Kossuth's speeches while he was with us. The suggestion is an excellent one, but received too late. The thing has already been done by the proprietor of the *Weekly News and Chronicle*.

JOSEPH WILSON.—We should certainly dissaude you from publishing. Your aim is good and your views are correct; but you had better leave the advocacy of your cause, so far as writing is concerned, to men of education. Unless a work is well written, it had better not be written at all.

E. G.—The duty paid out of every 20s. spent on tea is 15s.; on sugar, 10s.; and on coffee, 8s.

DUNS SCOTUS.—The Scotch plaid can boast high antiquity in its favour. Of the several kinds of cloth manufactured in Gaul, one, according to Pliny and Diodorus Siculus, was composed of fine wool dyed of several different colours, which, being spun into yarn, was woven either in stripes or cheques. This is the origin of the Scotch plaid, which to this day is called "the garb of old Gaul."

PETER.—The fashion of cropping the hair came from France in the time of Canute. Till then the Danes took great pride in their long hair. Harold Harfagre—*i.e.*, "Fair-locks"—derived his name from the length and beauty of his hair, which is said to have flowed in thick ringlets to his girdle. He made a vow to his mistress to neglect his precious curls till he had completed the conquest of Norway for her love. In England the custom of cropping was never universally adopted; and the courtiers of the French Regent, on William the Conqueror's return to Normandy, three months after his coronation, attended by some of his new subjects, were astonished at the beauty of the long-haired English.

STEPHEN.—The largest diamond in the world is the Portuguese, which weighs 1,680 grains, and is estimated at £5,644,000. The next is the Koh-i-noor, which weighs within a small fraction of 280 carats (a carat weighs between three and four grains), and the estimated value of which is £2,000,000. The next is the Russian diamond, which weighs 195 carats. These are the three largest diamonds in the world.

VEGETARIAN.—We believe the cause of the potato disease is yet to be discovered. Many causes have been assigned, but we question whether the right one has yet been found.

R. M. sends us the following questions:—1. How did Sin enter heaven? 2. Is it not possible for it to enter the same way again? Really, R. M. must excuse our declining to attempt to answer such questions, and we advise R. M. not to trouble his head with such. It is the present that concerns us—what is, not what was. In the discharge of daily duty, each one of us has as much as he can accomplish. This world is too busy a one for such laborious trifling and useless inquiry as that suggested by R. M.

T. A.—It is a remarkable fact, that of all the constitutional states of Europe or America, Great Britain is the country in which the people hold the smallest stake in the soil. France, with a population of 32,560,934, had 10,896,682 landed proprietors, or one in three. The United States, with a population of 20,000,000, had 5,000,000 proprietors, or one in four. Belgium, with a population of 5,022,677, had 950,723 proprietors or one in five. Holland, a commercial and shipping country, with a population of 3,500,000, had 400,000 proprietors, or one in nine. Sweden, with a population of 3,874,203, had 300,000 proprietors, or one in twelve. While Great Britain and Ireland, with a population of 27,041,050, have only 633,421, or one in forty of the population, including freeholders and copyholders, with a direct interest in the soil.

A COUNTRYMAN.—The new law of evidence which came into operation on the 1st of November was the act of that veteran reformer, Lord Brougham. It is a very important one. Under the former state of the law the evidence of the parties who may be supposed to know most about the matter was inadmissable.

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HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER III.

NEW successes compensated Louis for the loss of Naples. He was shortly afterwards called by Casimir, the King of Poland, to his assistance against the Bohemians and the Russians. He thus became acquainted beforehand with the genius of the people over whom he was one day to be called to reign. Although the two peoples had attained almost to the same stage of culture and civilisation, the straightforwardness, frankness, and magnanimity of the Magyars, were more in accordance with the King's tastes and disposition, than the uneasy, restless spirit of the Poles. His partiality for the former was still further increased by the efforts made by the Polish nobles to impose new restrictions upon him, in case he came to rule over them. They stipulated that he should be content with the revenues which accrued to the Crown in the time of Vladislaus Loketek, and engage never to attempt to found a right upon the voluntary offerings with which any of his subjects might present him; and, lastly, that he should never visit his new kingdom without the permission of the Diet, who would not, at the same time, bear any part of the expenses of his journey. These conditions well exemplify the jealous *hauteur* of the Polish nobility; but, in imposing them, they committed a fatal error. By prohibiting Louis' residence in his newly-acquired dominions, they taught him to look on them as a distant and dependent province, in whose welfare and prosperity he could feel only a secondary interest. He therefore yielded with indifference to their demand that, in case he or his son Stephen died without having male issue, they should possess, without interference, the right of choosing their own kings. From that moment, Poland occupied but little of Louis' attention.

BATTLE OF VARNA BETWEEN THE TURKS AND HUNGARIANS.—(*See page* 151.)

Passing over a successful war against the Venetians, concerning the possession of Dalmatia, and a partially successful attempt to ask a mediator in the contentions of the petty princes of Italy, we arrive at the death of Casimir, the last of the race of the Piasts, which had given so many great men and great kings to Poland. He was, in many respects, a feeble

and inefficient monarch; but he had the desire to act well, which so often forms a redeeming trait in listless, decisionless characters. He possessed great personal bravery, and amidst all his indulgence in the grosser vices, a tender and feeling heart, and a devotion to the duties of his station, which made men regret the defects which seemed to be inherent in his constitution, and, in some measure, marred his best efforts. He made open confession of all his faults and weaknesses, but earnestly declared that his constant endeavour was to prevent them interfering with the discharge of his official duties. He did not die without leaving behind some memorials of his zeal for the welfare of the country. Before his time, there were scarcely any fortified towns in Poland; but during his reign, towns, villages, and castles, built with elegance and solidity, arose upon every side. He had great tact in the discovery of merit, and, when found, he never failed to appreciate and reward it. He created a third estate, composed of the *bourgeoisie*, or middle class, and if his successors had taken care to foster the new element thus introduced into the constitution, Poland would have made far more rapid progress, and, in all probability, would not, at this moment, be writhing in the paws of the Russian bear. But even Casimir himself did only half the work, or rather neutralised the good effects of what he did do, by signing the fatal measure, at the Diet of Viszlicza, in 1347, which constituted a powerful and idle oligarchy to crush the middle and lower classes.

He committed many other grave political errors, one of which was his making no provision in the family compact, entered into with Louis, that the latter should reside in Poland during some part of every year. Urged by his favourite mistress, a Jewess, named Esther, he granted free admission to the country to the German and Hungarian Jews. As to the justice or policy of this act, different views may be entertained; but it is, at all events, certain that this coveteous race has ever since preyed upon or impoverished the Polish country people, so that there only remained in the state a rebellious and tyrannical aristocracy, always engaged in conflicts with the Crown.

Upon the death of Casimir, a deputation of Polish nobles repaired to Visegrad, to request Louis to take possession of the throne, according to the treaties already entered into. He received them in state, surrounded by the barons of his empire; but heard their offer with seeming doubt and hesitation. "You know not what you ask," said he to them; "and you," turning to his barons—"you know not what you advise. It is difficult to watch over two distinct flocks; and, for this reason, no bishop is allowed to preside over two dioceses. When the Roman empire only counted a few huts as its possessions, two kings were too many to govern it; so, I fear, one king would be insufficient to reign over two great empires."

At last, however, he yielded to the solicitations, and consented to go to Poland to be crowned. The ceremony took place at Cracow; and after it was over, the Chancellor presented him the conditions laid down in the treaty, by which the succession was secured to him. He pledged himself to restore at his own expense all the countries wrested from Poland; to bestow no dignity or public office upon any foreigner; to make good to knights and men-at-arms all losses sustained by them in carrying on war out of the kingdom; and lastly, to impose no new tax upon the property of the Church, or of the *noblesse*. This sort of constitutional charter was accepted by the King of Hungary in 1355, and is considered the first of the "*Pacta Conventa*"* of Poland.

Louis felt, however, that he and the Polish aristocracy could never work together in harmony. They were too restless, proud, and discontented ever to submit quietly to the rule of any one; and they were too powerful to be coerced into submission. He committed the government to his mother, Elizabeth; but she, though herself a Pole, found herself unable to carry it on. After the occurrence of numerous scenes of violence, turbulence, and anarchy, into the particulars of which we cannot here enter, he convened a Polish Diet at Buda in March 1381, and invested Zavicza, Bishop of Cracow, and two other noblemen, with the government of the kingdom. The Poles were filled with rage and consternation upon hearing of this measure. They now found themselves placed under the domination of a haughty and irascible priest, instead of the gentle rule of Elizabeth, and Vladislaus, the viceroy, who succeeded her. The bishop, however, did not long continue to give them cause for complaint. The hoary *debauchee* fell from a ladder, and broke his neck, as he was pursuing a young girl, who, to escape from his brutal violence, had taken refuge in a hay-loft.

Constantly disappointed in his expectations with regard to Poland, the King of Hungary at length determined to abandon her finally, and leave her to her fate. He assembled another Diet at O-Zolyom (Altsohl), in 1382, and presented to it his daughter Mary, the future Queen, and her betrothed lover, Sigismond, son of the Emperor of Germany, Charles IV. He had given up the hope of any lasting union between the two countries, and he therefore wished to evidence his desire for the welfare of the Polish people, by offering them as their king the man whom, of all the princes of Europe, he deemed worthy of his daughter's hand. But in doing this he severed the bond that seemed so likely to unite Poland and Hungary for ever. Each nation thenceforth pursued its own course, to meet at last as companions in misfortune, crushed and bleeding under the same iron yoke.

Upon the plains of the far East, the storm was now brewing which was to put the chivalry of Europe upon its mettle, and involve her frontier nations in the most terrible and momentous conflict in which men have ever drawn the sword. One of those tremendous crises was now at hand which have occurred so often in the history of the world, in which the fate and fortunes of unborn generations depend upon the courage and fortitude of a few brave men, who stand forward with great hearts to stem the torrent, or meet the shock. The stubborn patriotism of Hampden, and a few others like him, secured to us the blessings of a free government, of the happiest combination of liberty and order that the world has ever seen. Thirty thousand British upon the plains of Waterloo saved Europe from the horrors of a military despotism. Though the result has not been so happy as many were led to expect—though the battles of liberty may ere long have to be fought over again—*their* efforts were none the less praiseworthy.

So, in the fourteenth and fifteen centuries, Hungary and Poland saved our forefathers from the imposition of a false creed, and ourselves, in all probabilities, from the miseries of a retrogressive or stationary civilisation.

The Hunnic nation belonged to that great race which sometimes, under the name of Huns-Moguls, or that of White Huns, filled history with their renown, and spread its swarms of warriors all over Europe.

Among the various branches who detached themselves from the parent stock, are included the Turks, who for a long time inhabited Turkistan, and the countries bordering on Southern China, and were confounded with the people known as Tartars. In the tenth century they entered Persia, and Asia Minor, drawing along with them tribes with whom they had allied themselves, or whom they had conquered on their way. The Turks founded many dynasties in these countries, of which the most celebrated were the Gaznevides, the Seldjoucides, and the Ottomans. These branches were subdivided into smaller ones, known as Khazars, Uzes, Ounigours, all of them more or less closely connected with the Magyars by ties of consanguinity. After the dismemberment of the Seldjoucide empire, the Emir, or chief, Othman, or Ottoman, settled about the year 1300 at Karahissar, in Phrygia, and assumed the title of Sultan, at the same time giving his name (Ottoman) to his people and dynasty. His two immediate successors greatly extended the empire of which he had laid the foundation. Orkan conquered the whole of Asia Minor, and in 1355 carried his arms into Europe.

The approach of these terrible fatalists roused the King of Hungary to take immediate steps for the defence of the countries lying between his own dominions and those of the Greek empire, which was already tottering to its fall. His labours were crowned with success by the taking of Buda, and a great victory gained over the Wallachian rebels. In the meantime, whilst the Greek Emperors, Andronicus and Palaeologus, were making vain attempts, in the midst of the intrigues and corruptions of the Byzantine court, to postpone the fall of the ancient empire over which he ruled, the Otto-

* "Sealed contracts, or agreements."

mans were marching from triumph to triumph. It seemed as if Providence had hardened the hearts of the Greeks, and blinded their eyes to their impending fate. They were as lewd, as corrupt, as vain, and frivolous, with the Moslem within two or three days' march of their gates, as when Julian, the last hope of the ancient philosophy, was riding at the head of the victorious legions. In a war with the Emperor of the Serbes, they were so foolish as to call in the aid of the Turks, which the wily Orkan immediately granted, taking possession in their names of most of the strongholds of the country, which, however, he retained in his own.

Orkan died, and Amurath, his younger brother, a fierce and haughty warrior, ascended the Moslem throne. Young, talented, and ambitious, he disdained to adopt the subterfuges or pretences of his predecessor. He assumed the tone of a master, and Constantinople trembled. Palæologus flew to Louis of Hungary for aid, and the latter promised to march to his assistance, in case the other European sovereigns did so too. But the ancient fervour of chivalry had already died away. The Pope would not preach a crusade in favour of obstinate schismatics, who scouted his pretensions to the universal bishopric, and the Eastern empire was left to its fate. In the meantime Amurath occupied Servia and Bulgaria, thus sowing the seeds of the tremendous conflicts which afterwards took place between Turkey and Hungary. Louis appears at this period not to have a correct idea of the tremendous importance of the Ottoman invasion, and consequently did not take those precautions which the crisis demanded. His attention also was drawn away by disputes with Venice and Naples, but as these belong more to the history of Italy than of Hungary, and concerned the monarchs more than the people, we shall pass them over, and hasten on. We shall merely remark that Louis was completely successful, and that the war with Naples was ended by the execution of Jane, the murderess of her husband, Andrew. Four Magyar gentlemen strangled her with the very rope which she herself had supplied for the assassination of her husband. During these conflicts the Hungarian fleet increased rapidly, and practice gave the Magyar sailors an amount of self-confidence and dexterity which could then be rarely found except amongst the Venetians. Their navy was at this period one of the finest in Europe.

Louis did not survive to receive intelligence of the last of the triumphs of his glorious reign. When the messengers arrived with the news, he was already breathing his last in the Palace of Visegrad. His death diffused mourning and lamentation throughout the whole nation. Through many a year of trial and danger his had been the cool head to plan, and the strong arm to strike for the general weal. Whilst he lived Hungary was the proudest and greatest kingdom in Europe. His dominions extended from the shores of the Baltic to the ports of Byzance, and from the Black Sea to the Gulf of Naples, and his influence was felt, and his anger feared, where his flag had never floated. The strong courted his friendship, and the weak looked to him to shield them from the scathing fury of the followers of the False Prophet. And now, when the sword of the unbeliever was raised to strike, the brave hearts that should bear the first shock of the onset, were heaving with sorrow, as they stood around the gloomy vault in the Royal Alba, while the body of the departed hero was lowered into the last resting place of all the kings of his race.

The Magyar historians love to dwell upon the glories of the reign of Louis the Great, and above all upon the splendour of his palace of Visegrad, in which he fixed his residence during the greater part of his life. They tell, with pardonable pride, of its vast extent, which could afford ample accommodation within it for two kings and many minor princes, with all their suite; of its three hundred and fifty chambers, furnished in a style of dazzling splendour; of its gardens stocked with the rarest exotics, and cooled by the rush of flowing water; of the soft and voluptuous music which every evening, from one of the highest towers, soothed or delighted the courtly guests, and, floating on the breeze, cheered the peasant as he "plodded his weary way" homeward; of the neighbouring mountains, crowned with wood, and studded with pleasant villas or rustic churches; of the pleasant and shady valleys that sloped away to the Danube's edge, and afforded calm and retirement to him who chose to escape for a season from the gaieties of the palace.

It is a subject of more importance to us to consider the changes or improvements Louis wrought in the Hungarian constitution. He had more respect for the rights of the people and nobles than his father, Charles Robert, because he was less wily, more straightforward in his dealings, and had a great dislike to the tricks of diplomacy. In a Diet, held at Buda in 1351, he confirmed the Bulla Aurea, and added twenty-five new articles. After the happy issue of his first campaign in Naples, he established perfect equality amongst the nobles, as an acknowledgment of their services. The distinction between the great seigneurs and the simple nobles was thus effaced, and the name *barones*, *proceres*, and *nobiles*, were applied equally to all. At the Diet of Rakos, under one of the last kings of the race of Arpad, the peasants and the *jobbagy* (domestic servants) obtained the right of leaving their lords, and taking up their residence upon the estates of another. This was one step towards their emancipation, and it possesses greater weight from the circumstance that in all other countries of Europe at this date the serfs were inseparable from the soil on which they were born. Louis gave full force to this law, and those who fought bravely under his banners not only became free, but in every respect equal to the ancient nobles. The authority and duty of the Palatine, of the judge of the kingdom, of the treasurer, underwent no alteration of importance. The Palatine, Count de Trencin, already claimed the right of governing the kingdom, whenever the throne became vacant—just as the Lord Mayor of London does under similar circumstances in England. Charles Robert struck an injurious blow at the independence of the counties by placing a number of them in groups under one count, instead of each under its own. These supreme counts took rank among the first barons of the empire, and gave place only to the *wagwodes* or *bans*. These great nobles received their emoluments, as did all other *employés*, in kind, and had besides the right of purchasing a certain quantity of salt. Each county, divided into four districts, had a certain number of puisne or deputy judges, presided over by a superior judge (*feobiro*). Their assessors, a sort of jury composed of nobles, took part in the deliberations, and returned their verdict upon the case. These were elected by the nobles of the district, and none were qualified who had not real property within the jurisdiction of the court. The king himself named the superior courts, and sometimes even the viscounts, who opened the assemblies; under Charles Robert with the royal permission, and under Louis, when the public safety required it. In these were discussed the legislative and legal affairs of the district, matters of police, and other subjects of general interest, not within the province of the general Diet.

The military force of Hungary at first consisted, as we have already seen, entirely of the barons and their immediate followers, who ranged themselves under the banner of the king: and afterwards of the sixty-two bands furnished by the same number of counties or military districts, who were compelled by law to defend the country at their own expense. The Magyars, however bravely they might fight at home, were never disposed to carry the war beyond their own frontiers, even when the king bore the cost; and this was doubtless the cause of the many invasions to which Hungary has been exposed. The old military organisation began, however, in course of time, to fall into abeyance, and Charles Robert endeavoured to introduce a number of useful reforms. He ordained that the inhabitants living in the neighbourhood of the citadels, and every landed proprietor who was not a noble, should furnish his contingent to the general armament. This plan did not, however, answer his expectations, and a sort of militia was therefore created, called *banderies* (from the monkish Latin, *banderium*), upon the plan of the Italian bands or mercenary troops. This was maintained at the expense of the prelates and magnates, who, in their fondness for display, often appeared in the field at the head of a greater number of levies than they were called upon to furnish. Charles Robert permitted them to keep their respective troops distinct, and bring them into battle under their own orders and their own banner.

Besides these, there were the Sicules, who fought as irregular troops, under no orders, where and in what manner pleased

them. These were divided into two corps, archers and slingers. The revenues of the crown lands, it may readily be imagined, were by no means equal to the outlay of princes so enterprising as those of the house of Anjou. They were accustomed to a more lavish and less scrupulous system of finance than they found prevailing in Hungary, and in order to meet the expenses of their long wars they placed heavy imposts upon all persons not ennobled. Thus, for every load of hay or of straw that entered a farmer's gate, he was obliged to pay a tax of eighteen deniers, and hence the name *porta* was given to it. The ninth part of the produce of their labour and industry was a tax which pressed with tremendous weight upon the poorer classes, and acted with a very injurious influence upon the commerce and agriculture of the country. This was not abolished till 1848. The landed property of the nobles could never be sold or aliened in any way, but was strictly entailed upon the male line, upon failure of which, it reverted to the crown. It was therefore almost impossible for any one, who had not a claim to nobility, to become possessor of any land, except as a tenant farmer.

The administration of justice was generally pure, and the forms of procedure simple and direct. The ordeal by fire or boiling water fell into disuse under Bela III. and Andrew IV., and was finally abolished by Lucas Banfi. These princes also introduced advocates into the courts, appointed mayors for the villages, and magistrates for the government of the towns. The nobles had tribunals sitting in every country for the trial of those of their own order.

The Court of the Palatine, the tribunal of final resort in all cases, changed the place in which its sittings were held four times in every year, for the convenience of those residing in the more remote parts of the kingdom. All legal proceedings took place publicly in open court.

The labours of the strangers who were introduced to fill the place of those massacred by the Moguls, gave a prodigious impulse to the commerce and industry of the nation. The vines of Turkey, the juice of which the Hungarians assert to have been the nectar of the gods of antiquity, and which not only ministered to the delicate taste of the epicures of the day, but with honour crowned the splendid feasts of the Magyar monarchs, owed their origin to an Italian colony placed at Olaszi. The immense wealth of the great lords, the splendour of their feasts and entertainments, and the gorgeous magnificence of their dress and equipages, were not without their effect upon trade, whatever might be their ultimate influence upon the manners of the people. In the midst of this manufacturing and commercial prosperity, the arts and sciences, and polite literature, were not forgotten. Many of the Hungarians repaired, to complete their education, to the universities of Paris and Bologna, then famed for the learning and ability of their predecessors. An academy, known as the *Studium Générale*, was founded at Vesprim during the thirteenth century. Ladislaus IV. bestowed upon it an extensive library, and distinguished professors gave instruction in theology, jurisprudence, and *belles lettres*. But as literature was at that time peculiarly the province of the clergy, the national language was, for a considerable period, unhonoured by the notice of the learned. Though Louis the Great spoke the Magyar with ease and fluency, as his mother tongue, still Latin continued to be the language of the refined and the noble. Amongst the learned men of the earlier part of Hungarian history, the names of Rogerius, Archbishop of Spalatro; of Calanus, the historian, Bishop of the Five Churches; Simon Keza, the chronicler; and the German astronomer,

SICULEST.—(*See page* 151.)

WALLACHIANS.—(*See page* 150.)

Klingsohr, are mentioned with honour. In 1367, an academy was established in the town of Pecs, and, in a short time attained to such a height of celebrity, that four thousand students are said to have yearly filled its halls. Michas Madius, the Dalmatian chronicler, John Kukeolleo, the Secretary of the King, and many others, of equal note, owed the eminence to which they afterwards attained to the instruction they received here.

Following up the course upon which St. Stephen entered, the dynasty of Arpad, at all times, displayed the utmost zeal for the honour of religion; and as Catholicism was the only form under which it was then known in Europe, the Popes soon obtained immense influence in Hungary. They established a crowd of religious orders, and as the clergy entirely monopolised the teaching of the young, they secured an ascendancy and an amount of wealth, which remain almost unimpaired to the present day. After the conversion to Christianity, there was but one archbishop, and six bishops, in the whole kingdom. When Louis the Great died, there were thirty archbishops, and eight hundred bishops.

HUNGARIAN FLEET IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

As might naturally be expected, from the tincture of romance which pervades their character, the Magyars, above all, were imbued with the poetry of religion. That enthusiastic veneration which the men of all European nations, in their wildest and coarsest moods, entertain for the graceful purity of a fine female character, holier and more beautiful when robed in sorrow, or bowed down by misfortune, in the Magyars found vent in the devout worship of the Virgin Mary. In the palace of the king, and the cottage of the peasant, her image was, at the same time, an ornament and an object of adoration, more, perhaps, as a poetic ideal, than as a household goddess. In the reign of Bela IV., the coins were struck with a portrait of the Madonna, and bore the inscription, *Sancta Maria*. So strongly was this feeling of reverence enfixed in the people's minds, that the National Diet, in 1348, feared to make any change in the die with which the coinage was stamped, lest it should create a popular ferment.

CASTLE OF OZOLYOM.

The Magyars, essentially a warlike people, had never submitted themselves to the government of women; in favour of whom no stipulation was inserted in the original compact made between them and Arpad; but, full of veneration for Louis, they placed his daughter Mary upon the throne, and curiously enough, not only proclaimed her queen, but insisted that she should assume the title of *king*, and sign herself *Maria Rex*, in all public documents. This seemed to make her accession a special favour dictated by gratitude to her father.

She was married to Sigismond, King of Poland, who assumed the government of Hungary. He was a feeble and worthless monarch, disliked by his wife, and mistrusted by the people. Previous to his marriage, an insurrection of the Croats deprived Hungary of all her ports upon the Adriatic, and the intended bride fell into their hands, and was detained a prisoner, although he made several ineffectual attempts to rescue her at the head of an armed force. She was at length restored to him by a party of Magyar *noblesse*, and he ever after hated her deliverers for having proved themselves his superiors in the field. In continual fear of assassination, he endeavoured to protect

himself by executions and proscriptions, and whenever danger from without obliged him to turn his attention to the defence of his kingdom, his measures were planned without prudence or decision, and executed without energy. The dependant provinces upon the frontiers were consequently in continual hesitation between obedience and separation, and the Magyars were thus frequently involved in harassing and disastrous wars. In the meantime the terrible son of Amurath, Bajazet, surnamed *The Lightning* by the Ottomans, was casting his greedy eye upon the rich plains of the Danube. After having reduced to tribute the feeble court of Byzantium, which he needed only to strike to subdue, he determined to give strength and security to his conquests, by extirpating the hardy and vigorous races who served as a bulwark to the falling empire of the East. He therefore invaded Wallachia. The Magyars made some fruitless attempts to beat him back, and in the meantime the Queen died childless. Sigismond, having secured to himself the succession to the crown, levied a large army in order to revenge upon the Turks the losses which the Hungarians had sustained. But so great was the terror caused by the ferocious valour of the Ottomans, that he found his forces insufficient, and he appealed to all Europe to aid him. Phillip the Rash of France, the Count of Nevers, La Tremouille, the Admiral of Vienna, Marshal Boucicaut, and a host of other able warriors, answered to the call, and placed themselves under his banners. The old chronicles dwell with delight upon the valorous exploits performed by these worthy successors of the first crusaders, but their efforts were vain, owing to the want of ability upon the part of Sigismond, so that at the disastrous battle of Necopolis the Hungarians were totally defeated, and twenty thousand men and a crowd of foreign knights were left dead upon that fatal field. Instead of returning to his kingdom to restore the drooping courage of his subjects, Sigismond fled to Constantinople, under the pretence of seeking for soldiers and money. He came back empty-handed and crest-fallen through Dalmatia. He forthwith commenced to make treaties relative to the succession to the crown, in which he violated the rights of the nation, and was consequently seized upon and committed to prison, but was soon afterwards liberated upon his promising to observe the laws of the kingdom. His return to power was marked by sentences of death and proscription. Having become in succession King of Bohemia, and Emperor of Germany, his new dignities gave the opportunity of gratifying his taste for moving from place to place, and weaving intricate webs of diplomacy. He frequently interposed as mediator in disputes in which Hungary had no interest, and then involved her in conflicts, often bloody, in order to enforce his decisions. The disgraceful part taken by him in the Council of Constance is well known. John Huss and Jerome of Prague, the celebrated reformers, were summoned before it, to answer for their heresies, but refused to do so without some guarantee that would ensure their personal safety. Sigismond granted them a safe conduct, signed by his own hand, and upon their arrival joined in sentencing them to be burnt alive. This odious act of perfidy entailed many a year of suffering and disaster upon Germany.

In the meantime Naples and Venice seized upon various strongholds upon the Adriatic, without any hindrance from Sigismond, and it was only at the pressing instance of a valiant warrior, named Nicolas Szentpoli, that he at length made preparations to avenge the defeat sustained by his army at Nicopolis. The war was commenced by the taking of Bosnia by the Hungarian General Peterfi, who pushed on as far as Nissa, where the Grand Vizier occupied a strong position, with an army of twenty-four thousand men. The battle was fought on the 4th of October, 1419, which ended in the total defeat of the Turks, who lost nearly the whole of their men.

It was on this occasion that John Hollos, the adopted son of Butho, a Wallachian *boyard*, or nobleman, first made himself conspicuous by his valour. He had served in succession under the banners of Francis Csanadi, and of the Cardinal Demetrius, Archbishop of Strigonia; and in this battle, where he himself commanded a troop, his daring attracted the attention of the King, who bestowed upon him the house and domain of Hunyad, in which he had been brought up. The place in which John Hunyadi was born is unknown, and his origin even is uncertain, but as a nation never suffers the early life of its heroes to rest in darkness, but supplies with tradition the deficiencies of history, we shall here present our readers with the story of this great warrior's career as it is popularly received in Hungary at the present day.

Sigismond, after the death of his first wife, had married Barbara de Cilly, a perverse and cunning woman, who poisoned her husband's existence, and disgraced her own sex by her gross licentiousness. He, therefore, very soon began to abandon her society for that of other women. In 1392, he led his army into Wallachia, and when encamped on the banks of the Sztrigy, he met in one of of his evening walks a girl named Elizabeth Morsiani, the daughter of a neighbouring bayard, and was captivated by her beauty. The admiration and attention of the king dazzled the simple maiden, and she yielded her honour almost without even a coy refusal. Sigismond then passed on to the scene of the war, where, also, he was equally successful, and upon his return, the beautiful Morsiani again presented herself at his tent, and asked what reward he would bestow upon her for presenting him with a child? "I will load the child with honours," he replied, delighted with the result of his amour; and handing her a gold ring, told her to come to the palace, and the ring should remind him of his promise. Some months after his departure, Elizabeth married a bayard named Volk Butho, who took her with him into Wallachia, where she soon after gave birth to a son, whom she named John. Sigismond soon again arrived in the neighbourhood, and she repaired to the camp, and presented him with the child and the ring. He received her graciously, and renewed his promises of favour and protection, and told her to come to Buda. Shortly afterwards her husband died, and she was making preparations for the journey, when a crow snatched the ring from her son's hand, and flew with it to a neighbouring tree, whereupon her brother, running to her assistance, shot the bird, and restored the bijou. She appeared before the King in his palace at Buda, and he loaded her with favours. When John had grown up, he bestowed upon him the domain of Hunyad, and sixty villages, and gave him as his coat-of-arms, a crow carrying a ring in its bill, and the young man ever after bore the name of his estate, Hunyadi Janos, or John of Hunyad.

Whether this recital be true or not, it is at least romantic, but can neither add to, nor dimnish the glory of his after career.

At the battle of Semendria Sigismond was again successful, and again Hunyadi made the Turks feel the weight of his prowess.

The King died in 1437, and was buried in the Cathedral of Great Varadin. His sole merit amongst the Hungarians was his adherence to the traditional customs of the country, and his having, according to the popular belief, left a son behind him whose great services made him the pride of the nation.

The widow of Sigismond, was, as we have already remarked, a woman devoid of honour, or of talent. So vile and degraded did she become, that it is credibly related, that, forgetful of the dignity of her station, and her womanhood, she made the first advances, when the fading of her charms had diminished the number of her admirers. She was the Messalina of Germany. Sigismond left to his daughter Elizabeth and her husband, Albert, Archduke of Austria, the three crowns of which he was in possession at his death. The Diet sanctioned Albert's succession to the throne, but with a great number of restrictions. He did not long survive his coronation, being poisoned, as was commonly believed, by his mother-in-law. He left his wife *enceinte*; but the Diet, and foremost among them John Hunyadi, did not think that in such perilous times they should entrust the government of the kingdom to a young and inexperienced female, but determined upon offering the crown to Ladislaus, King of Poland. He accepted it, and made his entry into Hungary amidst great rejoicings, but without a word of his marriage with the widowed queen, which it was confidently expected would take place. She, deprived of her resources, pledged the crown, which she had in her possession, to the ambitious Frederic III. of Germany, a weak-minded prince, who, by his avarice, was, however, laying the foundation of the future greatness of the House of Hapsburgh.

Now commenced in right earnest the war between the Hun

garians and the Turks. Her traditions, her music, nay, in some degree the character of the people, have received mournful colouring from that tremendous struggle. The ruined churches, dismantled fortresses, and great towns strongly walled, to which the affrighted peasantry from the surrounding country flocked for shelter, are all remains of that age of heroes. The Turks and Magyars were, as we have already stated, sprung of the same stock. Issuing from their native plains, the one settled in Pannonia, and embraced Christianity and its attendant civilisation; the other established itself upon the shores of the Bosphorus, swore by the creed of the Arab prophet, and offered all Europe its choice of the Koran or the sword. Thus the two nations, of same blood, found themselves placed face to face as deadly enemies, after the lapse of many changeful centuries.

True to the customs of the Asiatic plains, both fought on horseback in a frightful *melee*, thousands of men matched in single duels, with the same description of weapons, struggling for life, for quarter was neither asked nor given. To the love of homes and altars was added the additional stimulus of the deadliest religious bigotry, that unpleasing demon which lends fair nature so hard-favoured an aspect. In other conflicts the Magyars wore the full armour; but when marching against the Ottomans, they resumed their costume and the curved scimitar. They put on simply a light cuirass, or coat of mail, to protect the breast, and upon the rest of the body the national habit, which in magnificence was in no way inferior to the rich garments of the Turks. They alone were ever ready for the struggle when the rest of Europe seemed paralysed with fear.

In the midst of the rejoicings attendant upon the coronation of Ladislaus, Hunyadi twice defeated the Ottomans. He beat Mezet Bey in a murderous battle in Transylvania, and reduced Drakul, the waywode of Wallachia, to submission. In this conflict the Sicules, the descendants of the soldiers of Attila, who remained a separate and distinct people upon the soil which he had conquered, displayed the most unshaken courage.* Forming almost the only body of infantry in the Magyar army, they bore the shock of the Mussulman cavalry in solid squares, firm as a wall, and again and again dashed them back like foam from a rock. The Turks sustained a still greater disaster near the Iron Gate, and Amurath II. at last sued for peace. Every voice ascribed the honour of these brilliant victories to the talents and valour of Hunyadi, and Ladislaus named him Count of Temes and Captain of Belgrade. His fame in some degree intimidated the partisans of the Queen, who were agitating for her restoration to the government; but in the midst of the dispute Elizabeth died, and thus set the question at rest. The Ottomans, however, always ready to take advantage of the intestine quarrels of the Magyars, again appeared on the frontiers, burning with eagerness to revenge their recent losses. Having united his forces with those of George Brankowitsch, Prince of Servia, and Drakul, waywode of Wallachia, Hunyadi again marched to meet them. He crossed the Danube, and pushed on rapidly, the Turks everywhere retreating before him. At last they made a stand at the foot of the Mountain of Konoviez. At the dawn of day the Magyar army was drawn up in the order of battle, in a long line, the best-born of the country standing shoulder to shoulder, panting for the fray. Hunyadi, cased in steel, of lofty statue, and eagle face, as great an orator as he was a soldier, rode out in front, and inflamed their courage by his burning words, till he had wrought them up to the highest pitch of religious enthusiasm and martial ardour. "To die once," said he, drawing his sword, "is a debt we owe to nature; but to die like brave men, on the field of battle, for one's country and religion, is a privilege which the Almighty God bestows on his chosen people only!" Wheeling his horse, he shouted out, "God is with us! follow me!" and dashed like lightning on the foe. The Magyars instantly charged with wild hurrahs. The struggle was short, bloody, but decisive. There was a rush of steeds, a fierce clashing of weapons, and in a few minutes the Turks were broken "like thin clouds before a Biscay gale," and were flying across the plain in mad confusion. Rendered blind by fanaticism, the Ottomans did not perceive that, however great the valour of their soldiers might be, they had no leader who was nearly a match for the Hungarian general, and continued their attacks from time to time. Being obliged, on the other hand, to suppress an insurrection in Asia Minor, Amurath was obliged, at last, to sue for peace. To increase his chance of success, he endeavoured to gain over George Brankowitsch, the Prince of Servia, to his interest by large bribes. Brankowitsch was fully aware of the great weight which Hunyadi possessed in the royal councils, and therefore addressed himself to him in the first instance, offering him, as a reward for his zeal and the service he had rendered in driving the Turks from Servia, the magnificent estate of Vilagosvar, which, five centuries later, became the scene of the basest treachery. The Magyar, looking upon the gift as an act of pure munificence, accepted it without hesitation. Soon after, the Sultan sent ambassadors to the King to treat of peace; and Hunyadi, yielding to the flatteries of the wily Servian, brought them before Ladislaus and the Diet, sitting at Szeguedin. During the discussion which followed, Hunyadi, beginning to perceive that he had been duped, remained silent; and when peace was agreed and sworn to for six years, he gave no sign either of assent or disagreement. The clauses of the treaty were favourable, in appearance at least, to Hungary, which regained possession of all the Danubian provinces, except Bulgaria.

No sooner had the treaty been signed than Cardinal Caesarini, the Papal legate at the Magyar court, received new instructions from the Holy See, ordering him to foment another war against the Turks. He therefore represented to the King that a new league was being formed against the Ottomans, who were now held in check by the disturbances in Asia Minor, and that the Pope would send him succours; and informed him that he had no right to conclude a peace with the infidels without the consent of the Holy Father. Ladislaus pleaded the solemn treaty, and his oath sworn on the holy evangelists; but this Prince of the holy Catholic Church assured him that everything was lawful, when done in defence of the Christian faith.

It is in relation to this event that the character of Hunyadi appears in its best light, that he first shows himself vastly superior to his age, and to his creed. To him the dust of the most desperate battle was as the breath of life. From war he had everything to gain, and nothing but his life, and of that he recked but little, to lose. How grateful then must it be to every ingenuous mind to see this rough warrior, brought up in the loose and often flexible morality of the camp, confronting the shameless ministers of Christ's religion at the foot of the throne, and solemnly calling on the King not to violate his pledged faith. "Sire," said he with all the energy with which the love of truth inspires great souls, "all the priests in the world cannot free you from subjection to the laws of honour. You have sworn to the treaty, and an oath is more sacred than all the bulls that ever were issued."

The Poles manifested equal repugnance to the war, but the Diet gave way before the expressed wish of the King. Hunyadi followed him in the expedition which was immediately fitted out, his scruples being quieted, it is said, by a promise that after the successful issue of the campaign he should receive Bulgaria as an hereditary province. We are loth to believe this of a man who had already displayed so much nobility of character, and would rather think with many that, finding himself placed in an embarrassing dilemma, his personal feelings were overcome by the voice of patriotism, and the fire of military ardour. Ladislaus, who believed himself invincible so long as Hunyadi fought by his side, assembled the forces of his two kingdoms, and marched towards the frontiers of Bulgaria. Amurath, who had taken advantage of the truce to make peace with, or subdue his other enemies, set forward to the Danube, swearing to avenge the violated sanctity of treaties.

The two armies met near Varna on the 10th of October, 1444. That of Ladislaus was composed of 15,000 Hungarians, 5,000 Poles, and volunteers of different nations—all chosen warriors, in shining armour, riding to battle as to a feast. They were advantageously posted upon the side of a gentle incline, having their flanks defended by barricades of waggons. At length the battle begun; Hunyadi, in person, charged

* They divided their territory into a number of departments, called *zsek*—hence their name *zsekhelyek*. They lived entirely separate, and were governed by their own counts. The Hungarian kings bear the title of Count of the Sicules.

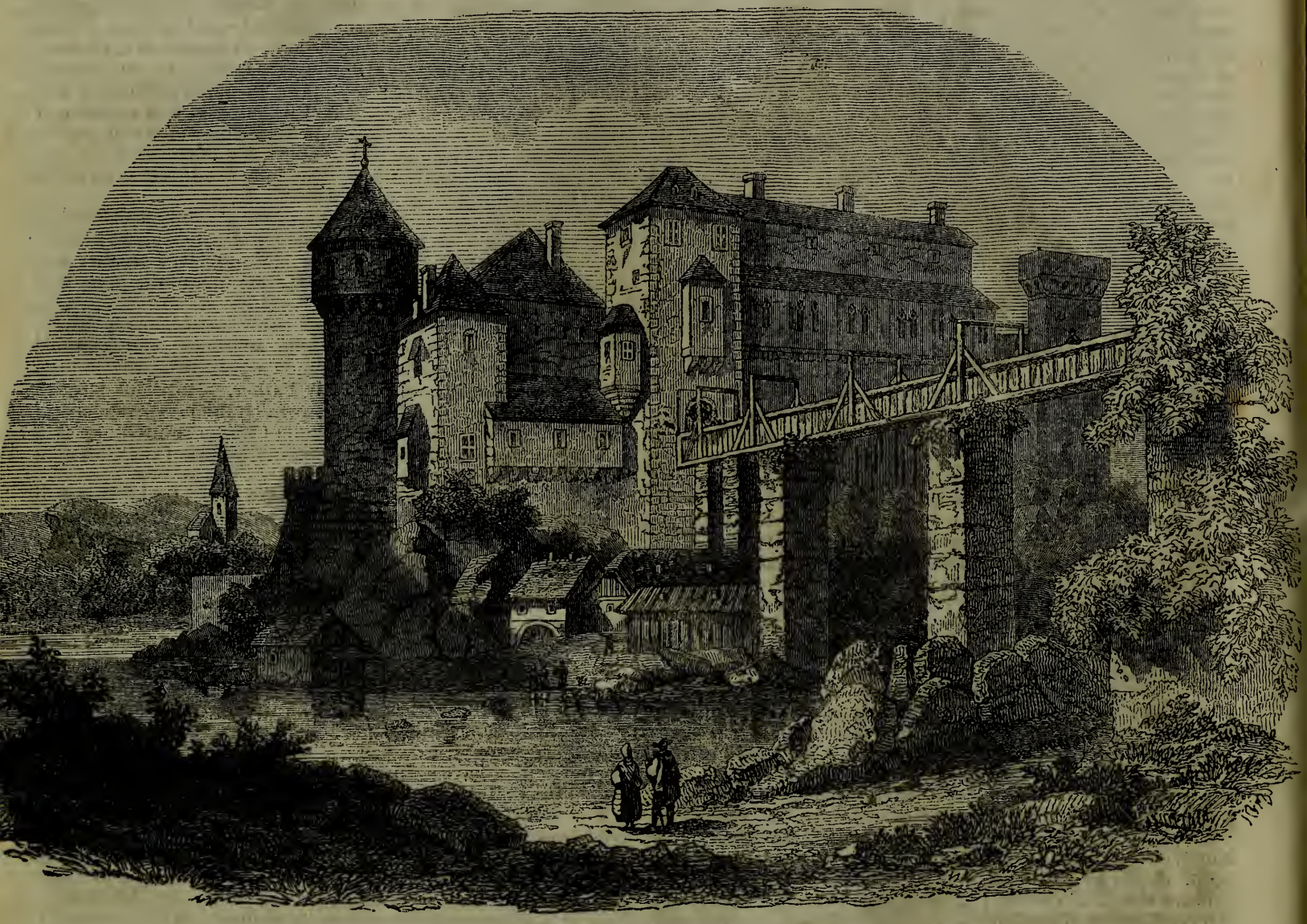
furiously upon the wing commanded by Karasi Bey, which instantly turned and fled. Karasi was slain, while vainly endeavouring to rally his troops, whose flight spread terror and confusion through the whole of the Turkish army. Amurath himself prepared to escape, and, tearing open his robe, drew forth the treaty concluded between himself and Ladislaus, and raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed: "God of the Christians! if thou art the true God, avenge the perfidy of thy disciples!" The greatness of his loss made him doubt the truth of his own faith. The rash bravery of Ladislaus, however, and the jealousy of some of the Hungarian barons, soon changed the face of affairs. The latter persuaded him that Hunyadi would appropriate to himself the sole honour of the day, if he did not forthwith take some part in the combat; and, putting himself at their head, he galloped down into the thick of the *melee*. He was instantly surrounded by the Janissaries, and, his charger falling, he was prostrated under a shower of blows, and trampled to death under the horses' feet. Hunyadi made a desperate but ineffectual attempt to rescue him; the battle was lost, and the head of the unfortunate Ladislaus, raised on the point of a lance, was the signal for the general rout. The Magyars and Poles, mingled in the panic, fled towards the river, and there the carnage was so frightful that the water was dyed with their blood. Amurath visited the field when the engagement was over. "Look at these bodies," said he to Asa Bey; "they were warriors in the prime of life." "Of course they were," replied the old soldier; "old men would not have been guilty of the imprudence which has given us the victory."

Drakul, the waywode of Wallachia, seems to have foreseen the defeat; for, on sending four thousand cavalry to the King, he wrote in a strain of bitter irony. "I make you a present," said he, "of a horse of surprising swiftness; I send one to my son also. You will have need both of the one and the other, for you will be beaten."

Brankowitch, the waywode of Servia, who refused to take part in the war, had the mournful satisfaction of addressing the severest reproaches to Hunyadi. Cardinal Caesarini, and a number of Magyar and Polish nobles, paid with their lives the penalty of their treachery or their rashness; whilst Amurath found himself, by his victory, raised to the position of the champion of the laws of nations.

This disaster forcibly presented to the minds of the Hungarians the evil of intestine division, and they therefore with one accord offered the crown to Ladislaus, the posthumous son of Albert, Duke of Austria, and Elizabeth, daughter of Sigismond. We have, however, already stated that the child and his mother had, during the disputes relative to the succession to the crown, placed themselves under the protection of Frederick II., Emperor of Germany, who now refused to allow the latter to return to Hungary. Under these circumstances, the Diet, acting in his name, appointed John Hunyadi regent of the kingdom, who, after having defended the state on the battle-field, now wisely governed it for six years. He was the first Governor of Hungary, a dignity which has never since been conferred with similar forms upon any one except Louis Kossuth.

Hunyadi made unceasing efforts to obtain the liberation of the King, but the German Emperor seldom returned any other answer than vain promises or exorbitant demands of money, by way of indemnification. The Governor also found himself hampered by the jealousy of Ulric de Cilly, the uncle of Ladis-



CASTLE OF JOHN HUNYADI.—(*See page* 150.)

laus, who himself aspired to the regency. Hunyadi did not in the meantime, however, relax from his endeavours to humble the pride of the Turks, whom the triumph of Varna had rendered more than usually haughty and overbearing. Though the loss of so many gallant soldiers prevented him from acting on the offensive, and compelled him to use great caution, he

JOHN HUNYADI.

nevertheless was successful in various minor encounters with the Ottomans. He then turned his attention to the chastisement of Giska, the chief of the Bohemian bands, and Brankowitsch of Servia, for their defection and treachery in the hour of peril. His moderation, and justice, and integrity in everything, raised him to the highest position in popular estimation. At the disastrous battle of Cassova, he sustained a tremendous defeat, and was near losing his own life. Thrown off his horse, he was seized by two Servians, who began to quarrel for the possession of the golden cross which hung around his neck, when he suddenly extricated himself, grasped his arms, and killed one, and as no single man of ordinary stature and skill in the use of weapons ever stood before Hunyadi, the other immediately took to flight. Even this misfortune did not lesson his popularity. On his return to Hungary the nation again hailed him as the greatest of her statesmen and the first of her military chiefs.

Frederick at last consented to give up the young King, but put him under the guardianship of Count de Cilly, who was the sworn enemy of Hunyadi,

While the young King remained at Vienna, Hunyadi, and his eldest son Ladislaus Corvinus had a good deal of influence over him; but upon his return, the intrigues of a cabal devoted to Cilly rendered him prejudiced and unjust towards the Regent, although he had previously loaded him with favours, and named him hereditary Count of Bistricz. But this did not prevent Hunyadi from doing his duty, and he now set an example of pure and disinterested patriotism, which, perhaps, no man but Washington has ever followed. A brave warrior, an able statesman, honoured for his public services, and supreme in the affections of the people, nothing could have been easier for him than to have repudiated the claims of a boy, who had not set his foot in the kingdom since his infancy, and who had been educated in a court whose policy was hostile to Hungarian interests. But that great heart did not know what it was to hesitate between the dictates of duty, and the whisperings of ambition. He instantly placed the government in the King's hands, and afterwards signed all public acts simply as Count of Bistricz, and Captain-General of the King and the Magyar Empire.

The barons of Rozgony assigned the castle of Posonia, or Presbourg, to Ladislaus as his residence, and, after the estates had sworn allegiance, he confirmed the ancient charters of the realm. From that time Presbourg became the seat of the Diet, and the place in which all the Princes of the House of Hapsburgh were crowned (for engraving see next number). Ladislaus was obliged to continue Hunyadi in the office of Lieutenant-Governor, but he never afterwards acted towards him with any degree of cordiality. During his stay at Presbourg he was cold, reserved, and cautious; and, very soon yielding to the suggestions of his maternal uncle, Count de Cilly, he returned to Vienna, under pretence of regulating the affairs of the Archduchy of Austria.

THE UNPARALLELED ADVENTURE OF ONE HANS PFAALL.

It appears that on the —— day of —— (I am not positive about the date), a vast crowd of people, for purposes not specifically mentioned, were assembled in the great square of the Exchange in the well-conditioned city of Rotterdam. The day was warm—unusually so for the season—there was hardly a breath of air stirring; and the multitude were in no bad humour at being now and then besprinkled with friendly showers of momentary duration, that fell from large white masses of cloud profusely distributed about the blue vault of the firmament. Nevertheless, about noon, a slight but remarkable agitation became apparent in the assembly; the clattering of ten thousand tongues succeeded; and, in an instant afterwards, ten thousand faces were upturned towards the heavens, ten thousand pipes descended simultaneously from the corners of ten thousand mouths, and a shout, which could be compared to nothing but the roaring of Niagara, resounded long, loudly, and furiously through all the city, and through all the environs of Rotterdam.

The origin of the hubbub soon became sufficiently evident. From behind the huge bulk of one of those sharply-defined masses of cloud already mentioned was seen slowly to emerge into an open area of blue space, a queer, heterogeneous, but apparently solid substance, so oddly shaped, so whimsically put together, as not to be in any manner comprehended, and never to be sufficiently admired, by the host of sturdy burghers who stood open-mouthed below. What could it be? What could it possibly portend? No one knew; no one could imagine; no one—not even the burgomaster, Mynheer Superbus Von Underduk.

In the meantime, however, lower and still lower towards the city came the object of such curiosity and the cause of so much smoke. In a very few minutes it arrived near enough to be accurately discerned. It appeared to be—yes! it *was*, undoubtedly, a species of balloon; but surely no *such* balloon had ever been seen in Rotterdam before. For who, let me ask, ever heard of a balloon manufactured entirely of dirty newspapers? No man in Holland certainly; yet here, under the very noses of the people, or rather at some distance *above* their noses, was the identical thing in question, and composed—I have it on the best authority—of the precise material which no one had ever before known to be used for a similar purpose. It was an egregious insult to the good sense of the burghers of Rotterdam. As to the shape of the phenomenon, it was even still more reprehensible—being little or nothing better than a huge fool's-cap turned upside down. And this similitude was regarded as by no means lessened when, upon nearer inspection, the crowd saw a large tassel depending from its apex, and, around the upper rim or base of the cone, a circle of little instruments, resembling sheep-bells, which kept up a continual tinkling to the tune of Betty Martin. But still worse. Suspended by blue ribbons to the end of this fantastic machine there hung, by way of car, an enormous drab beaver hat, with a brim superlatively broad, and a hemispherical crown with a black band and a silver buckle. It is, however, somewhat remarkable that many citizens of Rotterdam swore to having seen the same hat repeatedly before; and, indeed, the whole assembly seemed to regard it with eyes of familiarity; while the vrow Grettel Pfaall, upon sight of it, uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise, and declared it to be the identical hat of her good man himself. Now this was a circumstance the more to be observed, as Pfaall, with three companions, had actually disappeared from Rotterdam about five years before, in a very sudden and unaccountable manner, and up to the date of this narrative all attempts at obtaining intelligence concerning them had failed.

The balloon (for such, no doubt, it was), had now descended to within a hundred feet of the earth, allowing the crowd below a sufficiently distinct view of the person of its occupant. This was, in truth, a very singular somebody. He could not have been more than two feet in height; but this altitude, little as it was, would have been sufficient to destroy his *equilibrium*, and tilt him over the edge of his tiny car, but for the intervention of a circular rim reaching as high as the breast, and rigged on to the cords of the balloon. The body of the little man was more than proportionally broad, giving to his entire figure a rotundity highly absurd. His feet, of course, could not be seen at all. His hands were enormously large. His hair was gray, and collected into a *queue* behind. His nose was prodigiously long, crooked, and inflammatory; his eyes full, brilliant, and acute; his chin and cheeks, although wrinkled with age, were broad, puffy, and double; but of ears of any kind there was not a semblance to be discovered upon any portion of his head. This odd little gentleman was dressed in a loose surtout of sky-blue satin, with tight breeches to match, fastened with silver buckles at the knees. His vest was of some bright yellow material; a white taffety cap was set jauntily on one side of his head; and, to complete his equipment, a blood-red silk handkerchief enveloped his throat, and fell down, in a dainty manner, upon his bosom, in a fantastic bow-knot of super-eminent dimensions.

Having descended, as I said before, to about one hundred feet from the surface of the earth, the little old gentleman was suddenly seized with a fit of trepidation, and appeared disinclined to make any nearer approach to *terra firma*. Throwing out, therefore, a quantity of sand from a carpet-bag, which he lifted with great difficulty, he became stationary in an instant. He then proceeded, in a hurried and agitated manner, to extract from a side-pocket in his surtout a large morocco pocket-book. This he poised suspiciously in his hand; then eyed it with an air of extreme surprise, and was evidently astonished at its weight. He at length opened it, and, drawing therefrom a huge letter sealed with red sealing-wax and tied carefully with red tape, let it fall precisely at the feet of the burgomaster, Superbus Von Underduk. His Excellency stooped to take it up. But the aeronaut, still greatly discomposed, and having, apparently, no further business to detain him in Rotterdam, began at this moment to make busy preparations for departure; and, it being necessary to discharge a portion of ballast to enable him to re-ascend, the half dozen bags which he threw out, one after another, without taking the trouble to empty their contents, tumbled, every one of them, most unfortunately, upon the back of the burgomaster, and rolled him over and over no less than half a dozen times, in the face of every individual in Rotterdam. It is not to be supposed, however, that the great Underduk suffered this impertinence on the part of the little old man to pass off with impunity. It is said, on the contrary, that during each of his half dozen circumvolutions he emitted no less than half a dozen distinct and furious whiffs from his pipe.

In the meantime the balloon arose like a lark, and, soaring far away above the city, at length drifted quietly behind a cloud, similar to that from which it had so oddly emerged, and was thus lost for ever to the wondering eyes of the good citizens of Rotterdam. All attention was now directed to the letter, the descent of which, and the consequences attending thereupon, had proved so fatally subversive of both person and personal dignity to his Excellency, Von Underduk. That functionary, however, had not failed, during his circumgyratory movements, to bestow a thought upon the important object of securing the epistle, which was seen, upon inspection, to have fallen into the most proper hands, being actually addressed to himself and Professor Rubadub, in their official capacities of President and Vice-President of the Rotterdam College of Astronomy. It was accordingly opened by those dignitaries upon the spot, and found to contain the following extraordinary, and, indeed, very serious communication:—

To their Excellences Von Underduk and Rubadub, President and Vice-President of the States' College of Astronomers, in the City of Rotterdam.

Your Excellencies may, perhaps, be able to remember an humble artisan, by name Hans Pfaall, and by occupation a mender of bellows, who, with three others, disappeared from Rotterdam, about five years ago, in a manner which must have been considered unaccountable. If, however, it so please your Excellencies, I, the writer of this communication, am the identical Hans Pfaall himself. It is well known to most of my fellow-citizens that, for the period of forty years, I continued to occupy the little square brick building at the head of the alley called Sauerkraut, in which I resided at the time of my disappearance. My ancestors have also resided therein time out of mind—they, as well as myself, steadily following the respectable and, indeed, lucrative profession of mending of bellows: for, to speak the truth, until of late years, that the heads of all the people have been set agog with politics, no better business than my own could an honest citizen of Rotterdam either desire or deserve. Credit was good, employment was never wanting, and there was no lack of either money or good will. But, as I was saying, we soon began to feel the effects of liberty, and long speeches, and Radicalism, and all that sort of thing. People who were formerly the very best customers in the world had now not a moment of time to think of

s at all. They had as much as they could do to read about the evolutions, and keep up with the march of intellect and the spirit f the age. If a fire wanted fanning, it could readily be fanned ith a newspaper; and as the Government grew weaker, I have no oubt that leather and iron acquired durability in proportion, for, n a very short time, there was not a pair of bellows in Rotterdam hat ever stood in need of a stitch or required the assistance of a ammer. This was a state of things not to be endured. I soon rew as poor as a rat, and, having a wife and children to provide or, my burdens at length became intolerable, and I spent hour fter hour in reflecting upon the most convenient method of putting n end to my life. Duns, in the meantime, left me little leisure or contemplation. My house was literally besieged from morning ll night. There were three fellows in particular, who worried me eyond endurance, keeping watch continually about my door, and hreatening me with the law. Upon these three I vowed the itterest revenge if ever I should be so happy as to get them within ny clutches; and I believe nothing in the world but the pleasure f this anticipation prevented me from putting my plan of suicide nto immediate execution by blowing my brains out with a lunderbuss. I thought it best, however, to dissemble my wrath, nd to treat them with promises and fair words, until, by some good urn of fate, an opportunity of vengeance should be afforded me.

One day, having given them the slip, and feeling more than usually dejected, I continued for a long time to wander about the most obscure streets without object, until at length I chanced to tumble against the corner of a bookseller's-stall. Seeing a chair lose at hand, for the use of customers, I threw myself doggedly nto it, and, hardly knowing why, opened the pages of the first olume which came within my reach. It proved to be a small pamphlet treatise on Speculative Astronomy, written either by Professor Encke, of Berlin, or by a Frenchman of somewhat similar ame. I had some little tincture of information on matters of his nature, and soon became more and more absorbed in the contents of the book—reading it actually through twice before I awoke o a recollection of what was passing around me. By this time t began to grow dark, and I directed my steps toward home. But he treatise (in conjunction with a discovery in pneumatics, ately communicated to me as an important secret, by a cousin rom Nantz) had made an indelible impression on my mind, and, s I sauntered along the dusky streets, I revolved carefully over n my memory the wild and sometimes unintelligible reasonings of the writer. There are some particular passages which affected my imagination in an extraordinary manner. The longer I meditated upon these, the more intense grew the interest which had been excited within me. The limited nature of my education in general, and more especially my ignorance on subjects connected with natural philosophy, so far from rendering me diffident of my own ability to comprehend what I had read, or inducing me to mistrust the many vague notions which had arisen in consequence, merely served as a farther stimulus to imagination; and I was vain enough, or perhaps reasonable enough, to doubt whether those crude ideas which, arising in ill-regulated minds, have all the appearance, may not often in effect possess all the force, the reality, and other inherent properties of instinct or intuition.

It was late when I reached home, and I went immediately to bed. My mind, however, was too much occupied to sleep, and I lay the whole night buried in meditation. Arising early in the morning, I repaired eagerly to the bookseller's-stall, and laid out what little ready money I possessed in the purchase of some volumes of Mechanics and Practical Astronomy. Having arrived at home safely with these, I devoted every spare moment to their perusal, and soon made such proficiency in studies of this nature as I thought sufficient for the execution of a certain design with which either the devil or my better genius had inspired me. In the intervals of this period I made every endeavour to conciliate the three creditors who had given me so much annoyance. In this I finally succeeded—partly by selling enough of my household furniture to satisfy a moiety of their claim, and partly by a promise of paying the balance upon completion of a little project which I told them I had in view, and for assistance in which I solicited their services. By these mean (for they were ignorant men) I found little difficulty in gaining them over to my purpose.

Matters being thus arranged, I contrived, by the aid of my wife, and with the greatest secrecy and caution, to dispose of what property I had remaining, and to borrow, in small sums, under various pretences, and without giving any attention (I am ashamed to say) to my future means of repayment, no inconsiderable quantity of ready money. With the means thus accruing, I proceeded to procure at intervals cambric muslin, very fine, in pieces of twelve yards each; twine; a lot of the varnish of caoutchouc; a large and deep basket of wicker-work, made to order; and several other articles necessary in the construction and equipment of a balloon of extraordinary dimensions. This I directed my wife to make up as soon as possible, and gave her all requisite information as to the particular method of proceeding. In the meantime I worked up the twine into net-work of sufficient dimensions; rigged it with a hoop and the necessary cords; and made purchase of numerous instruments and materials for experiment in the upper regions of the upper atmosphere. I then took opportunities of conveying by night, to a retired situation east of Rotterdam, five iron-bound casks, to contain about fifty gallons each, and one of a larger size; six tin tubes, three inches in diameter, properly shaped, and ten feet in length; a quantity of a *particular metallic substance, or semi-metal*, which I shall not name, and a dozen demijohns of *a very common acid*. The gas to be formed from these latter materials is a gas never yet generated by any other person than myself—or at least never applied to any similar purpose. I can only venture to say here, that it is *a constituent of azote*, so long considered irreducible, and that its density is about 37.4 times *less than that of hydrogen*. It is tasteless, but not odourless; burns, when pure, with a greenish flame, and is instantaneously fatal to animal life. Its full secret I would make no difficulty in disclosing, but that it of right belongs (as I have before hinted) to a citizen of Nantz, in France, by whom it was conditionally communicated to myself. The same individual submitted to me, without being at all aware of my intentions, a method of constructing balloons from the membrane of a certain animal, through which substance any escape of gas was nearly an impossibility. I found it, however, altogether too expensive, and was not sure, upon the whole, whether cambric muslin, with a coating of gum caoutchouc, was not equally as good.

On the spot which I intended each of the smaller casks to occupy respectively during the inflation of the balloon, I privately dug a small hole, the holes forming in this manner a circle twenty-five feet in diameter. In the centre of this circle, being the station designed for the large cask, I also dug a hole of greater depth. In each of the five smaller holes I deposited a canister containing fifty pounds, and in the larger one a keg holding one hundred and fifty pounds of cannon powder. These—the keg and the canisters—I connected in a proper manner with covered trains; and having let into one of the canisters the end of about four feet of slow-match, I covered up the hole, and placed the cask over it, leaving the other end of the match protruding about an inch, and barely visible beyond the cask. I then filled up the remaining holes, and placed the barrels over them in their destined situation!

Besides the articles above enumerated, I conveyed to the *depôt*, and there secreted, one of M. Grimm's improvements upon the apparatus for condensation of the atmospheric air. I found this machine, however, to require considerable alteration before it could be adapted to the purposes to which I intended making it applicable. But, with severe labour and unremitting perseverance, I at length met with entire success in all my preparations. My balloon was soon completed. It would contain more than forty-thousand cubic feet of gas; would take me up easily, I calculated, with all my implements, and, if I managed rightly, with one hundred and seventy-five pounds of ballast into the bargain. It had received three coats of varnish, and I found the cambric muslin to answer all the purposes of silk itself, being quite as strong, and a good deal less expensive.

Everything being now ready, I exacted from my wife an oath of secrecy in relation to all my actions from the day of my first visit to the bookseller's-stall; and promising, on my part, to return as soon as circumstances would permit, I gave her what little money I had left, and bade her farewell; indeed, I had no fear on her account. She was what people call a notable woman, and could manage matters in the world without my assistance. I believe, to tell the truth, she always looked upon me as an idle body—a mere make-weight—good for nothing but building castles in the air—and was rather glad to get rid of me. It was a dark night when I bade her good bye, and taking with me, as *aides-de-camp*, the three creditors who had given me so much trouble, we carried the balloon, with the car and accoutrements, by a round-

about way, to the station where the other articles were deposited. We there found them all unmolested, and I proceeded immediately to business.

It was the first of April. The night, as I said before, was dark; there was not a star to be seen; and a drizzling rain, falling at intervals, rendered us very uncomfortable. But my chief anxiety was concerning the balloon, which, in spite of the varnish with which it was defended, began to grow rather heavy with the moisture; the powder also was liable to damage. I therefore kept my three duns working with great diligence, pounding down ice around the central cask, and stirring the acid in the others.

In about four hours and a half I found the balloon sufficiently inflated. I attached the car, therefore, and put all my implements in it—a telescope; a barometer, with some important modifications; a thermometer; an electrometer; a compass; a magnetic needle; a seconds watch; a bell; a speaking trumpet, &c. &c.—also a globe of glass, exhausted of air, and carefully closed with a stopper—not forgetting the condensing apparatus, some unslacked lime, a stick of sealing-wax, a copious supply of water, and a large quantity of provisions, such as pemmican, in which much nutriment is contained in comparatively little bulk.

It was now nearly daybreak, and I thought it high time to take my departure. Dropping a lighted cigar on the ground, as if by accident, I took the opportunity, in stooping to pick it up, of igniting privately the piece of slow match, the end of which, as I said before, protruded a little beyond the lower rim of one of the smaller casks. This manœuvre was totally unperceived on the part of the three duns; and, jumping into the car, I immediately cut the single cord which held me to the earth, and was pleased to find that I shot upwards with inconceivable rapidity, carrying with all ease one hundred and seventy-five pounds of leaden ballast, and able to have carried up as many more. In a little while after the slow match did its work, and an explosion took place, the consequences of which to my creditors I know not to this day.

It is now high time that I should explain to your Excellencies the object of my voyage. Your Excellencies will bear in mind that distressed circumstances in Rotterdam had at length driven me to the resolution of committing suicide. It was not, however, that to life itself I had any positive disgust, but that I was harassed beyond endurance by the adventitious miseries attending my situation. In this state of mind, wishing to live, yet wearied with life, the treatise at the stall of the bookseller, backed by the opportune discovery of my cousin of Nantz, opened a resource to my imagination. I then finally made up my mind. I determined to depart, yet live—to leave the world, yet continue to exist—in short, to drop enigmas, I resolved, let what would ensue, to force a passage, if I could, *to the moon.*

Thus, may it please your Excellencies, after a series of great anxieties, unheard-of dangers, and unparalleled escapes I had, at length, on the nineteenth day of my departure from Rotterdam, arrived in safety at the conclusion of a voyage undoubtedly the most extraordinary and the most momentous ever accomplished, undertaken, or conceived by any denizen of the earth. But my adventures yet remain to be related. And indeed your Excellencies may well imagine that, after a residence of five years upon a planet not only deeply interesting in its own peculiar character, but rendered doubly so by its intimate connection, in capacity of satellite, with the world inhabited by man, I may have intelligence for the private ear of the States' College of Astronomers of far more importance than the details, however wonderful, of the mere *voyage* which so happily concluded. This is, in fact, the case. I have much, very much, which it would give me the greatest pleasure to communicate. I have much to say of the climate of the planet; of its wonderful alternations of heat and cold; of unmitigated and burning sunshine for one fortnight, and more than polar frigidity for the next; of a constant transfer of moisture, by distillation like that *in vacuo*, from the point beneath the sun to the point the farthest from it; of a variable zone of running water; of the people themselves; of their manners, customs, and political institutions; of their peculiar physical construction; of their ugliness; of their want of ears, those useless appendages in an atmosphere so peculiarly modified; of their consequent ignorance of the use and properties of speech; of their substitute for speech in a singular method of inter-communication; of the incomprehensible connection between each particular individual in the moon, with some particular individual on the earth—a connection anologous with, and depending upon that of the orbs of the planet and the satellite, and by means of which the lives and destinies of the inhabitants of the one are interwoven with the lives and destinies of the inhabitants of the other; and above all, if it so please your Excellencies—above all of those dark and hideous mysteries which lie in the outer regions of the moon—regions which, owing to the almost miraculous accordance of the satellite's rotation on its own axis, with its sidereal revolution about the earth, have never yet been turned, and, by God's mercy, never shall be turned, to the scrutiny of the telescopes of man. All this, and more—much more—would I most willingly detail. But, to be brief, I must have my reward. I am pining for a return to my family and to my home; and, as the price of any farther communication on my part—in consideration of the light which I have it in my power to throw upon many very important branches of physical and metaphysical science—I must solicit, through the influence of your honourable body, a pardon for the crime of which I have been guilty in the death of the creditors upon my departure from Rotterdam. This, then, is the object of the present paper. Its bearer, an inhabitant of the moon, whom I have prevailed upon, and properly instructed, to be my messenger to the earth, will await your Excellencies' pleasure, and return to me with the pardon in question if it can in any manner be obtained.

I have the honour to be, &c., your Excellencies' very humble servant,

HANS PFAALL.

Upon finishing the perusal of this very extraordinary document, Professor Rubadub, it is said, dropped his pipe upon the ground in the extremity of his surprise, and Mynheer Superbus Von Underduk, having taken off his spectacles, wiped them and deposited them in his pocket—so far forgot both himself and his dignity, as to turn round three times upon his heel in the quintessence of astonishment and admiration. There was no doubt about the matter—the pardon should be obtained. So at least swore, with a round oath, Professor Rubadub, and so finally thought the illustrious Von Underduk, as he took the arm of his brother in science, and, without saying a word, began to make the best of his way home to deliberate upon the measures to be adopted. Having reached the door, however, of the burgomaster's dwelling, the professor ventured to suggest that, as the messenger had thought proper to disappear—no doubt frightened to death by the savage appearance of the burghers of Rotterdam—the pardon would be of little use, as no one but a man of the moon would undertake a voyage to so vast a distance. To the truth of this observation the burgomaster assented, and the matter was therefore at an end. Not so, however, rumours and speculations. The letter, having been published, gave rise to a variety of gossip and opinion. Some of the over-wise even made themselves ridiculous by decrying the whole business as nothing better than a hoax. But hoax, with these sort of people, is, I believe, a general term for all matters above their comprehension. For my part, I cannot conceive upon what data they have founded such an accusation. Let us see what they say:

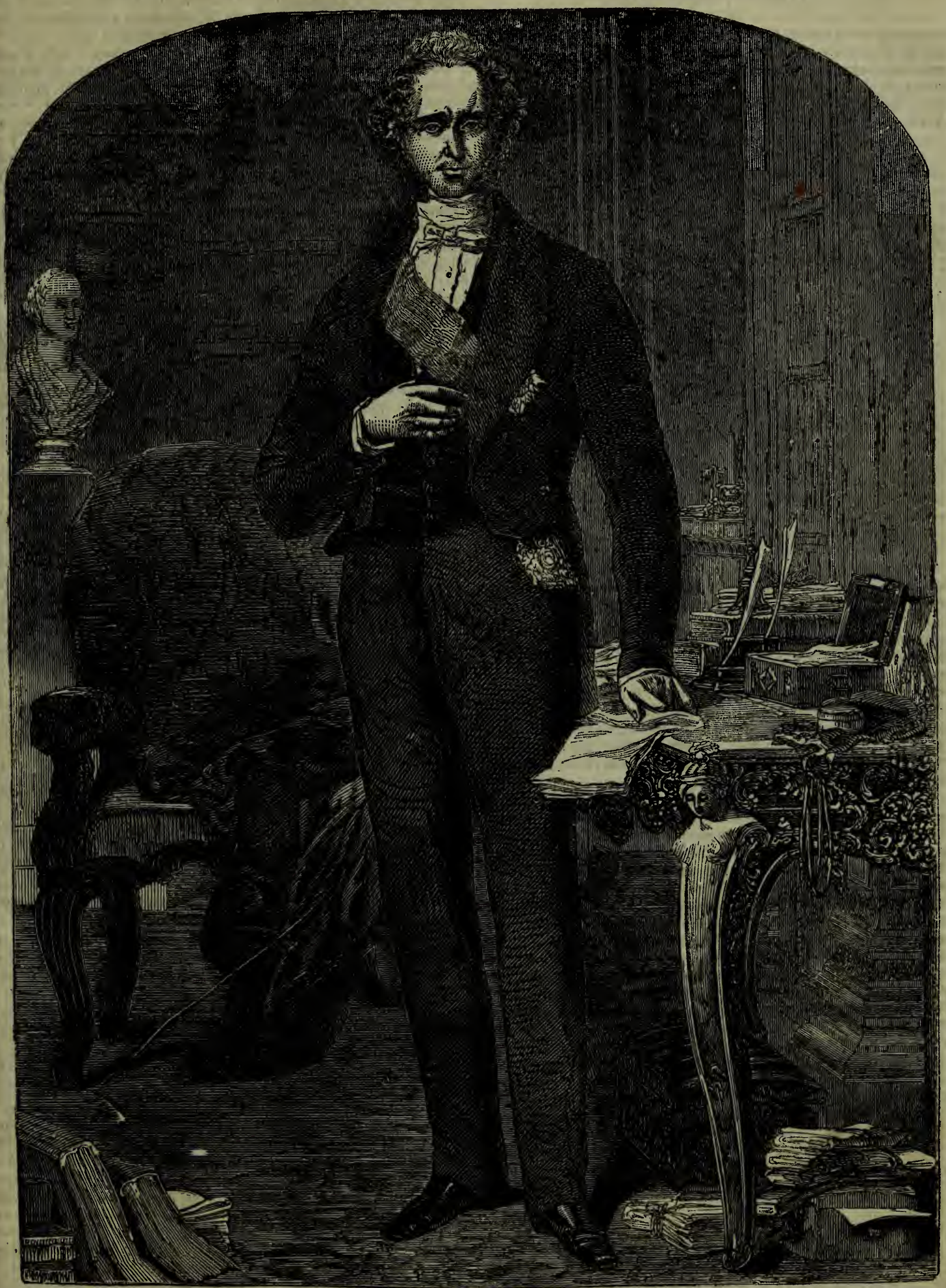
Imprimis,—That certain wags in Rotterdam have certain especial antipathies to certain burgomasters and astronomers.

Secondly,—That an odd little dwarf and bottle conjuror, both of whose ears, for some misdemeanour, have been cut off close to his head, has been missing for several days from the neighbouring city of Bruges.

Thirdly,—That the newspapers which were stuck all over the little balloon were newspapers of Holland, aud therefore could not have been made in the moon. They were dirty papers—very dirty—and Gluck, the printer, would take his Bible oath to their having been printed in Rotterdam.

Fourthly,—That Hans Pfaall himself, the drunken villain, and the three very idle gentlemen styled his creditors, were all seen, no longer than two or three days ago, in a tippling house in the suburbs having just returned, with money in their pockets, from a trip beyond the sea.

Lastly,—That it is an opinion very generally received, or which ought to be generally received, that the College of Astronomers in the city of Rotterdam, as well as all other colleges in all other parts of the world—not to mention colleges and astronomers in general—are, to say the least of the matter, not a whit better, nor greater, nor wiser than they ought to be.



LORD PALMERSTON.

LORD PALMERSTON.

The visit of Kossuth to England has turned the attention of all to the foreign relationships of the country, and to the statesman who presides over them. Perhaps no member of the Cabinet has ever been more prominently before the world than the present Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and who is certainly the most abused man in the Ministry—Sir Charles Wood even having incurred less odium with his budgets than Lord Palmerston. One main source of his unpopularity, however, is creditable rather than otherwise. It is clear that the reactionary and despotic Governments of the Continent hate Lord Palmerston because he refuses England's support to their treason against human rights. Were he more complaisant to them, we should hear less of the mischievous activity of the Foreign Secretary—a cry which the emissaries of foreign powers, not very creditably to ourselves, are easily able to raise. It is only strange that, mischief-maker as he has been represented, he has not long ere this been driven from office. Our Foreign Secretary must not only be a cleverer but a better man than he has the credit of being, otherwise his career of office would by this time have been involuntarily closed.

The principles in accordance with which his lordship has shaped his course have been so well stated by him that we cannot do better than reprint part of the speech to which we refer here. In answer to the deputation from Islington and Finsbury, congratulating his lordship on the aid he had given to the Sultan of Turkey, in effecting the liberation of the late Governor of Hungary, his lordship is reported to have said: — "There was no question of the great moral power which the Government of this country had over foreign affairs, so long as the Government were backed in the exercise of that power by the public opinion of the people. No doubt the moral power of the British Government was immense, more than people generally imagined, but it would only be effective so long as the people and the Government went together. There could be no doubt that, with regard to its Hungarian policy, the Government had been backed by the people—as was instanced by the fact of the appeals which had been made from all quarters, and from all the large towns and cities in the kingdom, urging on the Government interference in that important question. It was not necessary that England should exercise a power with its armies, with its bayonets, or with its cannon. The moral power, where the Government was backed by the people, would do a great deal more. The moral power was greater than anything else, but even that could not be made effective, unless the Government and people acted in unison. The Government, more especially the Foreign department, were sometimes accused of keeping too much secresy in diplomacy; but, upon the same ground that men in the ordinary business transactions of life did not make public all the details of such transactions, until the bargains in which they might be engaged were completed, so also was it necessary that the publication of the proceedings of diplomacy should be left to the judgment and discretion of that department of the Government in order properly to transact the business of the nation." This statement at any rate cannot be charged with mystification. The people must decide the foreign policy of Government. Without them the Foreign Office is powerless. If in our name a helping hand be held out to nations struggling to be free, the oppressor may in vain march his bannered hosts to war. A people backed by British sympathy—by such sympathy as America and England are prepared to give the noble Hungarian nation—will not long wear the oppressor's yoke, but must become free. There is no such thing as non-intervention. We cannot isolate ourselves. We are members one of another. We have common hope and joy, and destiny, and aim. God made of one blood all nations that dwell on the face of the earth.

Lord Palmerston has long been a public man. In 1809, when Sir R. Peel first entered Parliament, and long before Lord John Russell was known to fame, he was Secretary-at-War. His lordship is an Irish viscount, and was born in 1784. In 1839 he married Lady Cowper, sister of the late Lord Melbourne, a lady whose fashionable *soirées* have done so much to smooth the way for the political triumphs of her lord. Lord Palmerston became a Lord of the Admiralty under the Duke of Rutland in 1807, and with wonderful versatility has retained office in almost every Cabinet that has been formed since then. In the first Grey Cabinet of 1830, Lord Palmerston was Foreign Secretary, an office which he has ever since retained, with the exception of intervals, one of them extending nearly five years, when Sir R. Peel held the reins of office.

Like most of our really great men, Lord Palmerston is a growing statesman. Years have taught him wisdom. His vision has become enlarged. He was brought up in bad company, yet we see in him little that would lead us to suppose that he had been trained under Castlereagh, or had sat at the Council Board with Lyndhurst. This explains his hold of power. The waves of progress, otherwise, long ere this would have swept him away. Instead of idly bewailing the past, he has become obedient to the spirit of the age, and followed it. Peel did the same thing, and when he died every heart was touched, and a common wail of sorrow was heard all over the land. This is the true statesmanship in these modern times. He who would aspire to rule must learn to obey. Great principles must be left free to fructify and bear fruit. A man cannot patronise and pet them as he would his poodle. The blunder of statesmanship hitherto has been that it thought it could do this—that it forgot that progress was but the development of one great whole; that it forgot that—

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs."

THE SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

The newspapers have recently informed us that a lieutenant in the navy has started for Petersburgh, on his way to Russia, to detect, if possible, traces of Sir John Franklin. Lord John Russell has supplied him with five hundred pounds for that purpose. The assistance of the Czar has been generously promised. It is to be hoped that Lieutenant Pim gallantly may win for us some particulars of the brave men on whose fate so dark a cloud at present rests. Attention being afresh directed to the subject, we propose to give a sketch of what has hitherto been done.

On the 19th of May, in 1845, with good spirits and in robust health, the Arctic expedition sailed from England, her Majesty's Government having deemed it expedient that a further attempt should be made for the accomplishment of a north-west passage by sea from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and having for that purpose fitted out the Erebus, 370 tons, and the Terror, 340 tons, under the command of Sir John Franklin, K.C.H. He was directed by the Admiralty instructions to proceed, with all despatch, to Lancaster Sound, and, passing through it, to push on to the westward, in the latitude of 74½ deg., without loss of time, or stopping to examine any opening to the northward, until he reached the longitude of Cape Walker, which is situated in about 98 deg. west. He was to use every effort to penetrate to the northward and westward of that point, and to pursue as direct a course for Behring's Straits as circumstances might permit. He was cautioned not to attempt to pass by the western extremity of Melvill's Island until he had ascertained that a permanent barrier of ice or other obstacle closed the prescribed route. In the event of his not being able to penetrate to the westward, he was to enter Wellington Sound in his second summer. He was further directed to transmit accounts of his proceedings to the Admiralty, by means of the natives and the Hudson's Bay Company; and, after passing the 65th meridian, to throw overboard, daily, a copper cylinder, containing a paper stating the ship's position. It was also understood that he would cause piles of stones, or signal-posts, to be erected on conspicuous headlands at convenient times. In July, letters were written by Sir John Franklin and his companions, all bearing evidence of their buoyant and hopeful spirit. On the 26th of the same month the Erebus and Terror were seen in latitude 74 deg. 48 min. north, longitude 66 deg. 13 min. west, moored to an iceberg, waiting for a favourable opportunity of crossing to Lancaster Sound. Since then a painful mystery has attached to their proceedings. Have they suddenly been buried in the deep, or do they yet live on some frozen shore? We are unable to give any definite reply. The expe-

ditions for their rescue have been singularly barren of results. With one exception, to which we shall presently refer, not a trace of their remains has been found.

At the close of the autumn of 1847, the Admiralty determined to send out three several searching expeditions—one to Lancaster Sound, another down the Mackenzie River, and the third to Behring's Straits. The object of the first, and most important one, was to follow up the route supposed to have been pursued by Sir John Franklin, and by searching for signal posts to trace him out, and carry the required relief to his exhausted crews. Of this expedition, consisting of the Enterprise and the Investigator, Sir James Clark Ross was the commander. The Behring's Straits expedition was composed of the Herald, Capt. Kellett, and the Plover, Commander Moore. The main object of the searching party under the command of Sir John Richardson, C.B., was to trace the coast between the Mackenzie and the Copper Mine Rivers, and the shores of Victoria and Wollaston Sands, lying opposite to Cape Krusenstern. The latter expedition was altogether in vain; nor were the others more successful. Sir James Ross reached the three islands of Baffin on the 26th of July, and in a month after Possession Bay, where he landed, and found a memorandum left by Sir Edward Parry, in 1819. On the 1st of September, the ships arrived off Cape York, where a conspicuous landmark was erected. Sir James next examined Maxwell Bay, and the north coast of Barrow's Strait, but as the ice prevented his running for the west, the ships were hove into winter quarters at Port Leopold. In the meantime the whole of Prince Regent's Inlet and the Gulf of Bothnia had been examined, and on the 1st of September, 1849, Sir James reluctantly gave the signal to bear up for England. At the same time that Sir James Ross was engaged in the ice on the west side of Baffin's Bay, Mr. James Saunders, in the North Star, was working his way up the east side, with imminent danger to his ship.

In 1849 the Admiralty resolved, on the return of Sir James C. Ross, that a more vigorous search should be made. Accordingly, again the Enterprise and Investigator were despatched to Behring's Straits; the former under the command of Captain Collinson, C.B., and the latter of Commander M'Clure. At the same time preparations for the search on the side of Lancaster Sound were made on a large scale. The Resolute was commissioned by Captain Austen, and the Assistance, Captain Erasmus Ommaney, was put under his orders, together with the Intrepid and Pioneer, steam-tenders to the two vessels. Captain William Penny, an experienced whale fisher, was also engaged for the search, and placed in command of the Lady Franklin and Sophia. In addition to these expeditions, fitted out by the Admiralty, others, furnished from private sources, showed the interest felt in the subject by the public at large. Captain Sir John Ross, notwithstanding his advanced years, sailed in the Felix schooner, and by the munificence of Mr. Henry Grinnell, a New York merchant, the United States sent forth the Advance and the Rescue, under the command of Lieutenant De Haven, U.S.N., and Mr. J. P. Griffin. Lady Franklin also despatched the Prince Albert, under the command of Commander Forsyth, R.N.

And what has been the result of all these costly preparations? We regret to say—almost nothing. On the south side of Beechey Island, and on Cape Riley, traces were discovered, showing that Franklin's ships had wintered in 1845-6 in the inside of the above-named island. Three graves were found of men belonging to the party; and the latest death bears the date of April 3, 1846. Seven hundred empty meat tins were also discovered—a small proportion of the 2,400 canisters with which the ships were supplied. It is probable that the expedition remained there till the end of August, 1846. The absence of all memoranda at the winter station is remarkable, and perfectly unaccountable. Had such memoranda existed, Franklin's career might have existed, and by this time, possibly, he might have been saved.

On November 20, Lieutenant Pim proceeded on his expedition. Russia, as we have already stated, is his first destination. It is known that the Emperor is deeply interested in procuring intelligence of the missing expedition, and has long ago given orders to obtain every information respecting it which could be procured from the natives of the northern coast of Siberia. It may, therefore, be hoped that the more definite mission of our countryman, who is well inured to the life of the Esquimaux, will be so countenanced by the authorities at St. Petersburgh as to enable him to carry out, with the Imperial assistance, a survey of the distant and mountainous lands first descried by the Russian navigator Wrangell, and since seen by Captain Kellett, of her Majesty's ship Herald, beyond which it is supposed that Franklin's ships may have been frozen up. God grant that his search may not be in vain!

At a recent meeting of the Geographical Society, Lieutenant Osborne contended that Sir John had reached far to the north-west up the channel. He was quite positive that Sir John and his crews could not have perished within 200 miles of Wellington Channel, as if they had, the current would inevitably have brought down the traces. As to there being no traces up the coasts of the channel, it should be remembered that the shore was precipitory and difficult of access, and Sir John would naturally pass it as rapidly as possible. As to the other supposition, that the engine had failed, he held that to be impossible; as, if it had broken down, Sir John would have undoubtedly left so heavy an article behind. His opinion was, that there was a great northern water free of ice, which the expedition had reached, and which many reasons conspired to make him think surrounded the pole. How far these conjectures are sound and rational, time alone can tell. It seems not unlikely, however, that Sir John and his companions may yet be frozen up in some northern sea. Had they perished, some traces of them must have been met with before this. We have, therefore, at present no ground for unmitigated despair—still we may cherish a gleam of hope.

Eastern Method of Measuring Time.—The people of the East measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect, then, looking where his shadow terminates, he measures his length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus, the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil says, "How long my shadow is in coming." "Why did you not come sooner?" "Because I waited for my shadow." In the seventh chapter of Job we find it written, "As a servant earnestly desires his shadow."

Origin of the Rothschilds.—The late Baron Rothschild was the son of a Jew at Frankfort, of the name of Joseph; he was in humble circumstances, but very highly thought of for honesty and integrity. At the time the French crossed the Rhine and entered Germany, the Prince of Hesse Cassel came to Frankfort, and asked Joseph to take charge of his money. Joseph did not much like the undertaking, but the prince pressed it so much that at last he consented, and the treasures were given him. When the French entered Frankfort, Joseph buried the prince's money and jewels in a chest, but he did not hide his own, thinking that if they found no money they would be suspicious and search more earnestly; the consequence was he lost all his own money. When affairs became more tranquil, and he could again enter into business, he took some of the prince's money and transacted business with it, as he formerly used to do with his own, thinking it a pity it should lie quite useless. The Prince of Cassel had heard of the French cruelty in plundering poor Joseph Rothschild, and concluded all *his* money and jewels were gone. When he went to Frankfort he called on him, and said, "Well, Joseph, all my money has been taken by the French."—"Not a farthing," said the honest man, "I have it all; I have used a little in my business; I will return it all to you, with interest on what I have used." "No," said the prince, "keep it, I will not take the interest, and I will not take my money from you for twenty years; make use of it for that time, and I will only take 2 per cent. interest for it." The prince told the story to all his friends; Joseph was in consequence employed by most of the German princes, he made an immense fortune, his sons became barons of the German empire; and one of them settled in England.

MISCELLANEA.

STATIONERS.—Books and paper were formerly sold only at stalls, hence the dealers were called stationers. The Company of Stationers of London is of great antiquity, and existed long before printing was invented; yet it was not incorporated until 3 Philip and Mary, 1555. Their old dwelling was in Paternoster-row.

DRUNKARDS.—The phrase "Drunk as a lord," arose out of an older proverb, "Drunk as a beggar;" and we are told it was altered owing to the vice of drunkenness prevailing more among the great of late years. Drunkenness was punished in many of the early nations with exemplary severity. In England, a canon law restrained it in the clergy so early as A.D. 747. Constantine, king of Scots, punished this offence against society with death. He used to say, that a drunkard was but the mimic of a man, and differed from the beast only in shape, A.D. 870. Drunkenness was restrained in the commonalty in England in 975; and by several later laws.

THE ROYAL MOTTO OF ENGLAND.—*Dieu et mon Droit* was the parole of the day given by Richard the First of England to his army at the battle of Gisors, in France. In this battle the French were defeated; and, in remembrance of that victory, Richard made *Dieu et mon Droit* the motto of the royal arms of England, and it has ever since been retained.

INK.—The ancient black inks were composed of soot and ivory-black, and Vitruvius and Pliny mention lamp-black; but they had likewise various colours, as red, gold, silver, and purple. Red ink was made by them of vermillion and various kinds of gum. Indian ink is brought from China, and must have been in use by the people of the east from the earliest ages, most of the artificial Chinese productions being of very great antiquity. It is usually brought to Europe in small quadrangular cakes, and is composed of a fine black and animal glue. *Invisible or Sympathetic Ink* is the name given to fluids, which, when written with, will remain invisible until after a certain operation. Various kinds were known at very early periods. Ovid teaches young women to deceive their guardians by writing to their lovers with new milk, and afterwards making the writing legible with ashes or soot. A receipt for preparing invisible ink was given by Peter Borel, in 1653. Receipts for making it were given by Le Mort, in 1669, and by others.

MYSTERY OF THE AMERICAN LAKES.—Lake Erie is only sixty or seventy feet deep; but the bottom of Lake Ontario, which is 452 feet deep, is 230 feet below the tide-level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and the bottoms of Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior, although their surface is so much higher, are all, from their vast depth, on a level with the bottom of Lake Ontario. Now, as the discharge through the river Detroit, after allowing for the full probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper great lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior to Huron, and from Huron to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is by no means improbable, and will account for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but in no others. As the falls of Niagara must have always existed, it would puzzle the naturalist to say how these fish got into the upper lakes without some such subterranean river; moreover, any periodical obstruction of this river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes.

When one of Lady Jane Grey's attendants begged, at her execution, that she would bequeath some memorial to her, she gave her this last advice, "Live to die."

TOBACCO PIPES.—When the Golden Lion Inn, at Fulham, was pulled down, in April, 1836, a tobacco-pipe of ancient and foreign fashion was found behind the old wainscot. The stem was a crooked shoot of bamboo, through which a hole had been bored, and a brass ornamental termination (of Elizabethan pattern) formed the head of this pipe.

SCAVENGERS OF THE OLDEN TIME.—Wild and shy as hawks are, it will scarcely be credited, that at one time, the common glades or kites were numerous in London streets. In the time of Henry VIII., they were attracted by the offal of the butchers' and poulterers' stalls, and as, on account of their use in removing so offensive a nuisance, they were not allowed to be killed, they became so fearless as actually to mingle with the passengers, and take their prey in the greatest crowds.

PROFESSOR GORINI.—This gentleman, who is professor of natural history at the University of Lodi, made recently, before a circle of private friends, a remarkable experiment illustrative of his theory as to the formation of mountains. He melts some substances, known only to himself, in a vessel, and allows the liquid to cool. At first it presents an even surface; but a portion continues to ooze up from beneath, and gradually elevations are formed, until at length ranges and chains of hills are formed, exactly corresponding in shape with those which are found on the earth. Even to the stratification, the resemblance is complete, and M. Gorini can produce on a small scale the phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes. He contends, therefore, that the inequalities on the face of the globe are the result of certain materials, first reduced by the application of heat to a liquid state, and then allowed gradually to consolidate. In another and more practically useful field of research the learned professor has developed some very important facts. He has succeeded to a most surprising extent in preserving animal matter from decay without resorting to any known process for that purpose. Specimens are shown by him of portions of the human body which, without any alteration in their natural appearance, have been exposed to the action of the atmosphere for six and seven years; and he states that at a trifling cost he can keep meat for any length of time in such a way that it can be eaten quite fresh. The importance of such a discovery, if on practical investigation it is found to answer, will be more readily understood when it is remembered that whole flocks of sheep in Australia are boiled down into tallow, their flesh being otherwise almost valueless, and that in South America vast herds of cattle are annually slaughtered for the sake of their hides alone.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMICUS.—The Government Emigration Commissioners would be likely to aid you in emigrating to Australia. Application for the general requirements and official form, should be made to the secretary, 9, New Park-street, Westminster We believe a guide for Australian settlers has been issued by Messrs. Chambers, and there are many of the same class which would afford you considerable information. Australia is a country in which the sober, honest, and industrious labourer is sure to succeed; the timid, the discontented, the idler, and the drunkard, will succeed nowhere.

T. T.—Writing and drawing papers are those on which the greatest care is bestowed. The principal distinction in these papers is between the *laid* and the *wove* papers: the former exhibiting the lined water-marks, derived from the wire-work of the mould in which they are made; while the latter are perfectly smooth and even, in consequence of the mould in which they are made being constructed of very fine copper wire, woven into a sort of cloth—hence the name. A difference of colour is observable in writing-paper; the yellow is nearly the colour of the rags from which the paper is made, but the blue tint is given by the mixture of smalt (powder-blue) with the pulp. We frequently see in blue-wove writing-paper that one side is bluer than the other; this arises from the smalt sinking to the bottom of the pulp, and dyeing the lower surface deeper than the other. The general terms by which the qualities (independently of the sizes) of writing-papers are known, are *laid*, *yellow-wove*, and *blue-wove;* and they are almost uniformly done up in quires of twenty-four sheets each, twenty of which quires make a ream. The sizes of the sheets of drawing or writing paper go through a range of nearly thirty different sizes, from *pott* paper, of which the sheet is 15½ inches by 12½, to a kind which is called *antiquarian*, of which the size is 52½ inches by 30. The common letter-paper, as sold in the shops, however, is seldom of the size in which the sheets are made. There are about a dozen different kinds of post paper, of which the sheets are made, on an average, about 21 inches by 16; these are cut into two halves and then folded, and the edges cut smooth, in which form they constitute the common *Bath-post* of the stationer. Those writing-papers which are gilt or blacked at the edge, undergo those processes after the folding and cutting have been performed.

HAMMOND.—The sceptre royal, which the sovereign bears in the right hand, is made of gold, and is two feet nine inches in length; it is richly adorned with precious stones, and the top rises into a *fleur-de-lis* of six leaves, three of which are erect and three pendent; out of this flower arises a mound formed of a large amethyst, garnished with precious stones, and upon the mound is a cross *pattée* of jewels, with a large diamond in the midst. The sceptre is a more ancient emblem of royal dignity than the crown itself. Homer makes it the only cognisance of the Grecian kings, and the historian Justin declares that the ancient kings of Rome used no other ensign of royalty. The Greek poets describe the gods as bearing sceptres to indicate their empire, and declare that an oath taken on the sceptre was the most solemn that could be sworn. The queen-consort's sceptre in England is formed like the king's, but it is shorter.

A. P.—Widdin is in Turkey, and obtained its notoriety from its having been the receptacle of Kossuth and other Hungarian refugees. It is situated on the right bank of the Danube, and contains more than 20,000 inhabitants. It is the residence of a pacha, and a landing-place for steamers, many of which are employed in its trade. For its defence it has two castles, the one new and the other old. The latter is by far the largest, and contains many houses, shops, and other buildings, so that it looks rather like a little town.

ROBERT BRYNNE.—The expenses of a patent are still fearfully heavy. A bill for the purpose of lightening them was brought in last session but was deferred, owing to the late period at which it was introduced.

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HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE of the most tremendous catastrophes that have ever befallen the modern world, occurred about this time. Constantinople and a small territory adjoining it, had, like the wing of an ancient and honourable house, survived the fall of the Western Empire, and still preserved in her language, refinement, arts, magnificence, and even in her vices and profligacy, some remains of the ancient glory of the mighty people who

Mahomet II., the son of Amurath II., stormed Constantinople on the 30th of May, 1453. Constantine was the name of the last of its emperors, as well as of its founder, and he proved himself not unworthy of it by fighting on the ramparts and in the breach, from the commencement of the siege until he fell covered with wounds, upon the last fatal day. His kingdom departed with his life. Some few of his subjects rallied round

ALLEGORICAL COURT OF MATHIAS CORVINUS.—(*See page* 166.)

put their feet on the necks of the kings of the earth. Rome had long before succumbed to the strokes of the barbarians. The Greeks, farther removed from the reach of the invaders, continued to drag on a precarious existence, supported and protected by the prestige of an ancient fame, rather than present power. But their hour was now come; the destroyer was at hand; there was no eye to pity, and no hand to save them.

him in defence of their city and their faith, but the great majority were licentious, indolent, and corrupt—more intent upon sensual pleasure and hair-splitting in theology, than their duty to themselves and their neighbours. The Magyar ambassadors who had been sent to mediate between Mahomet and the Greeks, just arrived in time to see the former seat himself upon the throne of his fallen enemy, and divide among his

followers the spoils of the vanquished. "Return to your own country," said he, addressing them, "and tell your King that he must speedily make his choice between war and peace; for as the heaven obeys only one God, the earth must henceforth be subject to one master only."

Ladislaus immediately prepared for war. The Diet voted money, and took all other needful steps; but great as was their zeal, it was scarce sufficient to make them ready for the storm that was now rolling towards the frontiers of Hungary. Hunyadi opened the campaign in spring, and in the first engagement defeated Ferez Bey near Semendria, in Servia, and returning in triumph to Belgrade, he knighted his son Mathias, who, though not more than fourteen, had already signalised himself by his bravery in battle. Girding on him the sword of Andrew Laczkofi, the companion-in-arms of Louis the Great, he dubbed him Knight, in the name of God, of the holy Virgin, and of all the holy Kings of Hungary.

During all this time the efforts of Hunyadi were constantly frustrated by the intrigues of the Palatine Nicholas Gara, a man of no talents, and greatly addicted to tricks of low intrigue, who was entirely devoted to Cilly, the King's uncle. But Ladislaus could not forget that he owed his throne to Hunyadi, and the services which he had rendered to the country were so striking, and so widely acknowledged by the people, that it would have been dangerous to have attempted his removal from the post of Lieutenant-Governor. Perceiving that nothing could be effected by intrigue, the conspirators had recourse to assassination; but Hunyadi escaped the snare. At length, yielding his personal feelings to the interests of his country, he consented to a reconciliation with his enemies, and even to allow his son, Ladislaus, to marry the daughter of the Palatine.

In the meantime, the other nations of Christendom becoming terrified at the progress made by the Turks, seemed at last to be about to afford efficient aid to the Magyars in their arduous and, in many respects, unequal struggle. A crowd of English, French, German, Genoese, and Venetian knights hastened to Hungary to enlist themselves under the banner of the King. Ladislaus himself furnished twenty thousand men; but who amongst so many renowned warriors and heirs of illustrious names was to assume the chief command? Hunyadi offered to bring twenty thousand men into the field at his own expense, in case the allied sovereigns allowed him to lead the united Christian forces, pledging himself, in case they adhered to him faithfully, to fight his way to Jerusalem itself. The unanimous voice of the Diet bestowed upon him the wished-for post; and Ladislaus, returning from Vienna, without hesitation ratified their decision. As if, however, this short interval of attention to imperative duties had disabled the King for further effort, he secretly made his escape from the camp, and returned to Austria. His flight spread a panic through the whole army, and thousands of soldiers immediately deserted. But Hunyadi was not discouraged. Supported by the monk John of Capistrano, he set out to the relief of the fortress of Belgrade, which was defended by his brother-in-law, Szilagi, against a large besieging force of the Ottomans. Collecting all the boats from the rivers for miles around, he rapidly descended the Danube, destroyed the Turkish flotilla, and threw himself into Belgrade, where he was received with shouts of rejoicing. The siege which followed was one of the most remarkable in history, from the unexampled bravery of the defence, and the terrible renown of the assailants. Europe watched the conflict in dread suspense. Hunyadi not only displayed the highest qualities of a general, but fought in the trenches as a common soldier, killing twelve Turks in one day with his own hand. The Sultan, enraged at his repulse, swore by the beard of the Prophet that he would take the town or die. "It is easy to die," said the chief of the Janissaries, "but not to conquer Hunyadi." At last, after repeated failures, having in a single assault lost 30,000 of his best troops, Mahomet raised the siege in despair.

But Hunyadi did not survive to hear the shouts of joy with which the whole kingdom hailed this triumph. The war-worn soldier who had faced death upon fifty battle-fields, to whom the bravest of a brave people had looked to lead them in the deadliest onset, escaped the thousand dangers of hostile swords to die by slow disease upon the bed of sickness. The hardships of the siege brought on fever, and after lingering for some weeks, his iron constitution gave way, and he sank into the grave at the mature age of eighty years. His career is a striking example of how much a man may achieve by the force of his own character, and the strength of an unconquerable will. Most of the great men of the world have received but little from fortune, and left nothing to her that they could themselves achieve by courage and perseverance. "Children of destiny" are, after all, but shadowy phantoms pictured in the day-dreams of indolent enthusiasts. Strength, whether physical or intellectual, is the invariable reward of striving, and those only who have striven faithfully and earnestly, know how noble, and holy, and joyous it is to be strong. Hunyadi was essentially a child of the people. Even if the story of his kingly birth be true, he derived nothing from it of those great features of his character which caused his countrymen to look upon him as a tower of defence against the face of their enemy. To be a graceful courtier he needed but a fine figure, a fair face, and a drop of royal blood, though it flowed through the vilest intrigue that ever sullied woman's fame, or stained the escutcheon of a noble; but to be a gallant warrior, a great statesman, a fine man of spotless honour, he needed a brave heart, and expansive intellect—precious gifts that crowns and coronets can never bestow. He possessed them both, and never man used them better. Without entering into the abstract question whether war is justifiable under any circumstances whatsoever, all will acknowledge that on tented field or in the halls of council, it is the duty of every man to do well what he conceives to be his duty; to consider prudently and honestly, to strike hard, and speak boldly. All this did John Hunyadi. With manners as simple and heart as tender as a child, he was the delight of his immediate friends, whilst his lofty and commanding stature, and lion-like courage, won the affections of the masses. Christendom did not forget to honour its greatest champion. Pope Callixtus III., the head and representative of the visible Church, instituted the feast of the Transfiguration to be a continual memorial of the last defeat of the Mussulmans, and the glory of the departed hero.

When Hunyadi was gone, the intrigues which he had kept in check had free course, and the malevolence which Ladislaus had always entertained towards him was now vented upon his family. Its first manifestation was in the appointment of Count Cilly to the government of the kingdom, and Nicholas Ujlaki to the command of the military forces. The garrison of Belgrade, irritated at what they considered to be an insult to the memory of Hunyadi, swore to be revenged both on Cilly and the King. On the other side, the Count openly declared his intention of repairing to Belgrade for the purpose of "making an end of the dogs of Wallachians," as he called the sons of Hunyadi. Upon his arrival, however, the commandant of the citadel refused to admit the foreign infantry who accompanied him; and although this disappointment in some measure frustrated his schemes, it did not diminish the overbearing insolence of his manner. In his very first interview with Ladislaus Hunyadi, he loaded him with threats and reproaches, and then, drawing his sword, wounded him severely on the head and hands, when the friends of the young soldier, rushing in, cut Cilly to pieces on the spot.

This murder was disapproved of, as a matter of course, by every one. There was nothing to excuse it but the gross provocation, or, perhaps, we should rather say the stern necessity of self-defence. The King swore on the Eucharist that no evil should befal Hunyadi for what he had done; but the Palatine Nicholas Gara, the intimate friend of Count de Cilly, at last succeeded in overcoming his scruples, and the two brothers were arrested and imprisoned in Buda, in March, 1457. Without any investigation, or even the form of a trial, Ladislaus was sentenced to be beheaded in the Square of St. George. In the full persuasion that throughout his short life he had in everything acted for the safety and honour of his native country, and in a manner worthy of the great name he bore, the young man walked to the place of execution with the firm and heroic air of a martyr, wearing the purple robe with which the King had presented him when he adopted him as his brother. When the vast crowd which had assembled to witness his execution saw the son of their hero ascending the scaffold, with his hands tied behind his back, they could not refrain from uttering a loud groan of grief and indignation. His hair having been cut off, he uttered a few words in justification of the act for which he had been condemned, and knelt to receive

the stroke of the executioner. Three times the latter missed his aim, through nervousness, and Ladislaus, rising up, told him, in a calm voice, that it was against the law to repeat the attempt so often. The King, who was present, threatened the functionary with heavy punishment in case he again failed in the performance of his horrid task, and in another moment the head of his victim rolled towards him along the scaffold, as if reproaching him with this great crime. He could no longer remain in Hungary. Wherever he appeared he was followed by a howl of hatred and indignation, and he therefore took his departure directly for Austria, followed by the curses of the people.

The whole kingdom was roused into a ferment. Hatred to Ladislaus, contempt for his government, and sorrow for young Hunyadi, combined to give rise to scenes of perfect anarchy all over the kingdom; and it soon become evident that it was no fleeting ebullition of popular indignation, but deep-rooted discontent, which could only be quieted by the death of its author. This took place shortly afterwards. He was poisoned by the Bohemians, when on his way to celebrate his marriage with Margaret of France, daughter of Charles VII. No sooner was the news spread abroad, than the revolutionary movements ceased, and the most earnest desire was manifested by all, to repair as far as lay in their power the injustice done to the Hunyadi family.

The great objection to an elective monarchy is found in the turbulent intrigues to which it gives rise upon the close of each reign. The right of the people to elect their rulers, viewed in the abstract, does not admit of a doubt; but it may well be questioned, whether it is at all probable that in a vast multitude of men, agitated by the passions of avarice, envy, ambition, and selfishness, the might of the strong, and the wealth of the great, will not, in nearly every case, overcome the calm reason and unbiassed judgment of the thinking and upright minority. The prize is so splendid, that in the struggle to obtain it men too often become deaf to the voice of honour and patriotism, and the precepts of religion. If ever the truth of an observation was well supported by examples drawn from real life, this is, above all. An elective monarchy ruined Poland; and we are greatly mistaken if our readers, before they reach the end of this history, do not arrive at the conclusion that it was the remote cause of the ruin of Hungary also.

At the death of a Hungarian monarch, there was no fixed rule found, either in the constitution or the traditions of the people (often more powerful than any constitution), to guide in the election of his successor. A host of competitors to the throne arose on every side, and each set to work every engine of bribery and corruption within his reach to insure his own election. The quarrels thus raised were often protracted for years, or through the entire space of the succeeding reign, and entailed severe injury upon the commerce and national prosperity of the country.

Upon the death of Ladislaus, three claimants appeared for the Magyar crown—Frederic III., Emperor of Germany, and Uladislaus, son of Casimir, King of Poland, by Elizabeth, the sister of the deceased King. A Diet was convoked at Pesth, in December, 1457, and there Nicholas Gara put forward his claims also, grounding them upon his relationship with the royal family, having married the sister of Count Cilly. But Szilagyi, the commandant of the fortress of Belgrade, determined not to suffer injustice to be done to the widow and surviving sons of John Hunyadi, and therefore marched upon Pesth at the head of forty thousand men, declaring that he entertained the utmost respect for the constitutional rights of the Diet, and would not interfere with the exercise of their right of election; but at the same time stated his firm resolve not to allow the Hungarian sceptre to be grasped by the hand of a foreigner.

The foreign ambassadors next appeared to state the wishes of their sovereigns. Among them Charles VII. of France demanded the crown for one of his sons, or for the man upon whom he should bestow his daughter's hand. But Szilagyi cut short the deliberations by surrounding the place of meeting with an armed force; and whilst every one was expecting him to proclaim himself king, he disappointed all by proclaiming his relative, Mathias Corvinus, the youngest son of the great Hunyadi. A shout of assent from the majority of the Diet, testified their respect for the memory of the hero, and their sorrow for the untimely death of his son, Ladislaus. For a few minutes Gara made desperate efforts to retard their decision, but the shouts of the troops, "Long live King Mathias!" put an end to all hesitation.

Mathias was still a prisoner at Prague, when the news of his election reached him, in the keeping of Podiebrad, who refused to release him until he had received 40,000 golden florins, and extorted from him a promise that he would marry his daughter Catharine. Few men have ever had finer intellectual qualities, united with a more commanding personal appearance, than Mathias Corvinus; and when we take into account the greatness of the name which he inherited from his father, we may readily believe that few monarchs have ever ascended the throne under more favourable auspices. Passing over his able and upright suppression of the intrigues which disturbed the commencement of his reign, we find his administration of the internal affairs of his kingdom marked by an ability and broadness of view that were wonderful in so young a man, and procured for him from his people the title of Mathias the Just. His foreign policy, however, was not so well considered, nor based on so solid a foundation. It seemed to be dictated rather by a thirst after renown as a warrior, than by that wise subservience of personal views to the true honour and interests of the kingdom which distinguished the reign of Louis the Great, and gave Hungary so great an amount of influence in the politics of every European state. Having calmed the internal discord in which his accession found the kingdom, he sternly refused the offer of an alliance made him by Mahomet II., and defeated the Turks in many brilliant engagements, and reduced all the dependent provinces, such as Servia and Bosnia, to complete subjection. These successes were, however, in some measure counterbalanced by the loss of the brave Szliagyi, to whom Mathias owed his throne. Having been taken prisoner by the enemy, he was remorselessly put to death. The coasts of the Adriatic, most valuable to the Magyar empire as affording it an extensive sea-line, did not appear to possess its true value in the eyes of Mathias; for when reminded that this territory had formerly belonged to Hungary in the time of Louis the Great, and had been lost since his death, and that there was now a favourable opportunity of recovering it, he coldly replied, that he could not now offend the Venetians, as he hoped to form an alliance with them and the Pope against the Ottomans.

The Emperor Frederic III. of Germany, who by the death of Ladislaus had become sole master of all the Austrian possessions, by his wrongheadedness, obstinacy, and incapacity, was continually involving himself and his dominions in misfortunes. But all did not prevent him from proclaiming himself King of Hungary, either through an idle boast, or from a false estimate of his own strength. He grounded his claim upon his having possession of the Hungarian crown, which, as has been already stated, was deposited in his hands as a security for a loan of money by the mother of the late King.

Mathias had just returned from a successful expedition against the Turks when he received the news of Frederic's insolent assumption. He marched against him instantly, defeated him, and was already under the walls of Vienna, when the Emperor sued for peace. It was granted, but only on condition that he should forthwith deliver up the crown; but Mathias was generous enough to pay him in return for it 60,000 gold florins, being about the sum which had been advanced upon it. The King then led back his army against the Turks, and, uniting his forces with those of Venice, he took the town of Jaicza, in Bosnia, by assault. The whole of the conquered districts were placed under the government of Emeric, Duke de Szapolyi.

The satisfaction inspired by these successes was in some measure marred by the death of Catharine, the Queen, without leaving any children. All the sovereigns of Europe hastened to express their sympathy with the King's bereavement. Embassies were sent, laden with splendid presents, and bearing letters filled with expressions of condolement. Louis XI. of France distinguished himself above all others by the courtliness of his message, and the splendour of his presents. The short interval of peace which ensued was employed by Mathias in Transylvania, Moldavia, and Wallachia, all of which he reduced to subjection.

We have now to refer to an episode in the life of this great

King, which must meet with an unqualified condemnation. We doubt much whether even the notions of the age in which he lived, the influence of education and early prejudices, can extenuate a crime so repugnant to the dictates of Christianity. He now undertook a war, which could in no way advance the interests of Hungary, and which, in point of morality, could not defend its shameless cruelty and injustice, even by the poor plea of necessity. He was urged by the Pope to set out on a crusade against the Hussites, then the advanced guard of the Continental Reformation, and to stifle the voice of opinion, and the freedom of religious worship, by the weapons which modern Rome has ever used so adroitly—the sword and the faggot. He undertook the task the more readily, because Podiebrad, the King of Bohemia, seemed disposed to take them under his protection. At the Diet of Agria, held in 1464, this war of extermination was formally declared, and Mathias took the field in person at the head of the Hungarian army, surrounded by the generals, who had received their military training in the late conflicts with the Turks. There was Emeric Szapolyai, an able and experienced officer, never at loss for an expedient in the midst of the most unpromising circumstances, always cool and collected. There was Blaise Magyar, a man of tremendous bodily strength and physical courage—no bad qualifications when gunpowder was in its infancy; there was Paul Kinisi, the Murat of the Magyar army—fiery, brilliant, ostentatious, galloping to the charge with flashing sabre and in splendid costume, with kindling eye and brow of pleasure, like a lover to meet his bride. Like Murat, too, he had been raised for his valour from the ranks, looked upon the camp as his home, and death upon the battle-field as the necessary and only fitting exit from the turmoil of the world.

Wherever such men led, success was sure to follow. The Catholics of Bohemia flew to arms to aid them, and the Hussites were everywhere compelled to give way before the terrible attacks of the "black legions," as the Hungarian troops were called. As in all religious wars, the most terrible atrocities were committed upon both sides; and the Serbes, who followed the Magyars as auxiliaries, inflicted horrible devastation upon the districts through which they passed. In a few weeks, Moravia, Silesia, and Lusatia were all conquered, and, although Podiebrad still retained part of Bohemia, Mathias caused himself to be crowned King of the remainder, at Olmutz, the capital of the first of the above provinces.

DEATH OF LOUIS II.—(*See page* 167.)

THE HUNGARIAN CROWN.—(*See page* 163.)

In the meantime the Sultan had been recruiting his strength, and again commenced the war by laying seige to Negropont, which he stormed. The Venetians, in consternation, appealed to the Magyars for succour, but Mathias refused to interfere, unless they gave him up possession of Dalmatia. He now began to perceive his error in neglecting to promote the growth of a maritime power, and to regret that, in expending his energies and strength in useless war against the Hussites, he had given breathing time to a far more formidable enemy.

Having quelled some internal tumults he now turned his attention in right earnest to the expulsion of the Turks. By their erecting a strong fortress at Szabacs, upon the confines of Sclavonia and Croatia, the whole country was laid open to them. It was absolutely necessary that this should be taken at all hazards. Mathias headed the besiegers in person, and the place was stormed after a desperate defence. This success

was in a great measure owing to the personal valour of the King. Before the assault, he went alone in a boat on the river disguised as a fisherman, and reconnoitred the place. A ball struck the boat, and extinguished the light, but he continued his observations, without the least sign of perturbation. He was the first to mount the breach, and animated his followers by his daring courage. The Turks were finally driven back to their own frontiers, and Mathias returned in triumph to Hungary, and celebrated his victory by his marriage with Beatrice of Naples, a woman devoured by pride and ambition.

He then raised a dispute with Venice, as an excuse for wresting Dalmatia from her; but no sooner had he set out, than the news arrived that the terrible Ali Bey was on the march towards the Hungarian frontiers with a large army. Mathias appealed to the nation to support him, and men of all ranks took up arms with the most fervid enthusiasm. Upon the plains of Kenyermezö, in Transylvania, then took place the most tremendous conflict recorded in the annals of Hungary. In the heat of the battle Bathori received six wounds, and fell under the hoofs of the horses. Paul Kinisi rushed forward, with a sword in each hand, and his armour broken, overthrowing every one who stood in his way, for the purpose of saving him. Making his way through the *melée*, he raised his fallen friend, and carried him out of danger. This exploit inspired the Hungarians with so much enthusiasm, that they precipitated themselves upon the Turks

EXECUTION OF HUNYADI.—(*See page* 162.)

TORTURE OF DOZSA.—(*See page* 167.)

with such fury that they took to flight in a few minutes, their tents, baggage, and money-chest falling into the hands of the victors. In the midst of the rejoicings consequent upon this triumph, Kinisi was seen holding the body of a dead Turk between his teeth, and two others in his arms, and thus executing the Hungarian national dance.

Strengthened by this success, Mathias was enabled to detach the famous black hussars to the assistance of his father-in-law, the King of Naples, who was threatened by the Mohammedans with another invasion. There was now a favourable opportunity for striking a heavy blow at the Turks, as two brothers were disputing the possession of the throne of the Sultans. But, far from receiving any co-operation from the other sovereigns of Europe, Frederick of Austria invaded Hungary, and obliged Mathias to relinquish his designs against the Ottomans, and turn his attention to the defence of his own kingdom. An army was despatched against Vienna, under the command of Zelenyi and Szapolyai, which surrendered, after a short siege, in June, 1487.

Mathias continued to reside in Vienna for a considerable length of time, to the great regret of the Hungarians. He there concluded a treaty for the marriage of his natural son, John, with Blanche, of Milan, as he had no children by either of his wives. He soon after lost his old friend and companion, Emeric Szapolyai, and after his death

he himself began visibly to decline. In the presentiment that his end was approaching, he bestowed the government of Vienna upon Stephen Szapolyai, who possessed but little claim to his confidence, and set out, in 1489, to meet the Diet at Buda, where his son John was declared heir presumptive to the throne. He then took his departure, with the intention of returning to Vienna, in order to become reconciled with the Emperor Frederic, but on his way was carried off by an attack of apoplexy.

In addition to his fame as a military leader, Mathias was renowned and admired for his patronage of literature and the fine arts, and was followed to the grave by the regrets, not of his own subjects only, but of the whole of Europe. His remains were transported with great pomp to the vault in the church of the Royal Alba, and an epitaph, of which he himself was the author, was placed over the tomb.

"Mathias, jaceo rex, hâc sub mole sepultus,
Testatur vîres, Austria victa meus.
Terror eram mundo; metuit me Cæsar uterque;
Mors poetuit tantum sola nocere mihi."*

His reign was distinguished by brilliant victories, without any great conquests or great results; and by the impulse given by his tastes and those of the gay court which surrounded him to the arts and sciences, and the pursuit of whatever was luxurious or magnificent. Everything was sacrificed to splendour of dress, equipage, and furniture. The palace of Corvinus at Buda, of which the foundations had been laid by Sigismond, was radiant with ornaments of gold and silver; and the Bishop of Castella, the Pope's legate, stated that fifty carriages could not contain the royal plate, all of massive gold, and set with precious stones. The outward pomp displayed at *fetes* and ceremonies corresponded to the internal magnificence of the houses. When John Pruis was sent as an ambassador to France, he took with him three hundred horses of the same size and colour, ridden by young men belonging to the first families in Hungary, clothed in scarlet and sparkling with diamonds. "See what a display these nobles make," exclaimed Pessler, "just before the dissolution of their empire!" It seemed as if Mathias foresaw that he would be the last great King of Hungary, and determined that her sun should at least set in glory. It would be in vain to attempt, within the limits of our space, to give any accurate idea of the gorgeous splendour of the royal palace at Buda. Some of the first masters of Italy superintended its erection, or were employed upon the paintings that adorned its walls. It was there the King loved to retire from the fatigues of war or business, to revel amongst the creations of art, or hang over the classic remains of the authors of antiquity. Having a passionate veneration for the works of the ancient Greeks and Romans, he never grew weary of reading them, and surrounded himself with statues modelled after their best sculptures; and at the great court festivals his guests found themselves surrounded by figures illustrating by their costume the mythology, customs, and traditions of the two great nations whose mutilated remains still excite the admiration and astonishment of mankind. (See engraving.)

But Mathias was not only a patron of scholars, but a scholar himself. Unlike many of the grandees of our own day, who imagine that their conventional rank can confer honour upon letters, he felt that the pursuits of literature would reflect lustre upon himself. Besides his native tongue, he spoke Latin, French, German, and Italian, with ease and fluency, and was familiar with the writings of Virgil, Cicero, Horace, Lucon, Pliny, Livy, and Sallust. He carried on correspondence with the greatest men of his day. He was the intimate friend of Bandini, of Ficini, and of Lorenzo de Medici. In laying the foundation of the great library of Buda, he left a striking monument of his wisdom and greatness. It contained the richest collection of oriental works that could then be found in the known world. Thirty copyists, of great skill in penmanship, were constantly travelling from one part of Europe to another for the collection or transcription of the rarest and most valuable books to enrich the King's collection. He founded an additional university, and by his command the first printing-press was erected in Hungary for the diffusion of literature amongst the people generally.

A crowd of competitors appeared to claim the crown upon the death of Mathias, and notwithstanding the promises previously made to John Corvinus, it was offered to Uladislaus II., King of Bohemia, the son of Casimir of Poland, and a Hungarian princess, the daughter of Albert. The most active promoter of his election was the same Stephen Szapolyai, whom Mathias had loaded with favours. The jealousy and ambition of this man in some measure paved the way for the downfal of the empire. John Corvinus, moved by pure patriotism, sacrificed his personal feelings and undoubted political rights, and submitted quietly to the new monarch, who made him Ban of Croatia, Sclavonia, and Dalmatia. Maximilian, son of Frederic III., now laid claim to the Archduchy of Austria, and Stephen Szapolyai, anxious to renew his intrigues nearer home, delivered up possession of Vienna to him and returned to Hungary.

Upon the expiration of the last truce with the Turks, both parties again took the field; but in this campaign the Hungarians, torn by intestine divisions, and headed by an indolent and bigoted prince, sustained several severe reverses. By a series of misfortunes, into the particulars of which our space will not permit us to enter, the great empire of Louis the Great gradually fell to pieces, until there remained only Hungary Proper and a nominal possession of Moldavia and Wallachia, which were in reality occupied by the Turks. A revolution in Turkey about this time deposed Bajazet; and Selim, his successor, being beaten by Hungarians, was about to agree to a truce for three years, when Thomas Bakocz, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Strigonia, arrived in Hungary, bringing a bull from the Pope, calling upon the Hungarians to enter upon a crusade against the Ottomans. Some have ascribed this act of the Cardinal to an overflowing zeal for the honour of the Church and the spread of the Christian faith; while others have alleged, and with greater appearance of truth, that it was owing rather to a desire to be revenged upon the *noblesse* for the frequent insults he had received from them on account of his low birth, as well as to the great influence which the successful issue of the enterprise would throw into his hands, particularly as he was already casting his eyes upon the triple crown.

At the call of the legate the peasants flew to arms, but this time it was not to march against the Turks. They declared that they had been ruined by the tyranny and exactions of the aristocracy, and that, as the nobles were more dangerous than the infidels, upon them would they wreak their vengeance. They chose for their motto "God and Liberty," and assembling in immense crowds from every side, swore to exterminate their ancient masters. This revolt was the war of the peasant against his seigneur—of hunger against exacting riches. These men of labour and misery, whose life was a bitter cup of sorrow and trial, were the brothers in misfortune of the followers of William Longbeard, of Jack Cade, and Wat Tyler. Burdened with taxes, incapable of possessing hereditary property, daily exposed to the incursions of the enemy, and the no less terrible exactions of their own landlords, they at length lost patience.

The King was feeble, inert, and cowardly, and had no resources within himself for any emergency. The nobles seemed to have lost their ancient military prowess, and fled in terror to take refuge in the walled towns. There was no union, no organisation, no foresight. Everything seemed to promise an easy victory to the peasantry. Bakocz appeared to be the only one who had resolution enough to face the crisis, and put himself at the head of the *noblesse*.

George Dozsa, a Siculan peasant, a straightforward, blunt, and sincere man, and full of courage, had been named by the Cardinal commander-in-chief of the crusading forces, or, as it now appeared, of the insurgents; but a priest named Lorenzo, or Lawrence, was the soul of the insurrectionary movement. Though devoted to the interests of the people, he sought by his eloquence to induce the nobles to listen to their demands, and at least endeavour to come to an amicable understanding before proceeding to open force.

His efforts were unsuccessful; and, in a sanguinary engagement which soon afterwards took place, the peasants, though the artillery made lanes in their ranks, were victorious. The

* "Here I. King Mathias, lie, buried beneath this tomb. Conquered Austria attests my strength. I was the terror of the world; the two Cæsars feared me, and Death alone could subdue me."

aristocracy perceived that its existence was at stake, and strained every nerve in preparations to continue the war. The insurgents on their side called in the aid of the waywode of Transylvania, John Syapolyai, who at once granted it; but in a second battle, near the town of Temesvar, the steady discipline of the nobles triumphed over the rude and untrained valour of the rebels, who were totally defeated. Dozsa was taken alive by the victors, and in that awful hour, when all hope of human mercy or relief was gone for ever, he showed that he had a soul worthy of a higher station and a better fate. There was no pity for the base-born serf who had dared to rise up in arms against his lords. "To-morrow," said they, taunting him, "your majesty shall be crowned, but it will be with an iron crown, made by the blacksmith; your sceptre will weigh five pounds; your throne, too, will be large, and you shall recline upon it at your ease. You will then have need of a stout heart." Dozsa's face blanched for a moment, and his hair stood erect upon his head, as he heard of the frightful punishment that awaited him; but, recovering himself quickly, he exclaimed—addressing the crowd whom he saw shuddering at his approaching doom—"Come back to-morrow, you miserable slaves, and see if I shrink in the midst of my sufferings! If a single groan escapes my lips, may my name be covered with eternal infamy!"

On the following day he was placed almost naked on a burning throne, and his head was encircled by a crown of red-hot iron; and thus he died, after enduring all with a stoical firmness that called forth the admiration even of his enemies.

Uladislaus II. soon after died, and was succeeded by his son, Louis II., who, while still very young, ascended the thrones both of Hungary and Bohemia. The cunning emperor, Maximilian I., of the House of Austria, had affianced Mary, his grand-daughter, to Louis when the latter was only six years old, and at the same time demanded the hand of Anne, the sister of Louis, in marriage for his grandson, Francis I., thus rendering the accession of the House of Hapsburgh to the Hungarian throne doubly certain.

In the meantime the intestine divisions of the nobles, the poverty and discontents of the peasantry, were fast weakening Hungary, and in the midst of all Paul Tomori, the right-arm of Louis, and one of the ablest soldiers in the kingdom, disgusted by the corruption and disorders which he saw around him, entered a convent, and Soliman I., surnamed *The Magnificent*, the terror of Christendom, ascended the throne of the Ottomans. Whilst the Turks prepared for war with diligence, the feeble and unfortunate King of Hungary, whom disease had rendered old at eighteen, vainly implored assistance from the other European princes. He obtained nothing but barren assurances of sympathy. Verboczi alone, a man of great courage and ability, but too ambitious, came to his aid with a small body of troops. The Pope, who was now more than ever alarmed for the safety of the Catholic faith, in consequence of the progress Luther was making in Germany, sent him his blessing, and promised that he should have the prayers of the Church for his success.

Belgrade, which had previously defied the assaults of two Turkish armies, led on by the bravest Sultans, was taken by Solimian in 1521, after a sanguinary struggle, and that fortress, the key of the Danube and the bulwark of Hungary, now became the head-quarters of the Moslem.

What was now to be done? The useless discussions of thirty Diets, held since the death of Mathias, had only widened the breach between the people and the aristocracy, and the *noblesse* and the crown. The regular army, so large and well disciplined in the time of Mathias, was now only a shadow of its former self. Indolent and corrupt, the prelates and magnates did not wish to march against the enemies of their country and their religion, but provided mercenary substitutes, so that the weight of the whole contest fell upon the peasantry and the petty *noblesse*. Louis wrote to Francis I. of France, and Henry VIII. of England. The latter sent him a large sum of money; the former sent nothing.

In the meantime it became evident that a great battle must shortly take place, which would decide the fate of Hungary, and it might be of Europe itself. Soliman II. crossed the frontier at the head of 100,000 men, and Louis marched in person to meet him, as several of the nobles refused to take the field unless under the royal banner. Orders were given to Szapolyai to attack the rear of the Turkish army conjointly with the Wallachians. The two armies met near the village of Mohacs, upon the Danube. Louis with difficulty could find generals to command his army. Paul Tomori was at last induced to quit his solitude, and take the lead. Broderics, the Chancellor of the kingdom, urged upon him the propriety of awaiting the arrival of the Transylvanian army, and that of Christopher Frangepan, who was advancing with 5,000 Croats. But the impetuosity of the nobles could brook no delay, and they shouted out to Tomori to begin the onset immediately. "Then, sire," said Perenyi, the Bishop of Great Varadin, turning to the King, "twenty-six thousand Hungarians" (the Magyar army consisted of that number only) "will fall martyrs in the cause of religion under the conduct of our dear brother Paul Tomori. There remains only one thing more to be desired—that the Chancellor Broderics, who is known at Rome, should survive the carnage, that he may plead for their canonisation as saints before the Pope and the cardinals."

The two armies, after skirmishing and reconnoitring for three days, began the engagement in several detachments. At that moment a forest of lances were seen glancing in the sun upon the crest of an adjacent hill. Gaspard Racksa set out to observe their movements. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and the Turks seemed still resolved to remain in the camp, but it was only a feint to induce the Hungarians to leave the advantageous position. Paul Tomori at last gave the signal of battle, on the 29th of August, 1526. The army advanced to the attack with loud shouts and beating of drums, and overthrew the first body of Turks they encountered with so much impetuosity, that Andrew Bathori conveyed to the King the assurance of a speedy victory. Their ardour was now redoubled, and they hotly pursued the fugitives, but soon found that they had as yet only defeated an advanced guard, which served to hide the main body of the Turkish army, which stood firm, awaiting the attack. Soliman was in the centre, and had confided the command of his forces to old experienced generals, while 300 pieces of artillery vomited forth destruction upon the confused masses of the Hungarian army. In a few minutes the right wing was swept away, confusion spread on every side, and they were soon flying over the plain in woeful confusion. Broderics, who was fighting by the side of the King, stated that at that moment he disappeared from his sight; but whether he had fallen by the hands of the enemy, or had been dragged away by his guards, fearing for his safety, he could not say. The left wing still continued the combat, with the heroism of despair, charging up within ten feet of the batteries, and vainly attempting to storm them. After several brave but vain efforts, they were driven back into a marsh, in which the greater number were engulphed. A few escaped, but so astonished were the Moslems at their desperate valour, that they did not attempt to pursue them. Paul Tomori did not survive his defeat, and with him seven bishops, twenty-eight of the higher nobility, and twenty-two thousand men, lay dead upon the field.

It was long before the body of the King could be recovered. It was at last found, with that of his horse, buried in a swamp, and shockingly mutilated.

The Turks overran the whole country, more as brigands than as conquerors, pillaging, burning the towns, and putting to death those of the inhabitants they did not wish to carry away as slaves. To such a horrible pitch did they carry their cruelties, that mothers were known to bury their children alive, lest they should fall into the hands of the soldiery, or their cries betray their hiding-place. "The infants," says the Hungarian writer, Jaszai, "put their little hands together, and promised not to cry, and the wretched mothers, lost in misery and despair, besought God to have mercy upon them, and forgive them the unnatural but necessary crime. Buda was taken and plundered, and the splendid library of Mathias Corvinus committed to the flames; the bronze statues, of marvellous workmanship, were carried to Constantinople and cast into cannon; and the entire country presented nothing of beauty or value to the eye, but all was a howling wilderness."

The small number of inhabitants who escaped owed their safety to flight. Others submitted to be carried into slavery, or perished in a desperate and courageous struggle, like Mi-

chael Dobozi, a country gentleman, who is still celebrated in the popular ballads. When the Turks entered the district in which he lived, he mounted his horse and rode away, carrying his wife before him on the croup. At length he found himself surrounded on every side, and that escape was impossible. "Surrender your arms," said his wife; "you may one day escape from slavery, and avenge your country; but as for me, I could only find dishonour and infamy amongst the infidels. Dear Dobozi, if you love me, do me a last favour. Get down from your horse, and run me through the body with your sword." The husband shuddered, hesitated, and endeavoured to encourage her by the hope of escape. The Mussulmans were in the meantime approaching, and then the heroine dismounted, and exclaimed—"Do you wish me to perish by your hand, or that of the barbarians?" Her husband immediately drew his sword, and stabbed her to the heart, and then, madly rushing upon the Turks, fell, covered with wounds.

More than two hundred thousand men were slain or led into captivity. The victors did not retire until they had destroyed all means of subsistence, so that famine well nigh completed the work of destruction.

The battle of Mohacs was even more disastrous to Hungary than Flodden Field to Scotland. It decided her fate. She had been for a long time envied by Austria, and considered a legitimate prey by some of her own nobles. To the former she fell a victim. That terrible disaster is to this day an object of general mourning amongst the Magyars. On each recurrence of its anniversary the whole nation prays for the repose of the souls of the gallant and true-hearted men who fought so well and died so bravely. Like the Welsh air of "Rhuddlan-Marsh," a piece of Hungarian music has been consecrated to the memory of the great misfortune, and, wedded to harmonious Magyar poetry, sounds like the sighing of the night-wind through the withered branches of an ancient tree.

Here end the bright pages of Hungarian history. Henceforth the record is one of decline and disaster, but filled with many a fair deed of good promise. The dynasty of Arpad expired, after reigning for four centuries, and having given twenty-three princes to Hungary, two of whom were canonised—six were men of great merit—six legislators—some few feeble and inconsistent—not one a tyrant, in the worst sense of the word, and all good warriors. The princes of the other houses were forty in number, and reigned for two centuries. Under the latter the people exercised their right of election with more of vigour than under the House of Arpad. Hungary never flourished so much as in the time of Charles Robert and Louis the Great, and Mathias Corvinus, who proved themselves in everything worthy of the choice of the nation. But it was not the mass of the population which enjoyed the rights of the constitution, but a proud and ambitious caste, who too often neglected their duties to follow their inclinations. Louis the Great laid the foundation of a system which might in time have been developed into another constitution like the British; but those who came after him had neither the wisdom nor the ability to follow up his work. During considerable intervals the kingdom was left in the hands of ambitious regents, who governed in the name of absent kings. There was a continual conflict going on between the magnates, the crown, and the inferior nobility, and at last the first of these succeeded in obtaining the division of the legislature into two chambers—*status* and *ordines*. The former comprehended the prelates and the magnates, who sat in the upper chamber; the latter the *noblesse* of the counties and the delegates of the towns,

PRESBOURG, ON THE DANUBE.—(*See page* 153.)

to which Sigismond, as a counterpoise to the aristocratic principle in the legislature, gave the right of representation.

Mathias the Just gave great proofs of legislative capacity in the reforms which he introduced into the internal administration of the kingdom. Besides the tribunals which sat every three months, he instituted others for the summary punishment of offenders in cases requiring despatch, even when the persons concerned were nobles, who claimed the right of being tried by the King alone. He appointed a judge to represent the King, whose court answered very much to our Court of Queen's Bench. He rigorously enforced the laws against the great lords, who were often in the habit of seizing upon the property of others, and, while a tedious and intricate process was being carried on for its recovery, enjoyed the fruits of their wrongfully-acquired possessions in peace and quietness.

The dependent provinces were governed by bans or waywodes, and enjoyed under the protection of the Magyars the same privileges as the dominant race, and were allowed to preserve their municipal institutions. In a future number we shall present our readers with a sketch of the position of the Croats, Sclavonians, Serbes, and Germans,

HUNGARIAN IN FULL COSTUME.

at that epoch, and of their manners and customs. We can say but little of the Wallachians and Moldavians, as they were in a state of constant turbulence, invaded now by one nation and now by another.

We have arrived at a new era. The age of triumph and glory has passed away, and we are now fallen upon evil days, when Hungary, "like a bastinadoed elephant, is kneeling to receive her paltry rider." Before commencing the history of the Hapsburgh or Austrian domination in Hungary, we cannot do better than quote the words in which the great Montesquieu characterises her policy, as it appeared in his own day. "We see," says he, "Austria oppress the Hungarian nobility without intermission. She is ignorant of what it will one day cost her. She seeks gold where there is none, and does not perceive the men that are everywhere. A crowd of princes divide her states between them—all the parts of her monarchy act without harmony or co-operation, and fall, so to speak, one upon the other." Previous to the battle of Mohacs the Hungarians had often been beaten, but never before had the enemy taken root in the country. Under the Hapsburgh dynasty—so prodigal of promises, so deficient in performance—the Sultan possessed more power in Hungary than her rightful king. In the midst of the various revolutions which have taken place upon the banks of the Danube, the Magyar people has never been blinded to the evils of foreign rule—has never failed to see that it can give nothing in return for the enormous sacrifices which it requires. But now the right of election ceases to be acknowledged; hereditary right and the law of force meet us everywhere. The king of Hungary is no longer a national king. He has other states and other interests to attend to. He is besides able, by the aid of a foreign nation, and the bayonets of a foreign soldiery, to act without the consent of the Diet, which is obliged to employ all its energies in defending itself against his encroachments, to the neglect of the internal affairs of the country.

THE FOUR LACE DEALERS.

M. Brissot, my employer, was an extensive lace merchant of Lyons. His establishment was the largest of its kind in France. His correspondents were scattered all over the Continent, but his principal agents were at Paris, which was at that time in a state of agitation and terror, consequent upon that daring act of the Convention—the decapitation, by the axe of the guillotine, of "the Austrian woman," that is to say, Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France.

M. Brissot was in a state of feverish excitement. His large establishment presented the melancholy picture of a host of workmen and machinery, and an empty treasury. Worse than this, notes were rapidly falling due, and unless he received remittances from his Paris agents, who were very heavily in his debt, there was nothing to save him from that ultimatum whose bare name is so appalling to the ear and mind of all honest tradesmen—bankruptcy.

In this condition of his affairs, M. Brissot came and said:

"Francois, you are my confidential clerk, and consequently, understand my position without my telling it to you."

"Yes, Monsieur."

"It is in your power, Francois, my friend, to save me. Will you do it?"

"How could you ask such a question, Monsieur, when you know I am devoted to you? Explain to me how I can assist you, or take you out of this extremity, and you may rely upon me."

"I understand you, my good Francois. You keep the books, and consequently understand the delicacy of my position; you know that I have a large number of heavy bills to pay within the next thirty days, and that to pay them I have scarcely a franc on hand or in expectation; you know that my Paris correspondents, who are deeply in my debt, and whom I have drawn on repeatedly without receiving any replies, are silent; you know that all my hopes, all my credit, all my reliance, hang on my Paris agents, and that unless I hear from them speedily, I am ruined, swallowed up, lost!"

"Yes, Monsieur, I know all that."

"And therefore—"

"And therefore, Monsieur," said I, seeing that he paused, "if you will permit me, I will at once to Paris, see those men, obtain what I can from them, then return with the money, and deliver it to you."

"This is what I wished, but had not the heart to ask of you, for it is at the risk of life to enter Paris now. The capital is mad with blood; terror reigns everywhere, and Robespierre, that demon of destruction, never raises his finger but to point to the guillotine, and never moves his lips but to pronounce a sentence—and that sentence is death."

"I know all that, Monsieur."

"The gates of Paris are guarded by soldiers, and the walls are environed by his spies. To enter the gates is comparatively easy—to emerge from them, impossible."

"I know it, Monsieur."

"The city is filled with people, one half of whom look on the other half with distrust: for every man is either an accuser or a victim."

"'Tis true, Monsieur."

"If you enter Paris, spies will hang upon your footsteps—spies who, should you enrage them, would at once denounce you, and never take their eyes from off you, till they had seen your head upon the block and the axe upon your neck."

"I know it, Monsieur; and yet to save you—you, who have ever been to me a benefactor and a father, I will incur this peril, which in my eyes is not greater than the danger of your bankruptcy, your ruin."

M. Brissot's eyes were humid; his whole frame trembled with agitation. He threw his arms around me.

"I have an only child," he exclaimed, "my daughter, my Pauline. I know that your heart has long worshipped her in secret. Return from Paris, and whether you succeed or fail, she is yours!"

I could only return the pressure of his hand.

Two hours afterwards a passport was in my hand, and myself on the road to Paris.

In two days I was in the metropolis. I showed my passport to an officer at the gate, and was at once admitted.

Paris presented a frightful picture. Everybody was in the streets, which presented the appearance of a gala day. Men and women mingled indiscriminately together in crowds, dressed in the most fantastic costumes. Here was a group, chanting a hymn of rejoicing at the news of a victory by the army; there a crowd, listening to an orator who was trumpeting the virtues of Robespierre, "the incorruptible," and denouncing the baseness of his enemies; at another point was a concourse, following a cart which was conveying a number of victims to the Place de Revolution, where stood the scaffold, the drop, and the axe—the guillotine; look where you would, a noisy, heterogeneous mass met your eye, wild with excitement, and reeking with blasphemy and meaningless joy.

I opened a private memorandum-book that I had brought with me, and found the following:

M. Rosignol, rue Vivienne,	22,000f.
M. Berthier, rue de l'Etang,	35,000
M. Tonnerre, rue St. Denis,	90,000
M. Malhouet, rue Richelieu,	28,000
	175,000

So that my first business was to call on M. Rosignol, who was indebted to my employer in the sum of 22,000 francs.

I proceeded to the rue Vivienne, and after some difficulty—for I was a stranger to the city—discovered the establishment of the lace dealer. But the windows were closed, the doors locked, and the store apparently abandoned. I was alarmed, for if M. Rosignol were lost, or dead—if he left not effects sufficient to pay my employer's claim, there was nothing to save M. Brissot from bankruptcy; for it required every centime of the above one hundred and seventy-five thousand francs to enable him to meet his obligations.

I at once knocked at a side-door leading to the upper stories. A porter presented himself.

"Monsieur," said I to him, "why is the establishment of M. Rosignol, the lace dealer, closed?"

The man looked at me in surprise.

"Monsieur is a stranger in Paris?" he said, slowly, but in tone of respect.

"You have guessed correctly."

"Ah! Then you had better apply to the Prefect of Police."

"M. Rosignol has been arrested, then?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"For what?"

"Monsieur had better ask that question of the Prefect."

I was more and more alarmed.

"Another word," I said, seeing that the porter was about to retire.

"With pleasure, Monsieur."

"When was M. Rosignol arrested?"

"Two days ago."

A passer-by pointed out to me the direction of the Prefectof Police.

While passing down the rue Vivienne, I noticed a gentleman a short distance ahead, whose slight, noiseless step, and quiet, thoughtful appearance, could not fail to command attention. His figure was small, his face, pale almost to lividness, his features sharp, and his keen, restless eyes, of a deep, glittering blue. He was dressed in a dark suit, and wore a round hat with a broad rim, which was thrown so far back on his head that it exposed a small forehead projecting with great force over his temples. The expression of his face was that of a man worn out by vigils and meditations. A sinistrous line about his small, bloodless lips warned the spectator that he was in the presence of a man of great intellectual power.

While examining this strange face, the sudden and quick trampling of hoofs on the pavement caused me to look around, and I beheld a horse, who had evidently thrown his rider, dashing wildly down the street, and to my great horror, making direct toward the personage I have just described.

"Monsieur," I cried, "look out—you will be killed!"

The stranger raised his thoughtful eyes, and, evidently still under the influence of his reverie, fixed them half confusedly upon me.

Seeing that he was not aware of his danger, I sprang forward, seized him around the waist, and at one bound was in the middle of the highway.

The horse at almost the same moment dashed, in his wild flight, right over the spot, and speeding down the street, was out of sight in an instant.

A moment later, and the stranger would have been knocked down, crushed, and in all probability slain, by the affrighted animal.

The shock I had given him recalled the gentleman to self-possession. As his mind took in the extent of the danger, he turned his eyes, humid with emotion, and exclaimed—

"Monsieur, you have saved me. How can I repay you?"

"Name it not," I answered, desirous of avoiding thanks for so trifling a service. "I only performed a duty that I owed to humanity. It is sufficient for me that you are safe."

"Nay, Monsieur," said the stranger, "it is a life I owe you. Ha! what do I say—a life—I owe you ten, twenty, ay, a hundred lives, each one of which is priceless, because it *is* a life—that is to say, a SOUL, formed by God's own hands, and therefore more priceless than all the riches of the world. And it is a hundred of such jewels that I owe you from this hour, for having rescued me from the wretched and ignoble death to which yon crazed animal was so near consigning me!"

I looked at him in astonishment. Who is this man? thought I.

"In the hour of danger—in the hour of your greatest peril," continued the stranger, taking my hand and pressing it, "call on me, and I will prove to you—whatever the world may say to the contrary—that this breast contains a heart overflowing with gratitude!"

So saying, he lifted his hat and made me a profound bow; then turning on his heel, he passed on till he reached the next corner, around which he turned and disappeared.

I reached, in due time, the office of the Prefect of Police, and was shown into the private room of that functionary.

"I desire, Monsieur," I replied, "to learn the whereabouts of a certain M. Rosignol."

"He is in the dungeons of the Conciergerie."

"Can I see him, Monsieur?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"To-morrow."

"At what hour?"

"Ten a.m. At that hour he, with his compeers in treason, will leave the Conciergerie for the scaffold!"

At this brutal answer my heart sunk, and I was nigh falling. With an effort, however, I mastered my feelings, and left the Prefect. Once in the open air, that confidence which had been my best and truest friend, returned to me, and enabled me to think. The result of my reflection was, that it was necessary for me to see M. Rosignol at all hazards. To do this, it was necessary to get an order from one of the members of the Revolutionary Tribunal. I therefore resolved to wait upon one whose name and fame had spread all over France, and who was noted for his sympathy for the masses—Danton. I inquired his address, and posted at once to his house. The porter declined allowing me admittance, but a piece of gold at once removed his surliness, and served as a passport to the chamber of the patriot.

At a round table, covered with books, papers, letters, and writing implements, I beheld a tall stout man, with a bold, laughing eye, a pleasant countenance, and large, light whiskers. I had heard his appearance described a thousand times, and at once recognised the bold and chivalrous Danton.

"Who are you?" said he, in a rough voice; "and what do you want with me?"

"I am a Lyonese," I replied, "and have come to the great patriot, of whom I have heard so much, and who is so popular in my own city, to ask a favour."

The flattery pleased him, and he was in a moment all politeness.

"So, they speak of me in Lyons, do they?" he said, with a smile of gratified pride. "And how do they call me?"

"They speak of you as Danton, the Man of the People."

"Ha! they call me *that!*" And a smile of triumph gleamed in his large blue eyes. "'The Man of the People!' They but do me justice. I am *of* and *for* the people—that is to say, the many, the masses, and not the few. The Lyonese but do me justice. But what can I do for you? What is the favour you have come to ask of me?" he added, with an encouraging smile.

"I have a friend in the Conciergerie, whom it is a desire of my heart to see."

"You are young," he said, throwing a smiling glance at me, "this friend—is't a *lady?*"

"No, Monsieur, a gentleman."

"Ah!" he observed coldly, seeing that he had overshot his mark. "His name?"

"M. Rosignol."

"A lace-dealer?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

The pleasant expression of his face passed away and was replaced by a disagreeable frown at this answer.

"You should beware of such acquaintances," he said, somewhat sternly. "These lace dealers are aristocrats. Their very business depends upon the aristocracy for an existence."

This staggered me. I saw in a moment the necessity of avoiding all argument with this vain but powerful man. It was my policy to appeal to his vanity, which was so conspicuously great, and not to his reason, which was as correspondingly small.

"It would not be becoming, Monsieur, for a rude, untutored man like me, to attempt to dispute a point with a mind so keen, subtle, and enlarged in its views as yours."

"Well, well," he cried, with a condescending smile, "we will say no more about it. 'Tis very evident you are no aristocrat, at all events."

"Who—I, Monsieur? Oh, I am, like you, of the people. The only difference between us is, that God made me a common man, and you a great one!"

"Enough!" he said, with an affectation of majesty and magnanimity, "you shall not go back to Lyons without having seen your friend. Danton will, at all times, stretch a point to serve one of the people."

As he spoke he drew towards him a slip of paper, on which he hurriedly traced an order to the Governor of the Conciergerie, and then, with an assumed air of condescension, handed it to me.

The order of Danton was enough to insure me the highest attention and respect, and a turnkey at once conducted me to a low dungeon in which were seven persons. As the jailer opened the door these men turned their eyes upon him with an eager, inquiring look.

The turnkey now left the dungeon, saying—

"When Monsieur wishes to retire, let him knock thrice and I will open the door."

The next moment the door closed, the lock was turned, and I was alone with the prisoners. A lamp suspended by three chains hung from the ceiling, and threw a dim light around.

"Which is M. Rosignol?" I asked, somewhat timidly.

A man exclaimed. "You are looking at him, Monsieur."

"'Tis well," I answered. "My name is Francois Dumourier; I am confidential clerk to M. Brissot, of Lyons, in whose name I now speak to you."

At mention of M. Brissot's name, three others of the prisoners raised their heads and threw their eyes upon me.

"Say on, Monsieur," said M. Rosignol, in a tone of subdued grief. "I am listening."

"Pardon me, Monsieur," said I, "but before I speak further, I would ask a question."

"Ask it, Monsieur."

"Are you acquainted with M. Berthier, of the rue de l'Etang?"

"Yes."

"With M. Tonnerre, of the rue St. Denis?"

"Yes."

"And with M. Malhouet, of the rue Richelieu?"

"And with him."

At mention of these names, the three persons to whom I have alluded pricked up their ears, and looked at one another in surprise.

"And can you tell me, M. Rosignol, if those three gentlemen are, like you, in the Conciergerie?"

"They are!" was the reply.

"I feared it!" I exclaimed. "And are they here?"

"They are," answered M. Rosignol. "Messieurs," he added, turning to the three prisoners, "permit me to introduce you to

Monsieur Dumourier, confidential clerk to our correspondent at Lyons, M. Brissot."

I was thunderstruck.

"Gentlemen," said I, as I recovered my self-possession, "I will not address you individually. What I have to say had better, I think, be said to you generally, as all of you are interested."

They bowed, and I went on.

"Gentlemen," before I begin, permit me to make my apologies for speaking to you on such matters here and in this unfortunate position. Blame not me, but the necessity which brings me here. When M. Brissot requested me to come to Paris and learn the cause of your silence, it was not here, not in the Conciergerie, that he expected me to see, that I expected to meet you!"

"Gentlemen," I continued, struggling to repress my feelings at their frightful position, "will you pardon me for, in obedience to the duty I owe my employer, intruding my presence on your sorrows here?"

They raised their eyes, and by their looks I saw that I was forgiven.

"Gentlemen," I continued, "let me tell you in one word the cause of my presence in Paris. M. Brissot is on the eve of bankruptcy; and unless he can get some money from you, who are heavily on his books, he is lost. Gentlemen, in one word, can you do anything to save him?"

"Monsieur," said M. Rosignol, "I am in debt to the worthy M. Brissot, whom I sincerely love and respect, in the sum of twenty-two thousand francs. Were I free, I could and would cheerfully pay it. But I am a prisoner in the Conciergerie, and condemned to lose my head at ten o'clock to-morrow."

And he turned his head to the wall, murmuring—"My poor wife—my poor children—who will watch over ye now!"

I was like one who feels the ground giving way from under him.

"Monsieur," said M. Berthier, "I honestly owe the worthy man you represent thirty-five thousand francs. Were I free, I could pay it in an hour. But I am a condemned man, and to-morrow, at ten o'clock, I am to die!"

And he turned his face to the wall, murmuring—"My wife—my poor, poor wife!"

I felt like a wretch on a wreck at sea, who sees, without the power of resistance, the waves wrenching his only support in pieces.

"Monsieur," said M. Tonnerre, with an air of dignity, "I compassionate the strait in which my friend and correspondent, M. Brissot, finds himself. I regret it the more, inasmuch as the large dealings between us leave me heavily in his debt. I owe him the sum of ninety thousand francs, which, large as it is, I could easily pay were I but one hour at liberty. But I am, as you see, a chained prisoner in the Conciergerie, and condemned to lose my head at the hour of ten to-morrow!"

And he turned away his head, exclaiming in accents of deep grief—"Oh, Emily—my only, my darling one—could I but see thee once more ere I die!"

As he concluded, I felt as if my blood had ceased to flow, as if my heart had ceased to beat.

"Monsieur," said M. Malhouet, "like my friends here—like every captive in this cell—I am a lost man, and doomed to lose my head at ten to-morrow. I am indebted to your worthy employer in the sum of twenty-eight thousand francs. Were I free, I could discharge the debt in thirty minutes. I sympathise, like an honest tradesman, with M. Brissot in his strait, and if at liberty would at once do my share, as a correspondent and friend, toward relieving him. But I am chained, imprisoned, helpless!"

And, like the others, he turned his face to the wall, murmuring—"My mother—my mother—who will preserve, who will console thee, when I am gone!"

I could make no reply. The terrible intelligence they had given me—the frightful bearing it had on the position of my unfortunate benefactor and employer, had operated on me like a heavy blow. I felt confused, crushed, annihilated.

I staggered to the door, gave the required signal, and a few moments afterward was in the street, reeling like a drunkard.

Suddenly I found my progress arrested by two long pieces of steel pressed against my breast. I looked up and beheld two gens d'armes, with their bayonets pointed at me.

"Where is Monsieur going?" they demanded.

I made no reply, but gazed at them like one stupefied. I fell back a step or two from their guns, and found myself before the entrance of a large building, which I learnt was the Hotel de Ville.

There was a rattling of wheels upon the pavement, and a few moments afterward a carriage drew up before the main entrance of the Hotel de Ville.

A short, slender gentleman, dressed in a suit of plain black, stepped from it, and was passing from it into the palace, when, as my eyes fell on him, all the blood in my body seemed mounting, like hot lava, to my head. In an instant every attribute of my nature, every sense of my intellect, was alive. I had recognised the gentleman whose life I had saved in the morning!

"Who is that gentleman?" I asked of one standing near me.

"The Incorruptible, Maximilian Robespierre!" was the reply.

"Thank you!" I replied. "And can one see him? Is he visible to strangers?"

"Of course," answered the man, shrugging his shoulders at my ignorance. "The people have the right to visit him at any hour. And why should they not? Though the Dictator of France, he is nothing more than the people's steward. He says so himself."

"Thank you!" I repeated. And breaking from the crowd I hurried to my lodgings and penned the following note:

"M. Robespierre—Fortunately for France, I was this morning the humble instrument of preserving your valuable life. Your noble nature prompted you to say, in consideration of that service, that you owed me a hundred souls in return. I therefore now ask of your gratitude, not a hundred, but *four* lives, who are as precious to me as my own existence. The names of the four men whose lives I have the honour to ask at your hands are M. Rosignol, of the rue Vivienne; M. Berthier, of the rue de l'Etang; M. Tonnerre, of the rue St. Denis, and M. Malhouet, of the rue Richelieu. These men are in cell No. 28 of the Conciergerie, and unless previously set at liberty, will perish at ten o'clock to-morrow. They are charged with being aristocrats. I will answer for them that the charge is without the slightest foundation. I ask their lives of you for the one I saved to France this morning.

"Francois Dumourier."

This missive I folded and sealed, and then took to the Hotel de Ville. Seeing a letter in my hand, and therefore taking me for one of the countless spies of the Revolutionary Tribunal, the guards permitted me to pass, and following the stream that preceded me, I soon found myself in the vast reception hall. It was filled with a motley crowd, and to reach Robespierre, who was sitting at a round table, with a number of his colleagues, it was necessary to work my way gradually along the line of spectators facing the slight railing which divided the Tribunal from the auditors. This was in due time accomplished, and I had now to abide my time till the Dictator's eye should by some fortunate chance meet mine.

I had not long to wait. My uplifted hand, holding the letter, attracted the attention of the President of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and his glance falling from the letter to the hand, and from that to the face of the person owning it, settled at length on me, and in an instant he was on his feet.

"Approach!" he said.

The crowd around me at once gave way, and an officer conducted me to the Dictator.

"Gentlemen," said he, in a loud voice, taking me by the hand and turning to his colleagues, "permit me to introduce to you the hero of whom I have already spoken—the instrument, under God, of saving my poor life!"

The members rose and crowded around me, and at the same instant, the vast crowd in the hall thundered forth—

"Gratitude to the preserver of our Dictator!"

I modestly handed Robespierre the letter. The Dictator perused it calmly, and then silently passed it over to a colleague, who at a sign from the former, read it aloud.

"What say you, gentlemen, said the Dictator, "has M.

Dumourier sufficient claims on us to grant him the lives of those four men?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" resounded from all sides. Not a voice was in the negative.

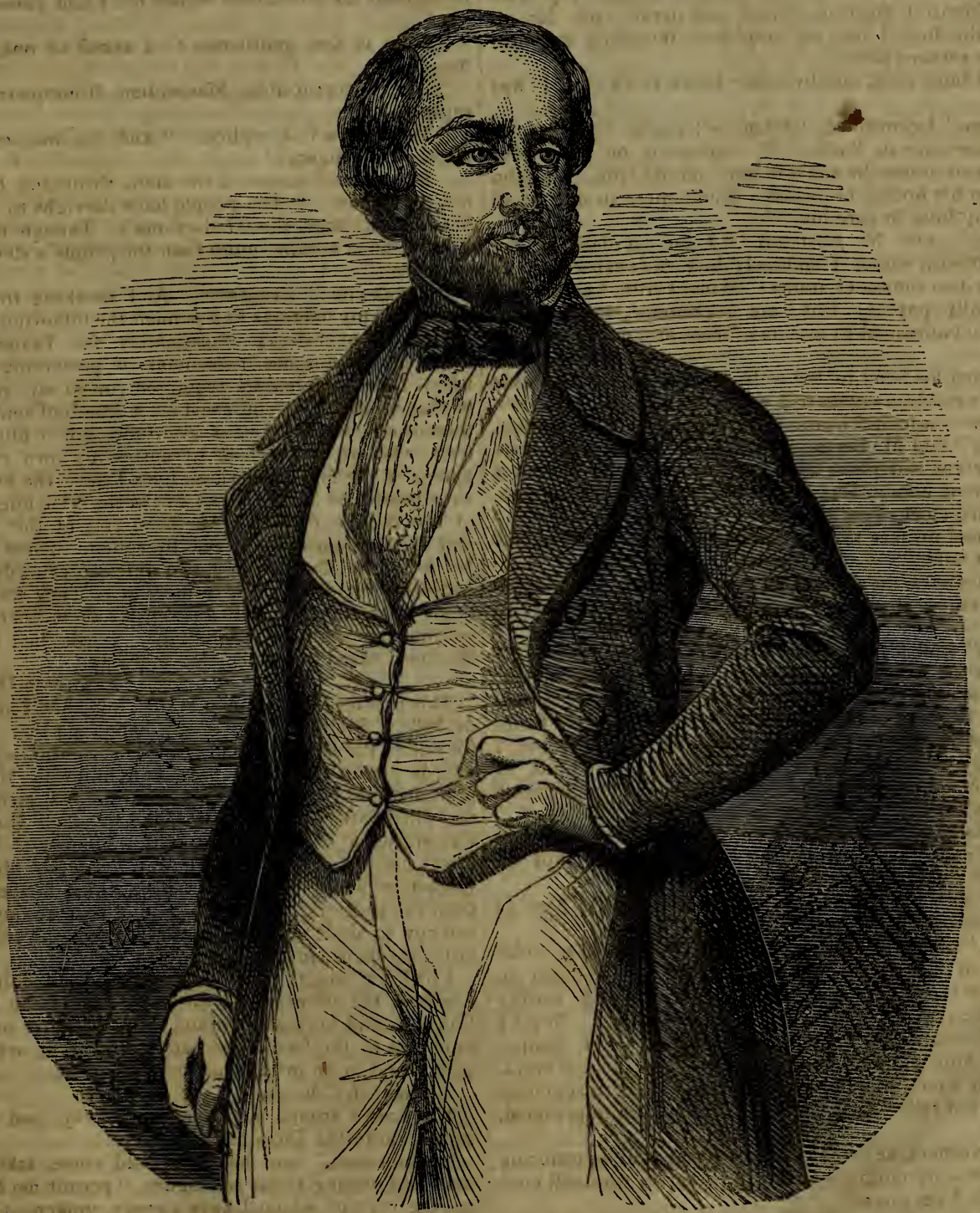
"St. Just," said the Dictator, turning to one near him, "write out the order of liberation."

I could scarcely see—everything around me began to grow dim.

I hurried to the Conciergerie, presented the order, and shortly afterwards left the prison with the four lace merchants. I shall not attempt to describe their gratitude nor my happiness. Enough, that they paid me their individual amounts in full before night fell.

I quitted Paris early the next morning, and two days afterwards entered the establishment of my employer at Lyons, whom I made happy with the gold which was to save him from bankruptcy.

M. Brissot could scarcely control his emotion at sight of the money. He heard the details of my absence with varied feelings; then, taking me by the hand, led me to his house, and there, raising the hand of his daughter Pauline, silently placed it in mine.



THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD.

The recent change in French affairs has excited attention to the claims of the rival aspirants to power in France. The Royalist party was divided by the clashing pretensions of the Prince de Joinville and the Count de Chambord—otherwise called, the Duc de Bordeaux, whose father perished by assassination, but to whom the French Legitimists assert that the throne by right belongs.

The following sketch of the Count de Chambord, the heir of Louis XIV. and Henry IV of France, is from the elegant pen of M. De la Guerronniere, one of the editors of the *Pays*:—"The Count de Chambord possesses the finest head of any prince in Europe. The physical beauty of his physiognomy is only the reflection of moral beauty. Frankness, uprightness, benevolence, enlighten his look. Intelligence illuminates his forehead. The *ensemble* of his features presents the harmony and purity of lines

of which the pencil of Raphael, or the chisel of Phidias, can alone reproduce the character and effects. Everything in him, the expression of the eyes, the tones of the visage, the accents of the voice, the cadency of gesture, the movements of the hand, display the manliness of a healthy soul which no breath has dried up, no poison changed, no vice degraded. This soul is seen, and felt, and heard; and this transparency is so luminous that it seems in approaching it that we are only separated from it by a glass. Thus is explained the sort of fascination which this king without a kingdom exercises on all those who approach him. His head is discrowned of its diadem, and yet there is on his forehead a sort of halo which is only the escape of internal light into physical life. What strikes at the first aspect is neither the perfection of the features, nor the delicacy of the lines, nor the harmony of proportions, nor anything of what constitutes material beauty. No—it is sympathy, increased by majesty; in a word, something which carries you back to the grandeur of Louis XIV. and the goodness of Henry IV. When the prince is on horseback, his open and large breast, which seems to respire life; his strong and supple arm, which holds the bridle with vigour full of *abandon*, gives to his bearing as much elegance as dignity. In seeing him pass thus along the roads of Germany we understand the royal majesty. One would say that he is the equestrian statue of it, reanimated all at once by some new Pygmalion. But Pygmalion does not call himself the people. . . . . An illustrious lady, much more accustomed to exercise fascination than to submit to it, the Princess de Lieven, one day met the Count de Chambord in the house of the Duchess de Noailles at Ems. She was a competent, and, perhaps, rather a severe judge. The curiosity of Madame de Lieven was very much excited. The figure of a pretender was wanting to the gallery of her impressions; she laughed with witty and mocking incredulity at the tender enthusiasm which the friends of this new Prince Edward brought from their pilgrimage of fidelity. Accustomed as she was to receive, in the familiarity of her elegant conversations, the most illustrious men of Europe, she promised herself to contemplate, without being dazzled, and without emotion, this hereditary grandeur, the pale ray of the setting sun which was about to disappear in time. Count de Chambord presented himself. The majesty and the goodness displayed as the illumination of his soul on his face first of all struck Madame de Lieven. This lady of rank, more difficult to move than the great men whose charm, penetration, and often inspiration she is, was agitated as would have been a simple woman of Brittany. In the evening she met M. Berryer, and laughed no more at monarchical tenderness. The reception which the Count de Chambord gives to the numerous Frenchmen who visit him in his exile is cordial without familiarity, dignified without pretension, and royal without haughtiness. He displays a coquetry of an altogether marked description for the men not belonging to his cause, and whom a sentiment of respect and curiosity leads to visit him. It is in particular with them that he gives way freely to the expression of his views; he astonishes them by his knowledge of men and things, and by the richness of his mind; he causes them to forget that he is a pretender and an exile from his country. They fancy that they hear France speaking through his mouth, and that the voice of the present age is heard in his voice, awakening, as it does, all the echoes of past ages."

A chequered career has been his, and a similar fate has attached to all his race. When Charles X. signed the abdication of Rambouillet, the rights of Henry V. were renounced at the same time. When his mother, the ill-fated Duchess de Berri—her Neapolitan imagination fired with the thought of being another Jeann d'Albert, began the expedition to La Vendée, which was to have resulted in making her Regent of France, when, in reality, it but led her to a lone prison on the banks of the Gironde, the wavering Charles once more guaranteed the right he had already signed away. A king without a crown, still French Legitimacy owns the Count de Chambord as its proper head. His age now is about 30. At that age men have gone forth and won immortal fame. At that age, did the Count de Chambord represent a living truth, and not an exploded lie, he might have the great French nation obedient to his will. As it is, we imagine his chance of imperial sway is but small. He belongs to the past. France must seek its future in other men.

WHAT IS A NEWSPAPER?

"WHAT is a newspaper?"—"A paper containing news," is, of course, the ready reply. Softly, my dear sir, if you please. The question is a far more difficult one than you have any idea of. Thanks to our lawyers, a very simple question has been resolved into a very perplexing one; and, very recently, Baron Parke gave it as his opinion, that Dickens' *Household Narrative* was a newspaper, while Barons Martin and Platt, and Chief Baron Sir F. Pollock, maintained that it was not. When lawyers differ, fortunately the majority decides. Thus we may congratulate Mr. Dickens on the victory he has won in the cause of unlicensed printing—a victory which will not concern him alone—Mr. Cassell, as publisher of the *Freeholder*, had laid himself open to a prosecution from the Board of Inland Revenue in the same manner. Other publishers, also, equally transgressed the law. Fortunately, Mr. Dickens has brought the question to a successful issue, and, as a consequence, we may expect the cheap press to become more practical and fraught with real interest than ever. The law will no longer be a scarecrow to frighten the timid. Its terrors have, in some degree, been mitigated. It is no longer a foe, but a friend.

From the evidence—given before the Select Committee on Newspaper Stamps—of Mr. Keogh, Assistant Secretary, and Mr. Timms, Solicitor to the Board of Inland Revenue, it appears that the Board consider three classes of publications legally liable to the newspaper stamp.—1. Any paper containing public news, without reference to price, size, interval of publication, or to its being published more than once.—2. Any paper printed at less intervals than twenty-six days, containing only, or principally, advertisements.—3. Any paper containing remarks on public news, printed at less intervals than twenty-six days, where the price is less than sixpence, or the size less than two sheets. The recent decision of the Court of Exchequer has declared that a paper published at greater intervals than twenty-six days, has not the character of a newspaper, though it may be a chronicle of events, bringing up the narrative to a very recent period. This decision has relieved the Board of Inland Revenue of a world of trouble. Before, they must have been always in a state of embarrassment as to what constituted news. In his evidence before the committee, Mr. Timms stated that the Queen's speech was "news," and that he thought anyone printing it on a sheet of unstamped paper would be liable to a penalty of twenty pounds. At the same time, by a very delicate distinction, the force of which we cannot fully perceive, Mr. Timms is inclined to think that the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech is not news. Thus there seems to have been no very clear idea as to what was news on the part of the Board. At times, also, their interference became very vexatious. Thus, the *Norwich Reformer*—where only one-sixteenth of the contents came under the description of news—was stopped; whilst no opposition was offered to the publication of the *Athenæum*, and other papers, containing far more news than was ever published in the *Norwich Reformer*. As to the third class of publications the Board professes to take cognisance of, little action, it appears, has been taken with regard to them. It is clear, that if it be difficult to define what is meant by news, the difficulty is greatly increased in attempting to define remarks upon news, and in drawing the distinction between remarks upon news and news itself. Mr. Timms states, in his evidence before the committee, that there has been very little practice at all in reference to this class of publications, because those "that have come under the notice of the Board, have generally contained public news, and, therefore, they have come under the first definition of newspapers. Parties have attempted to excuse themselves, by stating that their paper is not a newspaper within the third definition; but our reply to that is, 'It is a newspaper within the first definition, because it contains public news, intelligence, and occurrences.'" It seems, that with respect to comment on news in cheap publications, the law has been allowed to sleep. It is notorious, that a great number of publications, issued at intervals of less than twenty-six days, and at prices less than sixpence, by philanthropic, religious, political, and other societies, are published without a stamp, and contain comments and observations upon public events. If the law had been enforced, *Punch* would have been compelled to discontinue his weekly labours. As it is, we wonder so notorious an offender has not been looked after before this.

Thus the question as to what is a newspaper is not to be answered so quickly or certainly as our readers might at first suppose. The Board of Inland Revenue wavered in the application of the law—publishers became bold and daring. The Board threatened—timid men succumbed—the strong, on the contrary, went on as usual. At length, the Board screwed up its courage. It threatened Mr. Cassell, and then prosecuted Mr. Dickens. After a more than usual illustration of the law's delay, Mr. Dickens triumphed. On Monday, December 1, the decision was given in the Court of Exchequer. The Chief Baron, and three puisne barons, who had heard the argument, met in the large Court, and as they did not agree in their construction of the Stamp Act, their lordships delivered their judgment *seriatim*, commencing, as usual, with the junior baron. The papers tell us, the majority of the judges being in favour of the exemption from duty, the judgment was therefore entered for the plaintiff—a result which seemed to give satisfaction to a densely crowded court. We give part of the Chief Baron's argument, as it bore upon what concerns all readers in these newspaper-reading times. Sir F. Pollock said, after referring to 6 & 7 of Will. IV., chap. 76 :—"The material part of the statute is that portion of the schedule A (there is, however, no other schedule) which contains a definition of newspapers. It says, 'the following shall be deemed and taken to be newspapers, chargeable with the said duties: 1. Any paper containing public news, intelligence, or occurrences, printed in any part of the United Kingdom, to be dispersed and made public.' This expression does not differ much from what is found in the first statute that imposed a duty on newspapers—viz., 10th Anne, chap. 19, sec. 101, and which continued in force till it was repealed by the present statute. The language of that statute is—'and for and upon all newspapers or papers containing public news, intelligence, or occurrences which shall be printed in Great Britain, to be dispersed and made public.' Whatever the statute of Anne meant the statute of William means, and neither more nor less. I say not more, because by its very title the statute of William IV. is an act to *reduce* the duty on newspapers, and its preamble recites that it is expedient to reduce them. It must, therefore, be taken that no new duty was imposed; and if, therefore, this publication, the *Household Narrative*, would not have been liable to a stamp duty before the 6th and 7th William IV., it is not so now. Now, the 60th George III., chap. 9, passed in 1819, an act to subject certain publications to the duties of stamps upon newspapers, by the first section enacts that all pamphlets and papers containing any public news, intelligence, or occurrences, or any remarks or observations thereon, or upon any matter in Church or State, printed in any part of the United Kingdom for sale, and published periodically, or in parts or numbers at intervals *not exceeding twenty-six days* between the publication of any two such pamphlets or papers, parts, or numbers (the size is then alluded to), not exceeding two sheets, and at (the price) a less sum than 6d., exclusive of duty, shall be deemed and taken to be newspapers within the meaning of the 38th George III. chap 78, and other statutes imposing duties upon and regulating the publication of newspapers; and in the fourth section it notices pamphlets or papers containing any public news, intelligence, or occurrences, or any such remarks or observations as aforesaid, printed for sale and published periodically, or in parts or numbers at intervals exceeding twenty-six days between two numbers not exceeding two sheets, at a less price than sixpence; and it does not make them liable to stamp duty, but enacts that they shall be published on the first day of every calendar month, or within two days before or after. It appears to me that this is a legislative recognition that a paper published at greater intervals than twenty-six days has not the character of a newspaper, though it may be a chronicle of events bringing up its narrative to a very recent period; and I think, as the *Household Narrative* is published at intervals exceeding twenty-six days, it would be difficult with that statute before us to say it was liable to duty under that act. If it was not then, for the reason already given, it is not now. I do not see in any of the statutes any distinction between a publication chiefly or wholly consisting of intelligence and one containing such intelligence mixed with other matter, nor do I find anything about the main object of a publication; and I cannot, from the distinction between the two expressions, "containing news" and "containing *any* news," come to the conclusion at which my brother Parke has arrived. Looking, therefore, at the whole course of the statutes on this subject, I think it has been considered by the Legislature that a certain infrequency of publication gives to a periodical the character of a chronicle or history, and not that of a newspaper; and however it may afford useful information, as it is not likely successfully to compete with the daily or weekly papers, it has not been rendered liable to the stamp duty. An interval of more than twenty-six days is what I think the Legislature has fixed as the criterion. If the interval be twenty-six days or less, it is a newspaper; if it be more, it is a chronicle or history; and the whole question turns on the distinction between news and history, which has, I think, been settled by the legislature."

Thus the matter stands at present. A decision that would have been adverse to Mr. Dickens, would have been almost inoperative, for it would have been a heavy blow to many of our largest publishers, and would have been a sad stumbling-block in the way of cheap literature. Such an interpretation of the law would have been intolerable; still there are difficulties connected with the law as it now stands—difficulties which can only be removed by the affirmation of the principle embodied in the report of the committee, to which we have already referred. Apart from fiscal considerations, the committee state that they do not consider that news is of itself a desirable subject of taxation. Surely Sir C. Wood might carry out this recommendation, and manage to give up the tax on knowledge. When mind is concerned—when men are to be stimulated, elevated, and refined—when ignorance is to be destroyed—when the dawn of a new and better era is about to come—surely fiscal considerations ought not to stop the way.

BLOWING BUBBLES.

Half our sorrows, half our troubles,
Making head and heart to ache,
Are the fruit of blowing bubbles,
Bright to view, but quick to break.

All have played the child imbecile,
Breathing hard to swell the sides
Of a shining fluid vessel,
Frailer than the air it rides.

From the infant's cradle rising,
All the bubble mania show,
Oft our richest wealth comprising
In the bubbles that we blow.

Brilliant, buoyant, upward going,
Pleased we mark them in their flight,
Every hue of Iris showing,
As they glance along the light.

Little castles, high and airy,
With their crystal walls so thin,
Each presents the wicked fairy,
VANITY, enthroned within!

But when two have struck together,
What of either do we find?
Not so much as one gay feather
Flying Hope has left behind!

Still, the world are busy blowing
Every one some empty ball;
So the seeds of mischief sowing
Where to burst the bubbles fall.

Nor for self alone to gather
Is our evil harvest found;
Oft with pipe and cup we rather
Step upon our neighbour's ground.

Thus, amusing one another,
While the glistening playthings rise,
We may doom a friend or brother
To a life of care and sighs.

Do you doubt my simple story?
I can point a thousand ways,
Where this bubble-making glory
Has its darkness hid in rays!

Yet we'll spare a slight confusion
Caused the world by giving names;
Since a right to some delusion
Every one from Nature claims.

MISCELLANEA.

ANECDOTE OF CHANTREY. — Many years before his decease, the celebrated Chantrey attended a funeral at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The graveyard was strewed with human bones, and the gravedigger was adding irreverently to the heaps. Chantrey inquired what eventually became of the remains. The sexton replied with a smile, that, when they became too plentiful, "they were carted off in loads to the Thames." A friend describes the effect of this answer upon the frame of Chantrey as painful in the extreme. His cheeks grew sickly white, and perspiration poured down them. At the moment he looked himself a corpse newly risen from the grave before him. "I will take care," he said, with a shudder, "that they do not cart my bones to the Thames. They shall be undisturbed under my native sod." And, accordingly, there are five pounds per annum for ten poor boys of the village of Norton, so long as they will remember industriously to pluck the weeds and to remove the nettles that deface the gravestone of Francis Chantrey. The sculptor subsequently paid a formal visit to Norton, and carefully selected the spot for his last resting-place. While looking for it he encountered the grave-digger. "I am looking out a place for a grave," said Chantrey, "but I don't mean you to dig it." "I hope I shall," replied the gravedigger, quietly and civilly; and it is likely enough that he did, "for," says a reviewer in the *Times*, "within a year the renowned sculptor was deposited near the humbler family dust that had mingled with the earth before him."

THUMPING WON'T MAKE A GENTLEMAN.—Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Doyle and Yelverton, quarrelled one day so violently, that from words they came to blows. Doyle, the more powerful man (at the fists, at least), knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming vehemently, "You scoundrel! I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman!" To which Yelverton, rising, answered with equal indignation, "No, sir, never! I defy you! I defy you! You can't do it."

TAKE EXERCISE.—The venerable author of "Music of Nature," Mr. William Gardiner, has written a paper for the *Leicester Chronicle*, recommending "exercise." "My father," he says, "was remarkable for his lightness of step at the age of ninety-four. He was regular in taking his walking exercises every day—sometimes twice a day. In approaching a similar age, I look back upon many of his actions as a guide, and have scrupulously adopted his habits. In summer time I walk before breakfast, as I dine in the middle of the day; and after tea I enjoy a ramble in the evening. In the winter, I avail myself of the prime of the day. A little rain never stops me; if I am caught, I accelerate my pace, and return with a slight perspiration, instantly changing my dress for dinner; hence, I never take cold. The best pace is that which accords with the motion of the pulse; if you hurry beyond that you are sooner fatigued. My pulse seldom varies from sixty to sixty-four. What Handel terms *tempo ordinario*, or "common time"—that is my natural pace. If you walk slowly, you may walk all day. I never walk with a stick. Anything carried in the hand destroys the erect position of the body, and interrupts the swing of the arms. The arms are pendulums, which act like the fly-wheel in machinery, to steady the motion. In my walks I prefer undulating fields to a plain road. If windy, I meet it, and return home with the wind at my back. Walk once a day, and you will never have occasion for a doctor and his calomel."

Dr. Parr, when a boy at Harrow, had so old a face for his age, that one day his contemporary, Sir William Jones, said, looking hard at him, "Parr, if you should have the good luck to live forty years, you may stand a chance of overtaking your face."

THE ASTOR LIBRARY, NEW YORK.—About three years and a half ago, the sum of 400,000 dollars was left, by the late John Jacob Astor, for the purpose of establishing and building a public library in New York. He appointed twelve trustees for carrying the object into effect. The bequest was to be applied as follows:—75,000 dollars for the erection of the building, 120,000 dollars for the purchase of books and rare manuscripts, and the surplus—205,000 dollars, and after paying for the site—to be invested as a fund for the support and increase of the library. In September, 1848, the trustees decided upon a site in Lafayette-place, as one in every way adapted for the purpose; affording, from its situation, that remoteness from the public thoroughfare so necessary to secure quietness during the time of study. In the following month the superintendent, Dr. Cogswell, was appointed by his fellow trustees to proceed to Europe, and purchase, at his discretion, books to the amount of 20,000 dollars. He accordingly went, and the result has been most satisfactory, his purchases having been selected with care and discretion, and obtained at low rates, consequent on the disturbed political condition of Europe in the year 1848, and the reduction of prices attendant thereon. The building is constructed after the style of the Byzantine school of architecture. The first floor contains reading and lecture rooms, with corridors and vestibules communicating, and will accommodate five hundred persons. The whole building will be lighted by five hundred gas-lights, and is the first, of such considerable extent, that has ever been called at once into existence. That of Gottingen, the nearest parallel, was founded more than a century ago, when the whole number of books was less than half the present number. The library will be arranged after the most approved European system, and, should it equal that of Gottingen in completeness and excellence, it will be a credit to the new world.

THE MARTYR BISHOP.—Queen Elizabeth, attacked by toothache, could get no sleep, night nor day; nor could any of her doctors give relief. The cabinet, deliberating what was to be done, resolved to call in "an outlandish physician;" but as "he might possibly be a Jew," or, still worse, "a Papist," he was not allowed to practise personally on the Queen, but only to prescribe. John Anthony Fenatus, the foreign practitioner, recommended certain applications; but said, if the tooth were decayed, the Queen had better have it out. Her Majesty, however, would not hear of extraction; her cabinet in vain attempted to reason her into the sacrifice; until, at length, Bishop Aylmer, to give confidence to his sovereign, submitted to have a tooth drawn in the royal presence, and Elizabeth then consented to the operation.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN COOKE.—If you want to improve your mind and have but little time, instead of reading books on the cultivation of the mind, do it at once. It is true that "Todd's Student's Manual" is designed for those whose business is study only; but it is equally useful to those who can only study in the intervals of business, and John Cook must be unfavourably situated indeed, if, with a little self-denial and perseverance, he cannot study in the scientific manner there recommended.

J. L. wants to know how the skin can be got off potatoes without paring them? The best way is to skin them after they are boiled.

AMICUS wishes us to recommend him the best book on Ninevah. This is rather a difficulty. Layard's great work has formed the groundwork of so many others, that we have not here space enough to enumerate them. The best of them, we believe, is an abridgment of his larger work, recently done by Mr. Layard himself.

J. WATKINS wants to know the best method of making paper maps adhere to calico. The only thing requisite is great care. It requires a tact only got by experience.

ADAM W.—The new series of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND will be bound up in half-yearly volumes.

A READER FROM THE FIRST.—No reform as yet has taken place in the patent law. The expense of registering is very small.

DAMON.—The population of the county of Durham is 408,896; of London, 2,361,640; of Manchester, 228,437; of Salford, 87,514; of Newcastle, 89,145; of Glasgow, 333,657.

A SUFFERER complains of his tendency to blush. We presume he is a young man. He will get over it in time. We had the same weakness, we never do it now. We have had another letter, from another sufferer, on the same subject. Our advice is, don't think about it, and do nothing to blush for.

A SINCERE FRIEND wishes to study the Greek, Latin, and French languages. We advise "A Sincere Friend" to master one language first; studying so many will only confuse him. He says he has got the "French Lessons" published at our office; let him master them, and then try Latin and Greek. If, however, he will at once make a dead set at all three, we recommend him the introductory works of the Rev. Mr. Arnold—he will find none better in the English language.

R. N. has had a dispute with a friend about the meaning of the word *selfish*. The one deems it a virtue and the other a vice. The former is the wrong use of the term. A proper degree of self-love is enjoined by reason and revelation. It lies at the very foundation of human nature. The excess of it we denominate selfishness. We therefore always use the term selfish in a bad sense. When we speak of a selfish man, we speak in the language of censure.

GEORGE HALL wants to know how we reconcile the contradictory statements of two different writers in THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND—one of them stating that a perfect knowledge of the French language may be acquired without the aid of a teacher, and the other stating that no language can be acquired without a master. We at once admit there is an anomaly here, but it is one that does not concern George Hall and our readers. The fact is, that many men acquire a practical knowledge of modern and ancient languages without the aid of a tutor. Possibly to the complete mastery of a language a teacher may be essential. Be this, however, as it may, George Hall need not give up in despair. A man without a teacher will be able, with ordinary industry and ability, to pick up as much of a foreign language as will enable him to read its authors with profit.

G. W. H. sends us six questions at once. This is really too bad. We are happy to answer all the questions we can, but when G. W. H. wants to know how he is to rise at a reasonable time in the morning (a question which he surely can answer for himself), or what we think a tolerably genteel height (a question decidedly of a private character), we really feel that we have some right to complain. Our correspondent must be more merciful.

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THE
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HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER V.

IT would be tedious, if it were not endless, to enter into the details of all the base intrigues by which Stephen Szapolyai, the perfidious defender of the national cause, now sought to obtain the vacant throne. We shall merely introduce into our rapid narrative such details as are furnished by the national historian, Paul Jaszay.

The Szapolyai were a family of German origin, whose military services procured them the favour of Louis the Great, and gaining over Peter Perenyi, one of the officers of the household, he got possession of the crown, and thus, from the prestige attached to the insignia of power, secured the royal authority without opposition. He felt, however, that his authority must rest on a more solid basis to prove lasting. This he found in his relationship with Verboczi, who was connected with his family by marriage, a man who had acquired immense popularity by his ardent love of country and brilliant eloquence.

SIEGE OF AGRIA, BY THE TURKS.—(*See page* 182.)

changed their names from Heems to that of their domain Zapolya, in Sclavonia. They were then called Zapolyai; the final *i* having the same value amongst the Magyars as the *de* in the titles of the French nobility.

While Solyman, at the head of the Ottoman army, was committing the most frightful devastations in every part of the kingdom, Szapolyai remained inactive near Szeguedin, at the head of forty thousand men, waiting till some turn of fortune would give him a fair opportunity of aiming at the crown. By The winning manners of Szapolyai completely gained him over to his interests.

Sigismond, King of Poland, the brother-in-law of Szapolyai, had it entirely in his power to put an end to all disputes, by openly declaring for him, and thus have avoided the possibility of a civil war. But by vaccillating between two parties, he inflicted upon his neighbours the evils, which by this means he sought to ward off from his own kingdom.

Ferdinand of Austria, supported by the Emperor Charles V.,

at that time in the zenith of his power, hastened to seize upon the Bohemian crown, and wrote to his sister, the widow of Louis II., asking her to use every means in her power to advance his pretensions to the throne of Hungary. She responded to her brother's appeal with an amount of talent and energy rarely displayed by one of her sex; and, thanks to the treachery of Stephen Bathori, the Palatine, her efforts were crowned with success. Bathori convened a meeting of the Diet at Presburg, and there the supporters of foreign interests found themselves in the majority, and proclaimed Ferdinand "*the restorer and saviour of Hungarian liberty.*" The Croats also intimated their intention of supporting his claims.

He was, however, well aware that his foreign birth and education would damage him seriously in the eyes of the masses of the people. He therefore issued a proclamation expressing his devotion to the interests of Hungarian nationality, and containing, amongst others, the following remarkable clause:—"That they should pay no attention to the argument put forward by his adversaries against his claim to the throne, viz., that he could not speak the Magyar language; inasmuch as two of his predecessors had governed the country with ability without having known anything of the national tongue." He promised at the same time "to protect and foster this valorous nation, and the *Magyar language.*" This is worthy of attention in connection with some of the events which preceded the late war of independence and to which we shall refer in due time.

In consequence of the promises put forward in this manifesto, Ferdinand was proclaimed King, and invested with the crown of St. Stephen, which Perenyi, proving false to Szapolyai, placed in his hands.

The country was now placed in the hands of two rival princes, each supported by a large body of the nation, but neither worthy of the office to which he aspired. Better materials for protracted civil war, discord, and anarchy, never existed, for neither had the energy or the ability to bring the struggle to a speedy close. Szapolyai can hardly be blamed for wishing to defend in his own person the electoral rights of the nation, when a vacancy had occurred in the throne; but when he undertook a task so difficult, he should have shown more of energy, and above all of self-reliance. While Ferdinand was straining every nerve to bring his enterprise to a successful completion, Szapolyai was reposing on his laurels, and relying upon foreign aid, even though it should be that of the Turks, to extricate him from every difficulty.

Finding himself abandoned by Sigismond, he wrote to the Doge of Venice, the King of France, and other European sovereigns, asking for assistance. Francis I. of France was at that time engaged in a tremendous struggle with Charles V., whose enormous power threatened to overwhelm the minor states of the European Continent, but he agreed to supply King John, as Szapolyai was now called, with a subsidy of 80,000 louis a month, to assist him in carrying on the conflict with the Archduke of Austria.

Ferdinand, who feared delay might work defeat, assembled a large army upon the frontiers of Austria in order to support his claims by force. Szapolyai was not wanting in personal courage, but he was indolent, and without decision of character; and, besides, had few soldiers, and his treasury was empty. The Austrians took possession of Buda without striking a blow, and the national King was obliged to fly, first to Transylvania, and then Poland. An unfortunate man has few friends ever; and John found himself abandoned in his flight by everyone but John Banfi, a high-minded Magyar noble. In Poland he found another staunch supporter, Jerome Laszki, Palatine of Siradia. The latter was an able and high-spirited man, headstrong and courageous, ready—like most of the Poles—to risk everything for anything. He said to John without hesitation—"There remains but one man to whom you can look for support—it is Solyman, the Sultan. I will set out, and ask him to espouse your quarrel." "Alas!" said the unfortunate Szapolyai, "the remedy would be worse than the disease." The Sultan at first refused to listen to the proposals of the Poles, alleging that he himself was master of Hungary; but afterwards perceiving that he would in Frederick encounter a formidable adversary, he determined upon siding with the weaker party. It is passing strange, and "wondrous pitiful," that Hungary, who had so often saved Austria from the Moslem, should so often be compelled to seek in the arms of the Moslem protection from Austria. The unfortunate Hungarians, however, had then as much to fear from the alliance of Turkey, as from the open expression of her hatred. The Ottoman army soon crossed her frontiers, and there renewed, as friends, the ravages which they had formerly committed as enemies. Szapolyai repaired to the Sultan's camp, and did him homage, on bended knee, for the kingdom which was no longer his. Solyman marched as far as Vienna, under the walls of which he encamped for a few days, and then suddenly retreated. He had no sooner departed than Frederick again took possession of Buda, and again Szapolyai invited the Ottomans back. So great were the devastations committed by both parties, that the Magyars did not know which to dislike more, the Austrians who came to attack them, or the Turks, who came to defend. Solyman, who was as unfortunate in sieges as he was successful in battle, was repulsed before Köszeg, which was defended by a Croat chief devoted to the Austrians, and retreated, carrying with him thirty thousand captives as slaves.

The war still continued,—victory inclining now to one side, and now to the other, until both kings had exhausted their strength without deciding their quarrel. At last a treaty was concluded by which Szapolyai was to occupy the throne while he lived, and at his death it was to revert to Ferdinand; and in case he left any children, they were to be placed in possession of a revenue suitable to their rank and birth. As his offspring, therefore, could not succeed him, Szapolyai laid aside all thoughts of marrying, and would have continued all his life in single blessedness, had not his courtiers worked upon his vanity, and persuaded him that it was the duty of a prince, circumstanced as he was, to strengthen his kingdom by an alliance with the family of some neighbouring sovereign. He turned his eyes towards Poland. Sigismond, the king of that country, more fortunate than his brother Uladislaus II., of Hungary, had succeeded in raising Poland to a high position amongst the nations of Europe in the arts and sciences and civilisation, and effected the happiest transformation in the habits and life of the people. He had one daughter, the offspring of his marriage with Bona Sfoza, of Milan. If women envy beauty in their own sex, as many say they do, she was envied by all the ladies of the court, and admired by all the men. But her personal charms formed but a very small part of her recommendations to popular respect and veneration. She had manifested a devotion to science and learning, very unusual amongst the women of that age, and combined all the mild charity and devout piety of a nun with the strictest attention to the duties of everyday life. She had learned in the midst of prosperity, and surrounded by the thoughtless licentiousness of a gay court, to perform with uncomplaining fidelity the hardest tasks that the sternest stroke of adversity could impose. The miseries of the poor upon her father's private estates were the subjects of her daily solicitude, and the poor serf, sunk in hopeless poverty, came to look upon her as little inferior to one of the ministering spirits before whose images he had been taught to bow down and adore. The principles of government were a portion of her daily study, more from a love to the people as *men*, and as such, essentially noble, than from any expectation that she would ever be called upon to rule.

Such was the woman whom Szapolyai obtained as his wife. She was worthy of a better lot—worthy of a union with a soul whose aspirations were as lofty, and thoughts as pure and dignified, as her own.

The Hungarians hailed her arrival in the country with universal acclamation, and though impoverished and harassed by five years of war and disaster, they welcomed her with gorgeousness of pomp and display worthy of the days of Mathias Corvinus. In the midst of all these rejoicings, two of the nobles, Majlath and Balassa, stirred up a revolt in Transylvania, a piece of treachery the more disastrous and less excusable, as Isabella already gave promise of an heir to the crown, around whom the national party might rally, and thus put an end to foreign interference and intestine division. Scarcely had the rebellion been put down, than the Queen brought forth a son, and in a month or two afterwards the King found himself dying. In his last will he named George Utjssenovics, Bishop of Great Varadin, and Peter Petrovics,

Count of Temes, guardians of John Sigismond, his son. He had scarcely signed it when he expired.

He was a man who was evidently not born to rule, and he grasped at the sceptre more from childish vanity and love of display, than from a desire for power. His unfortunate position drove him to the commission of acts opposed by his judgment, and at which his heart revolted, and compelled him to seek protection from the worst enemy of himself and his kingdom, to the great humiliation and misery of both. He had but one virtue, stoicism under misfortune, but he did not get credit even for this. His people ascribed it to lethargic indifference, or imbecility.

An infant, a woman, and a monk, were now at the head of affairs; and although, after the death of King John, the Diet of Rakos appointed the Queen and Valentine Török to the regency, Martinuzzi and Isabella alone held the reins of government, in the name of the young Prince.

Martinuzzi occupies so prominent a position in Hungarian history at this period, and the information concerning his early life furnished by the Magyar historians is so very scanty, that we must content ourselves with presenting to the reader such details as have been collected by M. Bechet, a French historian. "The family of Martinuzzi was one of the most illustrious in the kingdom, but, either through the troubles of the times, or bad management of their affairs, they had not the means of affording him in his infancy an education suitable to his birth.

"He was born in 1482, in the Castle of Namiezas, in Croatia, of which his father bore the name, with the title of Count; but the castle and the name were all that remained to him of the honours of his ancestry. The young Utjssenovics having been born after his father's death, his mother perceived that he would early have to contend against the twofold disadvantages of poverty and orphanage.

"Under these circumstances, she determined to secure for him a patron and protector, who might aid him even more effectually than his father could have done, had he been living. She therefore requested her brother, James Martinuzzi, Bishop of Scardona, in Dalmatia, to become his sponsor at the baptismal font; and to interest him still more in the future progress of his godson, she changed his name to Martinuzzi, which he ever afterwards bore."

Nevertheless, his uncle soon afterwards abandoned him. After many changes he found an asylum in the house of the Szapolyai, but in a menial situation. The dull and degrading nature of his duties soon disgusted him, and he entered the convent of the Hermits of St. Paul, where he made himself known to King John when he fled thither after his defeat at Agria. The unfortunate monarch had not then many friends, and Martinuzzi soon gained his confidence to such a degree, that he became his daily companion. He then made him his ambassador, and soon after his spy. His monk's cowl, then more respected than even the royal purple, preserved him from the many dangers incident to such a character.

When Szapolyai had retrieved his misfortunes, and regained the throne, he did not prove ungrateful to his former friend, but admitted him to his councils. But this was not enough to satisfy the ambition of Martinuzzi. So well did he manage his intrigues, that he soon became Bishop of Great Varadin, Waywode of Transylvania, and Treasurer of the Kingdom. He soon supplanted all the courtiers who in turn gained the ascendancy over the feeble-minded King, and became virtually master of the kingdom. He had, however, a great soul, far too great for the station and duties of a monk. He was not merely a politic statesman, or a well-read scholar. He never sought peril, but when it came he was not afraid to meet it. He was often present on the battle-field, and at last learned to win battles himself. He was particularly clever in the discovery of the secrets of his enemies, but had the art, so important to diplomaticians, of enveloping his own in the most profound mystery, and paid no regard to the sanctity of an oath. In a word, he possessed all the qualities requisite to make a man great, but hardly any of those that make a man good.

The Austrian faction, which of all things feared the yoke of the Turks, immediately upon the death of John, called upon Ferdinand to assert his rights; and he therefore wrote to Isabella demanding the fulfilment of the treaty concluded by her late husband, and at the same time promising her private estates in his own dominions. Although this treaty had been concluded without the knowledge of the nation at large, and in direct violation of its acknowledged rights, Isabella felt some scruples about breaking it. She felt that she was unfitted for the turmoil of the stormy existence which was then opening up before her, and, as she had no love for power, she looked back with longing regret to the pursuits of quiet usefulness in which the days of her maidenhood were spent. She could anticipate with unmixed pleasure her retirement from the pomp and bustle of the court into some peaceful rural solitude, in which she might devote her whole time to the education of her son, and make herself the friend and consoler of the poor peasantry around. She therefore determined upon giving up Hungary to Ferdinand, and hastened to inform Martinuzzi of her intention. The wily priest, seeing at a glance that such a step once taken his occupation was gone, and elective monarchy destroyed, sternly opposed himself to it. "I will never," said he, "betray the interests of my ward; I do not respect a treaty signed by King John under fear of coercion, and against the will of the nation. He had no right to convey away his son's claim to the crown, and place Hungary under the rule of a stranger."

His partisans praised his zeal, and reproached Isabella for her indifference to the welfare of her country. She yielded at last, since the minister had possession of the treasury and the army, and was supported by Solyman, the Turkish sultan. An Austrian army was sent to besiege Buda, but was repulsed with loss, and forced to abandon the enterprise. In the following year Roggendorf prepared anew to attack it. A conspiracy formed to assassinate Martinuzzi failed ignominiously, and just as the traitors were being driven back from his gates, the banners of the Ottomans were seen in the distance upon the plain. The Sultan had sent his vizier, Mehemet Pacha, to the aid of the young King, whose dominions he hoped ere long to incorporate with his own empire. A terrible battle was fought under the walls of Pesth, in which the besieged, sallying from the town, took the side of the Turks. The carnage was frightful, the Danube being half filled with the bodies of the dead. The town itself soon became the scene of the conflict, and soldiers, inhabitants, women, children, all, in short, who were not Turks, were mercilessly slaughtered. Roggendorf, mortally wounded, took refuge in the isle of Czalokoz, and there died.

Solyman did not immediately enter Buda, but he expressed the liveliest impatience "to embrace the child on whose behalf he had undergone so much fatigue, and passed through so many perils." Isabella, naturally timid, and excessively fond of her son, was reluctant to trust him in the hands of the Sultan; but Martinuzzi, who was fearful of irritating him, succeeded in overcoming her scruples. The royal infant was taken in the arms of his nurse, riding in a magnificent carriage, to Solyman's tent, who received him with all outward marks of affection; then turning to his own children, charged them "to love John Sigismond as they would their own brother." In the meantime, whilst the *cortège* that accompanied the young King was thus engaged, the Turkish troops entered the fortress, disarmed the guard, and took up a position in one of the principal quarters of the town. The young Prince was then sent back; but it was in vain that the Queen wrote a letter, complaining of the Sultan's perfidy. "If you have sufficient experience to govern a kingdom," said he, "why have you not enough strength to defend it? Go to Transylvania; you can there live in peace, which it is impossible for you to expect here; your son shall be my waywode in that province, and you shall be his guardian. Martinuzzi and Petrovics will aid you with their advice." He then named the lawyer Verboczi, the supreme judge of the inhabitants of Buda. The latter died in a few months afterwards, regretting bitterly on his death-bed the equivocal part which he had played towards the close of his career.

The Queen was, as we have already stated, much more attached to her son than to the crown, and she therefore set out for Transylvania immediately. Upon her arrival upon the frontiers, several of the nobles of that province refused to allow her to enter, and fearing that if they did so, they might incur the anger of the Sultan. She was, therefore, obliged to call upon Martinuzzi for assistance, which was rendered so effectually, that Isabella speedily found herself surrounded by

a knot of steadfast friends; but the monk retained all the real influence in his own hands.

Solyman in the meantime remained in Hungary, and Ferdinand loaded him with presents, and asked him to bestow upon him the investiture of the kingdom. He gained nothing from this, however, as the Sultan received the presents but refused the investiture. Hungary, during the next hundred and fifty years, was the scene of continual struggles between the Turks and the Austrians, both inflicting upon the inhabitants all the direst evils of military violence and rapine. To increase these horrors an army was sent by the Electors of Germany to take part in the struggle, but which produced no better result than the prolongation of the struggle and the decimation of the unhappy people by famine and carnage. The Christian belligerents showed no more humanity than the infidel Turks. When a town was taken by either party it was invariably burnt, as the surest means of preventing its occupation by the enemy. Ferdinand of Austria, having exhausted his treasury, levied supplies for the support of his army upon the Magyar population, and Solyman did likewise, with, if possible, less scruple, while both massacred the peasantry with as little remorse as if they had been wild beasts. The evils inflicted upon Hungary by the reckless and insane ambition of the imbecile House of Hapsburgh have been too great to allow us to hope that so infatuated a family can ever expiate them. The regeneration of Hungary must be the work of abler and purer hands.

The Five Churches, Royal Alba, and Strigonia, fell into the power of the Turks, and half the kingdom was soon groaning under the arbitrary government of pachas, and the German and Austrian armies were forced to retreat.

Ferdinand was at length successful in obtaining a truce of five years, but only on condition that Hungary should in the

SZAI OLYAI.—(*See page* 177.)

interval remain divided between the two parties. He also managed to gain over Martinuzzi to his side. The latter, finding that the Queen had given the Sultan an unfavourable opinion of him, feared to trust himself any more in the Turkish camp, as he was well aware that Solyman recked no more of cutting off the head of an archbishop than that of a vizier. He also doubtless hoped to gain more of dignity or profit from supporting the cause of the wily Ferdinand than from the faithful discharge of his duty towards the widowed Queen and her orphan son. Isabella, hearing of his treachery, appealed to Solyman for aid, who forthwith sent an army to chastise the perfidious minister. Ferdinand sent another to support him; but Martinuzzi, suddenly becoming reconciled to the Queen, took the field in person, and beat the Austrians in several pitched battles. Ferdinand was exasperated beyond measure, and the Sultan, astonished at the prelate's military talents, sent an embassy to effect a reconciliation with him, and to congratulate him upon his success. All this increased the pride and hauteur of the Bishop, and rendered the position of the Queen every day less endurable. Daily subjected to fresh proofs of his insolence and ingratitude, she was an object of pity even to her enemies; and whilst Martinuzzi surrounded himself with a pomp and magnificence but little in accordance with his sacred office, she was compelled to content herself with an establishment suited neither to her birth nor her present position.

The former, whom we must in charity suppose to have had the national cause at

ISABELLA SZAPOLYAI.—(*See page* 179.)

heart, in some degree at least, now broke off his negotiations with Ferdinand, who instantly besought Charles V. to assist

VERBOCZI.—*See page* 179.

him. General Castaldo was instantly sent to head the Austrian forces, in conjunction with some Spanish troops, at that time the best soldiers in Europe. Castaldo marched rapidly towards the Tibissa, and entered into communication with Martinuzzi. But the Monk was already engaged in negotiations with the Sultan, fearing that if Ferdinand once became master of the country, he would deprive him of all authority and influence.

The Spanish general offered to Isabella, in the name of the Archduke, the duchies of Oppola and Ratibor, to hold in her own right as absolute sovereign, in case she resigned all claim to the Hungarian crown, and affianced her son to one of Ferdinand's daughters. She accepted the proposal, notwithstanding the efforts of Martinuzzi to dissuade her. It was in vain that

STEPHEN BATHORI.—(*See page* 184.)

GEORGE BOCSKAI.—(*See page* 184.)

ASSASSINATION OF MARTINUZZI.—(*See page* 182.)

Ferdinand offered him the Archbishopric of Strigonia—he still made strenuous attempts to induce the Queen to change her resolution. But she steadfastly refused. "The die is cast," said she, "and if Ferdinand breaks his word upon him will the shame fall."

At length the day arrived on which she was formally to sign the act of abdication, and consign herself, and her son to the obscurity of a petty princedom in Silesia. The Diet of the nation was assembled in an old abbey near Kolosvar to witness the ceremonial—no longer the united body of brave and enthusiastic men who sat with Louis the Great around the council board, and followed him to the field to carry out their deliberations at the point of their swords. It was now "a house divided against itself;" part, bribed by foreign gold, applauding the step which promised to advance their personal interest, and only a small minority mourning over the downfal of the country, and the wrongs and humiliation of a gentle and amiable woman, wife of their national sovereign.

When Isabella handed over the crown and the sceptre, the young Prince cried bitterly, in the simplicity of childhood regretting far more deeply the loss of the baubles than the power of which they were the symbols.

Solyman, indignant at being made the dupe of all parties, assembled an immense army and invaded Hungary. Martinuzzi, finding all his efforts to prevent the Queen's abdication vain, had renewed his negotiations with the Sultan, when his schemes were discovered by the partisans of Ferdinand, and duly reported at the Austrian Court. It was resolved that he should be forthwith put out of the way in a manner that would for ever prevent his interference in politics. He at that time resided in the Castle of Alvintz, a strongly-fortified dwelling, and well supplied with all the munitions of war. It was to this he retired to repose after the fatigues of business; but Castaldo, the Austrian general, had at all times free access to him, in consequence of his oft-repeated, but hypocritical, protestations of friendship, and the seeming respect paid to all his acts and opinions. The execution of his vengeance was entrusted by Ferdinand to five conspirators, Palavicini, Ferrara, Monino, Piacentino, and Scaramoncia, who repaired to the castle on an appointed day. The gates were opened, and Don Lopez, a Spanish colonel, and some soldiers, entered. Palavicini went towards the apartments of the Bishop. Zerrara, Castaldo's secretary, accompanied him, carrying some papers, as if about to present them for Martinuzzi's signature. As he sat down to comply with their request, Ferrara stabbed him in the neck with his dagger, while Palavicini laid open his skull with a blow of his sabre. "What is this, my brother?" said the prelate, and the same moment dropped dead.

Thus perished a man who was born in poverty and obscurity, but before he died made himself wealthy and great. Without doubt, when Ferdinand caused him to be assassinated, it was less with the intention of re-establishing the bulwarks of Christianity, and protecting Hungary from the assaults of Islamism, than of ridding himself of the last champion of Magyar freedom. No one could deny Martinuzzi the possession of great talents, and this made him useful to great men; but from their servant he, by degrees, became their equal, and, at last, their master. He had no friends. Like Napoleon, he was incapable of such a feeling as friendship; but never was there a man who knew better the art of winning the crowd, and attaching it to his schemes. He was ambitious in the highest degree, and patriotic in spite of himself, because his own interests coincided with those of his country. So that, amidst all his treacheries, deceit, and tergiversation, his ulterior aim was ever the triumph of the national cause and the downfal of the enemies of Hungary. A great leader, and an intrepid soldier, he knew how to unite his prudence with a calm dignity, equally removed from fiery rashness or foolish caution. On one occasion he was flying from his enemies by forced marches, when his carriage was overturned in crossing a stream, and the gentlemen of his suite remarked to him in terror that it was a bad omen. "Pshaw!" said he, "that broken-down chariot does not rule my destiny—it follows the course of that one" (pointing to the sun), "which you see shining there in the heavens."

Ferdinand had some difficulty in obtaining absolution for the murder from the Pope, but was at length successful, and then prepared to march against the Turks.

The Poles at last began to manifest some interest in the fortunes of Isabella, as the Archduke was failing to fulfil his engagements towards her, and even refused to pay her the yearly stipend which he had promised. It was in vain she sought for assistance from the European princes. They all pitied her, but none offered to aid her by an armed force—the only argument that would have any weight in the eyes of the Austrian Duke. The intervention volunteered by the Poles was feeble and ineffectual, and, as a last resource, she was compelled to appeal to Solyman.

He agreed to support her, as he had often before persecuted her, from motives of selfish policy. Mehemet Pacha, the Ottoman General of the Cavalry, entered Hungary at the head of one hundred thousand men. Temesvar was carried by assault, notwithstanding the heroic defence of Losonczi, who defended the place for Ferdinand. The arrival of Maurice, Duke of Saxe, soon after revived the courage of the Germans and Spaniards. But this reinforcement did not terrify Mehemet, who advanced to lay siege to Agria, with full confidence in his own good fortune.

Agria was a town founded by St. Stephen, and the garrison was commanded by Dobo for Ferdinand. It was but badly fortified, but it was defended by the best soldiers of Hungary, and the inhabitants, roused by the remembrance of so many brilliant victories achieved by their ancestors, prepared for a desperate defence. When the enemy appeared the whole population assembled in the market-place, and swore with frantic shouts to the observance of the following regulations: "The word *capitulation* shall be proscribed; if any one dare but to utter it, he shall be put to death. When the victuals are all consumed we shall eat one another; and the victims shall be chosen by lot. The women shall occupy themselves in repairing the walls, and shall follow their husbands and fathers in the breach, and in the sallies."

Mehemet rode up close to the ramparts, and informed the inhabitants that if they surrendered they should be numbered amongst the best beloved subjects of the Commander of the Faithful. The besieged, without uttering a word, raised four pikes upon the ramparts, and placed on the top a coffin covered with a black pall, as their only answer. This sad token of proud but desperate defiance had scarcely disappeared, when the Turkish artillery opened its fire upon them with such tremendous vigour, that whichever way the garrison looked nothing could be seen of the surrounding country, all was smoke and circling flame. In a few minutes the citadel was dismantled, the roofs of the houses beaten in, and the Turks, seizing their scimitars, rushed to the assault with tremendous shouts of "Allah-il-Allah—there is but one God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God!" Planted firmly in the breach, the Magyars awaited the onset with levelled pikes and drawn swords, and eight thousand of the bravest of the Ottomans slain in the first few moments of the conflict attested their desperate valour. Mehemet, enraged at this unlooked-for check, four times in succession urged on his troops to the charge, and four times were they beaten back, diminished in numbers, wounded, bruised, and weary. In the heat of the battle the Magyar women were seen hurling down huge stones, or pouring boiling oil on the heads of the assailants, and exciting or cheering their relatives by their tears or their praises. Astonished and confounded by so vigorous a resistance, Mehemet broke up his camp, and retreated with precipitation.

Isabella now renewed her applications to Solyman, who made still greater preparations for a demonstration in her favour; but the officers of Ferdinand, by their cruelties and exactions in Transylvania, rendered her still greater service. Nothing so surely works its downfal in the long run as unrestrained despotism. There is a limit to the endurance of the most slavish of mankind, and when it is once passed, the reaction is instant and disastrous. So in Transylvania, the inhabitants, harassed and annoyed by the tyranny of the creatures of Austria, rose in insurrection, and called upon Isabella to put herself at their head in 1556. Her misfortunes had bestowed upon her new charms; and her son, who already gave indications of future excellence, won the hearts of all who saw him.

They took an oath of fidelity to the mother and son, which was proof to all the intrigues of Castaldo, the power of Ferdi-

nand, and the caprice of fortune. After having appeased many revolts fomented by the Imperial Court, Isabella convoked a Diet at Cibina, and there received the homage of the nobles and people. But, unhappily, at this moment, the disease was at work, which ere long was to cut short her reign and her life.

The abdication of Charles V., and his retirement into a convent, after having resigned all worldly power and dignity, excited the astonishment of Europe. To his son, Philip II., he left the kingdom of Spain, the Low Countries, and his possessions in the Italian peninsula, but all his efforts were not sufficient to prevent the election of his brother Ferdinand to the dignity of Emperor of Germany. The latter believed that the mere title would supply him with power sufficient to retain all his old conquests, and acquire new ones. To Solyman, the elevation of his old adversary formed a new motive for again attacking him; and aware of the dissensions caused by religious differences in Germany, he proclaimed himself, as if sarcastically, protector of the Catholic faith.

All this had but just taken place, when Isabella died, at the early age of forty years. Her life, from the period of her marriage, was but a series of misfortunes, and never woman deserved them less. She was the gentlest of her sex, and with the patient endurance of a woman, she united the courage and devotion of a martyr. She gave up the crown to carry out the plighted faith of her dead husband, and resumed it only when Ferdinand had violated his solemn oaths, and even then acted in a manner which clearly manifested her integrity, straightforwardness, and truth.

After her death, her son, John Sigismond, was in danger of being crushed by his enemies, and Poland at last interfered on his behalf. Whilst negotiations were being carried on, with the view of reinstating him in his rights, Ferdinand of Austria died, and Maximilian II., his son, succeeded him on the throne, and immediately declared his intention to assert his father's claim to Hungary and Transylvania. But the nobles rallied round Sigismond, and his cause made rapid progress. Maximilian sent two able generals against him, who gained many victories over the Turks and Transylvanians. Solyman, irritated by the defeats of his lieutenants, determined to visit the scene of war in person. Having arrived, he determined, as the first of his operations, to lay siege to Sziget—a town upon the frontiers of Sclavonia, built in the middle of a marsh, and approachable only by a narrow causeway. Nicholas Zrinyi, a scion of the illustrious Croat family of Sabics, commanded the garrison, and made every preparation for a vigorous resistance, although his resources were extremely limited. He had only three thousand soldiers, but they were all picked men, and had the most unbounded confidence in the courage and talents of their leader.

The artillery of the Turks had not played upon the town for many hours before the slender rampart which surrounded it was levelled to the ground, and the besiegers entered it sword in hand. There was a stern conflict in the breach; but the garrison, overpowered by numbers, were obliged to take refuge in the citadel, and leave the inhabitants to their fate. Zrinyi had now only six hundred men remaining, the rest having fallen in the encounter; but with these he determined to hold out to the last extremity. The Turks kept up a continued fire of their heaviest cannon, and made use of every possible contrivance to set the place on fire, but in vain. Solyman, enraged beyond measure at so unexpected a resistance, and fearing that if he were baffled in an enterprise apparently so trifling, it would dim the glory won in forty years of warfare, summoned his generals to his tent. "Good-for-nothing scoundrels!" said he, in a fury, "if Sziget be not taken in one hour, I will fill up the ditch with your heads, and march the army across your carcases to the assault." He was not able to say more; the violence of his anger brought on a fit of apoplexy, and he died that night. He was the soul of the Ottoman power. Since his time, it has been gradually declining; but during his lifetime his very presence seemed to convey an assurance of victory.

His death would have had a fatal influence in damping the courage of his troops, had the news been immediately announced to them; but the vizier, in obedience to the dying orders of his master, strangled the physician, and the attendants who waited upon him, before they left the chamber. The body of the Sultan was then clothed in royal robes, and placed sitting on an elevated throne in front of the camp, and within sight of the scene of conflict, and the trumpet immediately gave the signal for a general assault. The soldiers, imagining they were now about to fight under the eye of their Sovereign, whom they saw only from a distance, advanced to the attack with redoubled ardour. An unforeseen event, however, saved them from the dangers of the breach—the fort had taken fire, and the fortifications, which had hitherto withstood the artillery, gave way before the flames, burying many of the garrison in the ruins. The stores of every description were consumed, and when Zrinyi assembled his men, he found that, out of six hundred, he had only two hundred and seventy able to fight. But not one face in the little band lost its colour at the sight of their dreadful situation. "My friends," said Zrinyi, addressing them, "we must bid each other farewell, and die in the midst of the enemy. It is our duty to teach the infidels what the heroism of the Christians is. Let us show them that it is better to die like us than conquer like themselves!" He was answered by a shout of assent; and, retiring for a few moments, he came forward, dressed in a splendid uniform. "We should dress as for a banquet," said he, smiling, "for to-night we shall enter Paradise." He then went from rank to rank, embracing each man separately, and bidding him an everlasting farewell. He then opened the gate, lowered the bridge, and, leading his men outside of the fort, awaited in silence the approach of the enemy. The Turks hesitated for a moment, suspecting some stratagem, but, becoming reassured, rushed furiously to the attack. Zrinyi fought with great coolness, dealing death with every stroke. At length he was wounded in the neck, and the blood gushed out in torrents—still he fought with unshaken courage. Another stroke of a scimitar severed the sinews of his legs, and he held his foes at bay upon his knees, till a bullet passing through his brain laid him dead at the feet of his enemies. The rest of the garrison were cut to pieces. Four men only survived, who steadily refused all offers of quarter, till their arms were wrested from their hands, and they could no longer fight. The Turks then entered to take possession of their conquest, but found nothing save a mass of blackened ruins to reward them for a siege of thirty-three days, twenty fierce assaults, and the loss of thirty thousand men.

Whilst these brave men were shedding their blood in the service of Austria, an army of ten thousand men, under the command of the Archduke Charles, was within thirteen miles of Striget during the siege, and another of a hundred thousand men, under the command of the Emperor himself, within twenty-five miles distant, and neither offered to move to their assistance. Upon receiving the news of the disaster, Maximilian, forgetting that he owed the support of the national party to his promises to repel the invasions of the Turks, retreated to Vienna, leaving Hungary a prey to the most horrible convulsions. The Grand Vizier knew better than he the loss that Austria had sustained. Sending him the head of Zrinyi, he thus wrote:—"I forward you as a testimony of my good-will the head of the greatest and bravest of your generals. You will feel his loss before long. His remains have been interred with all the honours due to such a hero."

The inaction of the Austrian armies led soon after to the fall of the fortress of Gyula, and a third of Austrian Hungary was soon exposed to the ravages of the Ottomans, who led 80,000 men into slavery. It was in vain that two Diets complained to the Emperor of this deplorable state of things—of his suffering the widows and orphans of the defenders of Sziget to beg their bread through the country; of the extortions of Schvendi, the Austrian general; of the violation of the laws of the nation, which he committed in appointing foreigners to high offices in the state. Maximilian replied that he knew nothing of the evils complained of, and that, in any case, he should do as he pleased. He, at the same time, concluded a treaty with the Sultan, Selim, which left an ineffaceable stain upon the honour of the House of Hapsburgh. It was agreed that John Sigismond should continue waywode of the Sultan and Emperor in Transylvania; that half of Hungary should remain in possession of the latter, and the other half, with the capital, Buda, should be governed as a province dependant on Constantinople. Scarcely had this compact been signed, than all men of rank and influence

abandoned public life, and retired to their estates; or went over to the camp of George Bocksai, a powerful noble of Transylvania, whose family had ever been devotedly attached to the national cause. Tövök, Drugeth, and some others, united to dethrone a prince whose incapacity was so glaring,

MAGYARS DANCING.

and whose policy promised, at no distant day, to dismember and ruin a state, the interest of which he had sworn to protect. The conspiracy was, however, discovered, and the authors of it banished. This defeat, and the intrigues of Behessi, who possessed great influence with John Sigismond, but was secretly bribed by the Austrians, at last induced the young King to conclude a treaty with Maximilian upon the following terms:—That John Sigismond should renounce the title of King and take that of Most Serene Prince; that Transylvania Proper should form his patrimony, and that part of the Hungarian frontier, which he then possessed, he should enjoy during his lifetime, but at his death it should revert to Austria. If the Sultan should take umbrage at the conclusion of a treaty of this nature without his knowledge, and should drive him from his dominions, that he should have the castle of Oppola in Silesia, as a place of refuge. Lastly, that if John Sigismond should die without issue, the states of Transylvania should elect a prince, who would be dependant on the Court of Vienna.

Like all the kings chosen from the ranks of the oligarchy in the later days of Hungarian history, Sigismond had more regard for the splendour of his house, and the possession of a precarious title, than for the prosperity and happiness of the country. A marriage was about this time upon the *tapis* between himself and a niece of Maximilian, which seemed likely to give rise to new difficulties, when his death, in 1571, put an end to all uneasiness on that ground. With him ended the short-lived dynasty of Szapolyai. He was a staunch supporter of religious liberty, but in politics as weak and feeble as his father.

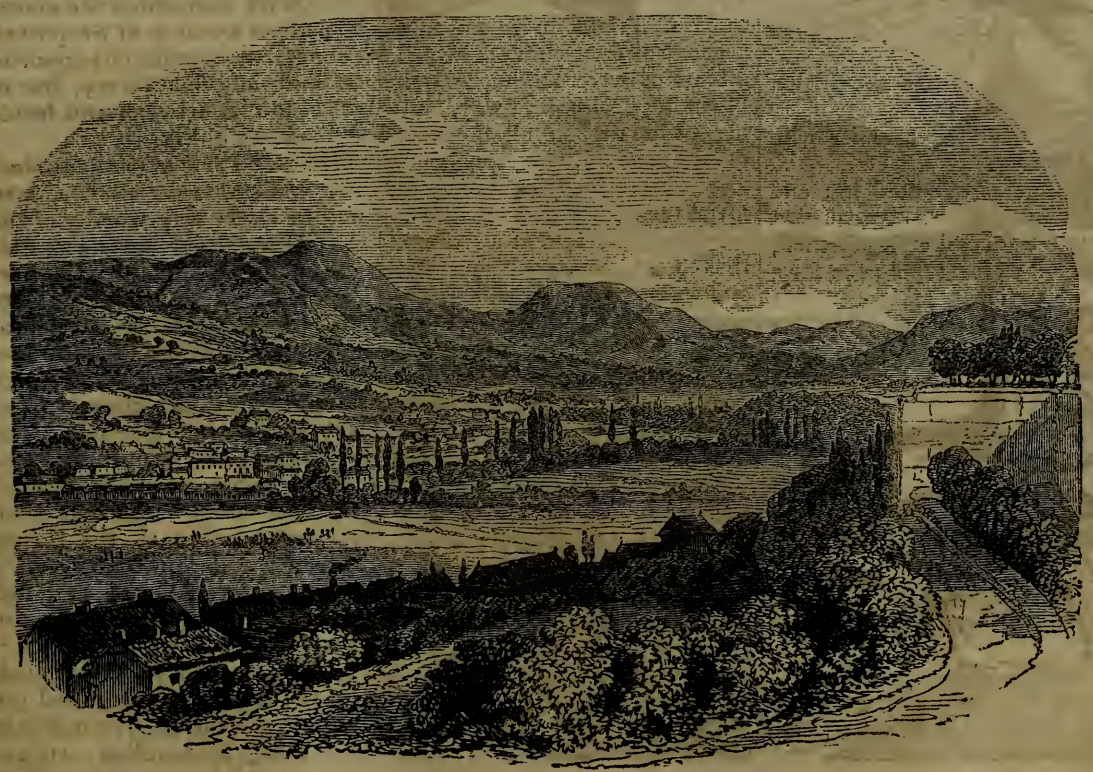
The Transylvanians elected as his successor a man in every way worthy of the Hungarian throne — Stephen Bathori. His past achievements and services to the state at once procured for him the suffrages of the people, and even Maximilian himself confirmed his election. The reign of Bathori in Transylvania, however, did not last long. He was soon after called to the throne of Poland, from which Henry of Valois had fled upon receiving the news of the death of his brother, Charles IX. The Polish Diet had then declared the throne vacant. It was in vain that Maximilian endeavoured to purchase their votes; Bathori carried everything by the weight of his character. The Emperor then made preparations to assert his claims by force of arms, when his death put a stop to the expedition which he had fitted out for the purpose. Thus placed in peaceable possession of the throne, Bathori re-established dis-

cipline in the army, and silenced, for the time at least, the contentions of the nobles. The long peace which they had enjoyed under the two Sigismonds, rendered the Polish army little better than a horde of undisciplined cavalry. By the introduction of well-trained Magyars, and by paying close attention to the science of artillery, a vast improvement was now effected.

Bathori practised in his government those principles of toleration, which were promulgated for the first time in the history of the world in the fifteenth century. He declared "that to God alone belonged the right of controlling men's belief, and that he was not impious enough to interfere with him."

At the same time with Bathori two other sovereigns ascended the thrones of their ancestors—Amurath III., at Constantinople, and Rodolph, as the heir of the Austrian Cæsars. The latter had been crowned King of Hungary at Presburg in 1572. He was the slave of his passions, capricious, fickle, and "variable as the shade by the light quivering aspen made." Unable to rule himself, he was beyond all doubt unworthy to reign over even a fallen people. Plunged, every week of his sickly, maudlin existence, in a new, and always gross amour, unredeemed by one trait of tenderness or feeling, so vile was his sensuality, that the princesses of the most profligate courts of a profligate age loathed his alliance, and spurned the offer of his hand. Like most other *roués*, he was avaricious and stingy. He liked animal pleasure of all other things within his reach, but he liked to get it cheap. If it cost much he would have none of it, or make others pay for it. He was a very fair specimen of the disposition and capabilities of all the men of his race. The very best that can be said of any Prince of the House of Hapsburgh since Charles V. is, that he was not a bad man. Their virtues have all been negative. They have sometimes abstained from doing evil, but they have seldom, if ever, done good. The genius and talents of the whole line seem to have been centred in one man, and when he died, the greatness of the family died with him. His efforts seem to have exhausted the nations over which he ruled.

ANCIENT BUDA.



ENVIRONS OF BUDA.

Spain, from the first kingdom in Europe, has come to be "a shaking of the head amongst the nations," and through many a year of shameless tyranny, brute force, secresy, lawlessness, oppression, and misfortune, the black eagle of Austria

"——— has slept with wings in darkness furled."

It would be a painful and, in many respects, a useless task to follow out the details of the "battles, sieges, fortunes," of which Hungary, during the reign of Rodolph, was the scene. Every day added new names to the long and glorious list of her martyred patriots; men who feared the moral degradation of a slavish life more than the sword of the foreign conqueror, or the eternity of the Father of all mankind. But the tongue that tells of the thousand glories of her declining age, must tell too in sadness and humiliation of the many traitors who forsook her, and of the many false hearts who denied the land of their birth, and dishonoured the bones of their dead fathers by their falsehood and villany. Whilst Rodolph, in company with his friend Tycho Brahé, followed the course of the stars in a lonely tower at Prague, the Turks were overrunning the land, until the crescent floated from the walls of the proudest cities. In the streets of Buda and Royal Alba, the burying-place of royalty itself, the long drawn cry of the muezzin as he called the followers of the Prophet to their evening prayer, disturbed the Christian priest, as with 'bated voice he chanted the litany of the Virgin, and implored her intercession on behalf of the afflicted kingdom.

MIGNIONETTE.

BY MISS H. M. RATHBONE.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Wright was the mistress of an excellent free-school for girls in the small market town of Evesham, and her strong mind, original turn of thinking, and lady-like deportment, rendered her company generally acceptable to all classes. For a few years she had lived alone, while fulfilling the duties of her arduous post, but long before our story opens she had taken under her charge the orphan daughter of a poor curate, whose church, though situated in the village of Hyde, five miles distant, she had commonly attended, in preference to the Puseyite chapel-of-ease which supplied the spiritual needs of the inhabitants of Evesham. Left in utter destitution within a year of her marriage, Mrs. Leslie, the young curate's widow, died in giving birth to a little daughter only two months after her husband's death, her last moments inexpressibly cheered by the assurance of Mrs. Wright that her helpless child should never want a friend so long as the good schoolmistress's life and health were spared. It was in an orderly, comfortable home, possessing a sunny back-garden, filled with fruit-trees and old-fashioned flowers, that the little girl grew up, her childhood carefully yet judiciously cherished by her second mother, and the clean, tidy servant who had been in her service nearly twenty years. The child, called after her maternal parent by the fanciful name of Mignionette, fully justified the appellation, as she advanced in life, by her sweet temper, gentle sportiveness, and a kind of quiet grace which seemed inherent, and which pervaded every movement. To qualify her as a governess to teach young ladies of the higher rank, was the object of Mrs. Wright's ambition, and to accomplish this purpose she worked early and late, that she might engage the best masters for her *protegé* which the little market-town afforded, while she made a point of her visiting at such houses as she thought likely to benefit her mental advancement and improve her manners.

So simple, modest, well skilled in all housewifely accomplishments, and fond of being useful without bustle, Mignionette at seventeen had become a sweet, loveable girl, and grown so dear to her kind friend, that Mrs. Wright perpetually found excuses for refusing the many advantageous offers which were made to her of different eligible situations.

One evening Phœbe, the old servant, entered to take away the tea-things; and, after clearing her throat three or four times rather loudly, as was her wont when about to say anything she deemed of importance, she remarked—

"I dunna think Miss Minonet is as well as she should be, Mistress Wright."

"What reason have you for supposing anything is amiss with her?" her mistress asked, somewhat anxiously.

"Well, she doesna sing her bits of songs as she used to; and when she takes her sewing in her hand it's mighty little work that she gets through, though she sits at it a couple of hours together; and when she has a book I've seen her look at the same page for a whole evening. You may take my word for it, mistress, she's either sick or in love."

"In love—what nonsense!" muttered Mrs. Wright to herself, as Phœbe left the room; and she remained absorbed in uncomfortable meditation until Mignionette came in with a fragrant bouquet of clove pinks and jessamine, which she gave to her friend, and then took her favourite seat on a low stool at her feet. Mrs. Wright looked at her fondly and attentively, and, struck with her unusual gravity and paleness, she said—

"Mignionette, are you ill? You look paler than you used to do."

"No, indeed, I am quite well, thank you, dear mother."

"Then, do you feel unhappy about anything, my child, that you seem so grave and silent this evening?"

"I grave!" said Mignionette, in surprise, with a light, happy, laugh, whose mirthfulness seemed to give the lie to such a supposition. "No, mother; I am perfectly happy. How could I be otherwise in this pleasant home? It is you, I think, that are fanciful to-night."

"At least, it is not fancy that my new cambric handkerchiefs, which Mr. Ross gave me, are not yet hemmed, Mignionette."

The young girl blushed deeply, and, notwithstanding her previous protestations, burst into tears, and buried her face on her kind friend's knee, who, now certain that Phœbe's suspicions could not be altogether wrong, soothed her tenderly, and entreated her to confide in one whose indulgence and readiness to sympathise she could not doubt.

At length, with much difficulty, Mignionette confessed her fears—nay, her certainty—that her sight was failing, and her consequent dread of becoming blind—an idea too startling to Mrs. Wright to allow her to admit of its possibility until a full detail of all symptoms showed her that there existed only too sufficient cause for considerable anxiety.

The next morning, before school commenced, Mignionette accompanied Mrs. Wright to the house of Mr. Ross, a very clever young surgeon, who divided the town and county practice of Evesham pretty equally with its senior physician, Dr. Hope. Most kind in manner, his benevolence and energy in his professional duties, his high principles and well-cultivated mind, caused him to be exceedingly liked and looked up to by all his patients; and, as acceptable in society as in his medical capacity, he visited no one so often as Mrs. Wright and sweet Mignionette. Only long practice now enabled him to suppress his agitation on hearing what had occasioned the latter to apply to him for advice; and his voice shook when he gently and cautiously communicated to her his opinion that cataract was forming in both eyes, and of a species that rendered it doubtful whether a cure would eventually be possible.

"But it *is* possible?" said Mrs. Wright, who, pale as marble, never lost her composure for an instant during the examination.

"Quite possible," was the answer. "Only it is right you should be warned of the danger that exists, that it may not be. I trust you will allow me to see you often, Miss Leslie, that I may do all that human skill admits of in alleviating this intermediate stage of your sufferings."

"Certainly—thank you—thank you!" Mrs. Wright replied, and, with one grateful glance from Mignionette, they both returned home, sadly enough; the younger one, perhaps, the firmer of the two, for to her the dread prospect had long been comparatively familiar.

It is one of the compensations of sorrow, whether it come in the form of bereavement or illness, that it draws forth so largely the disinterested benevolence of friends, neighbours, and acquaintances. And peculiarly did it prove so on the present occasion. No sooner did the news, kept concealed as long as it was possible, of Mignionette's too probable fate get about, than the greatest courtesy and the warmest kindness was shown, not only to herself, but to Mrs. Wright, to whom so many parents owed obligations on account of their children which could never be repaid. And these attentions were the more welcome, that Mignionette's hitherto blooming health gave way, and a sort of low fever hung long about her, which needed all the care and kindness which she so abundantly received. Game, hot-house fruit, and the use of their carriages, were freely offered by the gentry; the school children, who loved the young girl because she was so lovely in person, and so very kind to them at all times, brought her the sweetest flowers that their home-gardens and the fields afforded, or picked wild strawberries and blackberries, and gathered the ripest hazelnuts; while the butcher, whose wife had once been attended by Mignionette through a long illness, daily brought the small dainties which he thought might tempt Miss Leslie's feverish appetite; and the schoolmaster, who had little spare time, yet contrived to come over three or four times a week, from the village where Mr. Leslie had officiated as curate, to read to his suffering daughter, whose darkening sight precluded her from this great source of enjoyment to the sick when alone.

Edward Allingham, the schoolmaster, was at this time some five-and-thirty years old, and was always received with pleasure by Mrs. Wright, who admired him for his honest, self-denying, studious character, and valued his thoughtful conversation, sound judgment, and gentle, though sometimes abstracted, manners. Less generally popular than his clever friend, the young surgeon, Edward Allingham and Mr. Ross were yet very intimate, and few days passed on which they did not meet at one or other of their respective homes, or at a favourite haunt in the country, where they had erected a seat under three old plane-trees of curious growth, and where they mutually liked to fancy themselves in Greece, conversing with Plato and his followers.

Almost daily Mr. Ross visited his interesting patient, and Mrs. Wright could not but perceive with pleasure the sentiments of love

and admiration which he felt for Mignionette, and honoured him for the self-command with which he resolutely refrained from communicating them to their object at a time when, though suitable opportunities presented themselves with tantalising frequency, such a revelation could only have been distressing to her. Many months passed over, and as her mind became more and more resigned to whatever might hereafter be the will of Heaven regarding her, Mignionette grew stronger, and when total blindness came upon her it found her resolute and patient, and, though still unequal to much exertion, yet capable of bearing the journey to London, which had then become necessary. But new difficulties arose. The expenses of her long illness, and her inability to work, had, despite the kindness of their many friends, reduced the finances of Mrs. Wright to their lowest ebb; and feeling sure that Mr. Ross would never accept payment for his long attendance, she could not bear to ask him to lend her the requisite money; so, after much meditation, she resolved to ask Edward Allingham, whose school appeared very flourishing, whether he would become her temporary banker. Often as he had called upon her, she had never seen his abode, and she was surprised to find how very plainly his two rooms adjoining the school-house were furnished, containing, indeed, only the most necessary articles for daily use, and she almost hesitated whether to name her object in coming. But Allingham, who appeared delighted to see her, preparing coffee for her with ready alacrity, and doubling up his morning dressing-gown to make a cushion for one of his two very uncomfortable chairs, asked so many questions about Mignionette, and when and how she was going to London, that she took heart, and made her application. It was the first time she had ever been so placed, and she fancied her heart beat audibly as her auditor paused several moments before he replied. When he spoke, however, it was to express his utmost willingness to help her as far as lay in his power, and to explain that the claims of his old mother upon his salary made him fear he could not do all that was required, and then he entreated to be told how much would be necessary. Mrs. Wright said she hoped five-and-twenty pounds might suffice; and, almost regretting she had asked Allingham at all, she took her leave, he promising to call early the next morning, and bring her whatever he should find he could spare.

"How shall I manage it?" he thought, on her departure. "I must not trench on my dear mother's portion, and I have never saved anything besides, except the two pounds, in case of accident, and they will go but a small way. Let me see; if I were to give up coffee for the next half-year, and breakfast on oatmeal-gruel, that would save five to ten shillings; and then there's my college prizes—they are the only handsome books in my possession, but they are so valuable they ought to bring a tolerable price. I must take them over to Squire Gretton's to-night, for there is no time to be lost. There's my godfather's watch, too; I shall not like parting with that, given as it was to me on his dying bed; but if he can still see me, I think he would not disapprove of my selling it in such a cause."

By this time Allingham was equipped for his expedition, and, putting by the Eschylus, which he had selected for his evening's recreation before Mrs. Wright's visit, he tied up his five large octavo volumes in morocco bindings, and, slinging the heavy package over his shoulder, he was, after a walk of two miles, ushered into Squire Gretton's dining-room. The receipt of a five-pound-note from that gentleman, in exchange for his precious books, gladdened his heart, and he then walked to Evesham with a light step to dispose of his watch. But in this matter he was less successful, and four guineas was all he could obtain from the grasping pawnbroker, for whom his unbusiness-like habits proved no match. How to increase the eleven pounds which his little hoard and the proceeds of his only valuable property amounted to, was the next consideration, and he went to the rector of the parish to see if a half-year's salary could be advanced him, and was well pleased to receive it, without any comments being made or questions asked. But, after deducting the large proportion of it necessary to aid in paying the annuity which he had for years been endeavouring to purchase for his mother, and after putting aside the smallest sum absolutely necessary for himself to live upon during the ensuing six months, he only obtained five pounds more; and now nothing remained but clothing, of which he possessed only a very moderate supply. He could not endure the thought of taking less than twenty pounds to Mrs. Wright, though he too plainly saw that the five-and-twenty would be out of the question, and, late as it was, he returned to Hyde, and, stripping his bed of a blanket and the counterpane, and taking his new cloth cloak with its fur collar, which his mother had given him for winter wear, with a pair of shoes which he fancied he could do without, he again set out for Evesham, and proceeded to the house of Mr. Ross. His friend, who had been kept up long past midnight by a scarlet-fever patient, was not in bed, and admitted him in great surprise, which was not a little increased when he learned his errand, and perceived by the articles he brought that Allingham must be in great want of the money he asked for. But as his friend's extreme and even Quixotic generosity was well known to him, he merely supposed he had met with some especial case of distress, and he kindly gave him the three guineas which Allingham requested, and which made up the much-desired twenty pounds, and then, waiving all further discussion at that time of night, persuaded him to remain where he was until morning.

(*To be continued.*)

PREMATURE INTERMENTS AND THE UNCERTAIN SIGNS OF DEATH.

Nothing can be more horrible than being shut up in a living tomb, with life still animating the frame, yet being buried as one of the dead. Where interments have been sudden, undoubtedly such melancholy catastrophes have occurred. We have collected some well-authenticated cases. At any rate they may teach relatives carefully to watch the signs of life that may exist, though no trace of it be visible in the corporeal frame. The mysterious principle may be intact; the silver chord may not be loosened, though to the eye even of affection it may seem that the decree has gone forth, and that dust has returned to its kindred dust.

At the death of Philip Doddridge, an eminent lawyer of Virginia, who died in the city of Washington while a Member of Congress, it was stated as a reason for retaining his body longer than usual, that, on a former occasion, he had narrowly escaped the melancholy fate of being buried alive. He had fallen into a cataleptic condition. His respiration had ceased, his pulse no longer throbbed, his limbs were perfectly rigid, and his face exhibited the sharp outline of death. The family physicians and friends, all, with the exception of his wife, believed him to be dead. Mrs. D., however, would not relinquish every hope, and continued to apply, from time to time, every remedy she could think of to restore vitality, and finally succeeded in administering a small quantity of brandy, which immediately restored him to life and the command of his limbs. He lived many years afterwards, and was wont to relate, with deep feeling, the painful and horrible sensations he experienced during the period he was supposed to be dead. He said that though he was perfectly unable to move his finger or give the least sign of his being alive, he could hear, and was conscious of everything that was going on around him. He heard the announcement that he was dead, and the lamentations of his family, the directions for his shroud, and all the usual preparations for his burial. He made desperate efforts to show that he was not dead, but in vain; he could not move a muscle. Even despair and the immediate presence of a fate more appalling to humanity than any other earthly terror could not rouse the dormant body to perform the slightest of its functions. At last he heard Mrs. Doddrige call for the brandy, with a delight and rapture of love for her which the horrors of his situation may easily explain. He felt that he was saved. He humorously observed, "that it was as little as brandy could do to restore him to life, as it had produced his living death." Mr. Doddridge was unfortunately addicted to the intemperate use of ardent spirits, and a fit of intemperance had, no doubt, produced the condition from which he was relieved by the perseverance and love of his wife, who administered, at the last moment, the powerful stimulant which restored him to life. Otherwise his fate would have been that of many others, who have been buried before life was extinct.

Another instance of prevention from the horrors of premature interment occurred in America, and has been related by Mrs. Childs in her "Letters from New York." It is an additional proof of strong conjugal affection, and of the necessity of retaining the body, where there remains the least doubt of the

extinction of life. The uncle of Mrs. Childs was attacked in Boston with the yellow fever, and considered as dead. His affectionate wife, however, did not abandon all hope, but continued with him during his illness, contrary to the remonstrances of her friends, and persisted in refusing to allow his body to be taken from the house for interment. "She told me," says Mrs. Childs, "that she never knew how to account for it; but though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct.

"Two calls, at intervals of half an hour, had been made with the death-carts, to take away the dead bodies, and the constant cry was, as usual on such occasions, 'Bring out your dead;' but her earnest entreaties and tears induced them reluctantly to grant her another respite of half an hour. With trembling haste, she renewed her efforts to restore life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreaded half hour again came round, and found him as cold and rigid as ever. Again she renewed her entreaties so desperately that the messengers began to think that a little gentle force would be required. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will, but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such force and strength, that they could not easily loosen her grasp. At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, she promised that, if he should show no signs of life before they again came round, she would make no further opposition to the removal. Having gained this respite, she hung the watch upon the bedpost, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed kegs of hot water about him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, and held hartshorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half hour would expire, and those dreadful voices would be passing through the streets. Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hand trembled violently, and the hartshorn she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally the position of the head had become slightly inclined backward, and the powerful liquid flowed into the nostril. Instantly there was a short, quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened; and when the death-men came again, they found him sitting up in the bed. He is still alive, and has enjoyed unusually good health."

Many additional cases are recorded of persons apparently dead, who have been so fortunate as to escape the horrors of premature interment. Among these is the case of the elegant Lady Russell, that mentioned by the celebrated Odier of Geneva, and one by Dr. Crichton, physician to the Grand Duke Nicholas, now Emperor of Russia. Lady Russell remained for the space of seven days and nights without any signs of life, and her burial was prevented only by the violent grief of her husband. On the eighth day, as the parish bells were ringing for church, Lady Russell suddenly raised her head, and to the amazement and indescribable joy of Lord Russell, told him to get ready to accompany her to church. Her recovery was rapid and complete, and she lived many years afterwards, and had several children.

"I knew a girl," says Odier, "twenty-five years old, named Ellen Roy, who narrowly escaped being buried alive. She lived at a distance of two leagues from Geneva. For some years she had been subject to nervous attacks which frequently deprived her of every appearance of life; but after the lapse of a few hours she would recover and resume her occupations as if nothing had happened. On one occasion, however, the suspension of her faculties was so protracted that her friends called in a medical man, who pronounced her dead. She was then sewn up in a close shroud, according to the barbarous custom of the country, and laid upon the bedstead. Among those who called to condole with the parents was a particular friend of the supposed deceased, of her own age. The young woman, anxious to take a last look at her friend, ripped the shroud, and imprinted a kiss upon her cheek. While she was kissing her, she fancied that she felt her breathe. She repeated her caresses, and being shortly assured of the fact that her friend was not dead, she applied her mouth to that of the girl, and, in a short time the latter was restored to life, and able to dress herself."

"A young girl," says Dr. Crichton, "in the service of the Princess of ——, who had for some time kept her bed with a nervous affection, at length, to all appearance, was deprived of life. Her face had all the character of death—her body was perfectly cold, and every other symptom of death was manifested. She was removed into another room, and placed in a coffin. On the day fixed for her funeral, hymns, according to the custom of the country, were sung before the door; but at the very moment when they were going to nail down the coffin, a perspiration was seen upon her skin, and, in a few minutes it was succeeded by a convulsive motion in the hands and feet. In a few moments she opened her eyes, and uttered a piercing scream. The faculty were instantly called in, and, in the space of a few days, her health was completely re-established. The account which she gave of her situation is extremely curious. She said, that she appeared to dream that she was dead, but that she was sensible of everything that was passing around her, and distinctly heard her friends bewailing her death; she felt them envelope her in the shroud, and place her in the coffin. This sensation gave her extreme agony, and she attempted to speak, but her soul was unable to act on her body. She describes her sensations as very contradictory, as if she was and was not in her body at one and the same instant. She attempted in vain to move her arms, to open her eyes, or to speak. The agony of her mind was at its height when she heard the funeral hymn, and found that they were about to nail down the lid of the coffin. The horror of being buried alive gave a new impulse to her mind, which resumed its power over the corporal organisation, and produced the effects which excited the notice of those who were about to convey her to a premature grave."

The Leipsic *Chirurgical Journal* records the following distressing event as having occurred to an officer of artillery, who was a man of gigantic stature, and robust make. Being mounted on an unmanageable horse, he was thrown from his back, and received a severe contusion on the head, which rendered him insensible. He was successfully trepanned, bled, and other usual means of relief adopted; but he fell gradually into a more and more hopeless condition of stupor, and was finally believed to be dead. The weather being sultry, he was buried with indecent haste, in one of the public cemeteries. He was buried on Thursday, and on Sunday following, the grounds, as usual, being thronged with visitors, an intense excitement was produced by the declaration of a peasant, that while he was sitting on the grave of the officer he had distinctly felt a motion of the earth as if some one was struggling beneath. Of course but little attention was at first paid to the man's assertion, but his evident terror, and the dogged obstinacy with which he persisted in his story, had at length their natural effect upon the crowd. Implements were hurriedly procured, and the grave, which was very shallow, in a few moments was so far thrown open as to render the head of the occupant visible. He was then apparently dead, but he sat nearly erect in the coffin, the lid of which, in his furious struggles, he had partially uplifted. They conveyed him to the nearest hospital, and there he was pronounced to be still living, although in a state of asphyxia. In a few hours he so far revived as to recognise his acquaintances, and in broken accents spoke of his agonies in the grave. It appeared that he had been conscious of life for more than an hour, while buried, before he relapsed into a state of insensibility. The grave, it seems, was filled loosely with a very porous earth, and some air was thus admitted. He heard, he said, the footsteps of those over his head, and endeavoured to make himself heard in turn. It was the noise and tumult within the grounds which appeared to awaken him from a deep sleep, but no sooner was he awake than he became fully aware of the horrors of his position. This man would have lived, no doubt, for he was doing well, had it not been for some silly experiments with the galvanic battery, which was applied without any necessity, and he suddenly expired in one of those ecstatic paroxysms which its application is said occasionally to superinduce.

HUSBANDS.—It may be said generally of husbands, as the woman said of hers, who had abused her, to an old maid, who reproached her for marrying him,—"To be sure he is not so good a husband as he ought to be, but he is a powerful sight better than none."

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

To most men, in their childhood, natural history is a passion; few, however, are enabled to devote themselves to it in after life. The world calls them from roaming beneath God's heaven and on God's green earth, and they become denizens of the crowded city, classed among

"Creatures, whom the soul would flee,
And with the sky, the air, the peak, the heaving plain
Of ocean, and of stars, mingle, and not in vain."

An illustrious exception, however, we have in the subject of the following sketch:—

John James Audubon was born in Louisiana about the year 1782. He was of French descent, and his parents, perceiving early the bent of his genius, sent him to Paris to pursue his education. While there he attended schools of natural history and the arts, and in drawing took lessons from the celebrated David. He returned in his eighteenth year, and his father soon after gave him a farm near Philadelphia, where the Perkioming-creek falls into the Schuylkill. Its fine woods offered him numerous subjects for his pencil, and he here commenced that series of drawings which ultimately swelled into the magnificent collection of the Birds of America. Here too he was married, and here was born his eldest son. He engaged in commercial speculations, but was not successful. His love for the fields and flowers, the forests and their winged inhabitants, we readily suppose, unfitted him for trade. At the end of ten years he removed to the west. There were then no steamboats on the Ohio, and few villages and no cities on its shores. Reaching that noble river in the warm days of autumn, he purchased a small boat, in which, with his wife and child and two rowers, he leisurely pursued his way down to Henderson in Kentucky, where his family resided several years. He appears at first to have engaged in commerce, for he mentions his meeting with Wilson, of whom till then he had never heard, as having occurred in his counting-room in Louisville in the spring of 1810. His great predecessor was procuring subscriptions for his work. He called on Audubon, explained the nature of his occupations, and requested his patronage. The merchant was surprised and gratified at the sight of his volumes, and had taken a pen to add his name to the list of subscribers, when his partner abruptly said to him in French, "My dear Audubon, what induces you to do so? your own drawings are certainly far better, and you must know as much of the habits of American birds as this gentleman." Wilson probably understood the remark, for he appeared not to be pleased, and inquired whether Audubon had any drawings of birds. A large portfolio was placed upon the table, and all its contents exhibited by the amateur ornithologist. Wilson was surprised; he had supposed he was himself the only person engaged in forming such a collection; and asked if it was intended to publish them. Audubon replied in the negative; he had never thought of presenting the fruits of his labours to the world. Wilson was still more surprised; he lost his cheerfulness; and though before he left Louisville Audubon explored with him the neighbouring woods, lent him his drawings, and in other ways essayed to promote his interests and happiness, he shook the dust from his feet when he departed, and wrote in his diary that "literature or art had not a friend in the place."

AUDUBON.

Audubon must soon have abandoned or neglected his day-books and ledgers, for in 1811 we find him with his rifle and drawing-paper among the bayous of Florida, and in the following years making long and tedious journeys, searching the forests and prairies, the shores of rivers, lakes, gulfs, and seas, for the subjects of his immortal work, of the publication of which, however, he had never yet had a thought.

On the 5th of April, 1824, he visited Philadelphia, where the late Dr. Mease, whom he had known on his first arrival in Pennsylvania, presented him to Charles Lucien Bonaparte, who in his turn introduced him to the Lyceum of Natural History. He perceived that he could look for no patronage in this city, and so proceeded to New York, where he was received with a kindness well suited to elevate his depressed spirits, and afterwards, ascending the Hudson, went westward to th great lakes. and in the wildest solitudes of the pathless forests renewed his labours. He now began to think of visiting Europe; the number of his drawings had greatly increased, notwithstanding a misfortune by which two hundred of them, representing nearly a thousand birds, had been destroyed. "Happy days and nights of pleasing dreams" followed, as he retired farther from the haunts of men, determined to leave nothing undone which could be accomplished by time or toil. Another year and a half passed by; he returned to his family then in Louisiana; and having explored the woods of that state, at last sailed for England, where he arrived in 1826. In Liverpool and Manchester his works procured him a generous reception from the most distinguished men of cience and letters; and when he proceeded to Edinburgh and exhibited there his four hundred paintings, "the hearts of all warmed toward Audubon," says Professor Wilson, "who were capable of conceiving the difficulties, dangers, and sacrifices that must have been encountered, endured, and overcome before genius could have embodied these, the glory of its innumerable triumphs." "The man himself, at this period," writes the same eloquent author in another work, "is just what you would expect from his productions; full of fine enthusiasm and intelligence, most interesting in his looks and manners, a perfect gentleman, and esteemed by all who know him for the simplicity and frankness of his nature."

His reception encouraged him to proceed immediately with his plans of publication. It was a vast undertaking, which it would probably take sixteen years to accomplish, and when his first drawings were delivered to the engraver he had not a single subscriber. His friends pointed out the rashness of the project, and urged him to abandon it. "But my heart was nerved," he exclaims, "and my reliance on that Power on whom all must depend brought bright anticipations of success."

Leaving his work in the care of his engravers and agents, in the summer of 1828 he visited Paris, and received the homage of the most distinguished men of science in that capital, The ensuing winter was passed in London, and in April, 1829, he returned to America to explore anew the woods of the middle and southern states. Accompanied by his wife he left New Orleans on the 8th of January, 1830, for New York, and on the 25th of April, just a year from the time of his departure, he was again in the Great Metropolis. Before the close of 1830 he had issued his first volume, containing one hundred plates, representing ninety-nine species of birds, every figure of the size and colours of life. The applause with which it was received was enthusiastic and universal. The Kings of England and France had placed their names at the head of his subscription list; he was made a fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh ; a member of the Natural History Society of Paris, and other celebrated institutions ; and Cuvier, Swainson, and indeed the great ornithologists of every country, exhausted the words of panegyric in his praise.

On the 1st of August, 1831, Audubon arrived once more in New York, and having passed a few days with his friends there and in Philadelphia, proceeeded to Washington, where the President and other principal officers of the government gave him letters of assistance and protection to be used all along the coasts and inland frontiers where there were collectors of revenue or military or naval forces. He had previously received similar letters from the King's Ministers to the authorities of the British colonies.

The ensuing winter and spring were passed in the Floridas and in Charleston; and early in the summer, bending his course northward to keep pace with the birds in their migrations, he arrived in Philadelphia, where he was joined by his family. The cholera was then spreading death and terror through the country, and on reaching Boston he was himself arrested by sickness and detained until the middle of August. "Although I have been happy in forming many valuable friendships in various parts of the world, all dearly cherished by me," he says, "the outpouring of kindness which I experienced in Boston far exceeded all that I have ever met with;" and he tells us, with characteristic enthusiasm, of his gratitude to the Appletons, Everetts, Quincys, Pickerings, Parkmans, and other eminent gentlemen and scholars of that beautiful and hospitable city.

Proceeding at length upon his mission, he explored the forests of Maine and New Brunswick, and the shores of the Bay of Fundy, and chartering a vessel at Eastport, sailed for the gulf of St. Lawrence, the Magdalen Islands, and the coast of Labrador. Returning as the cold season approached, he visited Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and, rejoining his family, proceeded to Charleston, where he spent the winter, and in the spring, after nearly three years' travel and research, sailed a third time for England.

The second volume of "The Birds of America" was finished in 1834, and in December of that year he published in Edinburgh the second volume of the "Ornithological Biography." Soon after, while he was in London, a nobleman called upon him, with his family, and on examining some of his original drawings, and being told that it would still require eight years to complete the work, subscribed for it, saying, "I may not see it finished, but my children will." The words made a deep impression on Audubon. "The solemnity of his manner I could not forget for several days," he writes in the introduction to his third volume; "I often thought that neither might I see the work completed, but at length exclaimed, 'My sons may;' and now that another volume, both of my illustrations and of my biographies, is finished, my trust in Providence is augmented, and I cannot but hope that myself and my family together may be permitted to see the completion of my labours." When this was written, ten years had elapsed since the publication of his first plate. In the next three years, among other excursions, he made one to the western coast of the Floridas, and to Texas, in a vessel placed at his disposal by government; and at the end of this time appeared the fourth and concluding volume of his engravings, and the fifth of his descriptions. The whole comprised four hundred and thirty-five plates, containing one thousand and sixty-five figures, from the bird of Washington to the humming-bird of the size of life, and a great variety of land and marine views, and floral and other productions, of different climates and seasons, all carefully drawn and coloured after nature. Well might the great naturalist felicitate himself upon the completion of his gigantic task. He had spent nearly half a century "amid the tall grass of the far-extended prairies of the west, in the solemn forests of the north, on the heights of the midland mountains, by the shores of the boundless ocean, and on the bosoms of our vast bays, lakes, and rivers, searching for things hidden, since the creation of this wondrous world, from all but the Indian who has roamed in the gorgeous but melancholy wilderness." And, speaking from the depth of his heart, he says, "Once more surrounded by all the members of my dear family, enjoying the countenance of numerous friends who have never deserted me, and possessing a competent share of all that can render life agreeable, I look up with gratitude to the Supreme Being, and feel that I am happy."

In 1839, having returned for the last time to his native country, and established himself with his family near the city of New York, Audubon commenced the publication of "The Birds of America" in imperial octavo volumes, of which the seventh and last was issued in the summer of 1844. The plates in this edition, reduced from his larger illustrations, were engraved and coloured in the most admirable manner by Mr. Bowen, of Philadelphia, under the direction of the author.

Audubon was too sincere a worshipper of nature to be content with inglorious repose, even after having accomplished in action more than was ever dreamed of by any other naturalist; and while the "edition for the people" of his "Birds of America" was in course of publication, he was busy amid the forests and prairies, the reedy swamps of the southern shores of America, the cliffs that protect the eastern coasts, by the currents of the Mexican Gulf, and the tide-streams of the Bay of Fundy, with his sons, Victor Gifford and John Woodhouse, making the drawings and writing the biographies of "The Quadrupeds of America," a work in no respect inferior to that on birds.

Audubon's highest claim to admiration is founded upon his drawings in natural history, in which he has exhibited a perfection never before attempted. But he has also indisputable claims to a respectable rank as a man of letters. Some of his written pictures of birds, so graceful, clearly defined, and brilliantly coloured, are scarcely inferior to the productions of his pencil. His powers of general description are also remarkable. The waters seem to dance to his words as to music, and the lights and shades of his landscapes show the practised hand of a master. The evanescent shades of manners also, upon the extreme frontiers, where the footprints of civilisation have hardly crushed the green leaves, have been sketched with graphic fidelity in his journals.

After his many travels, Audubon died peaceably at his residence in New York, on January 27, 1851. He had arrived at a ripe old age. Two sons survive to deplore his loss, and to prosecute the science in which the father won such fame.

GERMAN LITERATURE.—We see it stated in correspondence from Leipsic that the catalogue of books for the fair in that city shows that in the short space of time between the Easter fair and the 30th of September, there were published in Germany no less than 3,860 new works, and that there were on the latter date 1,130 new works in the press. Nearly five thousand new works in one country of Europe in one half-year! How impossible it would seem for strangers, having their own life to live—their own literature to read—to keep on the advanced lines of a national mind exhibiting this prodigious literary activity! The amount of intellectual labour dimly represented in the catalogue appears to have had, on the whole, a healthy impulse. Of the 3,860 works already published, more than half treat of various matters connected with science and its concerns. That is to say, descending to particulars, 106 works treat of Protestant theology, 62 of Catholic theology, 36 of philosophy, 205 of history and biography 102 of languages, 194 of natural sciences, 168 of military tactics 108 of medicine, 169 of jurisprudence, 101 of politics, 184 of political economy, 83 of industry and commerce, 87 of agriculture and forest administration, 69 of public instruction, 92 of classical philology, 80 of living languages, 64 of the theory of music and the arts of design, 168 of the fine arts in general, 48 of popular writings, 28 of mixed sciences, and 18 of bibliography.

TRIUMPH OF LABOUR.

Onward! is the mighty voice;
Onward! is no dreamy choice;
Millions pant, and pine, and die;
Yet a brighter dawn draws nigh.

What is life? the toilers say:
Though hands of cunning skill array
Royal heads with regal art,
Tyranny hath not a heart.

Surely, toiler, that is thine
Dug from labour's stubborn mine;
Thine the grain, and thine the gold,
Thine the wealth of field and fold.

From the quarry's granite rock
Thou hast torn the massive block,
And upbuilt with artist hand
What the artist soul had planned:

Reared God's holy temples high,
Towering to God's holy sky,
And built the solemn senate-hall,
To outlive the empire's fall.

Idleness, and fraud, and crime,
Boast their deeds of bygone time;
From a nobler, manlier story,
Toil will raise its claim to glory.

Over earth's remotest seas,
Treasure-laden argosies
Sweep to spread, in farthest lands,
Golden fruit of Labour's hands—

But the dawning day appears,
Earth and sky its radiance cheers;
War and famine, woe and madness,
Shall be changed to light and gladness.

Freedom, and her sister Science,
Lift their hands in calm defiance
Of kings and lords, and ancient wrongs,
Wrought on Labour's patient throngs.

Anarchy, in blood-red robes,
Sceptered chief of royal mobs,
His long reign of tears and sorrow
Ends before the brightening morrow.

Still, the conquest to be won,
Is by thee, O, Nature's son!
Whose hand at anvil, or at loom,
Or welds, or weaves, the time to come.

When valleys rich and hill sides fair,
The inmost powers of earth and air—
The circling sea, the teeming river—
Shall be thy heritage for ever.

Image of Power Creative! free
Nature owns no prince but thee;
No right on earth but God's and thine;
No other crowns or thrones Divine.

Keep Moving Onward.—Cobbett said he despised a man who was contented with his condition. We do not like the boldness of this expression, but we hold that a man should always be seeking to make good better, and better best. This is our maxim. We go, therefore, in all cases, for the very largest product, and advise no farmer to be satisfied, while in a fair race, his neighbour is so much as the length of his nose before him. We advise every farmer, in the religious sense of the term, to be content with his condition, and thankful for all the blessings which God gives him; but we advise no man to be satisfied when he can honestly mend his condition, until that condition is amended. In the competitions of life never cross your neighbour's path so as to take the road from him; never throw him down; never run him over if he falls down; have the magnanimity to help him up; but never try to lift yourself up by pulling him down, or try to stand upon his shoulders: give him fair play and cheer him on if he comes out first, but determine to lack no efforts, if you are beaten, to come out first next time. Don't mind the lazy dogs who are always croaking and crying out, "You'll fail, you'll fail." Those fellows do not get their eyes open in nine days; indeed they never get their eyes open; but are always lying in the way of other people. If you get sixty bushels of corn this year per acre, resolve that next year you will get eighty.

THE PRESS AND THE PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

Mr. F. K. Hunt, in his "History of Newspapers," says: Those who enjoy the liberty of these our latter days owe a great debt of gratitude to the press. This debt has not been imposed by one great act, or on one grand and showy occasion, but has been growing up day by day and year by year, since the time when the Long Parliament showed the people what publicity for public proceedings would do for the common good. The very thought of those old times calls up a recollection of the good, and brave, and clever men who have been contributors to this great and excellent work. We call to mind the indefatigable Prynn, with his pen that never tired, and his heart that no punishments could break; the republican Lilburn, schooled under the rod of a tyrannic monarchy, yet ready to denounce a tyrannic and hollow commonwealth; the noble-souled Milton, with the genius of a poet, the patient endurance of a political martyr, and the strong and lofty mind of a republican statesman; and the clever and ready Marchamont Nedham, careless and irregular, perhaps, in days of mingled trouble and dissipation, but yet wielding, when at liberty to do so, a useful pen against an ancient tyranny, which the people were striving to cast off. And painful memories here force their way in; for who can overlook the wretched martyrs, Twyn and others, who were made victims when Charles II. turned the palace of Whitehall into a huge brothel, and employed the Cavalier L'Estrange to find out, and to send to the gaol and the gallows, the men who dared to sign in type for the stern crop-eared commonwealth, which preceded a debauched and degraded restoration. Then, again, we recollect Tutchin, goaded by the brutality of Jefferies to a career of political pamphleteering, which gave many an opportunity of revenge upon the enemies who had inflicted mischief upon him. Next following in the list come the sturdy Defoe, who wrote so fully and so well, the bitter and witty Swift, the ambitious and sceptical Bolingbroke, the graceful and correct Addison, and the versatile Steele, and the rest, who gave a polish and a perfection to writings on current topics for public prints, which they had before needed, and the fruits of which we trace in our modern leading articles. Wilkes and Churchill, with all their vices, present themselves for a share of our esteem: and, in a catalogue of newspaper worthies, who could omit Sam. Johnson, with his reports from the lobby, and Chatterton, with his contributions that failed to keep him in bread? A Lord Mayor beckons us from the Tower, to remind us that his incarceration gained one step in advance, whilst the eloquent Erskine pleads in Westminster Hall; and the humbler hero, William Hone calmly but manfully beards an intolerant judge at the Old Bailey. And so we come from name to name—human stepping-stones, as it were, through two centuries—here to our own time. As we approach the present day, the number of the labourers in the field of the press becomes greater and greater, and our gratitude has to be spread over a wider space. The germs of liberty, planted under the shadow of the press in the earlier days of its existence, have scattered the elements of their multiplication on all sides, and these newer vitalities have been true to the ancient stock. Within the present century, whenever a great truth has demanded to be known, there has been found a man ready to put it into words, and a printer bold enough to put it into type. Whenever these truths have been found distasteful or dangerous there has been no lack of lawyers to prosecute, and (sometimes) of juries to convict; as witness the number of victims offered up at the shrine of intolerance by George the Third, Castlereagh, and Eldon. Gaols have from time to time been filled, but still the ball rolls on, and liberty is the winner in the end.

A New Discovery.—Some attention has been excited by the alleged discovery, by an engineer of some celebrity, named Andraud, of the means of *seeing the air*. "If," he says, "you take a piece of card, coloured black, of the size of the eye, and pierce with a fine needle a hole in the middle, you will, on looking through that hole at a clear sky, or a lighted lamp, see a multitude of molecules floating about, which molecules constitute the air." We shall see whether the theory will obtain the sanction of the Academy of Sciences to which it has been submitted.

MISCELLANEA.

PLAYFULNESS OF ANIMALS.—Erdl, who has bestowed great attention to the habits of the crustacea, says that he has seen the Cancer Moenas play with little round stones and empty shells, as cats do with a cork or a small ball. Dogs, particularly young ones, are carried away with the impulse, rolling over and chasing each other in circles, seizing and shaking objects as if in anger, and enticing even their masters to join in their games. Horses, in freedom, gallop hither and thither, snort and paw the air, advance to their groom, stop suddenly short, and again dash off at speed. A horse belonging to one of the large brewing establishments in London, at which a great number of pigs were kept, used frequently to scatter the grains on the ground with his mouth, and as soon as a pig came within his reach, he would seize it without injury, and plunge it into the water-trough. The hare will gambol round in circles, tumble over, and fly here and there. Brehn witnessed one which, playing the most singular antics with twelve others, coursing round them, feigning death, and again springing up, seemed to illustrate the old saying of "mad as a March hare." The same thing occurs with rabbits, and many others of the rodentia; and on warm days fish may be seen gambolling about in shoal water. Carp, in early morning, while the mist still hangs on the water, wallow in the shallows, exposing their broad backs above the surface. Whales, as described by Scoresby, are extremely frolicsome, and in their play leap twenty feet out of the water. Small birds chase each other about in play, but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is the most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops about in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersets. The Americans call it the "mad bird," on account of these singularities. The crane expands its wings, runs round in circles, leaps, and throwing little stones and pieces of wood in the air, endeavours to catch them again, or pretends to avoid them, as if afraid.

THE GREAT VALLEY.—The Mississippi valley has no parallel on earth: its length may be estimated at no less than 2,500 miles, and its main breadth is from 1,200 to 1,500. There are many facts to prove that it was once covered with a vast ocean, and that the great change was brought about by repeated and long-continued volcanic convulsions. This valley is the most delightful, the richest, and the fairest portion of the earth, and capable of sustaining a population of 100,000,000.

AN ODDITY.—Among the peculiarities of Cavendish, the celebrated chemist and natural philosopher, was his excessive dislike of women. On the authority of an old inhabitant of Clapham, it is stated that Cavendish would never see a female servant, and if an unfortunate maid ever showed herself she was instantly dismissed. He was in the habit of ordering his dinner daily by a note which he left on the hall table, whence the housekeeper was to take it; and such was his horror of the sex that, having one day met a maid-servant on the stair with a broom and pail, he immediately ordered a back staircase to be built.

A THEORY OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.—According to all accounts, the aurora borealis takes place after a thaw. By this means, then, and in proportion to the rapidity of the thaw, the immense quantity of negative electricity bound there in the earth, and accumulated moreover on its warmly-kept snow-covered surface, is liberated and finds its way into the upper regions by creeping up the sides of the numerous hills and mountains of these places, or is carried up by the rising vapours to the region of the positive electricity flowing above our atmosphere towards the equator, as does the negative below. By these means the aurora borealis takes place: it is the union of the positive and negative electricities in a different clime, and under different circumstances, and no doubt for different ends. Its sensible effect upon the magnetic needle, before it reaches the point of culmination, must be obvious, considering the disturbance caused by the quantity of the fluids brought into action from a state of rest. The shape of an arch may be accounted for by the atmosphere's forming a ring round the earth; and the circumference of the earth being greatly narrowed towards the poles, the arch of the atmosphere at the poles must naturally be more contracted and lower in proportion than the arch which it forms nearer and round the equator; and the electricity of the upper regions, floating on the air in the same way, will present to our view the aurora borealis in a curve or arch.

HIGH LIVING AMONGST THE MONKEYS.—A writer in the current number of the *Westminster Review* expresses, from experimental knowledge, his incredulity as to the strength of the maternal instinct in the lower animals. "This instinct," he says, "is no doubt a very amiable and charming thing; very self-sacrificing, delightful to contemplate. But we confess we have never seen it proof against a shot in the hinder parts, nor indeed do we believe it can be. The larger monkeys certainly carry off their wounded whenever it is possible; but we have heard with pain from the natives assertions which, we must confess, throw strong suspicions on the purity and disinterestedness of their motives. The natives assert that they carry off their dead, or, if they are wounded, at once amiably put them out of pain, cover them over with leaves, and let them lie so, like the babes of the wood, for some days; but that, when they consider that their deceased friends have become sufficiently tender, they assemble and enjoy the epicurean feast; and that all their apparent sensibility really arises from their *liking their monkeys a little high!*"

A SAXON NOBLEMAN'S HOUSE.—The Saxon thegne built his "hall" from the woods of his demesne, by the labour of his bondsmen; it was thatched with reeds or straw, or roofed with wooden shingles. In plan it was little more than its name implied, "capacious apartment," which, in the daytime, was adapted to the patriarchal hospitality of the owner, and formed at night a sort of stable for his servants, to whose rude accommodation their master's was not much superior, in a small adjoining chamber. There was, as yet, but a slight perception of the decencies of life. The fire was kindled in the centre of the hall; the smoke made its way through an opening in the roof immediately above the hearth, or by the door, windows, or eves of the thatch. The lord and his "hearthmen"—a significant appellation given to the most familiar retainers—sat by the same fire at which their repast was cooked, and at night retired to share the same dormitory, which served also as a council-chamber.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. G. says that he has a plot of land joining his neighbour's house; that his neighbour has put a side window in, facing his land; and that he is told, if he lets that remain, his neighbour will be able to prevent his building so as to interfere with that side-light. He wants to know if that representation is correct. We believe it is.

S. E. wishes to know if the series of "Lessons in French," and the "French Manual," published at our office, are the same size? We beg to inform him that they will be the same size, and will be bound together for sale. They will be ready by the 20th.

W. C. asks if a railroad is in formation in Norway? Yes.—W. C. then asks if a smith could better himself there? This is a question we really cannot answer. W. C. also wants to be told the best way of getting to Norway. We believe there are steamers now running from Lowestoft to Denmark; from Denmark to Norway there is a communication in the summer by means of steamers. If W. C. lives in Yorkshire, his best plan is to go by a Hull boat to Hamburg, thence to Kiel by rail, thence to Copenhagen by steamer, and thence, by steamer again, to Norway. In the winter W. C. would have to complain of the cold, and in the summer of the intense heat. The time required would be from five to six days. As to the expense of the journey, we cannot answer that question; that must depend upon the personal habits of W. C. himself.

JUVENIS.—The addition to the stock of gold in the world procured during the year 1851 is estimated at no less than twenty millions, as follows:—

From California	£15,000,000
From Russia	4,000,000
From Australia	1,000,000
	£20,000,000

As to the year 1852, it seems certain that the production must be greatly increased, even over that of 1851, as in California the mines turn out richer every day, and in Australia there are indications of the mines leaving all others upon earth far behind in productiveness. The "standard of value" is thus in danger of being rudely assailed, and the farthest-sighted can perceive no solution to the difficulty which is likely to arise from so new a cause. It seems to us that the result must be in the direction of confirming human labour as the only standard of value.

A CAMBRIAN.—The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge published some very good celestial maps, which are still to be had, we believe, either at Chapman and Hall's, or at Baldwin's, in the "Row." Their treatise on Astronomy would, we should imagine, suit him.

M. J. wants to know where he can learn to draw? We should recommend him to join one of the drawing classes at one or other of the various mechanics' or literary institutions in London or its neighbourhood.

THOMAS asks us the question, whether Greyson and Co., and not Messrs. Greyson and Co., is a right address? Certainly.—Thomas also wants to know what is high treason. High treason is an offence against the security of the commonwealth, or of the king's majesty, whether by imagination, word, or deed; as to compass or imagine the death of the prince or the queen consort, or his son and heir apparent; or to deflower the king's wife, or his eldest daughter unmarried, or his eldest son's wife; or levy war against the king in his realm, or to adhere to his enemies by aiding them; or to counterfeit the king's great seal, privy seal, or money; or knowingly to bring false money into this realm, counterfeited like the money of England, and to utter the same; or to kill the king's chancellor, treasurer, justice of the one bench or the other—justices in eyre, justices in assize, justices of oyer and terminer—when in their place and doing their duty; or forging the king's seal manual, or privy signet; or diminishing or impairing the current money. High treason subjects the offender to the severest punishment exacted by the laws of the realm.

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HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER VI.

THE national institutions perished one by one. To the energetic remonstrances of the Diet the Emperor responded by vague promises, intended to pacify them, while he asked for supplies. The money once voted, the promises were forgotten, and the constitution trampled under foot. At last he broke through a custom of which the Magyars were particularly jealous, by failing to appear in person at the meetings of the Diet, and sending the Archduke in his stead. Provoked by this evidence of his neglect, or contempt, they passed a resolution declaring their intention to vote no more money, until their grievances were redressed. The reply of the Emperor was characteristic.. He informed them that their precautions were useless, as he could do without them, and allowed four years to elapse from this period without ever convoking a meeting of the estates of the realm.

It may be easily imagined that in such a state of things, when the co-operation of the people, accustomed from the earliest period of their history to share in the administration of the country, was now but an obstacle to the evil designs of the prince, the kingdom became a prey to discord, rapine, and murder, and the occupation of the Turks was still further prolonged.

SIEGE OF VIENNA BY THE TURKS, 1689. (*See page* 196.)

The government of Transylvania, after the death of the illustrious Bathori, had passed into the hands of Christopher, his brother, who in turn transmitted it to his son, Sigismond. The latter, far more attentive to his personal interests than

those of the province over which he ruled, gave up his throne, bought it back again, and again renounced it; making himself the toy of the flatteries and fallacious promises of Austria. To obtain the hand of an archduchess, he delivered up Transylvania to the Emperor, and very soon took it back again, after having ignominiously dismissed his wife.

In the midst of these capricious freaks, Ferhat Pacha took the command of the Turkish forces stationed in Buda, and Sinan, the Grand Vizier, persuaded the Sultan to quiet the turbulence of the janissaries by employing them in a war against Hungary.

It lasted for five years, and was signalised by the atrocities of the Turks, and the imbecility of the Austrians. The Croats on this occasion suffered as much as the Magyars; and when they complained to Rodolph of his repeated violation of their national rights, they obtained no better redress than a promise that John Draskovics, a man attached to the House of Hapsburgh, but animated by the sincerest patriotism, should be appointed ban.

It was Hungary that proved the salvation of the Croats. Nicholas Palfi, George Zrinyi, and Forgush, had intimidated the Turks, whose fanaticism was on the wane, by their desperate valour. After having driven them from a great number of towns, Palfi, acting under the orders of Schwartzenberg, laid siege to Arabon. In reply to the first summons, the Pacha who commanded the town replied that, until the weather cock upon the tower of the church would crow three times, the Magyars need not hope to take the place. In an hour afterwards the gate was blown open by means of a petard, and an end soon put to the bravadoes of the Pacha; for Palfi, entering the breach at the head of a forlorn hope, overthrew all who attempted to oppose him, and slaughtered great numbers of the Ottomans. Arabon was thus retaken in 1598. Pesth was also stormed in the same manner by Hungarian generals, acting under Austrian orders.

Religious dissensions now came into operation to augment the evils of the foreign invasion. The reformed doctrines had been making rapid progress in Hungary, despite the efforts of Rodolph to arrest it. His gloomy and fanatical temperament led him to regard Luther, Calvin, and Socinus, as but one degree removed in affinity from the Prince of Darkness himself. The proselytes to the Protestant faith were more numerous in Transylvania than anywhere else, in consequence of the greater freedom there enjoyed under the national princes. In all matters of religious belief, the Turks allowed a perfect liberty. Rodolph at last began to imagine that he might turn these religious animosities to good account, and, by acting on the old principle of "divide and conquer," by hallooing on Catholic against Protestant, and Protestant against Catholic, he might be enabled himself to walk slipshod over the necks of all. He at one time declared his intention of protecting the Catholic faith in its pristine purity; at another he expressed his astonishment that anyone could expect him to interfere with the exercise of a prerogative which every man received directly from the Almighty—the right of judging for himself in all matters of opinion. He in this manner fostered the flame of religious animosity, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the whole nation divided into two hostile parties, ever ready, upon the slightest provocation, to commit the most frightful violence.

By surreptitiously inserting an article in the decrees of 1604, forbidding the Diet to take religious questions into consideration, he committed an error, which was well nigh putting a period to the domination of his family in Hungary. To submit to a law like this would have been to deliver up the consciences of an entire people to be controlled by the dicta of a foreign despot. The Magyars, therefore, attacked by the Turks, and defended by the Germans, believing that they had more to fear from their protectors than their enemies, sought the alliance of the Sultan, not as very desirable, but as the less of two evils.

Stephen Bocksai, the son of George, a brave and able warrior, assembled the discontented, obtained succours from the Porte, and soon found himself at the head of a large army. It was in vain that Basta and Count de Belgiojoso, the Austrian generals, attempted to oppose his progress. They were everywhere beaten, and forced to retreat.

Emboldened by success, the partisans of Bocksai assembled on the 29th of March, 1603, in the castle of Szerencza. The representatives of all the great families of the country were present, Rakoczi, Drugeth, Torok, Szecsi; and Bocksai was proclaimed King of Hungary, Transylvania, Moravia, and Wallachia, and Count of the Sicules. The Sultan approved of the measure, and Bocksai soon saw himself master of the whole of the upper part of Hungary.

Rodolph was terrified by his disasters, and when the revolutionary assembly offered to come to terms with him, he eagerly grasped at the proposal. Peace was soon after made by Illeshazi and the Austrian plenipotentiaries upon the following terms:—"1. The question of religion shall remain as it was in the reigns of Ferdinand and Maximilian, and the arbitrary clause introduced into the laws by Rodolph shall be expunged. 2. Mathias shall be Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, having a palatine under him to be hereafter appointed. 3. Bocksai shall preserve the dignity of Prince of Transylvania and of part of Hungary, but in case he shall die without leaving issue those provinces shall revert to the Emperor."

It may be said that after such brilliant success, the revolutionary party should have obtained greater concessions from the Emperor; but it must be remembered that so dreadfully had the country been torn and distracted by civil war that all who had its welfare really at heart were most anxious to avoid taking any step which might lead to the renewal or prolongation of hostilities; and so strong was this desire for repose that it led also to the conclusion of a treaty with the Sultan, fixed to last for twenty years.

Let us glance at the state of dismemberment in which Hungary was placed at the close of the war. Hungary, Croatia, Sclavonia, and their frontiers, comprised in all a superficial extent of 4,427 square miles, and Transylvania 736. Of these

The Sultan possessed	1859
Bocksai in Hungary 1346 ,, in Transylvania 736	2082
And Austria	1222
	5163

Bocksai did not long reign. He died in 1606, and was succeeded by Sigismond Rakoczi, who soon after abdicated in favour of Gabriel Bathori.

The tyranny and incapacity of Rodolph did not bring evils upon Hungary alone. Austria itself at last began to find his government intolerable. In 1609 the Archduke Mathias placed himself at the head of a conspiracy which the Magyars supported, and succeeded in wresting the crown of the two kingdoms from Rodolph, his brother. The Hungarian Diet seized this opportunity of procuring a redress of their grievances; and before they proceeded to the coronation of Mathias they presented a "bill of rights" for his signature. The preamble contained the following words:—"It is now time that justice were done towards us; our grievances are of eighty-two years standing, and we are tired of high-sounding words and vague promises." Mathias, taken by surprise, and still in doubt as to the security of his new position, had no alternative but to sign the charter, with the intention, however, of breaking through it upon the first opportunity.

It contained the following articles:—"1. Religious liberty is guaranteed: the king shall propose four candidates for the dignity of palatine, two Catholics, and two Protestants, upon one of whom the Diet shall confer the office. 3. The crown, now kept at Prague, shall be sent back into Hungary, and shall be entrusted to two guardians, chosen from among the laity. 4. The Chamber of Finance of Hungary is independent of that of Austria, and shall be presided over by a native. 5. The Jesuits shall not be allowed to possess fixed property in the country. 6. No dignity or office of state shall be conferred upon a foreigner. 7. The king shall reside in the country, or during his absence be represented by the palatine, who shall be invested with full powers to act in his place."

The Roman Catholic clergy, fearing the loss of their influence if the liberal party were suffered to triumph, protested against the new compact with all their might. But George Thurzo, the Palatine, a man of great talents, and strict impartiality, frustrated all their intrigues and machinations. Acting throughout upon the principles of enlightened toleration, he induced the Diet to intercede with the Emperor, to induce him to grant religious liberty in Austria. But his efforts were less success-

ful in Croatia. The Croats declared that they would sooner separate entirely from Hungary than suffer "the plague of Lutheranism" to come amongst them. The clergy, always indefatigable when their own interests are at stake, did everything in their power to sow the seeds of discord. In the midst of these contentions a revolution broke out in Transylvania, which threatened for a while to furnish new elements of strife and division. Bathori was driven from the throne in the midst of his debaucheries, and Gabriel Bethlen, an able general, and a statesman of consummate ability, elected in his stead. His moderation and prudent counsels prevailed over the tergiversations of Austrian policy and through his influence the peace with Turkey was confirmed. Soon after, in 1619, Mathias died, leaving the crown to his cousin, Ferdinand II.

At the accession of this prince, the Austrian States were groaning under the tyranny of the clergy, among whose blindest adherents was the new Emperor himself. He said on one occasion, "that he would sooner beg his bread than yield an inch to the perverse principles of Lutheranism." It soon became apparent, therefore, that the Hungarian Diet would have to seek new guarantees for the preservation of their liberties. Before his coronation, they had made the Emperor not only swear to respect religious freedom, but acknowledge their right to elect their sovereigns. But all their precautions could not guard them against the subtle tactics of the Viennese court, and to such a pitch was religious persecution carried, that Gabriel Bethlen felt it his duty, notwithstanding his mild and conciliating disposition, to interfere on behalf of the Magyars. He set out with a large army, and his march to the gates of Vienna was a series of triumphs. Aided by the Bohemians, who were also alienated from Austria, he took possession of Presburg, where the crown of St. Stephen had been deposited, and was there proclaimed King of Hungary. But, fearing to shut out all hope of reconciliation, he concluded a truce with Ferdinand, and returned to his own dominions. This act of rare moderation was not appreciated by the Austrians. They ascribed it to fear rather than to integrity, and continued to follow their old course. Bethlen again took the field, and was this time as successful as before. Ferdinand was obliged to surrender at discretion, and Bethlen was about to exact severe retribution for so shameful a breach of faith, when his death in 1629 relieved the Emperor from all anxiety. George Rakoczi, his successor, did not display any remarkable talent, and Ferdinand was allowed to follow his inclination, until his death in 1637.

Ferdinand III., his son, succeeded him, and his reign presents nothing but a continued scene of turbulence and intrigue. The Thirty Years' War was then raging, and to such a pitch did religious animosity proceed, that the Diet was often the scene of personal encounters. Even the Emperor thought the exactions of the Hungarian prelates exorbitant, and felt himself compelled to interfere. In the midst of the deliberations upon one occasion, the Palatine, John Draskovics, a man of Croat origin, threatened "to draw his sword and strike off the head of any who should dare to injure the Catholic Church." These disturbances were still raging when Ferdinand III. died, in 1656, having some time before caused his son Leopold to be elected King of Hungary.

Having been educated for the Church, Leopold was as narrow-minded and as intolerent as the Church could require. He was jealous of his rights; aspired to be a despot without possessing any of the talent which alone can make despotism tolerable. He acted in everything under the direction of the Princes Lobkovizc and Porcia, the deadly enemies of the Magyars; and to add to the misfortunes of the latter, the Turkish Vizier, Achmet Kiuprili, broke the truce, and entered Hungary at the head of a large army, plundering the towns and slaughtering the inhabitants. But the ancient valour of the Magyars was not dead; it only slumbered. Nicholas and Peter Zrinyi, Nadasdi, Esterhazi, and a many others, disputed every foot of ground with the Turks, and notwithstanding the numerical superiority of the latter, they were worsted in several murderous battles. Nicholas Zrinyi, above all, a worthy descendant of his gallant ancestor, who died upon the bridge at Sziget, distinguished himself by the most brilliant triumphs. In testimony of their admiration of his valour, Philip IV., of Spain, bestowed on him the order of the Golden Fleece, and Louis XIV. fixed a pension on him for life. At last Count Montécuculli was placed at the head of the imperial and royal armies in Hungary, and John de Coligny, and the Marquis de la Feuillade, joined him with six thousand French troops. A great battle was fought in 1664, near Kormend, a village on the frontiers of Styria, in which the Turks were totally defeated, and the Sultan was obliged to sue for peace, which was at once agreed to.

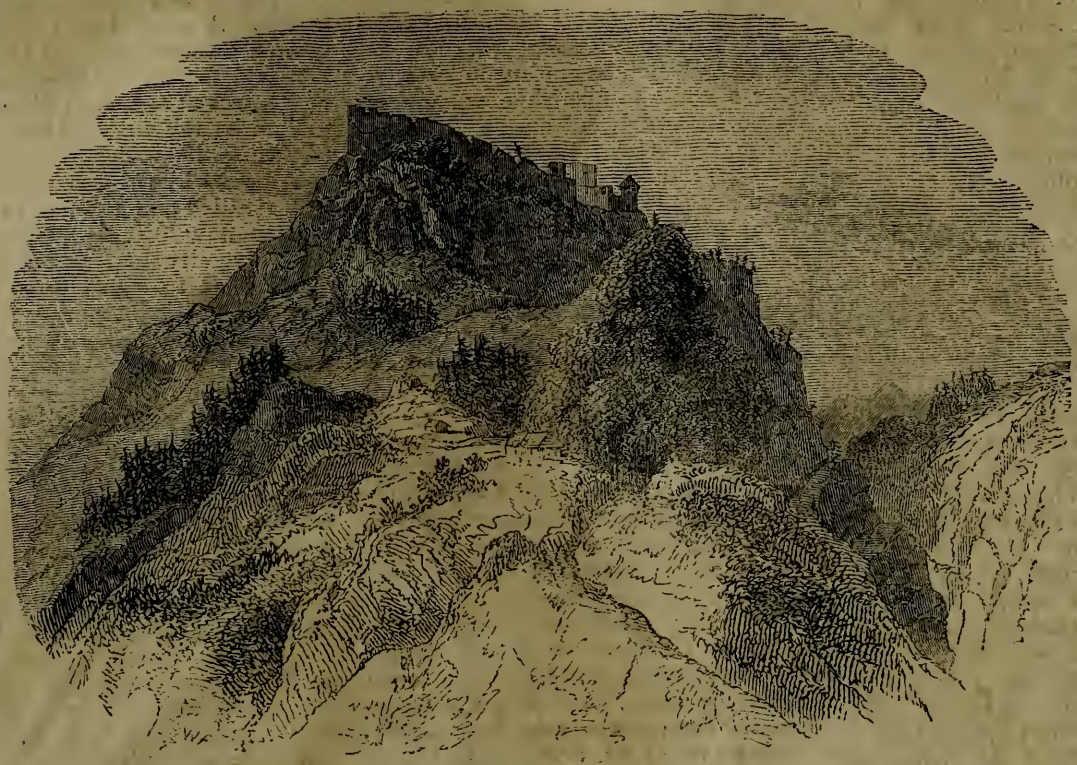
Torn by religious animosity, ruined by the extortions of the foreign soldiery, despoiled of their national rights, treated as wild beasts by the two powers, which were constantly at war, and rivalled one another in ferocity, the unfortunate Hungarians now completely succumbed to the Austrian yoke. But adversity had not as yet so broken the spirits of the nobility as to cause them to sink into slavery without a struggle. A great conspiracy was organised by Francis Vesselényi, the Palatine—a man of great talent and influence. Nearly all the great nobles, Catholic as well as Protestant, entered into it. The greatness of their misfortunes had caused them to forget their differences; but at the moment when the plot was ripe for execution, Vesselényi died, and his accomplices, finding that they had been betrayed by a servant, sought safety in flight. Their property was instantly confiscated (this was a measure always peculiarly pleasing to Austria, as she has always been in great want of money). Christopher Frangepar, Peter Zrinyi, the Ban of Croatia, who had achieved so many brilliant triumphs over the Turks; Francis Nadasdi, and even Lattenbach, the governor of Styria, were brought to trial, and executed at Vienna. A great number of men slightly compromised, and some entirely innocent, were thrown into prison. Among these was the unfortunate Balthasar Zrinyi, the brother of the Princess Rakoczi, and the last of his family. His only crime was that he bore an illustrious name. He ended his days in prison, forgotten by every one, even his own relatives, who believed him to be dead long before.

The vengeance of the Austrian government extended itself even to the female relatives of the conspirators. The widow of the Palatine Vesselényi, the beautiful Mary Szecsi, had remained shut up in her castle of Murany, after her husband's death. Charles of Lorraine, the Austrian general, came to summon her to surrender, and thinking resistance vain, she opened the gates, and received an Austrian garrison. But scarcely had Lorraine departed, when a sergeant-at-arms of the Austrian court appeared at the castle, arrested her, and took her to Vienna, where she died in a filthy dungeon. Francis Rakoczi, the husband of the charming Helena, succeeded in obtaining a pardon by giving immense bribes to the ministers of Leopold, and Emerik Tokoli, then only thirteen years of age, took refuge in Transylvania.

These cruelties excited universal indignation. The county assemblies protested against the course pursued by the Emperor; the Archbishop of Strygonia, Szelepcsenyi, who was also Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, was consulted by the Austrian Court as to the best means of overturning the constitution, and evinced his indignation by instantly resigning his office. The administration was then confided to a German named Gaspard of Ampringen. Almost at the same time, Lobkovicz was banished from Vienna, and replaced by John Hocker—a man, if possible, still more tyrannical.

We cannot enter into all the details of the hideous war which was now carried on against the defenders of civil and religious liberty in Hungary. The French Court at last interfered, in the belief that it might be able to turn the struggle to its own profit. Acting under the advice of Catholic ministers, Leopold had sought to render the crown hereditary by persecuting the Protestants, and making inroads upon the privileges of the Hungarian nobility. The long war in which Louis XIV. was at that time engaged with Leopold, seemed to afford a favourable opportunity for the recovery of their lost freedom, and to the former they therefore applied for aid, which was afforded feebly and tardily. At length the Poles and Magyars uniting, the Austrians were beaten in two pitched battles. Exasperated by their defeat, they wreaked their vengeance on the defenceless peasantry, who were obliged to fly for refuge to the woods and mountains. At last, after many alternations of success and failure, the command of the revolutionary army was placed in the hands of Emerik Tokoli, and from that moment "Victory sat on the helms" of the patriots.

Emerik was the son of Count Tokoli, the friend and companion of the unfortunate Jzrinyi, Nadosdi, and Frangepan, who were beheaded in 1576. More fortunate than they, Tokoli fell sword in hand on the field of battle, leaving his son to avenge his death, and assert the cause of his country. Pre-eminent for his talents, his valour, and his patriotism, the young Emerik took the field, carrying a banner in his right hand upon which were inscribed, in letters of gold, the words "*Pro aris et focis.*" All the free-born men of the nation gathered around him, burning to avenge the wrongs of a century of misgovernment. The war lasted for six years, during which the Austrians were six times defeated. The Magyars overran Moravia, and even penetrated into Austria itself, until at last the Emperor was forced to sue for peace; but he was above all things anxious to secure the submission of Hungary as a preliminary to all subsequent arrangements. But Tokoli having ascertained that the negotiations were but a pretext to gain time for the formation of underhand plots, therefore broke off the treaty, and, following the advice of the French ambassador, called in the aid of the Turks. Karad Mustapha, Grand Vizier of Mahomet IV., responding to the appeal, entered Hungary, in 1689, at the head of 200,000 men. The national party forthwith proclaimed Tokoli king; but, as it was not vain honours that he sought, he refused to accept any title but that of prince. In the meantime Louis XIV., abandoning the Hungarians, signed the treaty of Nimeguen,



FORTRESS OF MURANY.

and Leopold was thus enabled to direct his whole force to the subjugation of the Magyars. He entrusted the command of his army to Charles, Duke of Lorraine, who, however, was unable to prevent the Turks laying siege to Vienna in July, 1689. Tokoli cannot be made responsible for this celebrated attack, as he was strongly opposed to it; but the hope of a

NICHOLAS PALFI.

FRANCIS VESSELENYI. – (*See page* 195.)

rich booty caused the Ottomans to disregard his remonstrances. It was the freedom of Hungary he sought, and not the downfal of Austria. John Sobieski, King of Poland, anxious to gain the favour of the Emperor, who had opposed his election, came to the aid of Austria, and charging upon the Turkish host at the head of the Polish cavalry—the proud corps whose boast it was "that if the sky should fall they would bear it up on the points of their lances" —chanting loudly "Non nobis domine," &c., utterly routed them. After the battle Leopold asked Charles of Lorraine in what manner he should receive Sobieski. "With open arms," was the noble answer, "for he has saved the empire." But the Emperor barely murmured a few words of empty acknowledgement, and this was the only reward the Polish hero ever received for saving Christendom.

After the defeat of the Turks, the Imperial armies marched in triumph into Hungary. Vicegad, Eperies, the Five Churches, and Szeguedin, were carried by assault. The Duke of Lorraine, Louis of Baden, Maximilian of Bavaria, and Eugene of Savoy, performed prodigies of valour, and displayed consummate military skill; and it is the union of so many great generals alone which can account for the repeated defeats of the Ottomans.

The Sultan, enraged at the repeated failures of his Vizier, recalled him, and sent Solyman Pacha in his place. The latter immediately marched to the relief of Buda, at that time besieged by the Imperialists, but was defeated under the walls, and the city soon after surrendered, after having been in the possession of the Ottomans for a century and a half.

As our next Number will bring us down to the period of the war of independence in 1848, perhaps this may be the best opportunity of entering into a few details of the history of

GEORGE THURZO.

EMERIK TOKOLI.

JOHN DRASKOVICS.—(*See page* 194.)

this celebrated town, the name of which appears so often upon the pages of Hungarian history, It was the residence of Attila, and the favourite resort of all the early Hungarian kings. By Mathias Corvinus, who was as great a lover of splendour and decoration as Louis XIV. in later times. But his love of the beautiful did not prevent his paying the strictest attention to his duties as a sovereign. His memory is still dear to the Magyars, and around it is woven many a web of popular tradition, which charms us by its graceful beauty and delight, by the simple but fervent character of its veneration. The traveller, on passing out of Buda, cannot fail to observe the remains of an old and massive wall which runs from an angle of the fortress towards the part of the town called Christineville. It is related that these ruins are those of a viaduct which Mathias commenced to erect across the valley on a level with his palace, in order that he might thus have easier access to the mountains on the opposite side, in which he was in the habit of hunting. Having, above all things, an indomitable resolution, whatever the King willed, he forthwith proceeded to execute, despite any obstacles that might stand in the way. The causeway was, therefore, immediately commenced, but an insurmountable difficulty soon arose, which bid fair to prevent its completion. It was, of course, necessary to obtain the consent of the various proprietors, through whose lands the proposed viaduct was to pass. Of these there was an old woman, known in the neighbourhood under the name of *Vasfogubaba*, whom neither threats nor entreaties could induce to part with her little garden; because, as the tradition goes, the possession of the herb vervain gave her the power of opening all locks, and breaking all fetters and shackles. It was in vain that the King, enraged at her obstinacy, called her before him and swore that, unless she consented to receive a fair price for her piece of land, he would shut her up for life in the *Csonka Torony*, or Bastille. The hag laughed at his threats, and replied, with great *sang froid*, "Do you want my garden for the good of your people or the glory of your kingdom? Is it to avoid the effusion of blood, or bring joy to the hearts of the sorrowful, that you seek to despoil the poor woman of her heritage? No, no; it is that you may more readily make war upon the innocent animals, and spend in hunting the hours that others spend in labour. Go on, go on, my lord! but the loss of the crown would be nothing compared with the price this mad freak of yours will cost you."

The King, irritated by the boldness of her speech, ordered her to be shut up in prison during the remainder of her life. The guards forthwith removed her, and as she left, she laughed in mockery at the King. They put her in prison, and placed fetters upon her; but on the following morning, when Mathias looked out of his window across the valley, there he saw her at work, as usual, in her garden. His anger knew no bounds. He ordered her to be confined in a dungeon still deeper, and under a still stricter watch; but all was in vain—she escaped again. At last, Mathias declared that if he again saw her out of prison, the gaoler should expiate his negligence by his life. Two keepers were accordingly executed, but with no better success; and at last, to avoid being any longer the butt of popular ridicule, the king resolved to shut her up himself, and to place the royal seal upon the door, which formed the only means of exit from the prison, and was strongly defended with iron. But, to his surprise, he found that his signet ring was gone, and the old sorceress, thrusting out her withered hand through the bars of her cell, there was the ring twirling round on her finger. "Seal it up! seal it up!" said she, with a sneer; "but every time I want to visit my little garden, I will borrow it from you again." "Vile sorceress!" said the King, placing the ring on his finger, "your hopes shall be disappointed; I won't yield to you, should it cost me my crown." He then sealed up the door and walked rapidly away. "Open the door wide!" shouted Vasfogubaba, seeing him depart, "and release me, or you shall curse the dawn of the morrow."

But Corvinus paid no attention, but retired to his chamber, hoping that he would henceforth be delivered from all annoyance on this score.

The day began to break. The lofty peak of St. Gerard, and the surrounding hills, were casting their shadows on the golden surface which the rising sun had shed on the broad bosom of the Danube, when the messengers of evil tidings arrived in the royal palace. Beatrice, the beloved daughter of the King, was the mother of a still-born child; and thus, in one moment, his long and fondly-cherished hopes were blasted. He rushed towards the chamber of the Queen, but scarcely had he approached her bed when he stopped suddenly, uttering a groan of terror and despair. He found himself standing face to face with the hideous Vasfogubaba. There she stood, enveloped in the folds of her large cloak, and darting, now on the King and now on the Queen, withering glances from her dull and glassy eye, and murmuring some unintelligible incantation. Mathias did not move or speak, and the old woman slowly retired without molestation. But the viaduct remained unfinished, and her garden untouched; but the Queen had no more children.

In the mountains which surround Buda, there is a retired and picturesque spot, which the Magyars call *Szepjuhaszne*, or the "Pretty Shepherdess," in memory of an adventure which here befel Mathias Corvinus. Every legend which concerns this monarch, as we have already said, is still listened to with as much interest by the Magyars as if it were the recital of an occurrence of the present day.

The place to which we have referred is a deep and shady valley surrounded by precipitous heights, overgrown with flowers and wild vines, and cooled by a softly-flowing stream of flowing water. In this delightful retreat Mathias erected a hunting-lodge. On a slight elevation close at hand there stands a large and wealthy monastery, dedicated to St. Paul. The King was in the habit of paying frequent visits to it when riding to the chase—often passing whole hours at a time in company with one of the monks named Gregory, who, from being a canon in Strygonia, became general of his order.

Very different from Charles Robert or Louis the Great, Mathias was too much a man of the world to have any faith in the professions of temperance and self-denial made by the monks. He had tasted all the pomps, pleasures, and follies of life, and therefore paid but little heed to the devout homilies of the holy superior, and remained quite incredulous as to the asceticism of his pious hosts. It is related of him, that having passed a day in 1472 with Gregory, he saw, in passing through the corridor of the monastery, some of the produce of last year's vintage in casks, waiting to be placed in the cellar. He thereupon remarked that Tristian, the rigid General of the Order in 1363, in restricting the repast of the monks to two dishes, should also have placed some limit to the depth of their potations.

Upon one occasion the King arrived at the convent at supper-time, accompanied by his suite, and wearied with the chase. One of the monastic rules was, that every person seeking admittance should knock, and wait until the porter had obtained permission from the Superior to bring him in. The brother who then held the keys, upon looking through the chinks of the grating, at once recognised the King, but instead of opening the gate, rushed to the refectory to inform the Superior of the unexpected visit. Gregory rose from the table, and hastened to receive the royal guest. He knelt at his stirrup, and besought him not to impute the delay in admitting him to any want of respect, but to the ignorance of the porter. "Fear nothing, my good father," replied the King, gaily, "your guard only did his duty. I commend his zeal and punctuality. What say you, my lords and gentlemen," turning to the nobles who accompanied him, "would not you do well to follow so good an example? I should feel but too happy to have my orders executed with such fidelity and respect."

We have already alluded to the King's want of belief in the austerity of the monks. He resolved to convince himself of their dissimulation by coming upon them unawares and in disguise. With this intention he one evening wrapped himself up in his cloak, and entering the chapel, was gliding stealthily towards the body of the monastery, when he was perceived by a monk, who seized him and dragged him towards the infirmary. The brother then recognised him, and, terrified at his indiscretion, poured forth vollies of excuses, and implored pardon in moving terms, and offered to go and inform the Superior of his Majesty's presence, but Mathias sternly forbade him. Very soon the bell sounded the hour, and the monks began to assemble to perform their devotions. Mathias with his guide remained concealed behind one of the pillars of the chancel. When mass was over, all threw off their garments, and presented their backs to the lash of the Superior. This functionary

performed his duties with a holy ardour, sparing neither the scourge nor the penitents. The King, smiling, whispered to his companion—"How is this? Is this monastic justice? Does the superior give all the blows and get none himself?" "Sire," replied the monk, "if your Majesty will have a little patience, you will see him get his share also." "I hope so," was the reply, "for example is generally more efficacious than precept." Very soon the Superior knelt down and received a due allowance of moderate flagellation from the hands of one of his subordinates, and the King was satisfied.

About the year 1512, a famous sculptor, known in the convent as Brother Vincent, assumed the cowl, and henceforth devoted all the time he could spare from his prayers to the embellishment and decoration of the chapel. There are still extant numerous accounts of the wonders wrought by his indefatigable chisel; but only one fragment of his works remains to corroborate their testimony. Many of his brethren also distinguished themselves by their literary labours. During these prosperous days the convent had five hundred inmates; but when Solyman took possession of Buda, in 1541, after a sanguinary struggle, consummated by murder, pillage, and devastation, the monastery was levelled to the ground; the curious and valuable collection of rare manuscripts was scattered or destroyed. The Order of St. Paul, or, as it is sometimes called, that of the Hermits of St. Paul, was abolished in 1784, by Joseph II., and its revenue applied to the endowment of the Hungarian clergy.

We must not here forget to mention the legend from which this delightful valley derives its name. It is another charming story, of which Mathias is again the hero. In the good old days of Hungarian history, the mountains to the north of Buda were covered with immense forests, where the hardy oak and odoriferous linden-tree flourished in all their vigour and beauty. The declivity descending towards the villages of Kovacksi and Budakeszi was covered with meadows fragrant with wild flowers. It was in this vast forest that Mathias followed the chase, and in the meadows the Queen's flocks grazed.

On one occasion the King separated from his attendants, and, issuing from the wood, found himself opposite the royal pasturage, and stood for some moments wrapt in admiration of the beauty of the scene which surrounded him. In the distance were Buda and the great plain of Rakos, and at his feet the Danube rolled on in calm and quiet splendour. On every side smiling villages, fertile valleys, leafy forests, and lofty mountains, met his eye, all radiant with the light of the summer sun. Very soon, however, his attention was drawn to an object more attractive than the landscape. Looking in the direction of the straight pathway which led towards the royal park, he perceived the young wife of the principal shepherd going towards the cottage, after having carried her husband his breakfast. In passing the King, she gracefully curtsied to the handsome hunter, without suspecting in the least who it was. The King followed her to her abode, and pretending that the mountain air and exercise had given him a very sharp appetite, begged of her to supply him with something to eat. She forthwith told him to sit down under a large oak close at hand, and she would there bring him a dish of *tarho* (a milk thickened with rennet), which she had prepared for her own breakfast. He thankfully accepted the offer, and sat down on the grass. The girl entered the cottage, and returned in a few minutes with the *tarho* and two wooden spoons, one for herself and the other for her guest; and, sitting down by his side, and holding the dish on her lap, they eat until all was finished. Before they had done, Mathias had obtained from his pretty hostess the history of her whole life; and she had learned from him that he was one of the royal huntsmen, and that his name was Nicholas, and that he considered her the prettiest woman in the world, not excepting the Queen, whom he had often seen. "Seen the Queen!" exclaimed Theresa; "how fortunate you are!" and she immediately insisted on his describing her. But he steadfastly refused to do so, unless she consented to reward him for his trouble by a kiss, which she consented to do sooner than suffer him to depart without having gratified her curiosity. The stipulated recompense had scarcely been paid when the sound of the horn announced the approach of the royal hunting party. Mathias cast down his eyes, assured Theresa that if he were discovered he would be severely scolded for his absence, and proposed to exchange a large partridge with her for another kiss. She agreed, and he immediately afterwards departed.

When Sandon, the shepherd, returned in the evening, from placing the sheep in the fold, his wife showed him the partridge, and told him frankly all about the handsome huntsman, and the favours she had bestowed upon him. Sandon's brow grew a little darker while listening to the narration; but he eat the partridge with a very good relish, several times remarking, however, that he considered it rather dearly purchased.

In the meantime the visits of the King became every day longer and more frequent, and as Theresa invariably gave her husband a full and true account of all that passed in his absence, they determined to lay the matter before the Queen. As Nicholas was in the immediate service of the King, they believed that it would require powerful influence to affect him, and they were afraid to complain to his master lest he should look upon it as mere trifling. They therefore set out for Buda one morning at an early hour, dressed in their best clothes, and when the Queen was informed that her chief shepherd craved audience of her, she gave orders that he should be admitted directly. But it was not, as she imagined, some important communication respecting the flocks that he had come to lay before her. On the contrary, he commenced with some embarrassment, but with an air of offended dignity, by informing her that he found it harder to take care of a wife than of all the flocks on the banks of the Danube. This opening amused the Queen so much that she pressed him for an explanation. Theresa here broke on the conversation, and insisted upon telling the story herself; and expressed herself with so much freedom and *naivete*, that the Queen felt great interest in the affair, even before she had the slightest suspicion that the King was one of the leading actors in it. When the recital was finished, she asked for a minute description of this handsome huntsman. The sketch given by Theresa was true to the life—a young man, fresh complexion, large black eyes, aquiline nose, and hair the colour of hazel, flowing in long tresses upon his shoulders; he was well made, with broad shoulders, and of middling height. The Queen recognised in a moment the original of the portrait; and told the young couple that she would visit their cottage in the evening, at the hour when Nicholas was expected to arrive, as she would like to speak to him herself. Sandon and his wife retired full of cheerfulness and hope, believing that an end would now be put to their anxiety. About sunset, Beatrice, the Queen, arrived at the hut of the shepherd, dressed as a peasant girl. She told Theresa to be ready with a candle in the adjoining room, to come to her whenever she called her, but not to show herself sooner. She then sat down in the dark, and awaited the arrival of the huntsman. At nightfall the King arrived alone, and when the sound of his horse's feet was heard, the inmates of the cottage made all ready to receive him. He dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, and entered. Fortune seemed to smile far more graciously upon him than he had dared to hope; for, no sooner had he got inside the door, than he found himself clasped in the arms of a female. He was delighted—proffered a thousand vows of love, kissed and hugged her a hundred times over, when, at a preconcerted signal, the door of the adjoining apartment opened, and Theresa, coming forth with the lamp, Mathias discovered, to his astonishment and chagrin, that he had been all the time caressing his own wife.

The story adds, that the Queen treated the whole affair very good humouredly, and made Theresa a great number of rich presents, as did many of the surrounding nobility also, who, hearing of the adventure, came to visit the rustic beauty, from whose lap the King had eaten his plate of *tarho*.

Having said thus much of the legends connected with the town of Buda and its neighbourhood, we shall now confine ourselves to a short sketch of its history. Attila was the first of the Hungarian monarchs who fixed his residence in it, and it was improved and extended by his successors. It was during the reign of Bela that the fortress was built on the summit of the rock, and it soon after was made a "free" or "royal" town. Louis the Great built there a magnificent

palace, and often lived in it in preference to Visegrad. It was in the gardens of this residence that those splendid tournaments were given by Sigismond, in which the bravest chevaliers from all parts of Europe jousted. Sigismond also laid the foundation of the fortress, known as the *Csonka Torony*, the bastille of Hungary, in which all state prisoners were confined. It was here that Ladislaus Corvinus, the son of Hunyadi, was imprisoned previous to his execution. By Mathias Hunyadi the fortress was still further enlarged and embellished, so that in his time it was one of the most splendid palaces in Europe. The gardens extended almost to the neighbouring mountains. On the side of the river a terrace of porphyry overhung the water, and presented a spectacle of great magnificence. Numerous statues in bronze—amongst

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others, a group of centaurs—were placed in various parts of the building. In the great hall there were three colossal figures—that of the King, leaning on his lance, that of his father, and that of his brother, who was beheaded. The royal baths surrounded the gardens, and were in no way inferior to those of the East.

The cathedral, commenced by Bela IV., and finished by Mathias, was a *chef d'œuvre* of Gothic architecture. Art, luxury, grandeur, were all three combined in Buda. But the palmy days of Hungary were never destined to last long. The great battle of Mohacs, fought against the Turks in 1526, decided her fate. It is related that, before the unfortunate Louis set out for the field, a deformed wretch—half man, half demon, presented himself at the palace gates, and asked to see the King. The more the guards repulsed him, the more obstinate he became. At last, the King hearing of the circumstance, sent his aid-de-camp to see him in his place; but the stranger detected the deceit, and broke out into loud bursts of laughter, after which he shouted to the astonished officer: "Go and tell your proud master that I have but to announce to him a plain prophecy: in one month Louis will be glad to exchange his spacious palace for a narrow chamber!" In four weeks afterwards the battle of Mohacs was lost, and Louis was engulphed in a marsh. For a long period afterwards, whilst Hungary was governed by princes of the House of Hapsburgh, the Turks never once ceased to infest the country, and Buda, a prey to continual devastations, remained for 150 years in their hands, who made it a second Stamboul. In 1686 it was as we have stated in the commencement of the present chapter, owing to the valour of the Hungarian family; but a bomb falling into the midst of the powder, entirely destroyed the palace of Mathias Corvinus.

and there only remained of the whole town two churches, and the tower of the Dominican convent. The Emperor Charles II. caused some repairs to be made in the fortifications, and they were completely restored in the reign of Maria Theresa. The castle is the residence of the Palatine. In the chapel are the crown of Hungary and all the other insignia of royalty. They are guarded by a captain and sixty veteran grenadiers, placed under the orders of two supreme guards, who are chosen by the King and the Diet from amongst the first nobles in the country. There is another relic preserved in the church of St. John at Buda with religious care—the arm of St. Stephen. On the 20th of August, in each year, all the great dignitaries of the country, civil and military, assemble in the church to assist at the ceremony of the coronation and of the death of this great man.

All these reminiscences of the ancient glory of their country excite the courage of the people, and infuse into them high and chivalrous feelings of nationality. The peasant, as he jogs to the market, hums with lively voice,—

"*Ell Magyar, all Buda mey.*"
"The Magyar lives still, for Buda still is standing."

Never was there a people harder to bow down by misfortune than the Magyars. Their implicit confidence in the power of individual valour leads them to hope against the most unpromising prospects. Forsaken they may be, but it is impossible to cast them down. They unite, in a singular contrast, a calm goodness of heart and an irritability of temperament which the most trifling cause rouses to action. Liberal and generous towards their adversaries, they have never abused the confidence they may repose in them. Faithful to their religious creed under every vicissitude of fortune, they have fulfilled the duties it imposes without feebleness and without ostentation.

Every religious reform which has taken root amongst them has found its chief support in the progressive character of the people, and their ardent love for nationality, not in the impulse of a blind fanaticism. The adoption of protestantism shews above all the desire of Hungary to separate herself from Austria, an absorbing Catholic power. It is for this reason that it has been called *Magyar Vallas*, the Magyar faith, and the men who profess it have been at all times distinguished by the greatest toleration for their neighbours of a different faith. Although modern civilisation has made great progress amongst the inhabitants of the towns, the peasantry remain much as they were when the Turks took Buda. Their usages may be less refined than those of Western Europe, but they are purer and more dignified. For them their own country is the height of perfection and the height of happiness. Tied, as it were, to the soil on which they were born, the Hungarians are seldom found in foreign countries, until the late misfortunes have driven out so many of them. To them there is peace and safety nowhere but in their own country. Hence the proverb—"Out of Hungary there is no life; or, if there is life, it is altogether of another kind."

PRINCESS RAKOCZI (HELENA).

MIGNIONETTE.

BY MISS H. M. RATHBONE.

CHAPTER II.

It seemed as if the idea of losing the privilege of watching over Mignionette caused Mr. Ross to redouble his attentions. He called twice daily, and thought of everything that could contribute to her comfort during the long stage-coach journey from Durham to London, bringing air-cushions of different shapes, a high foot-stool of his own contrivance, whose hollow inside held the various cordials and condiments which he thought might be necessary, and providing Mrs. Wright with abundance of cloak-wrappings, interesting books to read to her patient, and letters of introduction to the great London doctor, to a lady friend, whom he fancied would be a comfort to both the travellers, and to the mistress of the lodgings which he had engaged for them. The good schoolmistress wondered whether Mignionette had any suspicions of the young surgeon's sentiments, and, anxious to know before they set out, she said to her, on the eve of their departure, "Mignionette, if you recover your sight, you will owe it to Mr. Ross, for I am sure he saved your life in the fever, and that we should never have ventured to undertake this long journey without his help and encouragement."

"I do, indeed, owe him more than I can ever repay, mother, and I wish we had anything to give him that he would care for when he comes to take leave of us this evening. Don't you think, as it is getting late, that I had better go to bed before he comes, and then he can see me upstairs?"

"No, my dear, unless you feel too tired to stay, I think you had better remain where you are awhile longer." For Mrs. Wright, whose serious anxiety could not prevent her from admiring Mignionette's personal appearance just then, thought she was now looking so very pretty in her nicely-frilled white dressing-gown, her pink-bowed little cap, and her pale, sweet face, lighted up by the rays of the setting sun, that she did not like that Mr. Ross should not also have the pleasure of seeing her on the sofa, while Mignionette had her own reasons for wishing a different arrangement, but she dared not say more.

A knock was soon heard, and Phœbe showed in not only Mr. Ross, but Edward Allingham, who had both come to spend this evening with their friends—a circumstance which embarrassed Mignionette, who wished to speak to the former alone; and she felt pained to see him looking so depressed, though as assiduous as ever in trying to keep up *her* spirits. But it was a difficult task to all the party that night to seem cheerful, and it afforded a seasonable relief, by giving them something to laugh at, when Phœbe, who had cried herself nearly blind the two preceding days, and who thought good eating a panacea for all misfortunes, brought in an extraordinary supper of her own contrivance, and enough to feast a dozen guests. The visitors both took something to please the kind-hearted old servant, and then rose to say farewell, Allingham bidding adieu with expressions of evidently heartfelt hopes, which the rest did not experience, and a sort of happy, though feeling, manner, which contrasted strongly with the irrepressible agitation of Ross

"Mignionette, you will not forget me?" the latter said, in a low tone, as he held her hand, unable to part with it.

"Oh, no! no! do I not owe everything to you?—and I promise that you shall be the first to hear if any good befalls me."

She could say no more; and the young surgeon, afraid of exciting emotions which might be injurious to her, commanded himself so as to take leave without any further expression of his feelings.

The next day he sent to ask Mrs. Wright particularly how she seemed, but he did not appear himself until just in time to silently hand them into the coach, and after one low "God bless you, Mignionette!" to return home and dream of what life would be in the future if this fair girl were his companion.

Allingham could not leave his school to pay this parting compliment, and lavished his cares upon Mrs. Wright's favourite dog, which she had confided to his charge in preference to that of Mr. Ross, because the latter had no garden, and could not, she knew, take the dog out on his professional rounds.

The two friends continued to meet occasionally at the three plane-trees, but less frequently as winter approached; and in November Allingham was taken so ill, that his friend spent almost every evening and most part of every night at Hyde; nor could he feel at all astonished at Edward's attack when he found him sleeping with only one blanket in a room without a fire, a broken window, badly mended with paper, and the temperature almost at freezing-point. These pressing wants were soon supplied, and, in answer to his repeated inquiries, Allingham told him how it came to pass that he was in such a destitute condition, a communication which seemed to throw a cloud over his friend; and their intercourse, without Edward's knowing why, henceforth became less intimate, though not less kindly.

At length, after anxiously watching the post for more than three weeks, a few lines from Mrs. Wright conveyed the joyful intelligence that Mignionette's sight was restored, and that she was going on as well as possible. In the first tumult of his joy, Ross thought he would write to Mignionette at once and offer her his hand and heart; but on the whole, waiting for the sweet possibility, he preferred of acceptance from her own lips, and, though he wrote to Mrs. Wright, he once more refrained from betraying his sentiments.

The Rector, Allingham, old Dr. Hope, and many others, wrote either to Mrs. Wright or Mignionette to congratulate them on the great blessing which had been vouchsafed them; and a fortnight later, on the day the travellers were expected at Evesham, a crowd of persons had assembled round the school-house, when the coach drove up, and the clear, liquid young voices of eighty children sang one of their prettiest hymns as Mignionette entered the house, looking brighter and lovelier than ever.

Again did Ross and Allingham hasten to spend a pleasant evening with these dear friends, and rejoice with them in their happiness; and a few nights later the former came by himself, and, taking the opportunity when Mrs. Wright had left the room, he told his love, and entreated Mignionette to set the seal on his happiness by pronouncing that magic word, which he fondly hoped was to herald years of peaceful bliss.

"Oh, Mr. Ross, what can I say? It must seem so ungrateful to refuse the only request you have ever made me; and, oh! I am so very sorry that you ever saw me, for I cannot do what you wish—it is impossible! and yet—and yet—"

"Mignionette!" said Ross quietly, though he looked deadly pale, "answer me truly—why is it impossible? Do you love some one else? Can it be that I have so deceived myself, and that you do not care for me?"

"Oh, I esteem you, and prize your friendship more dearly than words can tell!"

"Then you love some one else? Answer me, Mignionette."

"Yes!"

There was a long silence, which the poor girl thought would never end, and then Ross took her hand, and kissing it many times, quitted the house without another word.

Mrs. Wright's displeasure was at first considerable, and sadly increased Mignionette's distress, who wept bitterly, as she thought of all she owed her faithful medical friend, and the great pain which she had been compelled to inflict upon him. But the schoolmistress thought so highly of Edward Allingham, that when she learned that he had won the young girl's first affections, and that, having at the close of the present year purchased his mother's annuity, he would in future be able to devote the whole of his salary to Mignionette, and support her comfortably, she soon gave way, and made her child feel as happy as she could under the sense of what Ross must go through on her account, by a glad and free consent.

It was many months before Mignionette and the young surgeon met again; not that he had withdrawn his friendship, or ceased to feel an interest in her, but the trial of renewed intercourse to his own feelings was too great to be borne for a much longer period to come. Neither did his intimacy cease with Allingham, but rather became deepened, and he took a generous pleasure in contributing to the furnishing of his friend's house, and in providing a small, good-toned piano-forte, as his own especial present to Mignionette.

That he should decline attending the marriage, excited no wonder; but after it had taken place, both Edward and Mignionette felt deeply the loss of his society, and did all that lay in their power to induce him to come to Hyde; while Mrs. Wright, who thought him acting unwisely as time went on, spoke still more freely to him, and tried to rouse him from the state of apathetic misery into which he had sunk. Their endeavours all seemed useless, and he refused to visit Mignionette when she was ill the following autumn.

Nor did the birth of a little daughter to his friend, some time afterwards, exert any influence in changing his determination. At church, in the market-place, and in the street, he now and then saw Mignionette, when he would shake hands with her warmly, remark how fine the day was, and disappear before she could reply; and so matters went on until the baby was just twelve months old, and beginning to suffer from teething. It was Christmas eve, when the anxious parents in much distress were bending over the crib of their first-born, and forced to acknowledge in bitter anguish that its feeble frame seemed sinking under a feverish state of things that had succeeded a violent attack of croup the preceding week.

"Edward," said Mignionette, "though Dr. Hope is a clever man in his way, he is not so young and ready to improve upon old ways as he once was; and you may think it strange, but I can't help fancying that he is not treating baby rightly. She seems to me very weak, and as if she needed nourishment instead of so much calomel and antimony."

"You may be right, love; but what shall we do? Would you like me to call in the doctor from Cole-Orton?"

"Oh, no, Edward! I have more faith in Mr. Ross than in anyone else, and I think he would not refuse to come if he knew that your baby, that *my* baby, was dangerously ill."

This last word overset her composure, and her husband, to reassure her, immediately wrote a note to request his friend's good offices, and old Phœbe, who was helping Mignionette to nurse the child, said she would take it quicker than anyone else could, whose heart was not in the business like hers.

Having no other messenger readily at hand, Allingham thanked her and let her go, little thinking how soon she would return.

By a stroke of good fortune, as Phœbe afterwards declared, she found Mr. Ross visiting a patient in the village, and in twenty minutes after she had left the school-house, he stood beside the sick child; and, asking a few questions in his customary clear rapid way, he immediately gave fresh directions, and himself administered food and medicine. Without knowing what Mignionette's opinion had been regarding Dr. Hope's treatment, he changed it at once, and giving it small doses of some mild soothing medicine, alternating with beef-tea and chicken-broth, he succeeded in a few hours in procuring a slight alteration for the better. During that long night, sitting in the closest communion of thought, feeling, and interest, which can engage human beings, and talking to Mignionette as if they had never been separated, he was surprised to find how completely his sentiments towards her seemed to undergo a change. His seeing her look so much older, and engaged in the fulfilment of a wife's and mother's duties, so realised the irrevocable barrier between any nearer connection, and altered their mutual relations, that he soon felt he could henceforth visit Hyde without risking his own peace or her comfort. Cold and frosty broke the morning of Christmas-day, and the pale sunshine found the watchers still uncertain whether the child would live, and the hour for service was approaching, when Ross, laying his hand on that of Mignionette, said—

"A change has taken place in the last twenty minutes—the baby is better—indeed, I think it is out of danger."

Allingham clasped her in his arms in great agitation, as he murmured, "Thank God, thank God, for so great a mercy!" and wringing the hand of Ross, the latter, with a lightened heart, and feeling more happy than he had ever expected to do again, went away to see after his other patients; even able to think it possible that he too might some time enjoy the blessings of wife and children, provided only, he could meet with some one as good and as lovely as sweet Mignionette.

WHITFIELD'S ELOQUENCE.—Of English preachers Whitfield was far the first. Many have surpassed him as sermon-makers, but none have approached him as a pulpit orator. His influence was the same whether addressing the most learned or the rudest auditory. Garrick used to weep, and Hume said he was worth going twenty miles to hear. But the greatest proof of his power is, that he could gather and keep around him in awed silence the whole of Bartholomew Fair. For a time in England he was decried and abused, caricatured by Hogarth, and ridiculed by Foote; but he soon lived down such hostility by the nobility and blamelessness of his character, as well as by the wonderful effects of his eloquence and zeal. Since Cowper's worthy panegyric of him, as has been the case with Bunyan also, men of taste and learning have forborne to speak of the great Methodist preacher otherwise than with admiration and praise.

LORD JEFFREY.

IN the days when "George the Third was King," the *Edinburgh Review* was a great fact. All writers tremblingly waited its decisions. From them there was no appeal. We live in other times now. The reading public has risen in intelligence, and cares less for the verdict of the critic. Consequently, to us the *Edinburgh* can never be what it was to our fathers.

The proud position the *Edinburgh* gained, undoubtedly was in no small degree due to its editor, Lord Jeffrey. The story of his life may be briefly told. He was the eldest son of George Jeffrey, Esq., one of the Court of Session in Scotland, by his wife, the daughter of a Mr. Loudoun, of Lanarkshire, and was born in Edinburgh on the 23rd of October, 1773. He was educated at the High School of his native city, and at Glasgow University, but completed his university education at Queen's College, Oxford. In 1794 he was called to the Bar, where he soon became distinguished for the vigour of his eloquence and the wit and boldness of his invective. He attended debating clubs—spoke with readiness and knowledge;—and with no other introduction than his own talents, formed the acquaintance, at the Speculative Society, of Sir Walter Scott, then a young man busy with his "Minstrelsy," and of the Rev. Sydney Smith and Lord Brougham, both ardent for distinction in the Church and at the Bar. Acquaintanceship soon ripened into intimacy; and at a late supper after a debate at the Speculative Society the *Edinburgh Review* was projected by Smith, and approved of by Jeffrey and Lord Brougham. Assistants were soon found; and in October, 1802, appeared the first number of the new periodical, under the editorial care of the Rev. Sydney Smith—its original projector, as he is called by Lord Jeffrey, "and long," he adds, "its brightest ornament."

The success of the new Review was beyond the expectation of its founders—and after a few numbers, beyond all precedent in publications of a similar nature. Nor is this to be wondered at when we look at the character and variety of its articles, and contrast its vigour and wit with the tame productions of any publication then at all approaching it in matter or in manner. The new Review contained the views and thoughts, most fearlessly expressed, of a young and vigorous set of thinkers, on some of the most important subjects of the day, connected with politics, religion, jurisprudence, and literature. The writers flew at all kinds of game:—nor was it difficult to see from the first (what was indeed obvious afterwards) that the politics of the Whig school gave a turn and colour to the whole character of the Review. "The Review," said Jeffrey, "has but two legs to stand on: literature, no doubt, is one of them—but its *right* leg is politics."

Mr. Sydney Smith was the editor of the first three numbers; and would, no doubt, have continued his editorial care, had not his views of promotion in the Church called him away from Edinburgh to London. On Mr. Smith's retirement, Mr. Jeffrey took his place; which he continued to fill without interruption till late in the year 1829, when he was elected to the office of Dean of the Faculty of Advocates—a judicial appointment of distinction at the Scottish Bar, hardly to be held, it was thought, in conjunction with the editorship of a party Review. He continued, however, to write occasionally, not on politics it is understood, but on literary subjects, from which his judicial functions could not be held by any means to have excluded him.

His retirement from literature as a part of his profession gave him fresh opportunities of distinction in his original pursuit of the law, and in the line of politics to which he seems to have been especially partial. He was elected member of Parliament for his native city—was listened to in the House more for his reputation's sake, and for what he *might* say, than for anything that he said, or for his manner of delivery:—and soon growing weary of attendance even in a "Reformed House" (to which he had so long looked forward, and which he had in a great measure contributed to bring about), he asked from Lord Melbourne (1834) what he had long coveted—a seat on the Scottish Bench—received the appointment, and retired to Edinburgh and the beautiful scenery of Craigcrook.

A few further particulars of his life may not be thought unimportant. He was chosen in 1821 Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow; was twice married, first to the daughter

of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, of St. Andrew's, and secondly, to the daughter of Charles Wilkes, Esq., of New York, grand-niece of the famous Wilkes " and *Liberty*." Let us add (what future ages will no doubt care to know), that he was swarthy in countenance and diminutive in stature.

Lord Jeffrey is to be looked on as an editor and as an author, not as a Dean of Faculty or even as a Judge. "Envy must own" that he conducted the *Edinburgh Review* with admirable tact and skill, and that he showed great judgment as to the writers whom he brought about him. He was well supported by men like Sydney Smith, Mackintosh, Brougham, Horner, Allen, and Haslitt. His subjects were well chosen for the time, and generally maintained consistent principles both in politics and in taste; but his great object, it should not be concealed, was to attract attention and to draw readers. We are not, however, to tax him with all the editorial errors of the Review. Let us remember his own apologetical defence to Sir Walter Scott, that he was a "feudal monarch who had but slender control over his greater barons, and really could not prevent them from occasionally waging little private wars upon griefs or resentments of their own."

Lord Jeffrey's position as editor led him now and then into more than one unpleasant quarrel. Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge seldom spoke of him except in terms of hatred and contempt; and his memorable duel at Chalk-farm, in 1806, with Mr. Moore, partly occasioned by a clever application of a passage in Spenser to Tom Little's Poems, will long be remembered by the "Little's leadless pistol" of the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and the contemporary epigram which ends—

"They only fire blank cartridge in Reviews."

The quarrels with the Lake school were never made up; but the author of "Little's Poems" and the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* were afterwards reconciled, and the critic even courted by a friendly dedication.

The great defect in Lord Jeffrey's editorship of the *Edinburgh Review* was his short-sightedness in appreciating the merits of Scott, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and others. He praised Scott for a time, but a cold notice of "Marmion" threw the future novelist into the arms of the *Quarterly Review*.

We are now to look on Lord Jeffrey as an author:—and it is somewhat singular, we may observe, of one who has written so much, that he is not an author in any other sense than as a critic in a review. This cannot be said of any of his leading associates, or of any of the opposition writers in the *Quarterly*, or indeed of any other writer who has exercised one half the influence in literature that Mr. Jeffrey possessed. His legal as well as his editorial duties must, it is true, have left him very little time for anything else:—and we are not, perhaps, to suppose that he was without the ambition of being an author, or that he wanted leisure for the due consideration of any subject of importance. We may attribute more justly his not appearing as an author in his own person to an unwillingness to endanger his high reputation by the production of a separate work, and to some fear of the "wounded great" who were ready to attack him on all sides and with every kind of weapon. He is, therefore, to be judged by the four volumes of his "Essays," or contributions to the Review, which he was induced to collect and revise in the year 1843. These volumes, he tells us, form less than a third of what he wrote in the Review; but they, no doubt, embrace his best productions—those, in short, by which he was willing to stand. His friends would have made a somewhat different selection; one that would have represented the history of his mind and opinion, and that would have thrown more light on the history of critical judgment in this country than can be gathered from his volumes as they at present stand.

These "Essays," it must be confessed, are not very remarkable productions. They are little distinguished for subtlety of opinion, nicety of disquisition, or even beauty of style. Though printed uniformly with the contributions to the same Review of Sydney Smith and Mr. Macaulay, they have not made the same impression on the public mind, nor been read with the same avidity. So that, while the essays of Mr. Smith and Mr. Macaulay are now in fourth editions, the public have been content till very recently with a single impression of Lord Jeffrey. Yet his "Essays" will more than repay perusal. His paper on Swift is the best elucidation of the Dean's character that we have yet received:—while his articles on Penn and the Quakers exhibit qualities of mind not easily to be found in authors of even greater celebrity.

CONQUEST THROUGH LABOUR.

Workers for men, whoe'er you are,
No matter what your sphere,
Who still for human progress war,
And bow with hearts sincere
Before the heavens' high arching dome
Of Light and Truth, and God the home—

Take courage! brief as is our life,
And though our task be great,
Our strength is equal to the strife,
And we shall yet defeat
The foes that stop man's upward road
To holiest freedom's high abode.

Around us countless millions bend
O'er dull mechanic toil,
Their labour's best and highest end
Grim Poverty to foil,
That, wolf-like, still pursues their way,
With dread persistance, day by day.

Within their minds, chill, bleak, and dead,
There dwells no inner sight—
No intellectual sun-rays shed
Their vivifying light;
A polar winter ever keeps
Its empire in those gloomy deeps.

From glorious Shakspere's words there shines
No orb to light their sky,
While Milton's brave and god-like lines
Pass unregarded by.
They never wake to find their souls,
Yet Life to Death unceasing rolls.

What then? Although the night be dark,
And our worn courage droop,
We wait not for the morning lark,
But still, upborne by hope,
And strong in faith that scorns delay,
We hasten on the coming day.

Yon flower, whose sweetness lures the bees,
And sheds its perfume round,
So frail, it quivers in the breeze,
And vibrates with a sound,
Wrought through the earth its skyward course
By resolute and constant force.

Green vales and gentle slopes arise,
Upon old ocean's breast;
Like brightest stars in clearest skies,
They in their beauty rest;
And, strong as beautiful, they form
A sure protection from the storm.

Those isles beneath the restless waves,
Minutest insects reared—
Myriads of builders filled their graves
Ere the first peaks appeared—
Peaks that the sun migh tip with gold,
Firm rock where shifting waters rolled.

Do not these things a lesson teach
Of patience, courage, power?
Though far from land, we're sure to reach
The distant hoped-for shore.
If to our work we prove but true,
There's nothing that we may not do.

Our earth shall yet an aspect wear
Of nobleness and truth,
When all shall human life revere,
Wise age and earnest youth;
And the old Eden less be known
Than that which shall the Future crown.

HOME—SWEET HOME!

In the daily papers we have just seen an account of a meeting of the workmen of the metropolis for the purpose of putting down the brewers' monstrous monopoly. One of the speakers suggested that the workmen present should drink less beer; that with the money thus saved they might raise capital and start a brewery on their own account. The suggestion, so far as it went to the saving of money and its power as capital, was a good one; but the hint to the workmen to start a brewery on their own account was of a very different character. Workmen can make a better use of their savings. Nor do they need breweries, nor the strong drink made in them. No class of men feel the ill effects of strong drink more bitterly than workmen. When the husband is an intemperate character, the happiness of the family is gone for ever; home is robbed of all its charms. When the wife and mother has unhappily adopted the same fatal practice, the curse weighs more heavily still. We read of poverty and wretchedness — of mutual recrimination—and too often of a cruel brutality that ends in death.

The picture is a melancholy one, but the worst feature in it is that it arises necessarily from the compulsory and social customs of working men. They make the transition easy from what is called good companionship to habitual intemperance. The punctual and obliging youth by them is made a sot. The results are — idleness—loss of time and money — want of punctuality, dispatch, ingenuity, contrivance, trustworthiness, and other qualities, so desirable to a working man. The victim stays away from work because he has been drinking; gradually his master becomes tired out; the man gets the "sack," and for the rest of his life he becomes a prey to rags and poverty and want.

Such instances, we fear, are far too common, and our artist has selected one of them. In this melancholy picture there is a history involved, which, if fully revealed, would make our hearts ache. Here we have an operative or mechanic dismissed from work for drunkenness. He is probably a good workman, and could earn high wages; and his master, knowing his value as an artisan, has borne with him until all patience is exhausted, and at last is literally compelled to send him away. But this is not all; his miserable wife is evidently a partaker of his sin. Look at her dress, her countenance, and that disgusting pipe in her mouth; and yet she is a mother, and has an innocent baby in her bosom, whom she is nourishing from her breast, although she has spent the money in gin and tobacco, which would have supplied it with shoes and stockings, and other warm clothing. The prospects of the child of such a father and mother, and especially its future life, should it arrive at mature years, are too dreary for us to anticipate; we tremble to survey its hereafter, either in time or eternity.

We have under our eye a case which just illustrates this representation, and shows that the artist has not been guilty of the least exaggeration. The young man to whom we refer was, when a youth, remarkably steady, and though he often went to the alehouse to fetch home his drunken father, yet always refused to taste strong drink. We should say that his father was once the member of a Christian Church and his mother, who is lately gone to heaven, was eminently pious. The boy received a good education, his friends were respectable, he learnt his father's trade, and became a very superior workman. But, alas! the love of strong drink by very slow degrees prevailed, until at last he settled down in absolute drunkenness. His fondness for liquor led him to a little low pot house, and here he became fascinated with the landlord's daughter, and eventually took her "for better and for worse."

The last place we should recommend a young man to go to for a wife is a gin palace, a tavern, or an inn. The bodies and minds of such women have generally been deeply polluted. Of course they have been educated in the school of strong drink, and the company they have had to associate with has been of the most immoral character. "Filthiness, foolish talking, jesting, blasphemy," and "other things which are not convenient," are the discourse which they have been doomed to hear. Well, the lass referred to above came from one of these academies of Satan, and is now as degraded a drunkard as her husband. Two or three children they have drunk into the grave, and the one they have left has no prospect for the present or the future world. Hundreds of masters would be glad to have this young

man as a workman, because he is such an excellent hand; again and again has he been employed, but his drunken habits have caused him to be dismissed. We lately saw him in the service of an employer who would gladly have made him a foreman, transferred the whole management of the business to his hands, and have paid him first-rate wages; but he continued the slave of his old vice, and was sent away for his drunkenness; and now, while we write, both himself, his wife, and child, would be starving, but for the pittance they can obtain from the parish, or the hand of charity. How painful is the thought that we have myriads of such cases in our country at the present time, and which we cannot help nor relieve so long as the love of these liquors prevails.

We have given the picture above for the benefit of all our readers, but especially for the young. To every young man we would say—Look at this scene. That man of rags and wretchedness was once as merry as you, and had as good prospects. Could you then have shown him his present portrait, he would either have laughed at your folly, or have burnt with indignation at the thought that you could imagine him capable of ever sinking so low. But experience has taught us that there is nothing in the way of debasing, degrading, cursing, and ruining mankind, both physically, socially, mentally, and morally, which strong drinks cannot effect; and we feel persuaded that the only safeguard is in the entire disuse of these poisons.

To young women we would also say—Do you see that unsexed being with the infant in her bosom, and the pipe in her mouth? You can hardly believe that she is one of the daughters of England. But for some parts of her filthy dress, she would rather pass for the inhabitant of a savage land. There is scarcely a feminine, and much less a Christian, lineament in her features. And yet it is probable that once she was a fine young woman—the flower of the village. On the day of her wedding, her innocence, her bridal attire, and her happy union with so promising a youth, were matters of general conversation, congratulations, and applause; and who then dared to dream that a change so vicious, so foul, so disgusting, would ever take place? But the husband became fond of drink, and loitered at the public-house; the wife went after him, and at first stayed out for hours in the wind and the rain to lead him home. Then she waxed bold enough to enter; by and by she took the glass and sat down by his side, till at last all self-respect was gone, all hope fled, and now she is all that our artist has represented. One of the worst features in the scene is, that she seems content with her lot. Give her a pipe and plenty of strong drink, and she asks for nothing more. Her only Eden or heaven is in the wretchedness of debauchery. Some, who have studied human nature, tell us, that to raise a debased man is hard, but to elevate a vicious woman is ten thousand times harder. And as prevention is so much better than cure, we would press the principles of temperance on all, but especially on the attention of young women.

CHEVALIER CLAUSSEN'S FLAX-WORKS.

All the world by this time has heard of the improvement made in the manufacture of flax by the Chevalier Claussen. In the beginning of December of this present year his flax-works at Stepney-green were opened to public inspection. The following is a brief account of what the Chevalier has done:—

His invention may be classified under the following heads:—The preparation of long flax for the linen manufacturer; the conversion of flax and hemp into substances resembling cotton, wool, and silk, capable of being spun and manufactured upon existing machinery; and bleaching vegetable fibres, yarns, and fabrics. It must be understood, before giving a brief description of the different processes employed, that Chevalier Claussen's patent terminates with the chemical part, and that his object is to produce flax and cotton (that is, a substance resembling cotton) in a state fitted for the operation of the existing flax, cotton, or woollen machinery. To comprehend the advantages of the invention, we must allude occasionally to the present system employed. At present the flax-straw is steeped in streams or pits of water. By these means it is fermented, and the woody part separated from the fibre. This process occupies from ten to twelve days, and great care has to be observed to prevent the fermentation being carried to too great a height, in which case the fibre itself would be partially destroyed. To shorten the time, steeping in hot water has also been tried, and the separation has been effected in 60 hours, but the risk of injuring the fibre is perhaps augmented. The straw of the flax is of course lost, and the operation tedious. Chevalier Claussen, by his method, takes the flax-straw as it comes from the field, but he proposes that the farmer should mechanically separate the straw from the fibre by the use of a very simple machine, which pounds or breaks the straw, and effects their separation; this reduces the substance to one-half its bulk, and the straw may be returned to the soil, or, mixed with cake, crushed seed, &c., be used as cattle-food. Now, the stem of the plant consists of three parts—the shove or wood, the pure fibre, and the gum, resin, or glutinous matter which causes these fibres to adhere together. The first has been got rid of by the farmer by the process described, and it remains to remove the third constituent, namely, the glutinous substances. Chevalier Claussen contends that the present system of steeping in water, either hot or cold, will not effect this, as a large portion of them are insoluble in water; but he has recourse to chemical agents. The fibre is either boiled in weak caustic soda for two hours, or steeped in a cold solution for 24 hours. It is then "soured" in a bath consisting of 500 parts of water to one of sulphuric acid, washed, dried, and further cleaned, scutched, and so on, through the ordinary modes of manufacture. The flax obtained in this way, being free from all colouring matters, may be bleached afterwards with greater ease, and, as the plant need not be cut till ripe, the grower has the advantage of fully ripened seed, and a greater weight per acre of pure fibre. It is calculated that from four tons of flax straw, one of fibre may be obtained. From this 15 per cent. of long fibre is prepared by the method described, leaving 75 per cent., which, with a further reduction of 15 per cent. in the ensuing processes, may be converted into 60 per cent. of flax-cotton, at a value of £56 per ton. On the old system five tons of straw will yield one of fibre, from which also 15 per cent. of long fibre may be obtained, but the remainder is not worth more than £7 a ton. We will now pass to the most interesting part of Chevalier Claussen's invention—the conversion of this 75 per cent. of fibre into a substance resembling cotton. The fibre is first cut into short lengths by a circular-knived cutting-machine. The appliances for the metamorphosis of flax into cotton are very simple, consisting of four wooden vats, containing solutions which will presently be named, and an open wooden box, or cage, rather, made of strips of wood, which, by means of a rope and blocks, is suspended from a small carriage running along a transverse beam overhead, and thus can be lowered and raised, successively into and from the four vats. The cage, being partly filled with the cut flax or waste "tow," is lowered into the first vat, containing a solution of cold water, and 10 per cent. of common carbonate of soda. It remains in this about a quarter of an hour, by which time the liquid has permeated by capillary attraction every part of the small tubes. The cage is then hoisted up and lowered into the next vat, containing one part of sulphuric acid to 200 parts of water. This acid, by its superior affinity to soda, forms a sulphate of soda with it, and liberates the carbonic acid, which in its escape acts mechanically by its elastic force, and separates the fine flax filaments from each other. Mr. Hudson, in his report to the Royal Agricultural Society on this experiment, explains the action very graphically. He says, "The flax fibre soaked in the solution of sub-carbonate of soda was no sooner immersed in the vessel containing the acidulated water than its character became at once changed from that of a damp rigid aggregation of flax to a light expansive mass of cottony texture, increasing in size like leavening dough or an expanding sponge." It is then immersed in a second bath of carbonate of soda solution, and if only required to be used in an unbleached state, may be washed and dried. If, however, it is to be bleached, it is immersed in a fourth vat, containing a solution of hypochlorite of magnesia, and in about fifteen minutes attains the colour, as in a previous similar time it had acquired the texture, of cotton. In fact, it goes in brown flax, and in less than one hour comes out white cotton. It is then washed, drained in baskets, dried in cakes, hanging across iron horses in stoves heated to 98 deg. Fahr., and is then ready to be tortured by "devilling," "combing," and all the other operations incidental to cotton manufacture. The time of draining and drying is not more than twelve to fifteen hours, so that the whole process, from the time

the flax is brought to the pounding-machine to when it is converted into a cotton similar to, say, a bale just landed from America, allowing the cold-steeping process, would not exceed 48 hours. Chevalier Claussen affirms that this "British cotton" may be manufactured as low as 2¼d. per lb., which would readily sell for 4d. or 6d. per lb.; and to show the field open to flax-growers, gives the following statistics of importation in his paper read before the Royal Agricultural Society. The value of flax fibre imported he places at £5,000,000; seed for crushing, £1,800,000; seed for sowing, £200,000; oil-cake, £600,000; and hemp, £1,500,000; making a total amount of £9,100,000. With regard to the profits of cultivation, Mr. Druce, on a piece of land in Oxfordshire, found it amount to £8 6s. 2d. per acre on 5a. 2r. 36p. grown in flax. Chevalier Claussen, in his pamphlet on the subject, adduces at length the different advantages, and combats the different objections against flax cultivation, and points out the superiority of his process over any of those already used; but even an enumeration of them, beyond what we have said, would occupy too much space, and as the further processes of manufacture do not belong to his invention, we will, having brought flax into the state used by manufacturers, and, by further change, into the state of an American bale of cotton just landed on our shores, conclude our description.

THE MORAL EVILS OF WEALTH. — Orville Dewey says: I am obliged to regard with considerable distrust the influence of wealth upon individuals. I know that it is a mere instrument, which may be converted to good or bad ends; but I more than doubt whether the chances lead that way. Independence and luxury are not likely to be good for any man. Leisure and luxury are almost always bad for every man. I know that there are noble exceptions. But I have seen so much of the evil effects of wealth upon the mind—making it proud, haughty, and impatient—robbing it of its simplicity, modesty, and humility—bereaving it of its large, and gentle, and considerate humanity; and I have heard such testimonies, such astonishing testimonies to the same effect, from those whose professional business it is to settle and adjust the affairs of large estates, that I more and more distrust its boasted advantages; I deny the validity of that boast. In truth, I am sick of the world's admiration of wealth. Almost all the noblest things that have been achieved in the world have been achieved by poor men—poor scholars and professional men—poor artisans and artists—poor philosophers, and poets, and men of genius. It does appear to me that there is a certain staidness and sobriety, a certain moderation and restraint, a certain pressure of circumstances, that is good for man. His body was not made for luxuries—it sickens, sinks, and dies under them. His mind was not made for indulgence—it grows weak, effeminate, and dwarfish under them. It is good for us to bear the yoke—and it is especially good to bear the yoke in our youth. I am persuaded that many children are injured by too much attention, too much care, and by too many servants at home; too many lessons at school, too many indulgences in society; they are not left sufficiently to exert their own powers, to invent their own amusements, to make their own way—they are often insufficient and unhappy—they lack ingenuity and energy—because they are taken out of the school of Providence and placed in one which our own foolish fondness and pride have built for them. Wealth, without a law of entail to help it, has always lacked the energy even to keep its own treasures—they drop from its imbecile hand. What an extraordinary revolution in domestic life is that which, in this respect, is presented to us all over the world! A man, trained in the school of industry and frugality, acquires a large estate, his children possibly keep it, but the third generation almost inevitably goes down the rolling wheel of fortune, and there learns the energy necessary to rise again. And yet we are, almost all of us, anxious to put our children, or to ensure that our grandchildren shall be put, on this road to indulgence, vice, degradation, and ruin. This excessive desire for, and admiration of, wealth, is one of the worst traits in our modern civilisation. We are, if I may say so, in an unfortunate dilemma in this matter. Our political civilisation has opened the way for multitudes to wealth, and created an insatiable desire for it; but our mental civilisation has not gone far enough to make a right use of it.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MR. CASSELL announces, in answer to numerous inquiries, that by permission of the Postmaster-General the "French Lessons" can now be had through the Post-office, on receipt of seven postage-stamps.

On January 3, 1852, will be published by John Cassell, price Twopence, the First Number of a New Series of "The Illustrated Exhibitor," under the title of

THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR
AND MAGAZINE OF ART.

This work, though published at so small a price, will greatly surpass everything that has yet appeared, even at double or treble the sum. The Engravings will form a Gallery of Fine Art. The first artists in the world will be employed upon them, and the printing, and all the details, will be executed with the greatest care, a new Printing Establishment being fitted up expressly for the purpose of bringing out this New Series of THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR. The First Number will be ready with the Magazines for January, 1852. Monthly Parts, price 8d.; or, when Five Numbers, 10d. each.

THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART will not only form a Gallery of Pictorial Illustrations, but will also contain ably-written articles on a variety of subjects interesting and instructive to all classes, arranged under the following heads:—

I. *Works of the Great Masters.*—Copies of the most celebrated Works of the Great Masters of all Nations in Painting, Sculpture, and other branches of Art.

II. *The Portrait Gallery*, which will be enriched with Biographical Sketches and Reminiscences. The portraits will be engraved with the greatest care by first-rate artists; and, together with the biographies, will prove of deep interest and profit.

III. *Historical Events.*—Each article will be accompanied by a splendid Engraving. As the most striking events in the history of other nations, as well as our own, will be included, this will prove a medium for the communication of much valuable and instructive information.

IV. *Architecture.*—This department will comprise the finest specimens of the Architecture of Europe, including the cathedrals and other ecclesiastical buildings of England and the Continent, Norman castles, noble residences, public institutions, and other buildings possessing claims to architectural taste and beauty.

V. *Scientific Discoveries, Inventions, and Improvements.*—This department will embrace a vast range of subjects; and as the articles will be written in the clearest and most practical style, and illustrated and explained by a number of suitable diagrams and engravings, it will be deeply interesting to all who desire information on such subjects, but especially to youthful artisans and mechanics.

VI. *The Workshops, Manufactories, and Laboratories of England and the World.*—In this department one grand object of the recent Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations will be fully carried out—namely, *the development of the faculty of invention.* It will include minute descriptions of the processes by which the various raw materials with which the earth abounds are made to supply the necessities, and to minister to the comforts and elegancies of life. The Pictorial Illustrations will be numerous, and the descriptions will be written in an educational style, such as to convey instruction and entertainment to families and general readers.

VII. *Local and Domestic Scenes.*—These will include some of those events which occur in cities, in towns, and in familiar life, which are well deserving of notice, and which admit of beautiful pictorial illustration. Such are national commemorations, the internal arrangements, of Government establishments, scenes in domestic life, &c., &c.

VII. *Reminiscences of the Great Exhibition*—consisting of Pictorial and Literary Illustrations of those interesting objects in Art and Science for which space could not be found in Volume the First. Although THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR contains a larger and more choice selection of the valuable contributions to the World's Fair than has been ever before attempted, yet the various and unique subjects still to be introduced will be found worthy the reader's best attention.

IX. *The Ladies' Department.*—This curious and useful portion of the work will be under the superintendence of one of the principal *femmes d'aiguilles* of the day, and will be made peculiarly acceptable to female readers, as it will be accompanied by a series of illustrations of the most novel and elegant designs in embroidery and every kind of ornamental needlework, the latest fashions in dress, &c., &c.

It must be obvious to the most casual observer, that the specimens of art and manufacture recently collected in the Great Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations have wonderfully improved the taste of all classes of the community, and have inspired them with a love of the beautiful, and a desire to excel, which no lecturer or books, however well written, could possibly have done. The object of the ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART will be to combine lucid writing and pictorial illustration, addressing itself at once to the understanding and the eye. And should this New Series, published as it will be at so low a price, answer the description given in this Prospectus, it will evidently be the greatest literary undertaking of the present day. The bringing out of each weekly number will involve a large outlay; but JOHN CASSELL relies with confidence on the support of all classes of the community; he believes that this his publication will be truly national in its character, and will secure not fewer than 200,000 subscribers.

MISCELLANEA.

PROGRESSIVE IMPROVEMENT OF BUILDING OPERATIVES.—The improvement in the condition of the building operatives of this country has been, and we sincerely hope will be, progressive. Mr. Macaulay shows us that, in the seventeenth century, the ordinary pay of a skilled workman was 6s. to 7s. per week, whilst the ordinary pay of a labourer was 4s. per week; and on referring to the table of the prices of wheat, given by Adam Smith, it is seen that, during the Commonwealth and subsequently, a workman must have paid about as much for his bread as he now pays, while he received rather less than one quarter of his present wages. "If we look back," says Mr. Smirke, in an interesting paper on the subject, "to so recent a period as the year 1800, I have it, on excellent living testimony, that the wages of a good mason in London were only 16s. per week, who now receives from 30s. to 33s. In the year 1800 wheat was, on an average of five years, as appears by the tables given in 'Tooke's History of Prices,' 90s. 6d. per quarter; and, indeed, during a year of great scarcity about that period, the quartern loaf, for which we now pay 7d. or 8d., cost 1s. 10d."

HOW TO JUDGE OF A BOOK.—A worthy tobacconist in the High-street of Auld Reekie was complaining one day of a book which a very erudite doctor had published. "It's a bad one," said he. "How?" said his friend, "I always thought Dr. Finlay had been a worthy, good man." "It's the worst book, I ken," said the shopkeeper, "it's owre big for a penny-worth o' snuff, and it's no big enough for three bawbees' worth."

THE civilisation of antiquity was the advancement of the few and the slavery of the many—in Greece, 30,000 freemen and 300,000 slaves—and it passed away. True civilisation must be measured by the progress, not of class or nation, but of all men. God admits none to advice alone.

YANKEE BELL-RINGER.—A tall, awkward-looking fellow, just from the Green Mountains of Vermont, came on board one of the splendid North River boats at Albany. His curiosity was amazingly excited at once, and he commenced "peeking," as he called it, into every nook and corner of the boat. The captain's office, the engine-room, the closets, the barber's shop, all underwent his inspection; and then he went on deck, and stared in amazement at the lever beam, the chimney, and the various "fixins," till, at last, he caught sight of the bell. This was the crowning wonder, and he viewed it from every position—walked round it, got down on his knees, and looked up into it, exclaiming, "Wal, raly, this beats the bell in our meetin' house!" By this time the attention of the captain and several passengers were attracted to the genius. "How much would you ask to let a feller ring this bell?" "You may ring it for a dollar, sir," said the captain. "Wal, it's a bargain—all fair and agreed, and no backing out." "It's a bargain, sir," said the captain. Our hero went deliberately and brought a seat, and took hold of the bell-rope, and, having arranged everything to his satisfaction, commenced ringing—very slowly at first, and gradually faster and faster—till everybody on board thought the boat was on fire, and rushed on deck, screaming with alarm. There stood the captain, and there sat the "Vairmounter," ringing away—first slow, and then fast, then two or three taps at a time. The passengers began to expostulate; the captain said it was a bargain. But the passengers became urgent that the clangour should be stopped. All the while there sat our hero undisturbed, ringing away more ways than a Cockney chime ringer ever dreamed of. At last the captain began to think it time to stop the simpleton, but his answer was—"A fair bargain, and no backing out;" and he rang away for dear life. "Well," says the captain, "what will you take to stop?" "Wal, captain, I guess I sheant lose nuthin' if I take five dollars and a free passage to New York, but not a red cent less. "Well, walk down to the office, and get your money and passage-ticket," said the captain. After that we all went to sleep.

If every person were to count fifty each time before taking a glass of beer; one hundred before taking a glass of wine; and one thousand before taking a glass of grog; there would not be so much intemperance in the land.

A FERTILE SUBJECT.—The *Hants Independent* announces a forthcoming lecture, by the Rev. J. W. Wyld, on "Fudge!" We shall not be surprised to find this eccentricity of the lecture room extend, and to see notices, in various provincial papers, of orations on "Oh," "Pooh-pooh," "Pshaw," "Fiddle," and "Stuff," "Nonsense."

A TOBACCO-VICTIM.—A gentleman travelling on an unfrequented road in Maine, and passing a solitary shanty, was arrested by a loud cry of—"Hallo there! I say! Murder! Fire! Tongs! Gridirons! Brimstone! Hallo!" and a man was seen rushing in great haste, wearing a leather apron, but without a coat, and approaching the traveller. "What is the matter—what is the matter?" "Oh, I'm out to terbacker," he replied. "Got any about yer?"

GEORGE STEPHENSON.—Born in a small cottage in Newcastle, and dying owner of the fine estate of Tapton; commencing life on a coal-heap, and ending it in a mansion; mending the peasant's clocks to pay for his son's schooling, and living to see that son a senator; dining in his youth in the mine of Killingsworth, and amusing his age in a horticultural contest with a Duke; taught arithmetic at fourpence a week, and planning the most difficult railways in the kingdom; consulted by the Premier, receiving honour from Kings, a kind son, a faithful friend, and a loving father, the name of George Stephenson is one to which all men delight in doing homage. His life was a lesson to the world.

Southey, in his "Omniana," relates the following:—"When I was in Lisbon, a nun made her escape from a nunnery. The first thing for which she inquired, when she reached the house in which she was to be secreted, was a looking-glass. She had entered the convent when only five years old, and from that time had never seen her own face."

"Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" said an Illinois magistrate to the masculine of a couple who stood before him. "Well, squire," was the reply, "you must be a green un to ax such a question as that ar. Do you think I'd be such a plaguy fool as to go to the bar hunt and take this gal from the quiltin' frolic, if I wasn't conscriptiously certain and determined to have her? Drive on with your bizziness."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. W. wants to know if there is any deception in electro-biology, and whether it will do any good? To the latter part of the question we reply, all knowledge must, directly or indirectly, do good. The first part of the question is also easily disposed of. There is no deception, for deception is impossible. Individual cases may be cases of deception. When general laws are arrived at, they are deduced from facts to which belief cannot be refused, and in which deception cannot successfully be carried on.

JOHN COOK.—You should write on one side at a time, and ought to be able to write without lines.

A GREAT ADMIRER asks—"Does the Lord Mayor of London, by any constitutional right, possess the claim to govern England when the throne becomes vacant? If so, has that right ever been called into exercise, and when?" We must answer this question in the affirmative. On the death of a king of England the officers of the Government appointed by the deceased monarch cease to hold any authority, and the only legal magistrate in the kingdom is the Lord Mayor of London, whose office continues till the expiration of the period of his mayoralty, and is not affected by the demise of the king: the Lord Mayor is in consequence the President of the Council till the proclamation of a new king, and this authority has been acknowledged. When, on the death of Queen Elizabeth, James VI., King of Scotland, was declared her successor, and invited to take possession of the English throne, the first signature to the invitation was that of Robert Lee, Lord Mayor of London. The same high authority was exercised by the Lord Mayor of London previous to the accession of William III. to the throne of England.

A ZEALOUS SUBSCRIBER had better consult his Bible than us—or, perhaps, he had better not trouble his head about the subject. All the Bible tells us of Mary is, that she was the wife of Joseph. Nothing else is said of her. "A Zealous Subscriber," we can imagine, will draw from the silence of Scripture a very obvious inference.

T. G. L.—Lord Palmerston cannot declare war on his personal responsibility.

COMO.—We cannot answer your question very satisfactorily. Rock salt is chiefly exported. The export is immense: we believe somewhere about 4½ million bushels to Europe, and 5¾ to America.

WILLIAM M. KAY.—Free passages are given by the Emigration Commissioners, under certain restrictions; but the Commissioners can only give that aid when the colonies provide the necessary funds for the purpose. New South Wales and South Australia are at present the only colonies which supply the means for emigration. The Government emigration officer, in Glasgow, is Captain Patey, R.N. Our correspondent had better apply to him, or to the office of the Emigration Commissioners, 9, Park-street, Westminster.

R. H. (Halifax).—Gray and Davidson were the builders of the largest organ in the Exhibition. It is now erected at Limehouse church. The next in size was Willis's organ.

C. W. F.—Lord Castlereagh became Prime Minister on the death of Percival.

VIATOR.—By the last number of the *Colonisation Circular* we find that printers' wages in Van Diemen's Land are 5s. per day. As a general rule, we recommend no artisan's going out to America. The man who goes to America with the expectation of being employed in his own trade, should be a first-rate workman; but such a man can make quite as good a living in this country.

W. BACKHOUSE.—We should think Australia would suit you. We cannot recommend any *recent* work on emigration, but we believe a hand-book, containing the latest information on the subject, will shortly be published by Mr. Cassell.

THOMAS.—The Act of Parliament you refer to came into operation on the 1st of November last. It states:—"If any person shall keep, or suffer to be at large, within fifty yards of any public road, any dog, without being muzzled or having a log of wood fastened to the neck, of sufficient weight to prevent such dog from being dangerous, such person shall be liable to be fined, and any magistrate may order any dangerous dog so kept to be destroyed."

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HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER VII.

IN the ranks of the imperial army, which defeated the Turks under the walls of Vienna, and took Buda, there was a crowd of Magyars, some of them the most illustrious men in the country, Esterhazi, Batthyanyi, Nadasdi, Palfi, &c., whose valour contributed in no small measure to these memorable successes. But in place of making any return for these valuable services, the counsellors of Leopold determined rather to take advantage of them more completely to subjugate Hungary. They seemed entirely to forget that it was the oppression and injustice of Austria that had driven the Hungarians to throw themselves into the arms of Turkey, and that, after having supported all the horrors of war through a great number of years, they were at last obliged to save themselves from conquest by the sacrifice of their goods, and even of their lives."

The imperial armies soon overran the whole of Hungary, and everywhere the national party was compelled to submit to them. But in a lonely castle, in a far-off corner, a woman was found worthy of the land that bore her, and the great man who wooed and won her as his bride. It was Helena Zrinyi, the daughter of Peter Zrinyi, who had been beheaded at Vienna, and widow of Francis Rakoczi (see engraving in last number).

After the death of her first husband, who left two children by her, Francis and Julia, she accepted the hand of one of her old suitors, Emerik Tokoli. The royal army surrounded the castle, and sought to frighten her into submission by apprising her of the defeat and captivity of her husband; but she sternly repulsed their offers, and made preparations for defence with as much vigour and determination as Emerik could have shown had he himself been present.

The Sultan determined to wreak vengeance upon Tokoli for the defeat of his Vizier, and therefore caused him to be arrested

MARIA THERESA BEFORE THE MAGYAR DIET.—*See page* 212.

and dragged off to Constantinople. One of the ablest defenders of Hungary was thus removed from the scene of action, and was subjected to the humiliation of defending his conduct before the throne of a foreign despot, whilst his country was in the meantime suffering all the violence of a foreign soldiery.

Having once put down all opposition, the Austrians showed themselves by no means disposed to repose on their laurels, and endeavour to remedy, by a wise and liberal system of administration, the evils and misfortunes of so long a war. With a tiger-like cowardice, which seems to cleave to every generation of the Hapsburgh family like an evil demon, they had set their hearts on blood, and were determined to glut their appetite for revenge in the gore of the helpless and unarmed. The public edifices were converted into prisons, and crammed with men, women, and children, indiscriminately, who were left to die by inches in the pangs of hunger, or waste away through the anxiety attendant upon a state of mortal terror. Those, whom any one could be found to accuse, were executed; those whom none accused were tortured to force them to accuse themselves; and if they did so, they were executed; and if they did not, they were racked until they were dead; so that in any case death was certain. General Caraffa, who presided over these infamous proceedings, was another Haynau for savage ferocity. At Eperies, the scaffolds were erected close under his own windows, so that he might feast his eyes upon the dying agonies of his victims without the trouble of moving from his room. Thirty executioners, adepts in the invention of new modes of torture, were employed at the various scaffolds in this one town during thirty consecutive days, and received 600 florins as the reward of their horrid labours. When, at length, a general cry of execration was raised all over Europe against this horrid barbarity, Leopold pretended that they were committed without his knowledge; but the lie came too late. He had already conferred the Order of the Golden Fleece upon Caraffa, as the reward of his services.

Persecuted by the Turkish pachas, and deprived of the support of his country, Tokoli retired to Nicomedia, in Asia Minor, where he could only deplore in silence the misfortunes of Hungary. But he had left an avenger in the person of Francis Rakoczi (*see engraving in last number*), his stepson, who had been shut up with his mother in the Castle of Munkacs, but they had at length been compelled to yield to superior force. Rakoczi's education had been confided to the Jesuits, but he was fortunate enough to escape the contaminating influence of the flexible morality of his instructors. Having obtained permission to travel in foreign countries, during his journey he fell in love with the daughter of the landgrave of Hesse Rheinfels, and married her. Upon arriving in Paris, he was introduced to Marshal Villars, who at once perceived the talents and fiery bravery of the young Magyar. By painting in strong colours the degradation and misery of his country under Austrian rule, and having wrought him up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and indignation, he suggested to him a number of projects, which he thought would be likely to forward the diplomatic intrigues of Louis XIV., and advised him forthwith to return to Hungary. Upon his arrival there he found the whole country in a ferment of agitation; as it was suspected, and not without foundation, that the Viennese Court had it in contemplation to abolish the Magyar constitution, and incorporate Hungary with the other hereditary states of Austria. But the opposition of Paul Szechenyi, and the fear of causing a formidable insurrection, caused the execution of the project to be deferred for the present.

But the Hungarians were not content. The whole nation seemed determined not to settle tamely down into bondage, but to strike a last blow for liberty whilst the memory of their wrongs, their sufferings, and their glory, was still fresh in the minds of the people. All eyes were turned to Rakoczi, with that instinctive homage to great talent, which seems inherent in men of every land. Experience had taught the Magyars, sadly, but profitably, that to rely on foreign aid was to lean on a broken reed, and that they should themselves work out the salvation of their country. They had before implored the assistance of the Turks, but dearly had they paid for it. It was now resolved, that with Rakoczi at their head, they would rise against Austria, and trust to their own resources for success.

Never was there a man better fitted to head such an enterprise than Francis Rakoczi. He was young, ardent, and energetic, full of the fire and enthusiasm, so necessary in struggles, by which there is much to gain by success, and little to lose by failure. An ardent patriot, and of dauntless personal courage, his whole career was a splendid example of disinterested integrity. He was offered the crown of Poland, and refused it, without hesitation, that he might wholly devote himself to the service of his native land. What he said of himself, in his own memoirs, was perfectly true. "The love of liberty, and the wish to deliver my country from a foreign yoke, were the sole motives of all the public acts of my life." Having been betrayed by a French officer, Rakoczi fell into the power of the Austrians, and was for some time kept in close confinement in Vienna. Having succeeded in making his escape, he took refuge in Poland, where he stayed for some time, closely occupied in making preparations for the coming struggle.

His reappearance in Hungary was the signal for a general rising. He was invested with the title of Prince, and to the famous Nicholas Berecsényi was given the command in chief of the Magyar armies. The old national flag was again flung out, bearing the words, "For God, for country, and for liberty!" Men of all ranks threw themselves into the struggle, nobles as well as peasantry. A grand meeting of the Diet was held, and a manifesto drawn up, very much resembling the American Declaration of Independence. It commenced as follows:—"We, the undersigned representatives of the Hungarian people, hereby make known to all men that, in consequence of the efforts of the perjured House of Austria to establish despotism, in violation of its oaths, and its repeated attempts to destroy our laws, annihilate our liberties, decimate our people, and subject the most illustrious of our countrymen to an ignominious and shameful death,—we have chosen the very illustrious Lord, Francis Rakoczi, to be our Prince, and have determined to appeal to arms for the assertion of the rights of the Magyar nation." This celebrated document is still preserved at Paris, with the signatures of all the confederates attached to it. We subjoin *fac similes* of those of Rakoczi and Count Beresényi, which stood at the head of the list.

The power of Austria thus received a dangerous blow. The Hungarian army marched from victory to victory, until they pitched their camp within a few hours' march of Vienna. The Emperor, in dismay, knew not where to seek for assistance. Humiliated and despairing, he sought the mediation of the ambassadors of Holland and of England, but without success. A greater enemy than Rakoczi's, in the midst of his agitation, delivered him from his difficulty and embarrassment. He died on the 5th of May, 1705. His life, like that of all tyrants, was troublous and unhappy, and his last moments were disturbed by the recollection of a thousand great crimes. He was not originally a bad man, but he was always a man of weak purpose, and was thus often led into the perpetration of many wickednesses which his own heart might never have prompted. Dearly did he pay for the follies of his counsellors and the despotic ferocity which he suffered to rush in upon his soul like a flood; but no death-bed repentance could heal the wounds which he had inflicted upon Hungary, restore the victims who fell under the stroke of the executioner at Eperie, or hinder his memory from going down to posterity, blackened with the execrations of an entire nation.

Joseph I., who succeeded his father, was a man of mild and conciliatory disposition, and immediately upon his accession published an amnesty for all past offences, and made very favourable offers as to the future. About the same time, also, his generals obtained some advantages, and, if the grievances of the Magyars had not been of long standing, it is extremely probable that they would have accepted his proposals and laid down their arms. Rakoczi was anxious that they should come to terms when they could do so without loss or disgrace; but, despite his persuasions, the Diet, at a meeting held in June 1707, pronounced Joseph a traitor, formally deposed him, and declared the throne vacant, a band in the adjoining room all the time playing "Rakoczi's March," the Hungarian Marseillaise.

The Austrian Court now determined to endeavour to work

upon the personal feelings of the head of the revolutionary party, and for this purpose sent Julia, his sister, and John Palfi, his friend, to persuade him to come to terms. To the tender entreaties of the former, whose husband was in the Austrian service, Rakoczi was near giving way. After a long and affecting interview, he remained for some time in gloomy silence, and at last exclaimed: "Terrified, wearied, panic-struck, destroyed by the sword, or driven into exile one by one, I see my friends and supporters disappearing from my side. Slowly and stealthily, but surely, the merciless hand of foreign force, red with the blood of my family and countrymen, is drawing us within the grasp of our tyrants." Finding himself abandoned by Louis XIV., who had hitherto supported him, and seeing divisions every day showing themselves in the Diet, he at last began to hesitate. He saw that his part in the great game he had played so bravely was now drawing to a close, but he determined that he should retire with dignity and honour. He was again offered the throne of Poland, and again he refused it; and having resigned his power into the hands of his Chancellor, Stephen Szennyei, he quitted for ever the country he had loved so well, and strove so hard to save. It was in vain that the highest magnates in the country were sent as a deputation to induce him to resume his office; he gave them no answer save to reproach them for their mad dissensions, and their refusal to treat with the Emperor of Austria, when they might have done so with honour and advantage. It was in vain that Joseph himself made him the most dazzling offers, in case he chose to reside in Vienna. He steadfastly refused them all, and at the same time expressed his unmitigated disgust at the bad faith which for centuries had distinguished the House of Hapsburgh.

Though born amongst the highest of a haughty aristocracy, Rakoczi had little of the aristocrat about him. He was too great a man to live in bondage to petty conventionalisms. His whole life was guided in obedience to great principles. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*, was a motto ever on his lips, and he uttered nothing which he did not feel. It was impossible that he could ever have lived peaceably in subjection to an absolute prince. His spirit was profoundly revolutionary. He would fain have everything progressing. All his statements were characterised by severe and truthful brevity, wholly unsuited to the atmosphere of a court. Whatever he thought he would do; and what he thought true he would say, let others think as they might; and in this lay the secret of his greatness. An accomplished gentleman and man of the world, he was distinguished by the lofty and dignified, but brilliant and winning, courtesy of the Magyar noblesse; but with this was united a republican simplicity of manners. He won the attachment of all around him by his gentleness and benevolence; and his stern observance of the law and the constitution drew towards him the hearts of the people.

He went first, accompanied by a few private friends, to Poland, and thence to France. For nearly a century and a half, the latter had kept up communications more or less intimate with Hungary. During the long and glorious reign of Louis XIV., in the greater part of which Hungary was in a state of complete prostration, Paris was the general resort of the Magyars whom the troubles of the times obliged to fly from their own country. In the various accounts which have come down to us of festivities and splendour of the Court of the Grand Monarque, the names of Hungarian nobles are constantly recurring. The King himself, as if wishing to efface the remembrance of his many desertions of their cause, frequently invited them to court, and the French nobility vied with one another in showing them kindness and attention.

The great Condé invited them to his seat at Chantilly, and studied with them the military tactics of the Turks. Fashion was then as fickle and as foolish as now, and the Hungarian mania raged for a time as strongly amongst the frivolous aristocracy as any folly of the time. There were boots worn *a la Transylvaine*, and the unfortunate Zrinyi, who was beheaded at Vienna, gave his name to a sort of cloak, which was called the "Zrinyi cloak," a garment of great richness and beauty. Sympathy with Hungary was then "genteel." Now it is decidedly "low;" and this to noblemen makes all the difference in life. Rakoczi lived in the closest intercourse with all the great personages of the court. There was never a reunion, a ball, or hunting party, at which he was not present. He became the intimate friend of Madame de Maintenon, and of Madame du Maine. Madame Dunoyer, in one of her letters, says:—"There is no good society here without Prince Rakoczi." After having passed six years in the midst of this gaiety, he determined upon going to Constantinople, in order to be near his native country, towards which his heart still turned with longing and regret. There he died, in April, 1735, at the age of sixty years, in a quiet, rural retreat, far away from the bustle of camps, or the follies and intrigues of courts. Far from entertaining any feeling of chagrin at the disappointment of his hopes and the failure of his enterprises, his last moments were soothed by the most sublime of all philosophies—the resignation of a Christian. "I thank thee, Almighty God," said he, during the last hour of his life, "that thou hast deprived me of all power, and of all that men long for here below; that thou hast brought me to die in this lonely corner of the earth, where everything around me puts a restraint upon my ambition, and prevents me ever again reposing any confidence in the power of the mighty!"

Whilst the leaders of the revolutionary party were thus wandering in exile, Joseph I. himself was drawing near his end. He died in 1711, without ever having had time to sign the treaty concluded after Rakoczi's departure. This treaty granted an amnesty for all past offences, and guaranteed the maintenance of the constitution in its full integrity, both in Hungary and Transylvania. The Prince of the latter, Apalfi II., had a short time before very foolishly resigned his power into the hands of the Austrians. But the question of religious grievances, as well as most of the other causes of discontent, were reserved for the consideration of a Diet, to be afterwards convoked. This was a clause of which Austria managed to procure the insertion in all treaties of a similar nature. The final settlement of the questions in dispute was postponed until a favourable opportunity might enable her to revoke what she had already conceded.

Joseph was succeeded by his brother, the Archduke Charles, who was celebrated for his dispute with Philip V. about the succession to the crown of Spain. Enfeebled by this war, he confirmed the treaty of Szathmar, and restored to the Hungarians the crown and the other insignia of royalty. This concession delighted the Hungarians, but it was prompted by a deep, a far-sighted policy. He well knew the frank and chivalrous character of the Magyars, and as he, for want of male issue, would be compelled to leave his throne to his daughter, the celebrated Maria Theresa, he was anxious to secure for her the support of Hungary, of which, in the troubled state of Europe, she would stand greatly in need. The event justified his expectations. The Diet met at Presburg in 1722, and proclaimed her the heiress of the Hungarian crown with one voice. After a long war with the Turks, in which he met with varied alternations of success and failure, Charles died in 1740.

Maria Theresa now ascended the throne, under the name of Mary II. She was married to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Francis of Lorraine, and to him she committed the government of her states, with the title of Regent and Co-Emperor.

She was one of the most celebrated characters in the history of the eighteenth century, and few female sovereigns ever trod a thornier path in the field of politics, and none with so great success. A queen or empress possesses a double hold on the allegiance of her subjects; to the ties of legal homage are added those of chivalrous gallantry. Never did woman better avail herself of these two than Maria Theresa. She flattered, entreated, and commanded, as suited the occasion or the persons with whom she had to deal. She was of lofty stature, and possessed all the charms of face and figure to which women owe so much of their influence; and she was always graceful, winning, and dignified, even when meditating some ruse or intrigue. She was destined to undergo terrible trials.

Scarcely had she ascended the throne when she saw the whole of continental Europe making preparations to attack her, as all the neighbouring counts were dissatisfied with the Pragmatic Sanction, as the treaty was called, in virtue of which she succeeded to the imperial crown. To unravel the webs of diplomacy which led to this would require a volume; and we doubt much whether even this could make it clear to the minds of our readers. Be this as it may, however, it would be folly

for us to attempt it in the narrow limits of our space, even if the detail had the smallest chance of proving either interesting or instructing. It is enough to say, that from every side armies prepared to march upon Austria, and make it their prey. The empire was invaded from every side, and Maria Theresa fled to take refuge in Hungary. And now the Magyars proved themselves worthy of their ancient fame, as gallant gentlemen and brave soldiers. Faithful to their oaths, and forgetful of all their wrongs, they determined to stand by the exiled Empress in the hour of peril. She convoked a Diet at Presburg, and appeared before it dressed in mourning, and carrying her infant son in her arms. Womanly dignity and maternal love seemed to beam through her face, as she addressed them in sorrowful and imploring accents: "I am attacked from every side by my enemies; I am deserted by my friends; I see my empire on the brink of dissolution. The safety of my country is wrapt up in that of myself and my children. Nothing remains to me but my faith in your attachment, and in the strength of your arms. I place myself and my infant under your protection. You are my last hope, and I rely on your courage and fidelity." The appeal was irresistible. The whole assembly sprang to their feet, and drew their swords and clashed them fiercely, while the lofty hall rang with the wildness of their shouts. The Empress, for the moment, terrified by the loudness of the acclamation, trembled and turned pale; till the members rushing towards the throne, crying out—"Our lives and fortunes are at your service!" reassured and delighted her. The haughty body, which had never given way to the menaces of despotism, was quite vanquished by the prayers of the helpless woman; and Maria Theresa thus found the proudest of her triumphs in the excess of her misfortune. A painting of this memorable scene is still preserved in the Gallery of the Luxembourg, from which our engraving

CHARLES OF LORRAINE.

on page 209 is taken.

The noblesse immediately took up arms, and brought into the field a large and valiant army of their tenants and dependents. The Croats also rivalled the Magyars in zeal and devotion, and distinguished themselves by their ferocious valour, under the command of Baron Trenck. Charles Batthyanyi defeated the allied armies, commanded by the greatest generals of the age, in several desperate encounters, and Nadasdi, in 1744, forced the passage of the Rhine, notwithstanding all the efforts of the French Marshal Crequi, who had promised his sovereign to take possession of the left bank of that river, to prevent him. Everywhere the Magyars were victorious, and the coalition was at last compelled to confess itself beaten, and sign the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, by which the Pragmatic Sanction was fully recognised.

Scarcely had peace been proclaimed, when war broke out between Austria and Frederick the Great of Prussia; and having lasted for seven years, ended by the cession of Silesia to the latter. Austria determined to recompense herself for this loss by the partition of unfortunate Poland. Taking advantage of the internal dissensions which raged in that unhappy country, the minister of the Empress proposed to Anne of Russia and the King of Russia to divide it between them. The base act was forthwith accomplished, and in virtue of the ancient claim of Hungary to the provinces of Gallicia and Lodomeria, these

ARREST OF TOKOLI.—(*See page* 209.)

two fell to the share of Maria Theresa. The war now over, the Empress made her court the gayest in Europe. To masculine strength of mind, she, as we have already said, added all the charms of female grace and beauty; and she drew around her all the great men of the age. Vienna became the centre of literature and art, fashion and gallantry. But over none did she exert so great a fascination as the young Magyar nobility, who, after having carried the empire triumphantly through the dangers of a bloody war, now thronged to pay homage to the genius which had inspired them with enthusiasm. Around about the throne of this second Semiramis, music, beauty, poetry, and love, severally spread their enchantments, and under their influence despotism ceased to be hideous, and slavery seemed to lose its degradation and deformity. The Hungarians began to forget the evils which still weighed upon their country, and with some the recreancy went so far that they became ashamed to speak their national tongue.

Maria Theresa's favourable disposition towards the Magyars was extended to all the men of merit in the country. She confided to Charles Batthyanyi and Antony Bajtai, a churchman, but both Hungarians, the education of her son Joseph, of whose training she was extremely careful. Under their tuition he became one of the greatest emperors that has ever sat upon the throne of the Hapsburghs. His disposition, like all the sovereigns of his family, inclined towards absolutism, but still this *penchant* was not sufficiently powerful to cause him to forget the lessons of his early years. Maria Theresa died in 1780, and her son succeeded her. His whole reign was a series of unsuccessful attempts to do something great.

SOLYMAN PACHA.

EXECUTIONS AT EPERIES.—(*See page* 210.)

He was above all things anxious to emulate Frederick the Great, if not in deeds of arms, at least in something that might be thought equally worthy of admiration. But he soon found that something more than imitation, however successful, is necessary to make a man great; and that to be like Frederick, he should not only do as Frederick did, but have Frederick's energy and talent. He was, however, a man of great benevolence and goodness of heart, and in all his doings at least meant well. His toleration in matters of opinion was beyond that of any other prince of his age. It was his ambition to be at the head of the free, inquiring philosophy of the eighteenth century, but he did not perceive that, far from having the true spirit of a philosopher, an enthusiastic love of truth, apart from all considerations of self, egotism and vanity were at the bottom of most of his achievements in the field of science.

He despoiled the clergy of many of their rich domains, and they forthwith set to work to spread disaffection amongst the people. They were particularly successful amongst the Magyars, whose manners and language the Emperor had attempted to modify; and these were points on which they were most jealous of any interference. Doubtless many of the reforms which he tried to introduce were useful, and perhaps needful; but still the nation had not projected them for its own benefit, and this they rightly considered was an objection which should stand good in the eyes of all the world. Joseph issued a decree, suspending the Hungarian Constitution, taking the crown out of the country, and enjoining the use of the

German language in all public assemblies and in all official documents. Here were three distinct and weighty causes of offence. Under the voluptuous and conciliatory reign of Maria Theresa, the Magyars had begun to neglect their language and even to despise it; but when the use of it was openly proscribed by a foreign despot, the reaction was instant and energetic. Violent opposition broke out all over the kingdom. Torrents of invective were poured forth upon the Emperor, and an appeal to arms was openly threatened if the obnoxious measures were not instantly revoked. Joseph was astonished, and for the first time in his life began to imagine that he was wrong, and that the various systems of state polity which he had framed upon philosophic principles were erroneous. The revolt of the Low Countries, breaking out at the same time, completely terrified him, and he immediately proceeded to withdraw his unconstitutional reforms. Discouraged, sick, and in doubt, he signed with a trembling hand the decree which annihilated his projects, and worse still, he signed it in Magyar, the very language the use of which he had recently forbidden; and the document, which testified to his tardy repentance, was deposited in the Chancery of Buda, to be in all time to come a trophy of the victory of the national will over despotism.

Joseph II. died in 1790, after a war which he had been carrying on against the Turks. He gave orders that the following inscription should be placed upon his tomb. :—"Here lies Joseph II., who was unfortunate in his best enterprises." Leopold II., the brother of the deceased Emperor, succeeded him. The Diet had not been convened for nine years, when he called it together upon his accession. The Magyars, in return for this recognition of their rights, elected the unfortunate Alexander, the fourth son of the Emperor, to the dignity of Palatine of the kingdom. It was the first time that this distinction had ever been conferred upon any member of the Hapsburgh family. Leopold then declared that, although Hungary formed one of the hereditary states of the Imperial Crown, it was nevertheless a free country—should be rated according to its own laws and usages, and that religious liberty should be guaranteed, and that in all acts of administration the Magyar language should take precedence of every other. Leopold died in March, 1792, just as the French revolution was beginning to terrify and astonish all the crowned heads of Europe.

Francis I., his son, ascended the throne in troublous times. A compact, which had been entered into between his father and the King of Prussia, at Pilnitz, in which they pledged themselves to march to the assistance of Louis XIV. of France, and restore to him all the powers which had been wrenched from him by his people, so far from benefiting that unhappy monarch, still further exasperated the revolutionists; so that, upon his death, they cast themselves upon Austria and Prussia like a flood. As a strong effort was made to propagate the principles of the revolution through the various European nations, the Hungarians, at an early date, attracted the attention of the Assembly and the Convention. They had all along, like most other lovers of liberty all over the world, sympathised with the struggle in France, and a constant correspondence was kept up between the Liberal party in both countries by means of newspapers and letters. A great party was soon formed in Hungary, whose principles were republican, and whose avowed object it was to overturn the existing institutions. Like most originators of similar movements, they were distinguished by the ardour of their enthusiasm and the purity of their motives. Their leader was a man named Joseph Martinovics, at one time a Franciscan monk, remarkable for his great learning and love of liberty, but possessing great flexibility of conscience. He had organised under his direction a vast conspiracy. For the dissemination of his views, he distributed an immense number of tracts, such as the "Citizen's Catechism," and other publications of a similar character. But, having been betrayed by a servant living in the house in which the principal conspirators met, the leaders were arrested, and some of them condemned to death—others to long terms of imprisonment. The Emperor determined to crush the movement in the onset by inflicting upon them the full rigour of his vengeance. Sigrai, Laczkovics, Hajnoczi, and others, being led to the place of execution, beheld all the preparations without moving a muscle. Sigrai laid his head upon the block, and the executioner struck him three times without despatching him. A roar of indignation and disgust ascended from the crowd around. "What is the matter?" asked the confessor, addressing Laczkovics. "Nothing!" was the reply, "the people are displeased at the executioner's want of dexterity!" "There is a greater crowd here," he added, looking around, "than would be present at the coronation of a king!" He exhibited the same unshaken firmness when it was his own turn to die. The Maygars looked upon him as a martyr. About the same time the Palatine Archduke Charles was killed by the explosion of an infernal machine near Vienna—it was said, at the instigation of the Court party, who suspected that he was aspiring to the throne of Hungary.

Francis I., in the meantime, was carrying on a bloody and unsuccessful war against the French. The genius of Napoleon overthrew his best generals and bravest armies. His resources becoming exhausted, he was obliged to convene a Diet for the purpose of raising supplies. The county assemblies, while they voted the necessary amount of money, took the opportunity to protest strongly against involving Hungary in wars in which she had no interest, and which cost her such an immense expenditure of blood and treasure. The feeling of the people all over the country ran strongly against the incessant wars with France, and the general outcry filled the Austrian Government with alarm. But when, at length, Napoleon entered Austria as a conquering invader, and threatened before long to march upon Hungary, the old hatred of the presence of the foreign soldiery produced a tremendous reaction, and all classes seemed to be animated with horror of French rule. Vienna had been taken, Francis driven from the palace of his fathers, and the meanest grenadier in the French army was a master in the house of the proudest Austrian noble. The *esprit de corps* of the Magyar noblesse inspired them with indignation and disgust at so horrible a profanation. Arms, men, and money, were freely voted to the Emperor, but even Maygar bravery was powerless before the legions led on by the "Grand Empereur."

In opening the campaign in 1808, Buonaparte determined to work upon the patriotic feelings of the Hungarians, and their old hatred of Austrian rule, to induce them to make a diversion in his favour. He therefore issued a bulletin in the following terms, promising them independence :—

"Hungarians! the Emperor of Austria, unfaithful to the treaties and ungrateful for my generosity towards him, has attacked my armies after three consecutive wars, and above all after that of 1805. I have repelled this unjust aggression. Hungarians! the movement for the recovery of your independence has arrived. I offer you peace, the safety of your territory—of your liberty, and of your institutions. Assemble in your National Diet, upon the plains of Rakos, according to the custom of your ancestry, and make known to me your resolutions—NAPOLEON."

Exciting as this must have been, the Hungarians now knew too much of Napoleon's character to trust to his professions. They suspected that he was too deeply occupied in laying the foundations of his own dynasty, to care much about the liberties of any nation. They had, besides, the fate of Poland before their eyes; and they remembered how often Louis XIV. had urged them to make war and then abandoned them. They found themselves now in the presence of a great military genius, whose iron hand crushed every people that came in his path, without hesitation and without remorse. From Francis they could hope for concessions by working on his fears; but what did Napoleon know of fear—and where were the battalions that could stand firm when the drums of his grenadiers beat the *pas de charge?* To adhere to him would be to exchange a feeble despot for one stronger and more unrelenting.

They therefore maintained a cold reserve for a long time, and when at length it became necessary that they should take one side or other in the tremendous struggle in which all the rest of Europe was then involved, they took up arms for Austria, and remained faithful to her in all her after vicissitudes of fortune. But Napoleon still marched in triumph over the Continent, and was not slow to punish Hungary for her rejection of his offers. Crossing the frontiers, his army bombarded Presburg; and Eugene Beauharnois defeated the Archduke John in a sanguinary battle at Gyor (Raab). The

countries bordering on the Adriatic were immediately incorporated in the French Empire.

The Emperor of Austria, reduced to the last extremity, was obliged to bestow the hand of the Archduchess Maria Louisa upon his conqueror; but he never ceased to devise in secret new means of resistance. In 1811 the Diet was assembled at Presburg. The Palatine opened the session with the following significant words :—"It is not the safety of your country only that must now occupy your attention, *the existence of the whole monarchy is at stake.*" This, then, was the second time that Hungary was called upon to save the Austrian Empire; and again did the Diet vote arms and money. But this was not sufficient. The Viennese Cabinet wished to extricate itself from its financial difficulties by the imposition of a new tax to be levied on each person all over the country. This proposal was instantly rejected, with strong protests against the gross want of good faith in commercial matters which has always distinguished the Austrian Government, and which, at that time, had driven Hungary to the verge of bankruptcy. The recent proceedings in Vienna, in which the Government attempted to fix the price of stock at the point of the bayonet, and transport everybody who will not buy and sell at that rate, across the frontier, is nothing very new. In 1811 the Emperor, by one stroke of his pen, reduced all bank-notes to one-fifth of their former value, to diminish the run upon gold, and thus brought thousands of families all over Hungary to beggary.

In the meantime, the campaign in Russia, the battle of Leipsic, and the crowning victory of Waterloo, broke the might of Napoleon, and reinstated the Austrian Emperor in all his possessions. His manner towards Hungary was instantly changed. In the days of his misfortune, it had been timid and conciliatory; it was now tyrannical and overbearing.

There was little internal progress and development in any kingdom in Europe during the wars which raged at the commencement of the present century. The dangers from without were too pressing to allow much attention being bestowed upon the arts of peace. All that men sought was to preserve their independence. In Hungary everything remained stationary, or if there was any movement it was retrogressive. The Diet was constantly on the watch to prevent the loss of what it already possessed, and never thought of seeking more. The Emperors, fearing or disliking the whole nation, pushed their policy of centralisation to its utmost limit. The Royal Chancery was removed to Vienna, and placed under the direction of German ministers. In its place was created a *Council of Lieutenancy*, the members of which were the creatures of the Emperor, and all their acts were performed by his dictation. The regular army was first organised at this period, and recruited from all classes of the people, and placed at the disposal of the Imperial Government, although the cost of its maintenance was levied in Hungary alone. The Emperor was constantly complaining of the want of money, and the Diet endeavoured to meet his necessities by working the gold and salt mines which abounded in the country, and by the sale of the domains of extinct families, which in ancient times, under the rule of the Magyar kings, had been bestowed as rewards upon those who distinguished themselves by their eminent public services. Not satisfied with this, the Government commenced to sell letters of naturalisation to a crowd of foreigners, although such a proceeding was a manifest violation of law; and as the nobles, as we have already said, refused to pay the proposed capitation tax, the whole weight of it fell upon the unfortunate peasantry, who were thus oppressed not only by the heavy rents and dues of their seigneurs, but by the equally merciless exactions of the Imperial Court. A decree of Maria Theresa had, it is true, reduced the contributions payable by the tenant to his lord, but she neutralised the effect of this otherwise beneficial measure by establish a network of custom duties all over the country which seriously crippled industrial and commercial operations.

Intellectual life there was none. The institution of the censorship destroyed the influence of the press, and the miserable education of the clergy was not without its effect upon that of the people. No new schools or universities were established, and the old ones were suffered to go to decay.

It was in the reign of Maria Theresa that Transylvania was erected into a great principality, and received a constitution very similar to that of Hungary; and it was she, also, who established the "Hungarian Guard" and the Order of St. Stephen, for both of which only the high aristocracy are eligible.

It was after the fall of Napoleon that the Hungarians began earnestly to turn their attention to internal reforms. In 1815 they called the attention of the Emperor to the disordered state of the country, foolishly imagining that he would be found as well disposed in a time of perfect tranquillity as when his throne was in danger and he was in daily want of money. In 1822 the movements of the *Carbonari* in Italy gave great uneasiness to the Cabinet of Vienna, and the Emperor determined to dispense with the aid of the Diet, and raise supplies for the repression of these conspiracies by the royal power alone. To this attempt the county assemblies opposed the most vigorous resistance. This was the commencement of the struggle, which was closed for a *time*, at least, by the surrender of Goergey in 1849. But for the present the battle-field was not to be the ground of conflict. The times were changed, and the Magyars endeavoured, by a vigorous resistance in their national assemblies, to secure the establishment of their rights upon a firm basis. After a long contest, the Court party gave in, and Francis I. assembled a Diet in 1825. Some supplies were voted, but the utmost care was at the same time taken to guard against any acknowledgment of the Emperor's right to exact them without the free consent of the Diet. It was at this meeting that Count Stephen Szechényi delivered his famous speech in the Magyar language, which, for the first time, thoroughly roused the whole nation to a due sense of its position, its rights, and its duties.

Szechényi was one of the most remarkable men in Hungarian history. He was still young when he made his *debut* in the political world, and had few advantages of fortune or position to recommend him to public notice. He had served as an officer in a regiment of Hussars during many years of the earlier part of his life; and during the tremendous wars of the empire, upon a hundred battle-fields, all over Europe, in danger, defeat, and disaster, the young soldier had pursued his studies with an ardour and industry which would have been deemed worthy of admiration in the quiet halls of Heidelberg or Gottingen. He was one of the many noble spirits who fought in the ranks of European despots against Napoleon, from hatred to military despotism, and in the belief that they were winning peace and liberty for their native land—men, whose ideas of national greatness and freedom were drawn from the great models of antiquity, just as they drank in the inspiration of beauty from gazing on the proportions of the Medicean Venus. Forty years of perjury, despotism, and espionage, have cooled the ardour of many hearts that then beat high with enthusiastic hope, and have clearly shown to the world that they who expect moderation and good government from absolute princes, might as well seek to gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles.

Upon retiring from the army at the close of the war, he travelled in France and England, and during his stay in each of these countries, paid the closest attention to its political institutions, and mode of government. Upon his return home, he entered the arena of politics with the determination to remedy, as far as in him lay, the evils which afflicted the country, and to kindle a feeling of fervid nationality amongst the members of the Diet. His disposition was cautious and calculating. He was opposed to all violent movements; and as he knew the adversaries with whom he had to contend, he strove to oppose to their subtle tactics the calm strength of gradual development. Above all, he was anxious that the contest should be peaceful. He saw that Austria desired nothing so much as that Hungary should descend from the dignity of constitutional resistance, and stake her existence upon the chances of an armed struggle.

He saw that the Magyar language, being excluded from all public assemblies, and official documents, stood a fair chance of perishing in a few years, and he resolved, in conjunction with Paul Nagy, to use the most vigorous efforts for its restoration. His first step was the delivery of a brilliant and powerful speech before the Diet, in the national tongue. Everyone was taken by surprise, and as much delighted by his eloquence as by the boldness of the effort. The Diet sat

for two years, and Szechényi was, during the whole time, the leader of the opposition, or rather of the party of progress. Francis I. was at length obliged to recognise the use of the Magyar language, to acknowledge the independence of the country, and to promise to assemble the Diet every three years, and to observe strictly the fundamental laws of the kingdom. To crown the glorious consummation to which his efforts had contributed so large a share, Szechényi assigned, out of his private fortune, the sum of 60,000 florins for the establishment of a scientific academy, upon the model of the French Institute. Nor did he relax from his efforts when the sittings of the Parliament were over. He now made the press a medium for the dissemination of his views upon political subjects; and his writings created the liveliest sensation, not in Hungary only, but all over Germany. They were the means of causing many of the Magyars to take an interest in political affairs, who had long before fallen into the state of slothful indifference, so prevalent in all countries subjected to a foreign yoke. By many of the old nobles he was denounced as a dreaming revolutionist, as he offended their pride by exposing all the defects of their character with an unsparing hand. But the good sense of the majority of the people triumphed over all opposition, and he has since been acknowledged by all to be the regenerator of Hungary. He next turned his attention to projects for the development of the material resources of the country, and he was mainly instrumental in establishing a company for the steam navigation of the Danube. Industry and commerce seemed everywhere to arouse themselves, and the whole nation to be about to push on vigorously to intellectual conquests and economic reforms.

Szechényi was just the man for the crisis. No one could be better fitted to arouse the nation from the state of somnolency which is so sure a precursor of death. In his writings he exposed the vices, follies, and ignorance of the people in a manner that made them laugh, and yet be ashamed of themselves. In the Diet he was more of a diplomatist than an orator. His speeches were interspersed with quotations, *bon mots*, anecdotes; but at the same time appealed no less to the reason than the feelings of his audience. His discourses were generally delivered in a tone of fatherly advice or tender remonstrance, and he thus gained many over to his side whom stern denunciations would have exasperated and alienated. He in all his labours sought to reconcile the interests of monarchy and liberty; and he believed that not only could this be done in union with Austria, but that in it lay the hopes and safety of Hungary. The moderate men of all parties listened to him with respect. But events did not heed him. They were evermore progressing towards results, bloody and disastrous, perhaps, but full of promise for the future.

BATTLE OF GYOR, 1809.—*See page* 214.

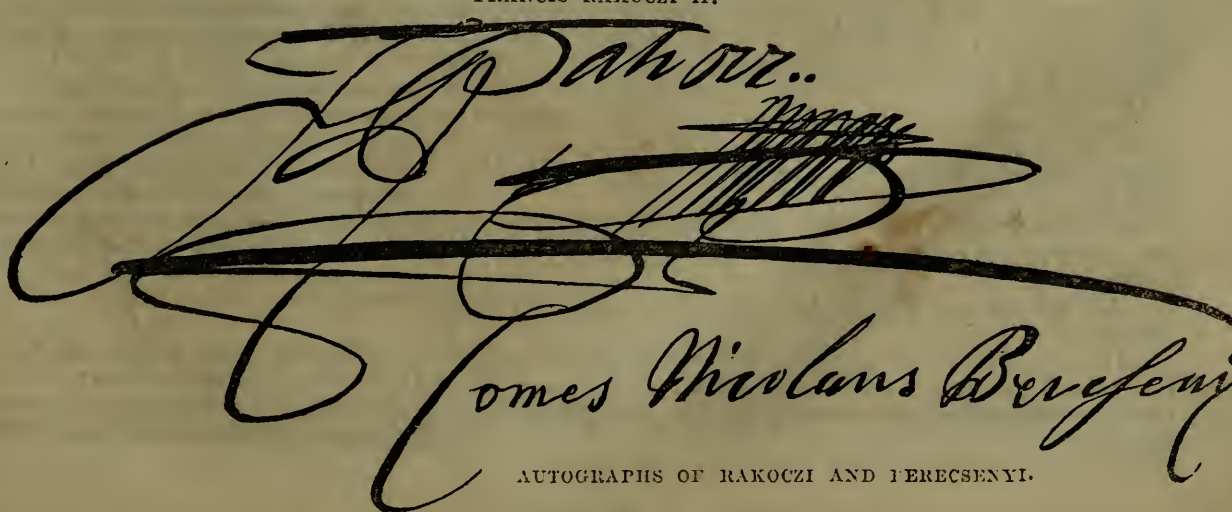
When the news of the revolution in Paris in 1830 arrived, all Hungary seemed electrified, and the sympathy felt for the triumph of the French people was a source of great uneasiness to the Cabinet of Vienna. The "Marseillaise" was sung in the streets of Pesth, and the nobility went in crowds to France to behold in person the scene of so many successful insurrections. In the same year another Diet was assembled for the purpose of procuring supplies, of which the Viennese Government then stood greatly in need. The liberal party were anxious that the Hungarian soldiers should retain in service the feeling of nationality, and therefore wished to make it the condition of their vote that the Hungarian regiments should be commanded by Hungarian officers exclusively. This the Government would not allow; and it required all the

influence of the Archduke Joseph to obtain the grant of any sum whatever.

The representatives for some time afterwards were occupied in the revision of the constitution. In the Lower Chamber, or House of Commons, composed of the petty *noblesse*, all reforms were carried without difficulty; but in the Upper House, in which the magnates and clergy sat, the majority belonged to the conservative party, were allied to the Government, and opposed the most obstinate resistance to all movements in advance.

The insurrection in Poland now broke out, and gave a new stimulus to the free tendencies of the day. The Poles and Magyars were ancient and natural allies. Their geographical position brought them into frequent and close communion, but not nearly so much so as their similarity of character and of institutions. They had reached their prime of glory and of strength together, under the same chiefs, and, step by step, they had gone down the hill from the same causes. This traditional alliance, strengthened and cemented through the lapse of centuries, by a community of successes and misfortunes, had left in the hearts of both peoples an undying belief in the identity of their interests and their future. The Magyars always called Poland, *Test-ver-hon*, or "brother country;" and, on the other hand, the Pole called himself the "Magyar's brother." So that when the news arrived of the revolution in Warsaw, the youth of Hungary expressed an unanimous desire to march to the assistance of the insurgents. Each county demanded permission to levy troops, to be maintained at its own expense, as long as the war should last. Some of them proposed to furnish two thousand soldiers, and had all done the same there would have been an army of one hundred and four thousand men placed at the disposal of the Polish generals. But Austria laid the cold hands of diplomacy upon these generous hearts, and the expenditure was forbidden.

FRANCIS RAKOCZI II.



AUTOGRAPHS OF RAKOCZI AND PERECSENYI.

MRS. KIRKHAM'S BOARDER.

"Boy, you *will* break my heart!"

"Mother, you would break not only my heart, but my spirit also; yet, if I can help it, you shall do neither!"

"No impertinence, Edward! Again I command you to take this note to your teacher;" and as Mrs. Kirkham spoke she bent down, and, with flashing eye and knitted brow, looked hard in her son's face.

Edward Kirkham did not reply, and for a few moments both were silent. The little porch upon which mother and son stood was shaded and entwined with the creeping wild rose and scarlet trumpet-flower—the bees hummed merrily amongst the fragrant blossoms, and from the spreading branches of the tall trees near, the morning song of joyous birds floated forth. Mingled with these sweet sounds came the silvery gurgle of "Blue Stream," which passed through the village, flowed down the fair meadows, and widened as it entered the deep wood. As these melodies of nureat broke the strange silence, Edward Kirkham's heart seemed touched. The fierce scowl fled from his face, and, turning away from his mother's steady gaze with suffused eyes, he murmured:

"*Please* don't ask me to take that note, mother; I *cannot* do it."

"I don't *ask* you, I *command* you to do it. Ned, will you obey me?" Mrs. Kirkham spoke harshly, sternly, as one who expected rebellion, and she seemed not surprised when the answer came.

"In all things reasonable I will obey you—in *this* matter, never!" Young Kirkham folded his arms as he spoke, and turned full upon his mother a gaze of defiance.

"And do you look that way upon your widowed mother? you whom I have carried in my arms, my first-born, my only boy?" The widow's lip quivered, but she did not weep. Again Edward Kirkham seemed moved; again he spoke in the language of entreaty:

"Mother, I love you!" he pleaded, "I will do anything for you, but I cannot go back to school with that note."

"Your boyish whims *shall not* interfere with your obedience to me. Ned, take the note and I forgive you—disobey me, and you cross not my threshold again." Mrs. Kirkham set her teeth firmly together as she spoke these bitter words; her fierce temper was fully up, but the same spirit lived in her son.

"Very well, I'll drown myself in 'Blue Stream' ere I carry that cringing note to yon school-house. Mother, *you* have no respect for your son, but he has some for himself;" and turning away, Edward Kirkham was about to descend the steps, when his mother laid her hand upon his arm.

"Boy!" you *have* a fearful temper," she muttered; "but your threat *shall not* frighten me from my duty. My command still rests upon you."

"Does it?" carelessly returned the boy, springing down into the road.

"Take your books," called Mrs. Kirkham from the porch, flinging the school-satchel after her son; "and don't come home until you have obeyed me;" then going in, she closed the house-door with a violent bang.

For a moment Edward Kirkham stood irresolute, and then a sudden thought flashing through his mind, he picked up the satchel, and his slender, boyish figure soon disappeared among the trees. Two little girls sat upon the top rail of an old moss-grown fence, near the entrance of the woods. They were evidently expecting some one: they had lingered there a long while that bright June morning, and their school-books were idly scattered about. When Edward Kirkham approached, they raised a shout of joy.

"I told you, Mabel, he would come," said the younger of the girls, springing to his side; then, looking up in his face, she artlessly inquired, "What ails you, Ned? What *does* make you look *so* sad?"

"Not much, Allie, dear—never mind just now; but here, take care of my satchel while I tell Mabel something down by the spring yonder."

"And not me too?" asked Allie, looking reproachfully at her brother.

"It is nothing that *you* would care about hearing—nothing funny that I am going to tell Mabel—and we won't be gone long;" and with this promise and a bunch of wild flowers the little girl was satisfied.

"I will tell *you*, Mabel," said Edward Kirkham, as he walked away with his cousin, "as you are two years older than Allie, and not so childish; besides, I know that you will always love me."

"To be sure I will, dear Ned," returned Mabel Lynn, pressing close to her cousin's side.

"I believe you, Mabel, darling. You know I am nearly sixteen (and the boy proudly raised his head). Well, this very morning, mother ordered me to take a mean, cringing note of apology to Master Jones, an apology for an offence I never was guilty of; it would have been a disgrace to me to have offered it. I told mother this, but she believed me in the wrong, and urged, until at last she looked and talked more like a fiend than a woman."

"Ned! Ned!"

"Hear me, Mabel! She ordered me from her house, and I shall not darken her doors again. I stopped to tell you this, and bid little Allie and yourself good-bye."

"Where are you going, Ned? Are you *never* coming back again?" gasped Mabel, eagerly clutching her cousin's arm.

"Don't ask me *where* I am going. Don't ask me *when* I am coming back; I can't tell you, Mabel, darling; but promise always to love and remember me."

"Always! always!" returned the affrighted little girl; and then sobs choked her voice, and, burying her face in her sun-bonnet, she cried passionately. When at last she checked her grief, her cousin reminded her of Allie: he bade her dry her eyes, and they returned to the fence. In vain did Mabel Lynn implore her cousin to tell her where he had so madly resolved to go—in vain did she try to soften his boyish wrath against his mother. Edward Kirkham was firm, and ere they reached Allie she had ceased to plead.

"Good-bye, my sweet Allie!" said Edward, fondly kissing his little sister; and then, turning to Mabel Lynn, he kissed her trembling lip, and pulling his cap over his eyes, to hide the tears, he turned away.

"Ned, why do you bid us good bye? Ain't you coming home for dinner?" asked Allie in surprise.

"No, darling, no!" and Edward hurried toward the woods. Allie Kirkham looked after her brother in mute amusement, and for a moment seemed lost in thought; but directly a bright butterfly sprang up before her, and the gay-hearted little girl forgot Ned's "queer behaviour" in her merry chase. Mabel Lynn was sad and silent all the morning; she said nothing to Allie of Edward's strange determination, although it sorely troubled her heart. Edward Kirkham did not come home for dinner, and when evening shades darkened the village he was still absent. Mrs. Kirkham grew uneasy; the little girls frightened; and when a second day had nearly worn away, and Edward came not, she began to think it was something more than "one of Ned's mad freaks." Ere a third day fleeted by, the villagers went forth to seek Edward Kirkham. Mrs. Kirkham's passion had now gone, and her heart seemed wrung almost to anguish. Not until the close of the fourth day did any light break upon the disappearance of Edward Kirkham. A mournful clue was then furnished to the mystery. The jacket of Edward Kirkham was found floating upon the waters of "Blue Stream," and on the bank near by lay his handkerchief and school-satchel—his footprints were traced in the soft earth close down to the stream's edge. "Blue Stream" was dragged, but the body of the poor boy could not be found; there was little doubt but that it had been carried far down and lost in a wider expanse of water. Mrs. Kirkham now fearfully realised the truth of her son's threat, and for weeks was like one bereft of sense. Suddenly she regained her stern, calm composure, and after listening with whitened cheek to Mabel Lynn's tale, forbade that her son's name should *ever* be mentioned to her again. The villagers respected her grief, and Edward Kirkham was remembered by them only in silence, or in tearful whispers at their own firesides. Mrs. Kirkham felt that she had provoked that storm of passion in which her proud, yet noble-hearted boy, had rushed into eternity; and with this conviction she was miserable. Mabel Lynn and Allie often spoke to each other of Edward, and as months flew by their pale, sad faces, told how truly they yet mourned for "poor Ned!"

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Seventeen years had fleeted by since Mrs. Kirkham's fearful bereavment—seventeen long years. Mingled webs of mercies and chastenings, joys and sorrows, had passed over the village. It had changed; its houses were more numerous, and a spirit of life and

activity had sprang up in its very midst which seventeen years before slumbered. There was a change in the inhabitants, an absence of well-known familiar faces, a presence of new and strange ones. In her old home Mrs. Kirkham still lived. Her step had grown heavy and her eye dim. Silver threads glistened from beneath her widow's cap. The weight of years was beginning to press hardly on Mrs. Kirkham, though her spirit had lost none of its energy. Time and bitter grief had softened her fierce asperity of temper, and Mary Kirkham, sorely chastened, deeply sorrowing, was a subdued and altered woman. Allie Kirkham—the gay little Allie of seventeen years before—was a widow. Childless and alone, her mirthful spirit saddened, Allie Dale returned to her mother's house poorer than when she left it. Mabel (still Mabel Lynn) lived with her aunt. Her brow was smooth and fair, as in earlier years, yet her large black eyes had a mournful gaze, and her cheek was very pale. Many wondered that the gentle and lovely Mabel Lynn had passed thirty years of her life unsought, unknown; yet Mabel was calmly cheerful, and repined not at her lonely lot. To her aunt's heart she was very dear. Allie and Mabel were Mrs. Kirkham's treasures—all the old lady had.

Mrs. Kirkham grew poor. She had never been wealthy, but now her little fortune seemed fleeting fast away. Unless help came soon, "the homestead" must pass into stranger hands, and this Mrs. Kirkham shrank from. Mabel and Allie bent over their needles from morn till even, but their labours seemed in vain. Prospects darkened—money lessened. As a last resort, Mrs. Kirkham decided to take a boarder—a gentleman boarder—and for his use she would appropriate her best bed-chamber, a pretty room, over the neat little parlour. With the aid of her old domestic she could manage household affairs, and her niece and daughter might still pursue their sewing. Allie and Mabel approved of this, and the next week the following notice appeared in the village paper: "A pleasant room and boarding for one gentleman to be had on reasonable terms." Apply to Mrs. Kirkham's. No one responded to this advertisement, and for the fourth and last time it filled a corner in the *Weekly Herald*. This time it was successful.

A stranger whom the stage had brought to the village a half-hour before carelessly picked up the paper. Sylvester Trelan—for so he had booked his name—read this notice twice, walked the hotel piazza some dozen times, and then, having apparently arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, desired to be shown the way to Mrs. Kirkham's. During a walk of some minutes, Mr. Trelan asked many questions of his little guide concerning the Kirkham family, expressing his determination, if he liked them, to remain some weeks. I don't know, reader, what pleased Sylvester Trelan so much at the cottage; but this I do know, that, after gazing round the pretty chamber, with its old-fashioned red and green carpet, long white window-curtains, and neatly-made bed, with snowy Marseilles quilt, and after a brief conversation with Mrs. Kirkham, he engaged to be her boarder for several months, at least until autumn.

Sylvester Trelan was a tall man. His figure was good, his eyes dark blue and piercing, his features regular, and when he smiled he looked pleasant. But he was not handsome; his complexion was deeply bronzed, and he wore his dark brown hair in thick clustering masses over his brow; which, added to his habitually stern expression of countenance, rendered him rather unprepossessing in appearance. Sylvester Trelan had travelled much; his home had been in foreign countries; and therefore, when he chose, his conversation became singularly interesting and pleasing. He was wealthy, and paid generously, and Mrs. Kirkham was well satisfied with her boarder.

Alice and Mabel did not like him; at times his manners were strangely abrupt, and, ere Sylvester Trelan had been two weeks in her house, Mrs. Kirkham adopted their sentiments; her feelings underwent a sudden and violent change toward him.

"I heard something in the village to-day which interested me exceedingly," said Mr. Trelan to Mabel Lynn, as he sat with her one evening upon the porch.

"Indeed! what was it?" listlessly asked Mabel.

"An old tale to you, I presume; I refer to the drowning of Mrs. Kirkham's son, years ago."

A deep flush spread over Mabel Lynn's face, and her voice quivered as she spoke:—

"An 'old tale,' indeed, and one full of misery. Don't talk to me of Ned, Mr. Trelan; you don't know what heart-rending memories your remark has awakened."

"I am surprised, Miss Lynn; you talk as if you loved this Kirkham."

"Loved him! Yes, child as I was, I loved him dearly, sir; he was my cousin—my brother. Oh, Ned! Ned!" and Mabel Lynn wept bitterly.

Mr. Trelan looked troubled, earnest, and perplexed.

"Pardon me; I knew not this subject was so painful to you."

"You might have known," quickly returned Mabel; then, checking herself, she added, "Promise never to mention this subject in this house again, especially to my aunt; we *never* speak to *her* of Ned."

Ere Trelan could reply, they were summoned to tea.

As Mrs. Kirkham took her seat at the tea-tray, Mr. Trelan fixed his large blue eyes intently upon her.

"Madam," he said, in a low, thrilling tone, which caused Allie Dale to start, and Mabel to look imploringly upon him; "madam, I heard to-day, for the first time, of your son being drowned near this village, many years ago."

A quick contraction of the mouth, a deadly pallor of the cheek, and otherwise Mrs. Kirkham was calm.

"Talk not to *me* of Edward Kirkham," she said, hoarsely; "he went to the bar of his God, a wretched suicide."

"And pray," Mrs. Kirkham, "*why* did he commit suicide? had he just cause for it—was he unhappy?" coolly asked Trelan.

Mrs. Kirkham's hand trembled violently, and she sat down the coffee-pot. Allie Dale burst into tears, and Mabel leaned back in her chair, and covered her eyes. Notwithstanding this, and the horror-stricken looks of the old servant, who, fly-brush in hand, stood as if petrified, Trelan calmly repeated the question, "Had he cause?"

"Oh, misery! yes—but who are *you*, that *you* dare speak to me of Ned?"

Mrs. Kirkham rose from the table with a sudden shudder, and Alice followed her. Sylvester Trelan's confused apology was lost upon Mabel; she seemed scarcely to hear it. Shortly after, when he took his hat and left the house, Mabel sought her aunt. That night, the first time for seventeen years, Mrs. Kirkham spoke to Allie and Mabel of *Ned*.

. . . . . .

It was a stormy eve: fleeting clouds darkened the face of heaven, and wailing winds and dashing rain sounded mournfully together. Mrs. Kirkham sat alone in her parlour. The small lamp threw its rays full upon her face; it was pale, sad, and anxious. For a long while she was silent, and then, the mother's heart throbbing wildly within her, she moaned forth her grief—

"Oh, Ned, my precious lost boy! would that my tongue had been palsied, ere it spoke those bitter words! Oh, miserable child, and yet more miserable mother!" Tears burst forth, and Mrs. Kirkham laid her head upon the table.

"Did you address me, madam?" asked Sylvester Trelan, stepping from the deep window recess, where he had been standing unobserved.

"Address *you!* No! I knew not that you were in the room," returned Mrs. Kirkham, hastily subduing her grief, and rising from her chair.

"You appeared to be mourning for your—"

"Don't mention his name to me again," violently interrupted Mrs. Kirkham, her whole frame trembling with emotion.

Sylvester Trelan covered his face with his hands, and muttered, "It is well." When he looked up he was alone.

"It is cruel, unaccountable, his behaviour," said Mabel Lynn, as she listened, with flushed cheek, some minutes after, to her aunt's incoherent tale. "Why this man seeks thus to torture you, I know not."

"Mother!" exclaimed the impetuous Allie Dale, fondly kissing Mrs. Kirkham's faded lips—"mother, Sylvester Trelan shall stay here no longer. Let me this very night bid him seek other lodgings; it matters not if we are poor—better so than have your feelings crushed."

"Allie! stay a moment. Our poverty *does* matter much; we cannot so hastily cut from us the means of support; but I promise you, if Sylvester Trelan mentions my boy to me again, he leaves this house for ever."

"I am satisfied," murmured Allie.

Another evening was stealing over the village; not a dim, misty, weeping one, as that of yesterday, but radiant with golden light, balmy and fair. Allie Dale sat upon the porch-step: nature

was joyous, but she was not; and, whilst the birds sang, she sighed.

"You are sad this evening, Mrs. Dale; and wherefore?"

Allie turned, and saw Sylvester Trelan: a shiver of dislike crossed her, and she answered, proudly—

"You need not ask, Mr. Trelan. Permit me to inquire why you have twice cruelly wounded the heart of my mother?—twice, and not two weeks have flown since you entered our family. *Why* have you done this?"

"For my own satisfaction," hurriedly returned Mr. Trelan.

"Is your heart of adamant? You know what agony to my mother is the mention of Ned: even Mabel and myself have never dared to advert to him, by word or look, for years; and yet *you*, a stranger, coolly delight in her misery."

"Not so—not so; I have an object in view," said Sylvester Trelan, with strange emphasis.

Allie Dale did not reply. Again she sighed, and again her companion inquired the reason of her grief.

"I will tell you," she answered suddenly, "although you have no feeling. To save mother, Mabel, and myself, from bitter poverty, I have partly consented to wed one I can never love; and now a path of wretchedness lies before me."

"Be comforted, Allie—Mrs. Dale! In that path you shall *never* walk. *I* will save you, so help me, Heaven!"

Allie looked up through her tears at Sylvester Trelan, but he turned away from her earnest gaze, and left her alone.

An hour later, Sylvester Trelan entered the parlour where sat Mrs. Kirkham, Allie, and Mabel. A chill silence followed his entrance. It was broken at last by Trelan.

"Mrs. Kirkham, I wish not to torture you; but I implore you tell me, *do you yet love your son?*" As Sylvester Trelan paused, his frame shook with violent emotion.

"In mercy, speak not his name again to me!" gasped Mrs. Kirkham.

"In mercy, answer my question; and I pledge my sacred honour that I cease to trouble you."

"Man! tormentor! you have pitilessly torn my bleeding heart since you came to this house; now leave it, and take my answer. I love my dead boy with a mad, passionate, undying love!" Mrs. Kirkham almost screamed these words out, and then clasping her hands tightly together, she pressed them on her brow.

"I have probed your heart but to heal. Oh, *mother! mother!* I have ever loved you; I have pined for you, mother! Behold your son!" And, with a convulsive sob, the strong man threw himself on his knees before Mrs. Kirkham.

"My son!" exclaimed the bewildered woman, looking wildly on Trelan. "Alas! no—my poor son was drowned!"

"Mother he was not, I tell you! *I* am your son. I *am* Edward Kirkham! In a moment of fierce anger, I vowed to be dead to you, and left my clothes and satchel on the bank, that you might think I slept beneath the waters. Oh, mother, forgive me!" As Edward Kirkham spoke, he swept back the masses of dark hair from his brow, and his high, bold forehead was uncovered. A deep, red scar glowed upon it. As Mrs. Kirkham's eye fell on this, she uttered a scream of joy.

"You *are* my Ned! That scar was on your brow in childhood. I know you now. Oh, child, for seventeen long years parted from your mother, you are mine again! My God, I thank thee!" And Mrs. Kirkham's arms were wound around her son's neck with a wild, rapturous endearment.

Allie and Mabel knelt by Edward Kirkham; and when his mother's head was on his shoulder, and their soft kisses fell upon his cheek and lip, the weary wanderer of seventeen years acknowledged, with a grateful heart, that God had richly blessed him.

"I have gathered wealth; I have brought home gold, mother. It is yours. You are poor no longer. Sweet sister! darling Allie! you shall never walk in the wretched path of which you told me one hour ago."

Some weeks after, there was a wedding in the "old homestead," and Edward Kirkham took to his true and noble heart the fair Mabel Lynn. Allie Dale ever smiles when she speaks of Sylvester Trelan, and her mother declares it to be a blessed day upon which he crossed her threshold. There was no small excitement and joy in the village when it was known that the long-lost Ned Kirkham had come back; and down to the present time the villagers regard "*Mrs. Kirkham's Boarder*" with wonder and interest.

MONASTIC INSTITUTIONS AND THE POOR.

The monasteries of England once held about one-fifth of the rental of the kingdom, and their dissolution, by throwing their immense wealth into the hands of the territorial aristocracy, contributed materially to the building up and fortifyin of our civil constitution, by rendering them better able to withstand, in those days of absolutism, the enormous prerogative of the Crown. For as wealth is power, the distribution amongst the nobility and gentry of revenues amounting to one-fifth of the kingdom, must have sensibly affected their weight in the balance. Respecting this event, *Hallam* has the following remarks:—"A very ungrounded prejudice has obtained, and notwithstanding its increasingly manifest falsity, it still lingers, namely, that the alms of the monasteries relieved the poor throughout the kingdom, and that the present parochial system took its rise, and was necessitated, by the dissolution of these beneficent foundations. It cannot be denied that many impotent poor did receive support in this way. But the blind eleemosynary spirit generated by the Romish Church, is notoriously the cause, and not the cure, of beggary and wretchedness. The monastic institutions could never answer the ends of local and limited succour, meted out in just proportion to the demands of poverty. Their gates might indeed be open to such as knocked at them for alms, and came in search of streams, which, however, must always be too scanty for a thirsty multitude; but nothing could have a stronger tendency to promote that vagrant mendicity, and thus to perpetuate the enormous evil which very severe statutes were enacted to repress. It was, and always must continue to be, a hard problem to discover the means of rescuing those whom labour cannot maintain, from starvation. The regular clergy were in all respects ill fitted for this great office of humanity. Even while the monasteries were yet standing, the scheme of providing for the poor *had been* adopted by the legislature, by means of regular collections, which, in the course of a long series of statutes, ending in the 43rd of Elizabeth, were almost insensibly converted into compulsory assessments. The first act for the relief of the impotent poor passed in 1535. (27 Hen. 8, c. 25.) By this statute, no alms were to be given to beggars on forfeiture of ten times the value, but a collection was to be made in every parish. The compulsory contribution, properly speaking, began in 1572. (14 Eliza. c. 5.) But by an earlier statute (1 Edw. 6, c. 3,), the bishop was empowered to proceed in his court against all refusing to contribute, or *dissuading others from doing so.*" Hallam adds: "In particular districts, it is likely some had cause to regret the cessation of monastic hospitalities, but it is by no means probable that the poor in general were placed in a worse position by that event; nor are we to forget, that the class to whom the abbey lands passed, have been distinguished at all times, and never more than in the first century after that transference of property, for their charity and munificence." It should seem, then, that the common cry as to the former times being so much better than the present, is nothing more than a mistake, arising from ignorance of what the former times really were. Our high civilisation has had a double effect: it not only finds out means to relieve want, and suffering, and to delay, if not even wholly avert, their approach, but also to enhance our ideas of what form the comforts and necessaries of life. And hence what would once have sufficed to sustain life, would now be rejected as unfit for food. The dietary of our poor-houses is vastly superior to that which, three or four centuries ago, would have been considered almost dainty fare for ordinary men.

Advice.—There is a well-known custom prevailing in our criminal courts of assigning counsel to such prisoners as have no one to defend them. On one occasion, the court finding a man accused of theft, and without counsel, said to a lawyer who was present, "Mr. ———, please to withdraw with the prisoner, confer with him, and then give him such counsel as may be best for his interest." The lawyer and his client then withdrew, and in fifteen or twenty minutes the lawyer returned into court. "Where is the prisoner?" asked the court. "He has gone, your honour," said the hopeful legal "limb." "Your honour told me to give him the best advice I could for his interest, and, as he said he was guilty, I thought the best counsel I could offer him was to 'cut and run,' which he took at once."

FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

We write in the midst of Christmas melodies and music. This recals to us the memories of the masters of that divine art. Foremost amongst them was Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, whose short career—he was but 38 when he died—came to a close at Leipsic, November 3, 1848. "The boy," wrote Goethe of young Mendelssohn, "was born upon a lucky day." He was born at Hamburgh, February 3, 1809, where his father—the son of the celebrated philosopher—was an opulent merchant. Isaac Taylor lays it down as a rule, that genius is on the mother's side. In this case the rule holds good; the son was worthy of the mother, and grew under her tender care. We need not tell the readers of "Coningsby," or "Lord George Bentinck—a Political Biography," that Mendelssohn came of that Hebrew race which, according to Mr. Disraeli, numbers amongst its sons the poets, and orators, and artists, of every clime.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

Mendelssohn's youth was one of early development. He soon became a good classical scholar, mastered most of the European languages, and, as he said himself, "got into music, he hardly knew how." But there lay his chiefest power, and his father's house was one where all artists met a ready welcome. His mother, too, was able to give him his first musical lessons, increasing them by a minute daily. He was then transferred to Paris, where he received instruction from Madame Berger, of whose musical taste he always spoke in the highest terms. Then, in Berlin he was placed under the care of Zieter, the friend of Goethe, for the science of music, and of Berger, for the piano-forte. He was also, for a short period, a pupil under Hummel. Nature had given him a singular vivacity and willingness of finger, which made all the combinations of keyed instruments easy to him. His quickness of ear and memory was prodigious; his sense of time unimpeachable. He acquired, too, without trouble, that general knowledge of instruments which befits an orchestral composer—himself playing fairly on the violin, apparently seizing and arranging ideas as quickly as he learned manual processes, and unconsciously forming a style when boys are mostly writing school exercises. His "Piano-forte Quartettes," published in 1824, and probably composed a year or two earlier, as distinctly mark a way of their author's own as his last concerts or the last issue of his "Lieder ohne Worte." The easy circumstances of his parents permitted Mendelssohn to travel, and England, Germany, France, and Italy, were the countries he explored. Though he had tried his hand at opera-writing in Berlin, it was in England that his fame was established. Our Philharmonic audience was the first to recognise the rare beauty of his overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." In 1834, Mendelssohn accepted the musical directorship at Dusseldorf, accompanied with some charge of the opera, conjointly with Herr Immerman—the last appointment, however, he soon relinquished. In 1837, shortly after his marriage with a young lady from Frankfort—Cecilie Jeanrenaud—the daughter of a Protestant clergyman, he took up his abode at Leipsic, as director of the concerts. There he was honoured with the degree of Doctor, by the university of that

town, spent his happiest days, and wrote the larger portion of his works. There, with occasional visits to Berlin and to England, where, at the Birmingham festival, his "Elijah" was produced, and to Switzerland, where he went to mourn the loss of a beloved sister, in whose fate he saw a presage of his own, he resided till his death.

Mendelssohn's contributions to music we cannot attempt to chronicle here. The stores of orchestral music were enriched by him with three grand symphonies. We owe to him two oratorios—the "St. Paul," and the "Elijah." The amount of his concerted vocal music and single songs is extensive. His theatrical music—produced for the Court of Prussia—displays no common versatility and dramatic power. So much for his works; we must now speak of Mendelssohn as a performer. An accomplished critic in the *Athenæum* said, "He might, on the strength of his executive powers alone, have challenged the admiration of Europe. His mechanical facility on the piano-forte was prodigious; his expression true and deep, without a tinge of grimace or caricature; his style was unapproached for grace, and animated by that vivacity which also gave such a charm to his demeanour; his readiness, science, and humour, in extemporising, were unsurpassed. He preferred, however, the organ to the piano-forte; since, on that nobler instrument, his ideas, always cast in large orchestral proportions, amplified by every resource of consummate learning and experience, could be most thoroughly expressed by his vigorous hand. His memory was prodigious, and his fancy inexhaustible."

It now only remains that we speak of Mendelssohn as a man. Genius is not necessarily the feverish thing it is drawn by some. A genius may discharge the common duties of common life as well as an ordinary individual. There is no law forbidding him to be a citizen, and the head of a family. There is no necessity that compels a genius to outrage all society, and to become the slave of passion and vice. The higher the geniu , the higher and holier is the life. Those who cant about genius being free of all laws, being a law unto itself, should think of John Milton, and have the decency to be dumb. Another instance against this maudlin sentiment was exemplified in Mendelssohn's daily life. He was an affectionate son and brother, an exemplary and devoted husband, a wise and indulgent father. He remained faithful to old friends with a constancy rare even among those who are less brilliantly tempted to fickleness. His wit was as ready, his spirit as playful, as his sense was sound. Nor was he a mere musician. Few men possessed tastes and sympathies embracing so wide a circle of pursuits and objects. We can only add here that, as is the case with most men of really great endowments, Mendelssohn's personal appearance was winning in the extreme. Nature had gifted her favourite with one of the brightest and most expressive countenances ever bestowed upon genius. His friends all declare that, as a likeness, the best portrait extant is meagre and pedantic. This matters little. Men of genius have immortality in their work. Their features become forgotten, but their ideas can never die.

GUN-COTTON.

A WEEK or two since, a paragraph went the round of the papers, which we trust, for the credit of the softer sex, was not true. A Swiss peasant girl fancied that she had some cause for anger with her lover, and resolved to gratify her passion. Accordingly she folded some gun-cotton in his cravat, knowing well that as he smoked, some ashes from his pipe would be sure to fall upon it. The result is soon told. A few days afterwards the victim of female revenge was found with his head blown to atoms.

After this our readers may think the discovery of gun-cotton an event to be deprecated. Here, however, we must differ from them. The man who invents the most rapid and the most effectual means of destruction, as regards war, is the greatest friend of the interests of humanity. Before gunpowder was invented war was far more of a favourite pastime with kings and people than now; when gunpowder was discovered, and the art of murder consummated, and such butcheries as Austerlitz and Waterloo perpetrated, governments began to reflect that the game was too costly. Thirty years of peace have served to give birth to better ideas in Europe. The folly of war is every day seen in a stronger light, and it is very clear that if any man could invent a means of destruction by which two nations going to war with each other would see large armies destroyed and immense treasure wasted on both sides in a single campaign, they would hesitate before proceeding to war. We may be sure that all possible means of conciliation and concession would first be tried. Thus we see extremes beautifully meet: the man who invents the most murderous instruments of warfare in reality furnishes the most potent arguments for peace. In Exeter-hall itself it would be impossible to find a more genuine peace apostle than he. To this class of peace advocates does the inventor of gun-cotton most assuredly belong. It was first discovered by M. Schonbein, of Basel, a professor of chemistry at Berlin. He found that by immersing the common flax-cotton in equal quantities of nitric acid and sulphuric acid, and then washing it and drying it, that an explosive power was obtained quite equal to that of gunpowder. It explodes at 400 deg. Fahr., while gunpowder explodes at 600 deg. In consequence of this, gun-cotton may be fired on gunpowder without igniting it. This peculiarity results from the minute divisions of the cotton fibres, for gunpowder dust will explode at a much lower temperature than grained powder. Gun-cotton may be prepared in various ways. When prepared according to Schonbein's receipt, it must be done as rapidly as possible by pressing the cotton in the mixture with a glass rod. When this is done it is taken out and as much as possible of the mixture is squeezed out of it. The cotton is then washed in successive portions of water, until it looses all taste of acid. It is then pressed in a linen cloth, and dried. Saw-dust, wood-shavings, and any body consisting principally of carbon, may be rendered explosive by preparations in a similar way. It is stated in a report of the Parisian Academy of Sciences, that "if we are to believe the statements that have been made by persons of high respectability, the explosive cotton of M. Schonbein is a perfect substitute for gunpowder, possessing weight for weight, much more strength than that article, and at the same time being free from the many serious objections which attend the manufacture of gunpowder. On the other hand it does not appear that any of the specimens of other discoverers have given fully satisfactory results, that is to say, they are by no means of so destructive a property as the cotton of M. Schonbein." In France the manufacture and use of gun-cotton have generally been forbidden on account of the danger attendant. It is probable, however, that gun-cotton will supersede powder for the purposes of blasting, for which it possesses the important advantage that it does not generate smoke. At present, however, it appears to be unsuitable for military purposes. The Governments of England and France have both declined to use the gun-cotton because it is alleged that it explodes with such a small degree of heat, that after a few discharges a musket will be so hot as to go off the moment the charge was put in the barrel.

Solomon long since said, "there was nothing new under the sun." Gun-cotton is no exception to this general rule. At the meeting of the Parisian Academy, to which we have already referred, M. Pelousi, one of the members, said, "Although M. Schonbein has not published the nature or mode of preparation of his cotton, it is evident that the properties which he assigns to it can only apply to xylondine. M. Dumas, as well as myself, made this remark in the origin of the first communication of M. Schonbein. Reasoning on the hypothesis that the gun-cotton is nothing else than xylondine, I may be permitted to say a few words with respect to its history, and some of its properties. Xylondine was discovered, in 1833, by M. Braconnet, of Nancy. He prepared it by dissolving starch and some other organic substances in nitric acid, and precipitating these solutions in water. In a note inserted in the "*Comptes Rendûs de l'Academie des Sciences*," in 1833, I showed that the xylondine resulted from the union of the elements of the nitric acid with those of starch, and explained by this composition the excessive combustibility of the substance produced. I ascertained, and this I think a very important result in the history of the application of xylondine, that instead of preparing it by dissolving the cellulose, it might be obtained with infinitely greater facility and economy, by simply impregnating with concentrated nitric acid, paper, cotton, and hemp, and that these organic matters thus treated took fire at 180 degs., and burnt almost without

residuum, and with excessive energy; but I think it right to add that I never had for an instant an idea of their use as a substitute for gunpowder. The merit of this application belongs entirely to M. Schonbein. Eight years ago, however, I prepared an inflammable paper by plunging it into concentrated nitric acid. After leaving it there for twenty minutes, I washed it in a large quantity of water, and dried it in a gentle heat. I have recently tried this paper in a pistol, and with about three grains pierced a plank two centimetres (about three quarters of an inch) in thickness, at a distance of sixty-five metres."

M. Schonbein disposed of his patent-right in England for £40,000. Lately we have not heard so much of the wonderful effects of gun-cotton. We can easily imagine, however, that should war break out, it and Warner's long-range could soon be brought into play, so as to make the destruction not merely immense but sure. With death thus a mathematical certainty, we question whether any amount of pay or glory could reconcile even "high-spirited youths" to their untimely fate. From this discovery, also, another truth looms out—the old truth of the superiority of mind over matter—of mental over brute force. A man of science gets an idea, and with that idea he goes to work, and rocks are blasted, and solid masonry is levelled to the earth, and the pride and refuge of ages becomes a ruin and a wreck. In such times man seems elevated into a nobler life—to be invested with more awful attributes—to breathe a diviner air.

UNROLLING A MUMMY.

A Gloucester paper describes as follows the unrolling of a mummy at Edgeworth Manor-house:—"A few weeks ago we noticed the commencement of unrolling a mummy, which had for a long time been in the possession of Edmund Hopkinson, Esq., of Edgeworth Manor-house, in this county; and it having been determined to make a further investigation of this curious relic of antiquity, on Thursday it was again drawn from its temporary retreat, and once more submitted "to the garish light of day." The operations were conducted principally by Mr. Rumsey, surgeon, of this city, and, in the absence of a more scientific account, which can only be drawn up when the numerous emblems, hieroglyphics, and inscriptions, have been decyphered, we give a general description of the appearances. That the rank of the person was high cannot be doubted, from the number and great beauty of the cases, or sarcophagi, enclosing him. Two massive sarcophagi of sycamore wood, the outside one eight feet long by three feet high, and two feet ten inches wide, the thickness of the wood being nearly three inches, and the surface, ends, and sides of which were elaborately covered by symbolical and other signs and inscriptions, were succeeded by a third, made of the finest cedar, on which probably the history of the person is described on a narrow fillet of hieroglyphics running down the front and round the sides. Inside all these was the magnificent case of gummed linen, an inch in thickness, the rich painting on which seems to have been laid on a coating of something like papier-maché. On this case appear to have been depicted the funeral rites, the judgment of the soul of the deceased, the deities whose peculiar province was the care of the departed, with frequent representations of the greater deities, Osiris and Isis. There were no less than 280 yards of bandage round the body, in alternate layers of longitudinal bands, crossed as a figure of 8 around the shoulders and legs, and of circular bands enclosing the whole body. The interstices between the limbs were padded with pieces of linen of various shapes and sizes; and more than 20 scarfs, six of which were fringed, were ingeniously applied between the layers of bandages, so as to give roundness, uniformity, and steadiness to the whole mummy. The eyes had been replaced by oblong masses of linen neatly rolled inserted within the lids, and steeped in the same fluid composition which had imbued all the bandages and scarfs. The brain had been removed through the nostrils, and this operation had somewhat injured the nose, which was not well defined. The teeth were in excellent preservation, and the eyebrows and a few scattered hairs on the chin and face were very distinct. The nails on the fingers and toes were also in good preservation. The whole surface of the body was of the darkest brown, almost black, smooth; the wrinkles of the skin, the form of the limbs, and even the expression of the countenance, well retained. The skin itself was covered with a saline efflorescence, which had probably resulted from the application of the hot bituminous injections, after the body had been steeped, usually for seventy days, in strong brine. There is reason also to suppose that the body was dried at a high temperature previous to bandaging. The removal of the inner layer of linen, coated with hardened bituminous gum, so as not to injure the body, was a matter of considerable difficulty, and severely tried the patience of the operator on both examinations. There were no papyri or inscriptions among the bandages, no amulets, scarabœi, rings, or jewels, about the person. The art of the embalmer seems to have been less carefully exercised in this instance than that of the casemaker and painter. The hard bituminous matter in which the body lay has been analysed by Mr. Whinfield, chemist, of the city, and found to consist of about two-fifths of aromatic resinous matter, and the remainder of a pure and fine asphalt or bitumen. It is supposed the gummy resinous matter contained the turpentine of the cedar and myrrh.

BENISON UPON THE OLD YEAR.

By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

Fare thee well, thou venerable year!
Grateful hearts shall weep o'er thy silent bier;
For many a pleasant day we've known
In the changeful months which now are flown;
And many a hour of sportive mirth
Have spent with friends of long-tried worth:
Friends, who in seasons of grief and care,
For us have offered many a prayer.

And for all the rich gifts thou bestowed while here,
We love thee, and thank thee, thou brave Old Year!
For thy music and sunshine, and fragrant flowers,
And chanting of birds in their leafy bowers;
For the shy, sweet smiles, whose gladness cast
Gleams of light o'er our anxious past;
For glances responsive from fond hearts true,
And words of wise counsel, we bless thee too!

For the beauty wherewith thou adorned the earth,
For the hours which to high pure thoughts gave birth;
For the hopes whose enchantment around us shed
Rays of sweet comfort when torn hearts bled;
For every kind deed and each gentle tone,
And the tender memories thou made our own;
And for gatherings of kith and of kin most dear,
We gratefully thank thee, thou brave Old Year!

But mostly for every time-hallowed word,
Which aught of good in our souls hath stirred;
Above all, for the cheering and holy creed
Thou instilled in the hour of our sorest need—
That trust which enlivened our deepest gloom,
"Belief in a world beyond the tomb."
For this we most bless thee departing year,
And our requiem sing o'er thy silent bier!

Sincerity and Truth before all Things.—The feeling which we are considering (conscientiousness) is the most important of all, because it regulates the proper action of all the others, by confining them within the bounds of what is right. It makes us desire "to do to others as we would they should do to us," and to love truth and sincerity above all things. It is painfully evident to all who think upon the subject, how much the world needs the proper cultivation, exercise, and direction of this faculty. It is disheartening to contemplate the vast area which "Vanity Fair" occupies, in which each acts a part, each wears a mask, each endeavours to deceive his neighbour by passing for something more or less than he is, and each is satisfied with mere seeming, without being or doing. Love of approbation is the prime mover; the craving for distinction, not excellence—to appear, not to be. Praise is the grand desideratum; and as to be virtuous is often too troublesome, the semblance is assumed of whatever will best secure the approbation of society. The development of a large conscientiousness can alone counteract the wide-spreading and infectious tendency.

MISCELLANEA.

WANT OF CONFIDENCE.—A little Frenchman loaned a merchant five thousand dollars when the "times were good." He called at the counting-house a few years ago in a state of agitation not easily described. "How do you do?" inquired the merchant. "Sick—ver sick," replied monsieur. "What's the matter?" "Detimes is de matter." "Detimes! what disease is that?" "De malaide dat break all the merchants, ver much." "Ah! the times, eh? well, they are bad, very bad, sure enough; but do they affect you?" "Vy, monsieur, I lose de confidence." "In whom?" "In everybody." "Not in me, I hope?" "Pardonnez moi, monsieur, but I do not know who to trust at present, when all de merchants break several times to pieces." "Then I presume you want your money?" "Oui, monsieur, I starve for the want of l'argent." "Can't you do without it?" "No, monsieur, I must have it." "You must?" "Oui, monsieur," said dimity breeches, turning pale with apprehension for the safety of his money. "And you can't do without it?" "No, monsieur, not von leetle moment longare." The merchant reached his bank-book, drew a cheque on the bank for the amount, and handed it to his visitor. "Vat is dis, monsieur?" "A cheque for five thousand dollars, with the interest." "Is it bon?" said the Frenchman, with amazement. "Certainly." "Have you l'argent in de bank?" "Yes." "And is it parfaitment convenient to pay de sum?" "Undoubtedly. What astonishes you?" "Yo, dat you got him in dees times." "Oh, yes! and I have got plenty more. I owe nothing that I cannot pay at a moment's notice." The Frenchman was perplexed. "Monsieur, you shall do me von leetle favour, eh?" "With all my heart." "Vell, monsieur, you shall keep de l'argent for one leetle year longare." "Why, I thought you wanted it?" "Tout au contraie, I no want de l'argent—I want de grand confidence. Suppose you no got de money, den I want him ver much; suppose you got him, den I no want him at all. Vous comprehenez, eh?" After some other conference, the little Frenchman prevailed upon the merchant to retain the money, and left the counting-house with a light heart and a countenance very different from the one he wore when he entered. His confidence was restored; and although he did not stand in need of the money, he wished to know that his property was in safe hands.

COAL GAS.—To Dr. Clayton, the Dean of Kildare, the honour is due of having first obtained gas from the distillation of coal. The gas produced by the distillation of coal is not uniform in its composition. Its illuminating constituents are light carbide of hydrogen and olefiant gas, but many other gases are evolved during the process, most of which tend to diminish the illuminating power; whilst others, such as ammonia and sulphide of hydrogen, are injurious to health. By the assistance of chemistry the composition of coal gas was elucidated, and the nature of its poisonous and useful ingredients ascertained. The chemist, therefore, gave on this knowledge means to the manufacturer for separating the deleterious compounds. By the process of purification the cyanogen compounds, with the sulphide of hydrogen, ammonia, sulphurous acid, hydrochloric acid, and carbonic acid, are arrested. Scientific improvements are still going on with relation to gasworks. From coal naphtha a number of interesting oils have been lately separated, which have long been favourites with the cultivators of organic chemistry. Benzol, one of them, is so readily vapourable, that, when common air is passed through the tank containing this oil, it becomes so highly charged with carbohydrogen as to burn with a brilliant light. This, doubtless, will bring benzol into more general use. The consumption of gas is enormous. The following statistics give us an insight into the extent to which this branch of industry has attained. In England 6,000,000 tons of coal are annually employed for the manufacture of gas, and from £12,000,000 to £15,000,000 sterling expended in its production. In London alone 500,000 tons of coal are annually used, producing 4,500,000,000 cubic feet of gas, and 500,000 chaldrons of coke; of the latter, 125,000 chaldrons are consumed in manufacturing the gas, and the remainder sold for fuel. Upwards of half a million houses in London burn gas, and the length of the main arteries for conveying it is 1,600 miles. The capital employed in the metropolis for the production of gas is £4,000,000.

THE beauty proper for sublime art is lineaments, or forms, or features, that are capable of being the receptacles of intellect.

PAT AT THE POST-OFFICE.—The following colloquy actually took place at an eastern post-office:—Pat: "I say, Mr. Postmaster, is there a litther for me?" "Who are you, my good sir?" "I'm meself—that's who I am." "Well, what is your name?" "An' what do ye want wid the name? Isn't it on the litther?" "So that I can find the letter, if there is one." "Will, Pat Byrne, thin, if ye must have it." "No, sir—there is none for Pat Byrne." "Is there no way to get in there but through this pane of glass?" "No, sir." "It's well for ye there isn't. I'd teach ye better manners thin to insist on a gintleman's name; but ye didn't git it after all—so I'm aven wid ye. Devil the bit is my name Byrne!"

LIKE flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

CHOICE TEXTS.—A text for bachelors—"Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord." A text for aristocrats—"The rich and poor meet together; the Lord is maker of them all." "He hath made of one blood all nations of men." A text for idlers—"Seest thou a man diligent in his business; he shall not stand before mean men!" A text for the timorous—"The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion."

HE who disdains to look closely after the economy of his house and the habits of his servants, would require some more assured source of income than the works of his own hands.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. Y. Z.—Cocoa is the cacao of the West Indies, and is the seed of the cacao-tree. Twenty-three millions of pounds are consumed in Europe, and it is the general beverage of Spain. Cocoa-trees are from 40 to 60 feet, with leaves 12 or 14 feet long, with six or nine clusters of 10 or 12 nuts near the top. They produce timber, covering for houses, oil, arrack, and cordage. The oil is used and preferred all over the East for light and soap, and excellent candles and soap are made from it in London, clearer and sweeter than tallow or whale oil. *Coker*-nuts is a corruption.

A SHOEMAKER.—A master has a right to regulate the hours in which his apprentice works. The law would interfere in a case of great hardship, but not otherwise.

FRANCIS LAKE.—We fear there is no great demand for schoolmasters in the colonies.

J. L.—The moment any man sets his foot on English ground he is free. This is not merely a popular boast. It was the glory of Granville Sharp, the philanthropist, that in a suit which he carried on at his own expense and under great disadvantages, he established the fact that the assertion is sound law.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE WEST.—There is no periodical on emigration worth anything. We believe in a short time a handbook for emigrants will be issued from our office.

T. R. M. wants to know if we, or any of our correspondents, can inform him of some cure for his tendency to sleep at night. Directly he takes up a book he falls asleep. If his malady does not arise from over-exertion, over-eating, or ill health, we fear that his case is hopeless.

R. G. sees two or three estimates of the value of the Koh-i-noor. In his bewilderment he asks us to reconcile the conflicting statements. This is very easily done. The conflicting estimates are made by different parties, and based upon different calculations. If R. G. wishes us to tell him which is the right one, we must decline answering the question. We believe the value is imaginary more than real.

R. M. BANCROFT.—You can get a French almanack at any of the foreign booksellers in London. We cannot tell you what the price will be, but it cannot be very expensive. The French for THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND is "*L'Ami des Ouvriers.*"

S. J.—Light travels at the rate of 192,000 miles a second. We question whether the electric telegraph beats that.

GUILLAUME wants us to tell him how the crystillation of marrow is made, such as is sold at the hairdresser's shop next door to the robe-maker's, corner of Chancery-lane. Had he not better apply at the hairdresser's than to us?

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER asks what is the legal authority of the President of a Republic, such as Louis Napoleon? In such a case we should say Louis Napoleon has no legal authority: he rules by might, not right—by the arms, not by the laws, of France. Our correspondent then asks us if we are advocates of total abstinence? Surely "A Constant Subscriber" could not have been a very constant reader, or he would not have needed to ask such a question.

HENRY,—The Mississippi well deserves the name of the Great River. Its navigable rivers alone show a navigation of 20,000 miles, while their entire length is 51,000 miles. Thus—Mississippi and tributaries, not including those given below, aggregate length, 4,125 miles; Red and all tributaries, aggregate length, 4,125 miles; Arkansas, do., do., 5,540; White, do., 1,650; Ohio, do., do., 10,730; Missouri, do., do., 12,170; Illinois, do., do., 1,270; Wisconsin, 675. Total, Mississippi, with all its inlets, 50,545; outlets or bayous, in all, 455. Total length of the Great River, with all its parts, 51,000 miles.

WILLIAM IMLAY.—Cannibalism is decreasing. There are, however, barbarous tribes amongst whom it prevails; but we hear very little of it in these times.

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HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER VIII.

HUNGARIAN COSTUMES—HUSSAR AND PEASANTRY.

WE have now almost reached the period in which the Magyars were driven from the even ground of constitutional resistance, and compelled to leave their struggle to the doubtful arbitrement of the sword. Step by step we have followed the details of the contest between the Diet and the Emperors, from the days on which Szapolyai signed the treaty with Rodolph of Hapsburgh, to those on which Szechényi sought to break the yoke of feudalism and set free the serfs. In a few years more Austria draws the sword to put an end for ever to the murmurs of discontent, and stifle the voice of constitutional agitation. This is the last argument of kings, and force only can repel force. Before pursuing any further the details of these ill-fated but heroic efforts, we think it may not be amiss to take a cursory view of the countries bordering on Hungary, the races by which they are inhabited, and the political institutions and social life of Hungary itself, previous to 1848.

Something of this sort we feel to be necessary in order that the reader may clearly understand what is to follow.

It was the inherent excellence of the Hungarian constitution which preserved it for so long a period against the machinations of Austria. The strong feeling of individual independence which the Magyars inherited from their forefathers, the Huns, has been at all times an effectual guarantee against any encroachments upon their personal liberty; and their attachment to their institutions, republican in their origin, saved them from destruction by the open violence of Leopold, or the lying diplomacy of the hoary deceiver Metternich.

Despotism is always grasping. No matter how great a man's power, he longs for more. Austria was not a field large enough for the exercise of Austrian tyranny. It has been longing for three hundred years to thresh Hungary with the same iron flail; so that there has been a continued series of attempts on the part of the Emperor to establish absolutism all over his dominions. To these the Magyars opposed the county assemblies, and the county assemblies the Diet. Both of them, from the very fact of their existence, at all times possessed the confidence of the people; for there was at all times perfect freedom of election. It cannot be denied that the franchise was confined to the privileged classes—to the *noblesse;* but we have already remarked upon the large amount of the population which was comprehended under this term. Besides, its very constitution was democratic. It was not derogatory to the dignity of anyone belonging to it to enter into business, to pursue a manual occupation, or to cultivate the soil. In short, the *noblesse* was, to all intents and purposes, the people. It was they who were called upon from time to time to prove the sincerity of their devotion to their fatherland, by flinging away their lives in battle against the Turk. Like the Spanish hidalgos, they were engaged in a perpetual crusade. The community of danger and misfortune tended gradually to level all distinction of ranks. They who had combatted side by side in the ranks of war were equals in peace. All were Magyars, all freemen. Anything that made a man more than these was adventitious of necessity, and was considered of trifling importance.

When the invasions of the Turks had ceased, a new contest began. It was then necessary to provide against the more peaceful, but not less insidious and not less dangerous, inroads of Austria. The necessity of carrying on a constant resistance was another bond of union.

These, then, were the men, who, previous to the revolution of 1848, had the right of electing the deputies to the Diet, the viscounts of the counties, the judges, and all other functionaries of an inferior rank. The intentions of Austria were shown by the appointment of supreme counts to supersede the viscounts, and the repeated attempts made to get the nomination of the palatine into the Emperor's hands.

The Diet had under its control the general administration of the country. To it belonged the right of making all laws; and to the Palatine, and the Council of Lieutenancy over which he presided, the duty of putting them into execution. Although the inferior counts were appointed by the king, it was the viscounts who exercised all the authority of the situation, and inasmuch as they were elected by the people, they possessed their entire confidence. They also presided in the absence of the count at the quarterly meetings of the county assemblies. Here all questions of local interest were discussed and provided for; and, also, those of a higher order, which were under the consideration of the Diet. Here, also, projects of reform were brought forward and elaborated; new laws adapted to the necessities of the times were proposed and discussed, and instructions were drawn up for the deputies whom they sent to the general Diet, which were to regulate their voting and advocacy on all occasions. It was thus that the young men of Hungary received their political education; and while supported by so many bodies scattered over the whole country, whose organisation and mode of action was similar to its own, and who, besides, possessed the confidence of the people in its several localities, the Diet was encouraged to persevere in its defence of the national independence.

In the ranks of every aristocracy, there are men found, who, whatever may have been their political training, love the glitter of court better than the applause of the people, or the welfare and independence of their country. The tendency of free institutions is to elevate the masses and bring down the mighty; to look upon man as a being in himself great and noble; to attach greater value to personal merit, and less to the accidents of birth, or property, or hereditary rank. Freedom always tries to raise human nature; despotism to lower and depreciate it. As the despot is himself the fountain of all honour, he is naturally anxious that those distinctions which he bestows should possess great importance, and be anxiously sought after, whilst those that men win by their own exertions should be underrated or despised. As a natural consequence of this, those who value themselves upon their titles or possessions only are induced to gravitate towards him as the centre of their system, and come gradually to look upon the untitled and the poor as beings of an inferior order. But as the latter compose the vast body of every nation, they of course have greatest interest in the national welfare and independence. The high and privileged orders, are anxious as far as possible to separate themselves from the *canaille* and rise towards the monarch. The round of court pleasures has greater charms than the labours of public life. Looking upon themselves in the light of superior beings, they are anxious, as far as possible, to make it appear that their interests too are separate.

So in Hungary there were many who, like Esterhazy, valued ease and court honours and favours too much to offer any resistance to the usurpations of Austria. The free towns were nearly all under their immediate control; but fortunately for the liberal interests, each of these towns, being inhabited by foreign colonists, had only one vote, whatever might be its population.

Originally, the Diet was a single assembly, presided over by the palatine, or the dignitary next to him in rank; afterwards, to facilitate the transaction of business, it was divided into two legislative bodies. In the first, or upper chamber, sat those whose rank entitled them to special privileges, who appeared for themselves either in person or by proxy—such as the bishops, the barons, the guards of the crown, the governor of Fiume, a great sea-port, and the civil and judicial counts. In the lower chamber sat the deputies elected by the entire body of the nobles, and by the towns, and these were presided over by an official called *personalis*, and who was supposed to represent the king. Each county and each town sent two representatives; but, in the towns, the right of voting was restricted to a fixed number of the middle classes. This chamber took the initiative in the passing of all laws. The magnates, or upper house, might affirm or reject them upon examination, and the king had a veto as in England. All the sittings were in public, and everyone might enter who wore the national costume, with the sabre at his side.

Besides the representatives of the towns and counties, the lower chamber contained one or two deputies from each district, such as those of the Jasyges, the Cumans, the Hayducks. There was one deputy from the town of Fiume, one from Buccari, and, last of all, three deputies only from Croatia, one of whom sat in the chamber of magnates, the exclusive attachment of that province to its municipal institutions preventing its sending a larger number. The towns of Sepusa, the military frontiers, and the districts adjoining the royal domains, remained up to the revolution of 1848 unrepresented.

The two chambers communicated to one another their acts and consultations by messages, and when any question of grave importance arose, they met and sat together, and their sittings were then called *sessiones mixtæ*, or mixed sittings. On these occasions, no one member of either house had any greater importance than another. Each possessed only one vote. It is but right to add that on many important questions numbers of the magnates gave a sincere and consistent support to all liberal measures.

One should be present at one of the elections of viscounts, of deputies, or of other functionaries of a similar kind, to understand fully the extent of a Magyar's willingness to sacrifice, on every occasion, personal interests to his desire for the public good. The scene that presents itself in the chief town of each county, on the morning of the election, is one of the most curious and interesting in the world.

Before the sun rises the crowd is so great, that it

seems as if the whole population of the district had crowded in to witness the ceremonial. Every lane, every street, and every avenue, is filled with an anxious and expectant multitude. Elector, or non-elector, each has his candidate, whose claims he supports with as much warmth and energy, as if his life or fortune was staked upon the result. The interval preceding the arrival of the country electors, is occupied with arguments, guesses, and speculations, as to the prospects of each nominee.

At last, the coming of the electors from the country engages the attention of all. They come in in long files, mounted in carts drawn by three or four horses. Each file is divided into several groups, one for every village or district, and is preceded by a flag, bearing the national colours, and the names of the candidates whom the voters intend to support, and headed by a chief called *Kortes;* around him ride all the most influential men of the locality, each wearing on his shoulder his most gorgeous pelisse, and carrying his heavy sabre at his side. They thus wind their way through the crowd, bands of music, more remarkable for loudness than harmony, playing national airs all the time.

As each vehicle passes in front of the town-house, the passengers, surrounded by their bundles of hay, intended as provender for their horses, and not less ample provision for themselves, in the shape of bread, milk, cooked meat, and bottles of wine, in case the election should be prolonged for more than one day, loudly cheer their favourite candidate. Looking at these tall, sunburnt fellows, with long moustachios, embroidered jackets, and flowing pelisses, strolling about with lofty and graceful air,—and one istening to their wild acclamations, and watching their fierce gestures, it would require no great stretch of imagination to fancy oneself in the midst of a detachment of the soldiers of Arpad, fresh from the plains of the East.

A new *cortége* appears presently. It is composed of the electors of the chief town itself, who are coming in full costume to assist in the preliminaries. At their head may be seen the city *noblesse*, distinguished by their rich costumes, the gold bullion on their epaulettes, their curved sabres, with hilts chased and set with diamonds; tight pantaloons, ornamented with curious designs, finely embroidered on the cloth; red boots, bright spurs, and caps of the costliest furs, the aigrettes of which glitter in the sun. They are preceded by a splendid band, playing Rakoczi's march, and other national airs, while superb cavaliers surround them, sword in hand, and keep off the crowd. Stopping in front of the town-house, the supporters of each candidate appear in the balcony and urge the claims of their favourites in the glowing, oriental style, for which Hungarian eloquence is so remarkable. Murmurs of assent or disapprobation arise from the audience, and in the passionate struggle which follows, and in which each man believes his own cause to be that of his country, swords are often drawn, and blood shed. At last some Ulysses arises, and calms the storm by his "winged words."

Very often poetry is brought to bear in favour of the cause of one side or the other, sometimes, however, degenerating into doggerel rhyme, and, at others, remarkable for its fervour and brilliancy. In these verses all possible praises are lavished upon the object of the composer's choice. He is as courageous as a lion; his disposition is like the honey of the *steppe;* and he is the tulip of spring (the favourite flower of the Magyars) for chivalrous and lofty courtesy.

"*Viragosik a tulipam,*
Niyari lesz a vice-ispan."—
"The tulip is in flower,
Negari shall be viscount,"

was the burden of an admired song at a recent election.

At last, the candidates present themselves, and are carried on the shoulders of their partisans through the crowd. It is announced that the election will take place at an early hour in the morning, and all peaceably separate. At the appointed time, the same crowd and same scenes present themselves. Old men, women, and children, are all there, and all believe themselves interested in the result. At last, the palatine arrives, with some men of influence in the county, who act as his assessors. Their entry is hailed by thunders of applause, and then succeeds a religious silence. The president then officially announces that three years having elapsed since the last elections, the term of office of the various public functionaries has expired, and concludes by putting the formal question, "Whom do you wish to be viscount?" The names of the different candidates are shouted forth from various parts of the crowd. A poll is demanded by one of them, and the voting follows as in England. After the election of the viscount, comes that of the chief justice and other functionaries, and then, in a precisely similar manner, that of the deputies.

This short and imperfect sketch is sufficient to prove to us that the Hungarians were, at least, not unworthy of freedom; and to be unworthy of freedom, is the only thing that can deprive slaves of a claim to our sympathy. But the misfortunes of the Magyars are not those of a remote epoch, they are of to-day, as fresh in the hearts of the people as confidence in the valour and the remembrance of their greatness; and the nearer they are, the closer at hand is the day of retribution.

At the time of the great wars against Austria and the Turks, armies were raised *en masse*. The whole people rose in a body, with an enthusiasm of which we in England at the present time can have but little conception. Taking up arms was not only a patriotic, but a religious duty, and as such was faithfully fulfilled. In later times the military ardour of the people has of course not been so great, but enlistment has been always voluntary, and recruits easy to be obtained. The republican organisation of the country, and the military spirit which so strongly pervades the character of the Magyars, has ever caused them to look on war rather as a pastime, full of fierce, but pleasurable excitement, than as an evil occasionally necessary, but always deplorable.

Recruiting for the regular army is carried on by detachments of the corps in need of reinforcements, and the time chosen is, as with us, usually during fairs, or some festival which attracts great numbers of people to the principal towns. It is to the hussars that the task is mostly committed of bringing their fellows under the iron yoke of military discipline. Their splendid uniforms, dashing chargers, and jovial and soldier-like language, soon work upon the excitable imaginations of the rustics. They parade the streets, preceded by some Bohemians, in full national costume, delighting the ears of the peasants by playing their favourite national airs. Halting frequently they form a circle, and planting the standard in the centre, dance around it, jingling their spurs to keep time with the music, and charming the bystanders by the richness of their dress and the agility of their movements. The dance is at times slow and solemn, at others lively and animated, and often full of fierce gesticulation and martial enthusiasm. The crowd are delighted, applaud loudly, and a number of young men, unable any longer to resist the temptation, seize the shako and the sabre, join in the dance, and become soldiers. Very often mere children present themselves for enrolment. The officer of the party caresses them, and promises to enlist them when they grow bigger and get moustachios. The others are conducted to the hotel of the commander, sign the engagement, and spend the rest of the day in merriment and carousal.

But the zeal of the hussars in recruiting becomes a sort of coquetry when they perceive well-made, soldier-like young men amongst the crowd, whose enlistment would, in their opinion, improve the appearance of the regiment. At a preconcerted signal the band plays the liveliest and most spirit-stirring airs, and the horsemen assume the most studied and warlike postures, as if to leave nothing undone to complete the fascination. But notwithstanding their natural leaning towards a military life, the young Magyars are not always found willing to exchange their liberty for its gaudy trappings and so-called freedom from care. M. de Gerando tells a story of a young man of Jaszbereny which well exemplifies this. "He was," says he, "elegantly formed, and seemed born to be a soldier. He seemed to follow the movements of the dances with the closest attention. The officer observed the animation which lighted up his countenance, and rode up and down before him several times, as if for the purpose of fascinating him. I approached the young man almost involuntarily, possessed with the vague idea that I might in some way assist in making him proof against the temptations of the seducer. 'Does your grace,' said I, with a doubtful air, 'wish to become a hussar?' 'Aye,' he replied, musingly, 'I would have splendid accoutrements and a fine horse;' but then added,

after a short pause, 'but I have a very good horse myself already, and, better still, I can ride him whenever I please.' He immediately went away, as if to guard against the possibility of his yielding.' But disappointments like these do not discourage the hussars, who reap ample harvests from among the lively groups who join in their dances, and feel the wild strains of the music warming their blood like wine.

The first hussars who appeared in France were Hungarians under Louis XIV., and from that time the uniform and the name have spread all over Europe. The regiments raised by

HUNGARIAN MOWERS.

SCLAVONIANS IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

CROAT GIRL IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

CROAT WOMEN.

Esterhazi and Berecsenyi, the companions in arms of Rakoczi when in exile, still retained the names of their founders in 1792. Every corps coming under this denomination has ever since worn the long, flowing tress or plume hanging from the cap, taken from the head-dress of the Magyar peasantry in the eighteenth century. The name *hussar* comes from *husz*, twenty, and *ar*, price—literally, "worth twenty." In remote times, when war was proclaimed, the magnates led into the field twenty foot soldiers for one horseman, whose equipment alone cost as much as that of the whole of the others; and afterwards, when this mode of recruiting had disappeared, the name still continued in use. At the present day the regiments of hussars in the Austrian service are altogether composed of Hungarians, and their uniform is nothing more than their national costume. The word "shako," meaning a military cap or helmet, is one of Hungarian origin, as also many others of a similar kind.

HUNGARIAN RACE-COURSE.

The Magyars, except the very wealthy, have little taste for travelling. They are content to pass their lives in their own country, occupied in training their horses, or cultivating their farms or estates. Except to ride to the county town, to attend the fairs or the elections, they seldom go from home, and then they seize the opportunity of gratifying their curiosity, and, at the same time, seeing their old friends.

The fairs are the great centres of union. They are often held in villages of no importance, except for the goodness of the situation. Here men of all ranks meet, and pass the day in groups in the street, discussing the news of the day, and talking over the affairs of local interest. They read but little, and the fairs are, therefore, to them what our newspapers and liberty of the press are to us, and, perhaps, as powerful in effect; for in addition to the mere verbal communication of a sentiment, necessarily elevated by the influence of a practical political education, it is accompanied by oriental energy of gesticulation, impassioned glances of the eye, and intonation of the voice. To these also must be referred the astonishingly accurate knowledge of public affairs which the Magyar peasant is always found to possess, and the importance which he attaches to these periodica meetings is well illustrated in an amusing anecdote related by M. de Gerando:—"I was travelling one day, and commenced a conversation with the driver, by asking him what he knew of my country—France? 'I know,' he replied, 'that your nation is better taught, more powerful, and more fortunate than mine; and I know also that it is as brave as mine; for Napoleon said, 'With the French grenadiers, and the Hungarian hussars, I would conquer the world!' 'Did Napoleon say that?' said I; 'and how did you come to know it?' 'What!' said he, with a haughty toss of his head, 'do you think I don't attend the fairs?'"

Travelling in Hungary is very rapid, but still, as a French traveller facetiously remarks, "one never gets to his journey's end." The means of progression are not wanting, certainly. There is an "Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic Post," in every direction; but the charges are exorbitant. Many persons, therefore, take advantage of the relays of horses established upon the principal lines of route, by merchants, by which they are enabled to travel night and day. The magnates, of course, think it beneath their dig-

THE CSIKOS.

nity to travel with any horses but their own, and these are sent forward, to be ready at regular intervals some days before the journey is commenced. The postilions are hussars, who maintain a continued shouting and cracking of their whips the whole way. Their horses resemble a cross between the Arab and the Barb, not large, but lively, strong, and muscular, capable of enduring great fatigue, and, in all respects, admirably adapted to the service of light cavalry.

Another means of locomotion, the *elofogo*, or *vorspann*, was an obligation imposed upon the peasantry to furnish a complete set of horses to the traveller at each stage, in return for the small sum of one florin, which goes to the municipal fund. This impost was abolished by the county assemblies in later times, but the practice still exists; for the peasantry being excessively fond of riding, and often not knowing how to employ their leisure, prefer riding a stage for a florin, with the chance of something extra from the generosity of the traveller, to sitting idle at home.

This is, in many respects, an expeditious mode of travelling, but still has its inconveniences. When once the carriage starts, the whole stage is performed in a gallop, if the tourist has no objection; but the hussar will adapt himself without hesitation to all his caprices; he acts as a cicerone the whole way, pointing out the remarkable places on each side of the road, and recounting the legends connected with them. But, once arrived at the end of the stage, it is impossible for him to tell when he can start again. When the carriage stops before the door of the *kisbiro*—a petty magistrate, or village mayor, charged with the duty of attending to the *elofogo*—the man who should ride the next stage is very likely absent in the fields, the horses are grazing in the meadows, and nothing is in readiness. In that case the kisbiro makes his excuses with an air of formal politeness, and declares that he will himself go in search of the absent postilion. He then arranges his cap on his head, twirls his moustachios, adjusts his pelisse, and stalks off at a dignified pace, jingling his spurs as he goes. In the meantime the villagers remain seated at their doors, with the gravity of senators, eyeing the traveller. To crowd around him, or ask questions, would be beneath their dignity. If they see that he needs any assistance, it is instantly offered, but with dignified reserve. After some minutes of silence, perhaps, one may remark, *Nagy szeker*, "It is a fine carriage;" and the others reply, *Nagy am*, "Yes, it is a very fine one;" and, in nine cases out of ten, these will be the only remarks made, unless questions are asked by the tourist himself. The Magyar seldom indulges in idle words. Unless he has something of importance to communicate, he remains silent.

At length the kisbiro returns, often after a long absence, and with him four or five small but hardy horses. The postilion is usually a tall, bronzed, hardy fellow, with enormous moustachios, booted and spurred, and armed with a long whip, decorated with red and white rosettes. He mounts, and starts away at full speed. All men, of whatever rank, who meet the traveller on his way, salute him respectfully, and amongst the Magyars themselves, in the intercourse of private life, the most excessive politeness prevails. A story is told of a country gentleman, who once went to make a request of a magnate, who was his neighbour. He raised his hat, and held it in his hand, while he spoke. The magnate begged of him to put it on, as it was extremely cold. "I shall do no such thing," replied the other; "I know the respect which I owe you." "How so?" was the answer; "are we not equal—both nobles?"

"Doubtless we are, but I am a plain gentleman, and you are a great lord."

"I am no greater than you; our privileges are the same. I am perhaps richer than you, but that is all."

"True, you are."

"Then it is to my purse that you take off your hat."

"Ah, you're right," said the squire; "you are richer than I, but there is no other difference between us," and immediately put on his hat.

The herds of the plains of Hungary form a number of distinct tribes, if we may so speak, differing very widely in their habits and mode of life. They are very numerous, hardy, and active, and from their skill in horsemanship, and expertness in the use of their weapons, make fine soldiers. Our space will not permit us to enter into details regarding any of them except the *csikos*, or horseherds, and as these played a prominent part in the late war, we shall adopt the vivid sketch of them furnished by an eminent writer:—

"The csikos is a man, who, from his birth, somehow or other, finds himself seated upon a foal. Instinctively the boy remains fixed upon the animal's back, and grows up in his seat as other children do in the cradle. The boy grows by degrees to a big horseherd. To earn his livelihood he enters the service of some nobleman, or of the Government, who possess in Hungary immense herds of wild horses. These herds range over a tract of many German square miles, for the most part some level plain, with wood, marsh, heath, and moorland; they rove about where they please, multiply, and enjoy freedom of existence. Nevertheless, it is a common error to imagine that these horses, like a pack of wolves in the mountains, are left to themselves and nature, without any care or thought of man. Wild horses, in the proper sense of the term, are in Europe, at the present day, only met with in Besarabia; whereas, the so-called wild herds in Hungary may rather be compared to the animals ranging in our large parks, which are attended to and watched. The csikos has the difficult task of keeping a watchful eye upon these herds. He knows their strength, their habits, the spots they frequent; he knows the birthday of every foal, and when the animal, fit for training, should be taken out of the herd. He has then a hard task upon his hands, compared with which a grand-ducal wild-boar hunt is child's play; for the horse has not only to be taken alive from the midst of the herd, but of course safe and sound in wind and limb. For this purpose the celebrated whip of the csikos serves him; probably, at some future time, a few splendid specimens of this instrument will be exhibited in the Imperial Arsenal at Vienna, beside the sword of Scanderberg and the Swiss 'morning-stars.' This whip has a stout handle, from one and a half to two feet long, and a cord which measures not less than 18 to 24 feet in length. The cord is attached to a short iron chain, fixed to the top of the handle by an iron ring. A large leaden button is fastened to the end of the cord, and similar smaller buttons are distributed along it at distances, according to certain rules derived from experience, of which we are ignorant. Armed with this weapon, which the csikos carries in his belt, together with a short grappling-iron or hook, he sets out on his horse-chase. Thus mounted and equipped, without saddle or stirrup, he flies like the storm-wind over the heath, with such velocity that the grass scarcely bends under the horse's hoof; the step of his horse is not heard, and the whirling cloud of dust above his head alone marks his approach and disappearance. Although familiar with the use of a bridle, he despises such a troublesome article of luxury, and guides his horse with his voice, hands, and feet—nay, it almost seems as if he directed it by the mere exercise of the will, as we move our feet to the right or left, backwards or forwards, without its ever coming into our head to regulate our movements by a leather strap. In this manner for hours he chases the flying herd, until at length he succeeds in approaching the animal which he is bent on catching. He then swings his whip round in immense circles, and throws the cord with such dexterity and precision that it twines around the neck of his victim. The leaden button at the end, and the knots along the cord, form a noose, which draws closer and tighter the faster the horse hastens on. See how he flies along with outstretched legs, his mane whistling in the wind, his eye darting fire, his mouth covered with foam, and the dust whirling along, aloft, on all sides! But the noble animal breathes shorter, his eye grows wild and staring, his nostrils are reddened with blood, the veins of his neck are distended like cords, his legs refuse longer service—he sinks exhausted and powerless, a picture of death. But, at the same instant, the pursuing steed likewise stands still and fixed as if turned to stone. An instant, and the csikos has flung himself off his horse upon the ground, and inclining his body backwards to keep the noose tight, he seizes the cord alternately with the right and left hand, shorter and shorter, drawing himself by it nearer and nearer to the panting and prostrate animal, till at last, coming up to it, he flings his legs across its back. He now begins to slacken the noose gently, allowing the creature to recover breath; but hardly does the horse feel this relief, before he leaps up, and darts off again in

a wild course, as if still able to escape from his enemy. But the man is already bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh; he sits fixed upon his neck, as if grown to it, and makes the horse feel his power at will, by tightening or slackening the cord. A second time the hunted animal sinks upon the ground; again he rises and again breaks down, until at length, overpowered with exhaustion, he can no longer stir a limb."*

The csikos, of course, serve in the cavalry, and make some of the best horse-soldiers in the world. They are of middle height, generally well formed, and possess surprising agility. No sooner had the Diet declared war in 1848 against the Emperor of Austria, than they ran to arms from all quarters of the kingdom, and ranged themselves under the national banner. They then formed a body of light cavalry that was the terror of the Austrian and Russian soldiers. Galloping to the charge with the swiftness of lightning, shouting loudly, *Elgen a Magyar szabadsag!* ("Hurrah for Magyar freedom!") they flew past the ranks of the enemy, striking the dragoons from their saddles with blows of the leaden ball at the end of their lassos, which they threw with unerring aim, leaving their victims in wondering ignorance of the nature of the instrument by which theyhad been wounded. In the pursuit, after a victory, they were fiercer and more unrelenting than the Cossacks, cutting down without mercy all who crossed their path. At the horse-races, also, which frequently take place on the plain of Rakos, they display a talent in the pursuits of the turf that would do honour to many an English jockey.

The remainder of the present chapter we shall devote to a short sketch of the various races who have found a home in Hungary, and who have figured prominently in the recent struggle.

In Hungary, the hordes of barbarians who marched to the destruction of the Roman empire made their rendezvous, and great numbers of the Sclave race established themselves there at that period. More recently, it became the refuge of nomade tribes, who had been driven out from their own territory by more powerful neighbours. The pilgrims and crusaders also passed through it on their way to the Holy Land. And, last of all, it was here that the defenders of Christianity and of Western Europe assembled to repel the assaults of the Turks and Moguls. Of this heterogeneous mass of races, all speaking different languages, no one had a great preponderance over the others, either in culture or in civilisation. Nor did the dominant people show itself desirous of extending the use of its idiom; and the early kings showed themselves desirous of perpetuating the distinctions of language and manners, believing that in them lay the great security of their dominions. This diversity has, therefore, come down to the present day, and has been, in a great measure, the cause of all the misfortunes which Hungary has undergone. It has given rise to the dissensions and broils which have for centuries afforded a pretext for the interference and encroachments of foreign powers. Let us take a rapid view of these various races, and their manners and customs.

Croatia lies to the south-west of Hungary, and comprises an area of about 162,000 square miles, and contains a population of 490,267 souls. It is divided into three small counties, part of which belonged, before the battle of Mohatz, to Upper Sclavonia. It did not receive this addition until the accession of Ferdinand, the first prince of the House of Hapsburgh, who wished in this way to reward the services rendered by the inhabitants to his cause.

The Croats, like the Serbes, are ignorant, and coarse in their manners. Their physical training may in some degree account for this great defect in the national character. The children from their earliest youth are untaught and untended. The mother, when she feels the pangs of approaching labour, retires to some secluded place, and gives birth to the infant alone and unaided. She immediately returns to her work, and pays it no further attention than to supply it with daily nourishment. As a natural consequence the men are physically, perhaps, the finest in the world—tall, strong, robust, and well-made, but violent in temper, and ferocious in their aspect. Those on the frontiers are distinguished by their courage and military ardour. All the able-bodied men of this district are obliged to serve in the frontier guard for a short period, after which they return to their previous occupations. In time of war or *insurrection*, as the levy *en masse* is called, every Croat takes up arms, and serves in whatever capacity may be assigned to him. It was by this means that Jellachich, the ban, was enabled to bring such large forces into the field in the late war to aid the Emperor of Austria in crushing Hungarian and Italian freedom; and if the Croats had made common cause with the Magyars, Austria would have been utterly overthrown. The Croat possesses the Russian virtue of steadfast endurance under fire. Those who have read a graphic description of the terrible battle fought between the French and Russians under the walls of Moscow may form some idea of the ferocious energy of their resistance against any force, no matter how great. They may be mowed down with grape shot, decimated by musketry, or ridden down by cavalry, but still they will not move from their position. The Croat infantry has, therefore, always formed an important part of the Austrian army. In the long wars of succession in the reign of Maria Theresa, and during those waged against the French Republic and Empire, these fierce battalions acquired great renown. They have but a small body of cavalry, mostly belonging to the irregular guard of the ban. To this body and some other regiments is also confided the defence of the frontiers bordering upon Turkey. Their uniform is very rich, covered profusely with gold and embroidery.

The inhabitants of Croatia build their own houses, which, however, are nothing more than miserable cabins, with one apartment for the family and another for the domestic animals. The furniture seldom consists of anything but a few vessels of earthenware, two or three knives, a table, and one or two chairs. Their pleasures are coarse and sensual, and their domestic life unhappy. The dominant religion is Catholicism, which, however, amongst them is nothing more than a stupid mixture of fable and superstition.

The Serbes, another tribe of the Sclavonic family, dwell to the south of Hungary. Servia was originally a Turkish province, and it was about the year 1690, in the reign of Leopold I., that a crowd of fugitives came from the right bank of the Danube, and demanded an asylum amongst their neighbours. The request was granted, and, as a return for their services against the Turks, they were invested with civil rights. But they very soon gave signs of their intention to abuse the hospitality of the Magyars, by endeavouring to form a province, independent of the rest of the kingdom. As Austria was ever on the watch to take advantage of discord such as this, in order to rivet her own yoke more firmly, pretended to recognise Servia as an independent state, and established at Vienna a Serbe chancery. The remonstrances of the Hungarian Diet however, induced her to forego her design.

The country known as Servia at the present day comprises the countries of Batz, Verocza, Temes, Torontal, Posega, and the military frontiers, containing 385,742 Magyars, 357,198 Wallachians, 1,985 Greeks, 14,549 Jews, and 5,691 French—altogether 1,116,427 inhabitants, besides 1,295,093 Serbes, and 500,000 Croats or Sclavonians.

The Serbes are in general tall, robust, and capable of enduring great fatigue and privations. All the children are bathed in the rivers in winter as well as in summer, and run upon the snow and ice with naked feet, and without any other garment than a shirt. When they come in the mother gives them a small quantity of *sligovicza*, a sort of brandy made from prunes, to warm them.

The costume of the Serbes differs but little from that of the Magyars. In some districts, however, it very much resembles that of the Turks, many of whose customs they still retain, such as that of sitting cross-legged, and allowing their beards to grow. They are very hospitable, and always manifest the liveliest joy upon the arrival of a stranger. Food is immediately prepared and set before him, and before he goes to bed the mistress of the house washes his feet. Their food is principally vegetables and milk during the summer, and meat during winter, usually pork; but their favourite dish is *sauer kraut*. They make also a sort of pudding from flour mixed with milk and lard. They are generally very ignorant, and remarked for their cunning and mendacity. Literature they have none, and their only musical instrument is a sort of hurdy-gurdy.

The other Sclavonic races to the north of Hungary do not differ so much from the Magyars as the Croats and Serbes.

* Schlesinger's "War in Hungary."

They have succumbed to the influence of the conquering race, and have in great part adopted their manners and dress. It is a remarkable circumstance, that in those districts in which the Hungarians are in the minority, the Sclaves are coarser, more uncivilised, and more wretched in their style of living. The most uncultivated are the Drotostat, or vagabond tribe, somewhat resembling our strolling tinkers, who earn a livelihood by mending the household utensils of the country people.

THE KORLES, OR LEADER OF THE COUNTRY ELECTORS.

In a previous chapter we have mentioned the settlement of great numbers of German colonists in Hungary and Transylvania. In the former they no onger form a compact and distinct settlement. They are scattered in the north in the county of Sepuse, and towards the south in the neighbourhood and even in the midst of the Serbes. In Transylvania they have preserved their manners and physiognomy. They are distinguished by their industry in agricultural labours, and numerous other handicrafts—a circumstance which fully justified the observation of Joseph II., when giving Maria Theresa the result of his observations upon the people of the country through which he had travelled. "I have seen one industrious Saxon, and one hundred idle Wallachians." The Wallachians certainly have a close resemblance to the inhabitants of Spain and Italy in their hatred to work of any kind. The *far niente* is *dolce* to them also, and whenever they do apply themselves to labour of any kind it is merely to prevent their dying of hunger. Between the two extremes of German covetousness and Wallachian laziness and improvidence, the Magyars and Sicules pursue a wise and happy mean. They have no repugnance to labour, but they do not pursue it farther than may be necessary to secure a decent livelihood for themselves and their families. The Germans, on the contrary, are ever greedy of gain, and spare no pain or fatigue to heap up riches. Although the Germanic race has preserved its distinctive characteristics of manners and physiognomy in Hungary, it is well known that there is none easier of fusion with other peoples, as is proved by the case of the ancient Franks, who became absorbed in the Gauls, and in that of the modern Alsatians, who have become entirely French since the annexation of their province. If the Transylvanian colonists have preserved the distinctive characteristics of their origin, it must be attributed to the circumstances in which they were placed at their first entrance into the country. The Hungarian kings assigned them a separate territory, with permission to regulate their internal affairs in whatever manner pleased them. This they took advantage of to frame a set of exclusive and intolerant laws. Whilst every German could claim the right of citizenship wherever he fixed his residence, no Hungarian was allowed under any circumstances to purchase a house in a German town, and the Wallachians were excluded with still greater rigour. Then came the Reformation to widen the breach still farther. Whilst the Transylvanians became Calvinists, or still remained in the Roman Catholic Church, the Saxons, following the example of the German States, embraced Lutheranism.

The policy of the Viennese Cabinet has always been to foment these divisions, to perpetuate the antipathies of the different races, so that the Germanic element in Hungarian nationality has contributed but little at any time to its extension or elevation. When the German deputies were obliged to accompany those of the rest of Transylvania to remonstrate with Emperor Francis upon their numerous grievances, they feigned illness upon their arrival at Vienna. Upon hearing of the circumstance, the Emperor laughed heartily, and exclaimed, "School fever! my brave Saxons did not wish to cause me any pain."

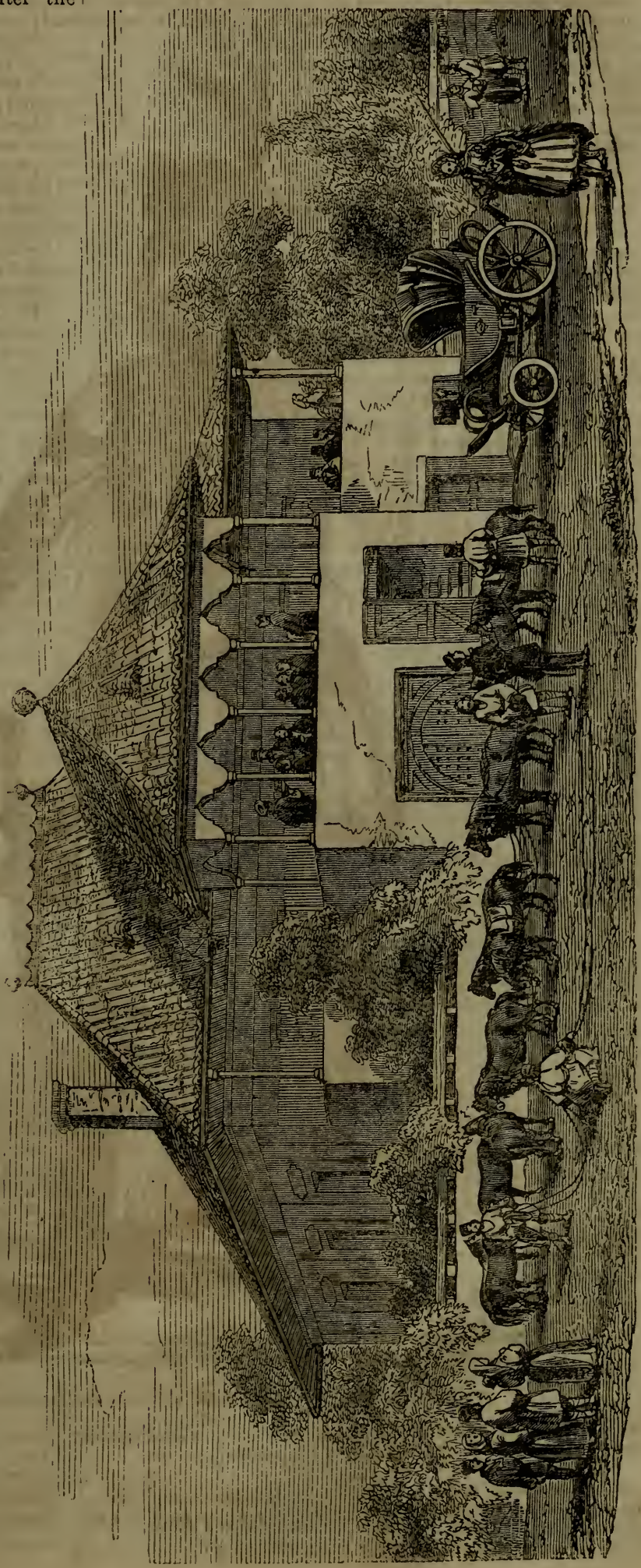
Under the name of Germans we may include those colonies which were drafted into Hungary from Suabia, Franconia, and Bavaria — some at the time of Charlemagne, others in the eighteenth century, after the the districts bordering on Austria, these Germans are called Suabians by the Magyars. Under the reign of Maria Theresa, after the seven years' war, a great number of French, from Lorraine and Belgium, went and settled in the south of Hungary, on the banks of the Tibissa and Zemes, where the Magyar population had been exterminated by the Turks. But these soon became mingled with the rest of the people, and the French language totally disappeared. Besides these regular colonies, great numbers of emigrés, teachers, priests, and others, fled into Hungary from France at the time of the revolution in 1793, who have still preserved their national manners and language; but they too are now fast disappearing into the mass of the German population.

The Gypsies are found in great numbers in Hungary, under the names of *Czigany*, or Bohemians. According to the old Magyar historian, Pray, they were driven out of Asia by Tamerlane, and wandered into Hungary through Thrace and Macedonia. They, as is well known, practise the art of divination, and assert that they came originally from Egypt. Like their confrères in various other countries, they persist, notwithstanding all the efforts made to reclaim them, in following a nomade life; but, receiving no education, having no home, no fortune, and no friends, they are generally half-starved, wretched, and degraded. The czigany delights in festivities of any kind. On ordinary days, whenever he does not leave his encampment on the borders of the steppe, or near the river, or at the edge of the wood, he may be seen lounging about amongst his fellows, his breast bare, exposed to the heat of the sun in summer, and the rigours of cold in winter, his only clothing being a sort of dirty, ragged shirt, which is never washed from the day on which it is made to that on which it falls to pieces on the shoulders of the wearer. But on Sundays he cuts a very different figure. He will not appear in the towns and villages, to join in the sports and revels of the people, and tell their fortunes, without assuming very different costume. He then dresses as a Magyar, and, finding himself thus gorgeously dressed, he assumes the bearing of a magnate. He does not pay much attention as to whether the details harmonise with one another. Something brilliant he must have—perhaps the embroidered coat of a noble placed over a pair of tattered pantaloons.

The czigany are the musicians of the common people, playing at dances, fairs, and all other places of amusement, and they seem to enter into the spirit of the national airs with as much fervour as the Magyars themselves.

The Wallachians are the descendants of the ancient Dacians, who were conquered by the Romans under Julius Cæsar. Their country lies to the east of Hungary, in which they were found and subdued by the Magyars, and were, for a considerable period, treated as serfs. Under the government of the Princes of Transylvania, however, a considerable number were ennobled, for their valuable military services, and from that period participated in all the privileges of the Magyar *noblesse*. Traditional dissensions had for a long time previously divided the two races; but far from being oppressed by the Magyars, the Wallachians were, on the contrary, treated with a leniency and impartiality unusual in the earlier periods of modern history. In a single county, that of Marmaros, the number of nobles, according to the latest accounts, were, Wallachians, 350, Sclaves, 717, and Magyars, 483, which proves, at least, that they were not systematically excluded from the higher grades of society. They made various applications to the Austrian Court to be recognised as a distinct people, but their efforts were in vain, until the revolution of 1848.

In our next we shall resume our narrative, and follow the revolution to the overthrow of the national party in 1849.



POST RELAY IN MOLDA WALLACHIA.

REVERSE OF FORTUNE THE TEST OF CHARACTER.

"Do, Edith, have done rubbing up old plate and arranging that glass! One would suppose you intended giving a splendid entertainment, from the satisfaction you appear to take in your occupation. I wonder that you do not call Moses, and let him attend to it, instead of degrading yourself to such a menial employment." And as she thus addressed her sister, Grace Dormer, wrapping a splendid Cashmere around her, threw herself into an elegant velvet *fauteuil* with the air of a spoiled beauty.

"How I wish, dear Grace, you would throw aside your airs of fashion, and, realising our present position, come and assist me; for do you not know I have persuaded papa to dismiss Moses?"

"Well, Edith, for a young lady who sets herself up as a pattern of wisdom, I must say you have acted like a fool. Why, what are we to do without Moses?"

"Dear, dear Grace, how many things you will be obliged to do without—articles you have supposed indispensable to your happiness! but, my dear sister, this is not all. You will find those who were most forward to flatter and caress you in prosperity shrink from you now that misfortune has reached you."

"You need not be preaching to me; you can do as you like; but I assure you I am not going to spoil my hands with hard work. Did not George Augustus Stillwell say last night that I had the prettiest little hand in the world? And that just reminds me I am engaged to walk with him, so I must away and dress." Thus saying, she arose and walked out of the room, with the air of a princess.

Edith Dormer sighed, and a bright tear-drop was seen to rest on her cheek; but, hastily brushing it away, she resumed her work of arranging all the china, glass, and plate, they possessed, upon a large table in the centre of the room, to the best advantage, for an auction.

While Edith was thus engaged, the door opened, and a gentleman, apparently about fifty, entered, and seemed surprised to find the room thus occupied. He said he presumed he was under a mistake; but he was told that he should find Mr. Dormer there.

Edith requested the stranger to be seated, and said she would call her father, as he had not yet been down stairs, having been quite ill through the night.

While she was absent the stranger took a general survey of the apartment, and could not forbear exclaiming, "It is no wonder honest men suffer when they trust men living in such extravagance," and a frown gathered upon his brow; but just then Edith entered, and said her father would not detain him long, but would see him in a few moments.

Whether it was the sweet voice of Edith, along with her gentle manner, that soon cleared the brow of Mr. Claireville, or being ashamed to appear unamiable before a lady—whatever the cause, he soon forgot his irritation, and entered into conversation with her. He managed to introduce the subject of her father's failure, and by the interest he manifested, and the kind tone in which he inquired of their arrangements, he drew from her her views and feeling. She said she did not regret the splendour and luxury of which they would be deprived; for these she had never cared—but she firmly hoped her father would be enabled, by giving up everything, to satisfy every creditor. After a few other remarks, Mr. Dormer entered, and Edith retired, leaving them to the free discussion of their business.

Mr. Dormer in early life had married a belle—a most lovely and fascinating being, but in saying this you have said all. She was selfish and ambitious—living for fashion alone. In marrying Mr. Dormer—though she could not entirely resist the influence of his fine and noble character—it was her ambition that was gratified, as his immense wealth enabled her to become a leader of fashion, and thus was the first wish of her heart realised.

Mr. Dormer became aware, when too late, how incapable his wife was of constituting his happiness; but, being blessed with two lovely children, he endeavoured in their society to forget his disappointment. Happy was it for Edith she was not born a beauty—on the contrary, she was a very ugly baby—so that her mother gave her over to the charge of a nurse, and but for the fond care of her father she had been desolate indeed.

Edith had now attained her eighteenth year, and there were few that could look upon her without being interested. She was rather tall and delicately made, having full, dark eyes, and chesnut hair, added to a complexion dazzlingly fair; but her chief charm consisted in the intellect that was stamped upon her brow, at once causing respect and admiration, her father often laughingly calling her his ugly baby. For some time before Mr. Dormer's failure, Edith had remarked a care and restless anxiety in her father that caused her many a pang, for with all her fond persuasions she could not draw from him the cause of his uneasiness. But when night after night she refused invitations for amusement, to remain at home and cheer his loneliness, he at last confided to her the cause of his trouble, the fear of bankruptcy.

Care and anxiety had affected Mr. Dormer's health, and for some time he was unable to attend to business. Mr. Claireville, being one of his principal creditors, had waited several days to see him in regard to a settlement, until, worn out by impatience, and perhaps unconsciously led on a little by curiosity, he sought him at his residence, and fortunately first encountered Edith.

He inquired of Mr. Dormer if that was his daughter he had heard his son speak of so often as the most beautiful and accomplished young lady he knew, the belle of every party.

Mr. Dormer sighed, and said, no; he must mean Grace—this was his eldest daughter, Edith.

Mr. Claireville had many reasons for inquiring about the family and their arrangements, but one most important one was the happiness of his eldest son. He had heard him talk in such raptures about the beautiful Miss Dormer, that he had become quite curious to see her—above all, he dreaded that his present admiration should deepen into a strong attachment, and thus he constantly warned him against marrying a fashionable woman.

Frank Claireville, under a gay and careless exterior, carried a warm heart with a calm and sober judgment. That he admired Grace Dormer more than any lady he had ever seen, he acknowledged to himself; but when he saw her surrounded by the gay and fashionable men of the day, charming all by her wit and beauty, he too would join in with sportive jest and ready repartee; but sometimes catching the admiring eye of Grace, he felt he was on dangerous ground, and, withdrawing himself from her, would shake off the influence of her beauty, for well he knew that she who lived alone in the admiration of crowds could never be happy as the star of a domestic home; but had she been all his judgment approved, the admiration he felt for her would have ripened into a deeper sentiment.

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It was in the evening of the day of Mr. Dormer's auction that B——street was alive with carriages. The elegant and wealthy Mrs. Stapleton had thrown open her house to the world of fashion, her magnificent mansion reflecting one blaze of light. Who, to have seen the gay and beautiful, decked in all the taste and extravagance of fashion, would have believed beneath the rich folds of silk and satin many carried an envious and malicious spirit? Alas, that it should be so!—many there that night exulted in the downfall of the Dormers.

But among the guests was one who, buoyant with hope and anticipated enjoyment, had sought the gay scene fully expecting to meet there the beautiful sisters—great, then, was his disappointment and sorrow when the intelligence of Mr. Dormer's bankruptcy was first communicated to him.

Charles Douglass was an orphan, the son of Mr. Claireville's only sister, who, having married unfortunately, soon died of a broken heart, bequeathing to her brother's care her last and only treasure. Faithfully did Mr. Claireville fulfil the trust. He soon learned to love the little Charles, and determined to educate him for a lawyer, thus giving him the power to become an eminent and useful man, knowing that to a high and noble spirit there is nothing so galling as dependence. Deeply did young Douglass feel his uncle's kindness, and by attention and the closest application to his studies endeavoured to profit by it.

Charles Douglass, unlike his cousin Frank, loved with the full approval of his judgment; and had he been master of that wealth which would have enabled him to follow the desire of his heart, he would have selected Edith Dormer from the world, as the one above all others possessing those qualities which would insure his happiness. But, alas! Charles Douglass was poor, and, shutting his heart to all save the exquisite enjoyment of her society, he never by any outward sign manifested a preference for her, but he never refused an invitation where he thought it likely to meet her, for he could not forego the pleasure of seeing and conversing with one he so passionately loved.

There was another heart that could not as easily recover its tranquillity. Young Claireville, when he heard of the failure, like

the rest of the world, was perfectly amazed; but, unlike the generality of mankind, true to the impulse of a generous nature, could not endure the thought of Grace deprived of that station she seemed born to fill, and determined to offer himself at once, and secure to her the continuance of all to which she had been accustomed. Hearing his father was the principal creditor, he wished to consult with him on the subject, and decided upon the night of the party as most convenient to do so. Mrs. Stapleton resided a few doors from Mr. Claireville, and Frank, after escorting his motner and sister there, slipped away to have a few momen'ts quiet conversation with his father.

Fortunately for father and son, there was no reserve between them, and Frank unhesitatingly addressed his father by asking his intentions in regard to Mr. Dormer, and acquainting him with his own respecting Grace. It was a long time before Mr. Claireville answered. He at length said:—"I am happy, my dear son, to see you are above the foolish notion of the day, that children should not confide in their parents, and I will be frank with you in return. I am not one of those who consider that in securing their own interest they have only done their duty, and that is all that is required. No; I have always looked upon it as extremely selfish and unfeeling to secure ourselves, at whatever expense, without considering the misery we may be bringing upon others. I have never yet had a debtor to settle with that, when I found his misfortunes originated from a complication of adverse circumstances, and not from dishonesty, I have not endeavoured in some way to secure to him the opportunity of regaining his position; and though I may not have reaped any particular advantage from thus acting, I have never yet lost anything. In regard to Mr. Dormer's affairs, I have been much troubled. His difficulties have arisen from the non-arrival of two of his vessels, which are supposed to be lost. He had depended upon their valuable cargoes to meet his payments, but their not being here in season has obliged him to stop. Of course he intends paying everything, and I am afraid he will have very little left. I, too, have thought much of his daughters; but, Frank, it is very hard to break the web of folly fashion has woven around us, and to become that which God intended we should be—useful members of society. I tell you, Frank, misfortune to the character is what fire is to gold—refining it from that base alloy which would otherwise render it useless. Thus they are sometimes blessings in disguise. And now, my dear son, as I have your happiness alone at heart, I will offer Mr. Dormer a situation at a moderate salary, which will enable him to live comfortably—nothing more; and if, at the end of a year, Miss Grace has profited by her loss of fortune, you shall wed her with my fullest approbation."

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And how did Grace and her mother bear their change of fortune?

Alas for Mrs. Dormer!—her mortification was so great as to cause her a severe fit of sickness; but Grace did not fully realise the change until settled in her new home; then, as she looked around her, and found everything for their comfort had been provided, but of the plainest kind, she sighed as she thought of the luxurious couches and chairs, and the splendour to which she had been accustomed, wondering how her father and Edith could appear so happy. Mr. Claireville's offer had been gratefully accepted by Mr. Dormer, for he felt it was better to be employed, and trusting still that all was not lost, with a mind now free from anxiety, began to hope that in losing a fortune he might yet find domestic happiness.

Edith had assumed the management of the household, and had arranged everything with the greatest neatness and taste. She had procured for her mother a plain but comfortable chair, and, drawing it near the fire, she placed a small table beside it, upon which lay some of her own beautiful books, and, while engaged upon some useful piece of work, endeavoured by pleasant conversation and the most devoted attention, to beguile her from painful reminiscences, and cheer the tedious hours of illness. At first all that Mrs. Dormer could think of was—what would that one think and this one say? and how glad that vulgar Mrs. Tallman would be, now that she had no fear of being eclipsed by taste, where money could procure everything else; but gradually she seemed aroused by the affection of Edith to think of better things, and conscience began to assert her sway, by asking—why should Edith thus devote to her her time and attention, when she had always neglected her from her birth, preferring Grace?

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One evening Edith and Grace had been invited to a large party. Edith persuaded her sister to remain at home, and hear a very interesting book she intended reading aloud. It was a stormy night; therefore they did not fear interruption. Edith, as usual, had drawn the table near her mother; her father was sitting in the opposite corner, his face beaming with love for his wife and daughters; while Grace, carelessly seating herself on a low seat by his side, had gradually become so much interested in the book, that, drawing closer and closer to him, she rested her arm upon his knee, her face turned upwards, with her lips slightly apart, as if afraid to lose a word. Oh, she was the embodiment of a painter's dream, as she sat there in her unconscious loveliness! They had all become so deeply engaged in the story that none heard a ring at the door, and thus the two gentlemen that now entered appeared spell-bound, as if afraid to move for fear of disturbing the lovely scene before them—they were Charles Douglass and Frank Claireville.

Charles had not seen Edith for some time, and had chosen a stormy evening to visit her, being certain of finding her disengaged. Meeting his cousin, he inquired where he was going in such haste? Having answered, he said he would accompany him; and thus they had stood for a moment, each unconsciously tightening the chain that bound him. As the sweet voice of Edith fell upon Charles' ear, the wish arose in his heart that he might thus listen to her for ever; while Claireville, as he gazed, sighed and thought, "Why is she not always thus?" A bright flush suffused the cheek of Grace as she arose to greet her visitors, and Frank would have given worlds, had he possessed them, to know whether it was called forth by pleasure, or embarrassment at being taken by surprise—but Edith, closing her book, welcomed them with frank cordiality.

Young Claireville said he regretted having disturbed her in such an agreeable occupation, although he considered it by far the most rational way of spending one's time. Edith said it had always been her task to read to her father; she was happy now at having a more extended audience, and she glanced at her mother and sister. "But," said she, "I do not consider the finest work equal to the conversation of a highly educated and tried friend." The sweet smile that accompanied the remark made at least one heart pulsate with a quicker bound.

"Do you know," said Grace, "I was considering how much happier I have been to-night than if I had gone to Mrs. Jones's party. Indeed, I begin to think the approbation of those we esteem much more to be valued than the approbation of thousands."

As she spoke she caught the eye of Claireville fixed upon her with such a lightning glance of joy and approval, as again sent the eloquent blood in burning blushes to her cheek. And why was it that glance made Grace so happy?

She had not felt the many derelictions of her former friends without pain, and, though seemingly unconscious of any change, she had more closely studied the characters of those she met, and it was with disappointment she did so. But with regard to Frank Claireville it was different. The closer she watched his general bearing in society, the more fully was she convinced of his superiority, until at last she acknowledged to herself that the esteem of him who had never flattered her follies was worth all the admiration bestowed upon her. That glance was the turning point in Grace's character.

It was not long before Grace learned to assist her sister in the care of the household, so necessary in their present circumstances, and in a short time was rewarded by the sweetest of all pleasures, the consciousness of fulfilling her duty.

And how fares it with Charles Douglass?

Why, Dame Fortune, in one of her fickle moods, had at length given him an opening whereby to make a name.

In overlooking some old papers in the office of the lawyer with whom he was studying, he found an old deed entitling a Mr. James Seymour to a large property, with the copy of a lease to a distant branch of the family for fifteen years, from George Seymour, deceased. Mr. Seymour dying in the meantime, his son could not recover the property for want of the original deed. This he knew from part of the property having been offered for sale, and the purchase of it prevented by there not being any title-deed for it.

He determined at once to seek out Mr. James Seymour, and, if possible, to restore to him his rights; but he knew he must be cautious in his proceedings, for the present possessor was not only wealthy, but one that would not easily part with that which he had

so long considered his own. And now to discover Mr. Seymour. After many fruitless inquiries, he began to despair of finding him. One evening, at Mr. Dormer's, he was particularly thoughtful. He had been directed to a family of the name, and had immediately sought them out, but they had removed, and he lost all trace of them. He knew, from many circumstances, that if it was the one he was in search of, they must be fearfully reduced. He was pondering in his heart the changes of life and its disappointments, when he was aroused from his reverie by Grace playfully asking him if he was "conning over his maiden speech with that rueful visage? If so, she was sure she did not wish to hear it."

Charles good-humouredly replied that the object of his thoughts had more influence over his maiden speech than she was aware of. He then said he had been very anxious to find a Mr. Seymour, but thus far had been unsuccessful, and he could not but regret it, as it was of importance to him.

"I do wonder if it can be Mary Seymour's father! But here comes Edith, and she can tell you more about them than I can, as Mary is a *protegé* of hers."

Charles then asked Edith what she knew of the Seymours?

Edith said very little, excepting they were very poor, and, she judged, had seen better days. In former times she had given Mary work, but now she could only recommend her to others.

All he heard from Edith concerning them but redoubled his anxiety to discover if it was the one he was in search of, and, after taking the directions, he set out at once, to be satisfied. After traversing several lone and dismal streets, he found the house as directed—and a poor, dilapidated place it was.

Knocking at the door several times, it was at length opened by a little boy, who timidly asked, as if half afraid of the answer, what the gentleman wanted?

Charles asked if Mr. Seymour was in?

The little boy replied, "Please walk up stairs as high as you can go, and you will find him;" and then hastily retreated into a back room, leaving Charles in the dark. Nothing daunted, he groped his way up the stairs until he found he could go no farther, when, directed by the sound of voices to a door on the right, he cautiously felt his way toward it and knocked.

A soft voice said, "Come in!"

There, before a miserable fire, sat a young girl sewing, while in one corner sat her father, with many a line of care and sorrow furrowed upon his brow, and in the other his wife, endeavouring to warm her chill and wasted frame by the few remaining embers.

As Charles entered, the young girl arose and handed him the only unoccupied seat; then hastily resumed her work, as if fearful of losing a moment—and she was so, for their daily bread depended upon her exertions.

It was some minutes before young Douglass could speak, as he surveyed the apartment, where everything was scrupulously neat and clean, even in the midst of poverty, and thought of the millions that were wasted, and for what?—to pamper a depraved taste for extravagance, while but a small portion would carry happiness and comfort to the homes of many such as this. Shaking off the influence of the scene before him, he inquired if this was Mr. James Seymour, the son of George, deceased, for, if so, he had something of importance to communicate?

The person he addressed hesitated before he answered, then said, "I am! But what you can have to communicate to my advantage I cannot surmise, unless you can restore to me the lost deed." And, for a moment, a ray of hope shot across his pallid face—but it as suddenly died away, and was replaced by a settled look of care and disappointment as he said, "But that cannot be, as I have searched in vain for it, and have given up all expectation of finding it!"

"But it is to bring you that very deed I am here!" said Charles. "And to offer you my services in recovering your property gratuitously," he added, as he handed him the deed to look at.

Mr. Seymour took it and examined it, then hastily covered his face with his hands, while his frame was shaken by fearful agitation; but, recovering himself a little, he caught Mary by the hand as he said, "Come here, child, and kneel with me to call down blessings on the head of him who has been the first to speak one kind and cheering word of comfort for years!"

Charles Douglass, after a few consoling remarks, arose to depart, and, giving Mr. Seymour his address, charged him to be at his office as early as possible. Many were his ruminations upon the vicissitudes of life as he contrasted the expectations of the man he had just left, now living in a garret, while he was the heir of thousands.

The next morning Charles acquainted his friend, the lawyer, with the case, and requested permission to undertake the suit. His friend not only congratulated him upon the opening before him, but promised, if he gained the cause, to take him in as a partner. Here, then, was a double motive for exertion—the pleasure of assisting the worthy, and gratifying Edith Dormer. His heart beat quickly as he thought of her; but, not trusting himself to indulge in hopes that might be disappointed, he prepared to proceed at once in the business.

The case was decided in favour of Mr. Seymour; and he found, to his amazement, the property had increased so greatly in value, that he was now master of an immense sum. Turning to Charles, he grasped his hand firmly in his, and said, "For this I am indebted to you; but I shall not express my gratitude by empty thanks. I not only consider you a tried friend, but I place my business in your hands, and you shall be rewarded liberally!"

And now, under the firm of Sheldon and Douglass, Charles found as much as he could attend to. His disinterested conduct had not been lost, and he soon reaped the reward of his generosity.

Mr. Dormer was now an altered man. His daughters married the high-spirited men they had learned to love in more opulent days. Happy in the bosom of his family, he almost blessed the loss of that fortune which had been the means of restoring to him his wife's undivided affection. Deprived of the society of her fashionable friends by her position, and confined by illness, her loneliness was only cheered by a few of Edith's friends, who, admiring her fine and noble character, still considered it an honour to be classed among them. Thus, she had ample time given her for reflection; and, as she learned to value the attentions of the world for what they were worth, she began to appreciate the treasure she possessed in her husband's unchanging love; and, as she still saw him honoured and respected by all, she was prouder of being his wife than she had ever been in the zenith of their prosperity.

WIN AND WEAR.

By T. Mills.

There's no royal road to greatness,
Men must ever *climb to fame;*
All the wealth in misers' coffers
Wouldn't buy a deathless name.
Is a noble goal before you?
Would you great achievements dare?
Brother, then, be up and doing—
Brother, you must "Win and Wear!"

Toil and labour, never stopping
Till you make the prize your own;
For, you know, 'tis "constant dropping
Wears away the hardest stone."
Never slack sublime endeavour,
Nor midst cheerless toil despair;
If you'd rise above your fellows,
Brother, you must "Win and Wear!"

'Tis the lesson Nature teaches
All throughout her wide domain;
And the text from which she preaches
Is "that labour lead to gain."
Moral worth, and honest merit—
Brighter crowns than monarchs bear—
These you never can inherit—
Brother, these you "Win and Wear!"

A Last Look.—There is a feeling that resembles death in the last glance we are ever to bestow on a loved object. The girl you have treasured in your secret heart, as she passes by on her wedding day, it may be happy and blissful, lifts up her laughing eyes, the symbol of her own light heart, and leaves in that look darkness and desolation to you for ever. The boy your father-spirit has clung to, like the very light of your existence, waves his hand from the quarter-deck, as the gigantic ship bends over to the breeze; the wind is playing through the locks your hand so oftentimes has smoothed; the tears have dimmed his eyes, for mark! he moves his fingers over them—and this is a last look.

M. THIERS.

Amongst the victims of the recent *coup d'etat* in France was no less a personage than the renowned statesman and politician, Thiers. Probably by the time this meets the reader's eye, he may have sought refuge on our hospitable soil; for to England flee for protection the exiles and refugees of every clime. Under these circumstances, we imagine our readers will gladly welcome a portrait of M. Thiers, and a short narrative of his life.

Louis Adolphe Thiers was born at Marseilles on the 26th Germinal, An. V. of the Republic (16th April, 1797). By his mother's side he could trace his descent from an old and honourable family of merchants, who had fallen into extreme poverty. His father was one of the working classes, and, if we are not mistaken, followed the trade of a locksmith, or seller of old iron. When the University was reorganised, by the assistance of some of his mother's friends, young Thiers obtained a *bursary*, or exhibition, at the Imperi l Academy at Marseilles, where he pursued his studies for some years with great assiduity. In 1815, at the age of eighteen, he left to enter the Faculty of Law at Aix. Here he met with a young man, who, like himself, was sprung from the people, and like him also was destined to attain to great celebrity, with whom he was soon on terms of intimate friendship—Thomas Mignet, who has since become so famous both as an historian and as a publicist. The friendship thus formed has never since been interrupted. While paying sufficient attention to the Digest and the Civil Code, to enable them to pass their examinations with credit. Theirs and his companion were passionately devoted to literature, philosophy, and history, and the former became the chief of a republican party in the college, denouncing the government of the Restoration, and dwelling in gloomy language upon the splendid reminiscences of the Republic and the Empire. He thus created the dislike of the professors and the surveillance of the police; but, on the other hand, was more than recompensed by the admiration of his schoolfellows. About this time he won a prize offered by the Academy at Aix, but which was refused him on account of his democratic opinions. The prize was deferred till the following year, when a brilliant essay from Paris carried it off. Greatly to the surprise of all, it was found the essay was the production of Thiers himself. After this affair he became an advocate, and practised for some time at Aix; but here he found his low birth and extreme opinions against his progress, and accordingly he left it, with Mignet, to fight the battle of life in Paris itself. Here for some time he lived in great obscurity; but the expulsion of the orator from the Chamber of Deputies led to an acquaintance that resulted in M. Thiers becoming one of the editors of the *Constitutionnel*. While filling the office his great talent became known, and he contributed to the *Moniteur* the commencement of the "History of the French Revolution," which at once placed him in the first rank among the literary men of the day.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

About this time, by the generosity of Baron Cotter, a rich millionaire, he became one of the proprietors of the *Constitutionnel.* This increase of wealth led to a corresponding change in life. Thiers quitted his mean apartments and set up for a man of fashion. In 1828, becoming tired of the effete liberalism of the *Constitutionnel,* in conjunction with Armaud Carrell, he started the *National.* We now approach an eventful period of his life. Thiers was foremost in attacking the Polignac administration, and materially aided that revolution which placed Louis Philippe on the throne. Thiers had his reward—he was made Councillor of State. In the next ministry formed, Thiers was made Under-Secretary of State, and during this time he was elected Deputy for Aix, and made his *debut* in parliamentary life. When the ministry of Casimir Perier was formed, instead of joining his colleagues in opposition, to their surprise, he violently attacked them all. In 1832 Thiers became Minister of the Interior, under the Presidency of Marshal Soult. This office he did not long retain; disgusted with some of its duties, he became Minister of Commerce and Public Works. Thiers, however, returned to his former office, when the Parliament passed its measure respecting clubs, of which he was a warm advocate. Shortly after, an attempt at insurrection was made in Paris, and Thiers fought personally at the barricades. In consequence of a misunderstanding with Thiers, Soult retired from the ministry, and after several attempts to find a suitable head, that office was filled by Marshal Mortier, and Thiers continued in his old place. In consequence of the violent measures adopted by the government, after Fieschi's attempt on the life of Louis Philippe, Guizot, accompanied by Marshal Soult, retired from office, and Thiers was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, and President of the Council, which office, however, he resigned, in consequence of finding himself in opposition to the King with respect to intervention in Spanish affairs. He then took a tour in Italy, and kissed the Pope's toe. Thiers' successor in office, Count Mole, being compelled to resign, Soult and Thiers were once more requested to form an administration; but, as they could not agree, Thiers retired into the ranks of the opposition, alternating his time between politics and history. Since the accession of Louis Napoleon, Thiers has been busily engaged in plotting to bring back the Orleans family to France. We presume his activity in this respect excited the animosity of the French President. Happily, however, instead of becoming a prisoner of state, Thiers contrived to be a refugee, which character he sustains at this time.

It now remains, that we speak of Thiers as a historian. Of all the native historians, who have written on the French Revolution, the two most distinguished are Thiers and Mignet. Both are remarkable for the impartial tone of their narratives, considering how recent and exciting are the events of which they treat—for the accuracy of their details, for the skill with which they compare and sift conflicting evidence, and the general justness of their conclusions, and for the manner in which they trace step by step the most fearful political convulsion known in these modern times. They do not mix themselves up with the strife, but stand aloof as lookers on. They enlist neither under the banners of the Gironde nor the Mountain; they swear neither by king nor people; but though they are thus alike in many points, yet there are many in which they differ Thiers is more of the journalist—Mignet, of the philosopher. In their various delineations of character, Thiers exhibits the most worldly tact—Mignet the most metaphysical acuteness. To the general reader, Thiers's work will always present more attractions than that of Mignet, for this plain reason, that, although it contains less of what is called the philosophy of history, it is of a far more animated and dramatic character. There is a shrewd, business-like air about it—although, here and there, the author would evidently desire to be thought a profounder reasoner than he is. Hence, the secret of Thiers's historical works. Thiers, the historian, is a perfect *fac-simile* of Thiers the statesman—an adroit, keen, ready, man of the world, with no strong passions or prejudices to warp or lay aside his judgment. This praise, however, must be modified when we speak of his yet-unfinished "History of the Consulate." There, his passions and prejudices as a Frenchman have had full scope.

ELECTRO-METALLURGY.

Our readers have seen, in shop-windows, beautiful works of art, all shining, as silver or gold. By means of electro-metallurgy these articles are made. In the daily papers, we read, that, last month, a banquet was held in Birmingham, in honour of the discoverer of electro-metallurgy. Mr. Spencer there gave the following graphic account of the origin of those experiments, which resulted in the discovery of the art of metallurgy:—

"In September, 1837, the British Association for the Advancement of Science met in Birmingham, and during the week of its sitting I attended the chemical section, when I heard Dr. Bird state that while he was repeating an experiment of Dr. Becquerell's he had met with a very unexpected result. After having passed a feeble voltaic current for a considerable period through a disc of clay, moistened with a salt of copper, he found, on breaking it up, that the metal contained in the cupreous salt was reduced, and in a crystalline state, in the interior of the clay disc. Now, the remarkable part of this gentleman's communication consisted in the supposition that the crystals of copper had originated out of contact with either of the metals employed in generating the current. At that time (1837), I had sufficient acquaintance with the leading principles of electro-chemical science to enable me to judge of the importance of that statement, should it be true, while on the other hand it was so contrary to all analogy, not to say experience, that I could hardly help suspecting that the gentleman had fallen into some mistake. To resolve the doubts I had on this score, I determined to take an early opportunity to repeat the experiments in the manner they were described by their author, and it was while I was repeating those experiments, that I was led, step by step, to the discovery of the electrotype. Moreover, the apparatus which I adopted for these operations, in 1837, is the same as that now sold in the shops as the 'single cell electrotype apparatus.' I began in September, 1837, and in little better than a month I arrived at a knowledge of that wonderful plastic power of metallic depositions, which we possess in galvanic, or voltaic electricity. It was then that I discovered that branch of metallurgy, which has since been designated the electrotype, but which implies the practical application of electro-chemistry to most of the metals used in the arts. There are several gentlemen now present who saw those experiments in operation at the time; but as many attempts have been made to deprive me of the credit of the discovery, let me not be accused of egotism in thus distinctly stating the particulars and dates of my proceedings. A statement was made in the *Mechanics' Magazine* in 1844, and most industriously disseminated throughout all Europe, to the effect that I had copied my experiments from a letter written by a Mr. Jordan, and published, I think, in the June number of that print for 1839. Nothing could be more absurd than this last charge; in fact, I had never seen the letter until it was thus pointed out; and if I had I could not have obtained anything practical from it. My claims have been usually admitted as dating from May, 1839, because at a public meeting of the Polytechnic Society, held on the 9th of that month, a letter was read from me to the secretary, which is entered on the books of the society, and mentions some of the results of the discovery, and also that I had been engaged in perfecting the process for a considerable period. The latter fact was spoken to by several members then present, some of whom had been made acquainted with my experiments at the first meeting of the society in October previous. Along with this letter a number of voltaic specimens were shown to the meeting, consisting of medals and copper moulds, and specimens of engraving, all of which had been formed by the electrotype. In a conversation which ensued, I explained the process to the meeting, and further showed some specimens of silver plating and guilding which I had with me. I have hitherto forborne to give public denial to those statements to which I have referred until this evening. In supporting a claim of this nature, however, there is a higher principle than mere personal vanity. I feel that my honesty of purpose is involved should I fail in supporting that to which, in the first instance, I laid claim, and which I never suspected would

be questioned. I have always felt it to be degrading to science to clog its history with considerations merely personal; yet, looking at its past history, I fear that controversies of this character must be pronounced inevitable."

But our readers, possibly, may wish to learn a little more of electro-metallurgy. The process may be described in the following manner:—

When a galvanic current is passing through a solution of metallic salt, it separates the metal from the other chemical elements, and precipitates it in a fine layer, which solidifies into a film or sheet. When an ornament of white metal is to be coated with silver by this means, the metal foundation, properly prepared, is dipped into a chemical solution of silver, and a galvanic current is passed through it. The result of this action is, that the solution is decomposed, and a fine film of metallic silver becomes deposited on the surface of the article suspended in the liquid; the thickness of the deposited layer being determined conjointly by the duration of the immersion, the strength of the solution, and the strength of the current. In the progress of the operation the solution becomes exhausted of its silver; and, to keep up the supply, plates of pure silver are suspended in it; the silver dissolves in the liquid as rapidly as the deposition on the articles takes place, atom for atom. If the article—whether a piece of table-plate, a button, or a trinket, is to be coated with gold instead of silver, a process generally similar to the above is followed; the nature of the solution being the chief point of difference.

Mr. Dent has coated the balance-springs of chronometers with gold, by the electro-metallurgic process, to protect them from damp. Professor Christie has proposed the same treatment for magnetic needles. Medallions are sometimes coated with copper as a means of preservation or of beautifying. The medallion is first coated with black-lead, and then exposed to a solution of copper (in the state of sulphate or some other salt), the metal of which is precipitated on the medallion by a galvanic current. Fruit, small twigs, leaves, seeds, and other vegetable specimens, may be similarly coated with copper; either for ornament or for the purpose of illustrating the size and form of the object. Insects, too, such as butterflies, may be thus coated with a metallic film; and it is a striking proof of the equability with which the particles of metal arrange themselves, that the exquisite frame-work of the insect's wings is exhibited almost as distinctly as in the natural state. Ornamental baskets, whether made of wicker or of wire, are coated in a similar manner. So likewise are lace and other articles made of woven fibres. In England, indeed, electro-metallurgy has arrived at a high state of perfection, and has done much to adorn many an English home.

A STRANGE HISTORY.

A PRIVATE letter, written by an English lady, who has recently visited the United States of America, to a friend in this country, gives the following interesting account of a lady whom she met with at an hotel in Boston:—

Mrs. de Kroyft was a bride, a widow, and blind, in a month. Her history, as she related it to me, is as follows:—When she was eighteen she became attached to a young man, without fortune, who was studying for the medical profession. Having no money herself, his friends wished him to marry a young lady of property, who was supposed to have a *penchant* for him. This stimulated her ambition, and she resolved to make herself superior to her rival mentally, since she could not vie with her pecuniarily. Accordingly, she contrived to raise twenty dollars per annum to pay for studying at Lima College, where she remained four years, carrying off the first prizes.

The next year they were to be married, on the 25th of August. A short time before this her intended husband was seized with a spitting of blood. It ceased for a time, and he was better. After a little it returned; he was told he had but a short time to live. On hearing this she went and lodged in the same house, nursing him night and day. When their wedding-day arrived, he said he should die happier if he could once call her his own. They were married, and he died four days after. The necessity for exertion which had hitherto supported her was gone; she gave herself up to grief. This added very much to an inflammation that had settled in her eyes since her night watchings. One morning she awoke, and could not open them. The doctor told her she would open them in a day or two. A week elapsed; still they remained the same. One morning the doctor forced them open, and exclaimed, "My God! you are blind!" She thought before nothing could exceed her misery; but this terrible announcement seemed to absorb everything else. She could not believe that she should never see again. The endeavour to realise it seemed to benumb every feeling. She was roused from this state of lethargy by the kindness of her college companions, who, when they heard of her misfortune, collected fifty dollars among themselves, and sent one of their number to give her the money and nurse her for a fortnight.

At the expiration of this time she was well enough to walk about and to feel that, if she could not find some way of exercising her powers, she should go mad. She is one of those energetic spirits who find it much easier to do than to suffer. Besides, her father was not well off, and had nine children younger than herself. Through the influence of Senator Backus, she spent a year at the New York Institution for the Blind, to try if she could learn music sufficiently to teach it. In this she failed. This disappointment, with her blighted hopes and loss of sight (for she says she could not accustom herself to be blind), so preyed upon her spirits, that she could neither eat nor sleep, and often spent the greater part of the night in walking in the garden. She was a constant mourner between two graves—in one lay buried her affections and hopes, in the other a world of light and beauty, in which she might have found consolation. A friend of hers, Dr. Nott, sent her to a water establishment, where she remained six months, made many friends, and recovered her health. Still she was no nearer finding something to do; to secure herself an independence, now became the great passion of her life. During her stay at the above-named institution, she had, by means of a grooved card, written a great number of letters to her friends, in which she described, with considerable eloquence, her feelings and sufferings, and her sources of consolation. These she was induced to publish by subscription. She waited on the managers of the institution, who gave her their influence, and set down their names for several copies. From thence she went to the City-hall; they gave her the same encouragement there. She then went on boldly, with her prospectus in her hand and a guide, and called on all the principal merchants of the city, putting down their names, and receiving their dollars in advance.

In a very short time she possessed a thousand dollars, which was quite sufficient. She brought out her first edition of 1,000 copies, September, 1849. These she delivered herself to the subscribers, most of whom never expected to see her again, but gave to her a dollar because she was blind. They were so pleased with her or her book, or both, that they recommended her to their friends. She brought out another thousand, disposed of them quickly, then another. Now she is selling the fourth thousand, and expects, by the end of the year, to have disposed of them all, and to be worth one thousand dollars towards the four thousand that she thinks will secure her from want. She secures all the profits by selling them herself. She travels from one town to another, taking a pretty girl as a guide, and a boy to carry her books—goes to all the stores, tells her tale, and solicits them to buy her book; and does it so handsomely—to use her own expression—that very few decline the purchase. When she sells thirty she returns, considering that a day's work. Sometimes she does this in an hour and a half—sometimes in three hours. She sold 500 at Washington.

She was introduced to President Taylor, Mr. Clay, and the principal members of the Congress, and their wives, through Mrs. Bell, wife of the Secretary of the War Department. This lady established an institution for the blind in Tenesse, and consequently took a great interest in her. She says she went in style to sell her books in Washington. Mrs. Bell, and after her many of the other ladies, took her books and her in their carriages, went round the city, sent the footman in with a book to every house likely to buy it, left the book to be looked at, and called for the money coming back. Very few returned a book under such favourable auspices. These people gave her letters of introduction to their friends in other places. She has a very nice note from Henry Clay, another from President Taylor, with his signature outside which is a very important document. By showing this, she and her attendants travel free of expense all over the States, that is, in public conveyances.

MISCELLANEA.

HUMOROUS INCIDENT OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING.—"There's nothing like an obliging disposition," I thought to myself, one day, when, travelling in a railway car from Boston to Worcester, seeing a gentleman putting himself to considerable trouble to land another gentleman, who had fallen asleep, at his destination. "Passengers for Needham!" cried out the conductor; "the cars stop but one minute." "Hallo!" exclaimed a young man in spectacles, at the same time seizing an old gentleman by the shoulders who was sleeping very soundly, "here's Captain Holmes fast asleep, and this is Needham, where he lives. Come, get up, Captain Holmes—here you are!" The gentleman got upon his feet, and began to rub his eyes; but the young man forced him along to the door of the car, and gently landed him on the road-side. Whiz went the steam, and we began to fly again. The obliging young man took his seat again, and said, with a good deal of satisfaction, to somebody near him, "Well, if it hadn't been for me, Captain Holmes would have missed his home finely. But, here he has left his bundle;" and the young man, picking up a paper parcel, threw it out of window; and directly discovered another bundle in a handkerchief, which he also threw out. "Well," he said again, "if it hadn't been for me, Captain Holmes would have missed his bundles finely." When we stopped at the next station, a lady began to rummage under the seat where Captain Holmes had been sitting, and exclaimed, in great alarm, "I can't find my bundle!" "Was it done up in a piece of brown paper?" I asked. "Yes, it was, to be sure," said the lady. "Then," said I, "that young man yonder threw it out of the window at the last stopping-place." This led to a scene between the obliging young man and the old lady, which ended in the former taking the address of the latter, and promising to return the package in a few days, provided he should ever find it. "Well," said the obliging young man, "catch me doing a good-natured thing again! What can I do for that old woman if I cannot find her bundle?" Whizz, went the steam; ding, ding, ding, went the bell; the dust flew, the sparks flew, and the cars flew, as they say, like lightning, until we stopped again at the next station; I forget the name of it now, but it would be of no consequence if I could remember it. An old gentleman started up and began to poke under the seat where Captain Holmes had sat. "What are you looking for?" I inquired. "Looking for?" said the old gentleman, "why, I am looking for my bundle of clothes." "Was it tied up in a yellow pocket handkerchief?" I asked. "Yes, and nothing else," said the old man. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the obliging young man, "I threw it out of the car at Needham; I thought it belonged to Captain Holmes." "Captain Holmes!" exclaimed the old fellow, with a look of despair, "who is Captain Holmes? That bundle contained all my clean clothes, that I was to wear at my son's wedding to-morrow morning. Goodness gracious! what can I do?" Nothing could be done but to give his address to the obliging young man as before, and console himself with a promise that the bundle should be returned to him, provided it was ever found. The obliging young man was now in despair, and made another solemn vow that he would never attempt to oblige a man again. The next station was his landing-place, and as he went towards the door of the car he saw a silver-headed cane, which he took hold of and read the inscription on it, "Moses Holmes, East Needham." "Well," again exclaimed the obliging young man, "if here isn't Captain Holmes' cane!" "Yes," said a gentleman, who got in at the last station, "and the old fellow is lame, too. He will miss his stick." "Do you know him?" inquired the obliging young gentleman. "Know him! I should think so," replied the gentleman; "he is my uncle." "And does he live at East Needham?" asked the obliging young gentleman. "Of course he does; he never lived anywhere else." "Well, if that don't beat everything," said the obliging young gentleman, "and I put him out at Needham, just five miles the other side of his home."

MAKING CASKS BY MACHINERY.—A patent has been taken out by Mr. Rosenborg, the inventor, for machinery which is worked by steam power at the patent cooperage works in Wenlock-road, City-road, London. Every day the extraordinary number of 400 casks is produced, the number of men and boys on the premises employed in the operation not being more than twenty-five. This will afford some idea of the rapidity of the process. Memel planks are cut into shapes by the circular saw, and then rendered into perfect staves by a most ingenious and novel machine, by which they are formed with the greatest accuracy. They are then placed in a circular machine, called a trussing machine, by which they are brought together and formed into a cask, and the hoops being immediately fixed, the work is complete. The rapidity of the process is perfectly astounding, and is a fresh proof of what the ingenuity of a practical as well as a scientific man can produce.

IDLENESS AND VICE.—Great examples to virtue, or to vice, are not so productive of imitation as might at first sight be supposed. The fact is, there are hundreds that want energy for one that wants ambition, and sloth has prevented as many vices in some minds as virtues in others. Idleness is the grand Pacific Ocean of life, and in that stagnant abyss the most salutary things produce no good, the most noxious no evil. Vice, indeed, abstractedly considered, may be, and often is, engendered in idleness; but the moment it becomes efficiently vice, it must quit its cradle, and cease to be idle.

THE LANGUAGE OF YOUNG LADIES.—The Rev. A. Peabody, in an address which has been published, enlarges upon the use of the exaggerated, extravagant forms of speech used by young ladies—saying splendid for pretty, magnificent for handsome, horrid or horrible for unpleasant, immense for large, thousands or myriads for any more than two. "Were I," says he, "to write down for one day the conversation of some young ladies of my acquaintance, and then to interpret literally, it would imply that, within the compass of twelve or fourteen hours, they had met with more marvellous adventures and hairbreadth escapes, had passed through more distressing experiences, had seen more imposing spectacles, had endured more fright, and enjoyed more rapture, than would suffice for a dozen common lives."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N.—We must decline answering many of the questions referring to the "French Lessons." They need no explanation. They are complete in themselves.

A FACTORY OPERATIVE asks us what is our opinion of Joseph Barker. We really cannot answer the question. We do not know the price at which Croly's "Life of George IV." was published, nor do we recommend it. He then asks us the best work on ethics. If he had said works, we could have answered. Let him get Mackintosh's "History of Ethical Philosophy;" he will there see reference to the chief ethical writers, to which he can refer at leisure; or, if he cannot get that, let him get the "History of Ancient and Modern Philosophy," published by Mr. Knight in his shilling series—the best book on the subject that has appeared in our time.

A MINER.—We cannot answer your question, but we believe Audubon's works are published in a very expensive form. The engravings necessarily would make them very costly.

ROBERT MACKENZIE.—THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND will be complete in 26 numbers, making a handsome half-yearly volume.

CAUSALITY, if his disposition answers to his name, will soon see that parties offering to put him, with a comparatively trifling expense, into possession of from £5,000 to £50,000 a year, are and must be quacks who enrich themselves at the expense of the public. In these days of fierce competition there is no such royal road to riches. In Europe we have no California; here, at least, man lives by the sweat of his brow or brain. It is only by industry, persevering, self-denying, and intelligent, that wealth in this age can be acquired and secured. Unhappily—that is, if riches be the great end of life—the course we have recommended does not necessarily lead to wealth. A man may possess every virtue under heaven and yet be poor.

EMILY.—The Chinese were the first people who appear to have had a knowledge of the mariners compass. The earliest notice of it in their records bears the doubtful date of 2634 years B.C. Many circumstances contribute to the impression that the mariners' compass was first made known in Europe through the communication of the Moorish invaders of Spain, although the knowledge of it has been brought direct from China, first through Marco Polo, and afterwards by Dr Gilbert, the physician to Queen Elizabeth.

J. C. wishes to know if brothers' children are not lawful cousins, as well as sisters. Most decidedly.

O.—We are almost surprised you should have had to ask our advice. If you read newspapers—and you ought to read them, for newspapers teach men precisely the practical knowledge they want—you would hear of building and freehold land societies. These are precisely what you want, only be sure and join one that has respectable names attached to it, and that does not promise too much. Your own good sense should teach you to moderate your expectations.

JAMES LEADER.—The answer we have given O. will suit your case. We know nothing of the bank to which you refer. Nor can we enter into the merits of particular societies. We should say, as a general rule, the less they promise the more they are likely to perform.

J. S. R.—It is usual to grain oak in distemper, and to varnish it over when thoroughly dry.

F. G. C. asks in what way it would affect the country if the National Debt were paid off? We answer, very agreeably: much in the same way as, supposing F. G. C. were over head and ears in debt, if some kind Samaritan were to pay his debts for him. If F. G. C. pays £5 a year in taxes, he would, after the National Debt were settled, only have to pay £2 10s.

A. B. C.—There is only one paid commissioner in connection with the Board of Health, Mr E. Chadwick, whose salary is £1,500 per annum. Dr. Southwood Smith is a paid member of the Board under the Interment Act; his salary is £1,200 per annum. Mr. Austin, as secretary, receives £600 per annum, and Mr. John Taylor, assistant-secretary, receives £500 per annum.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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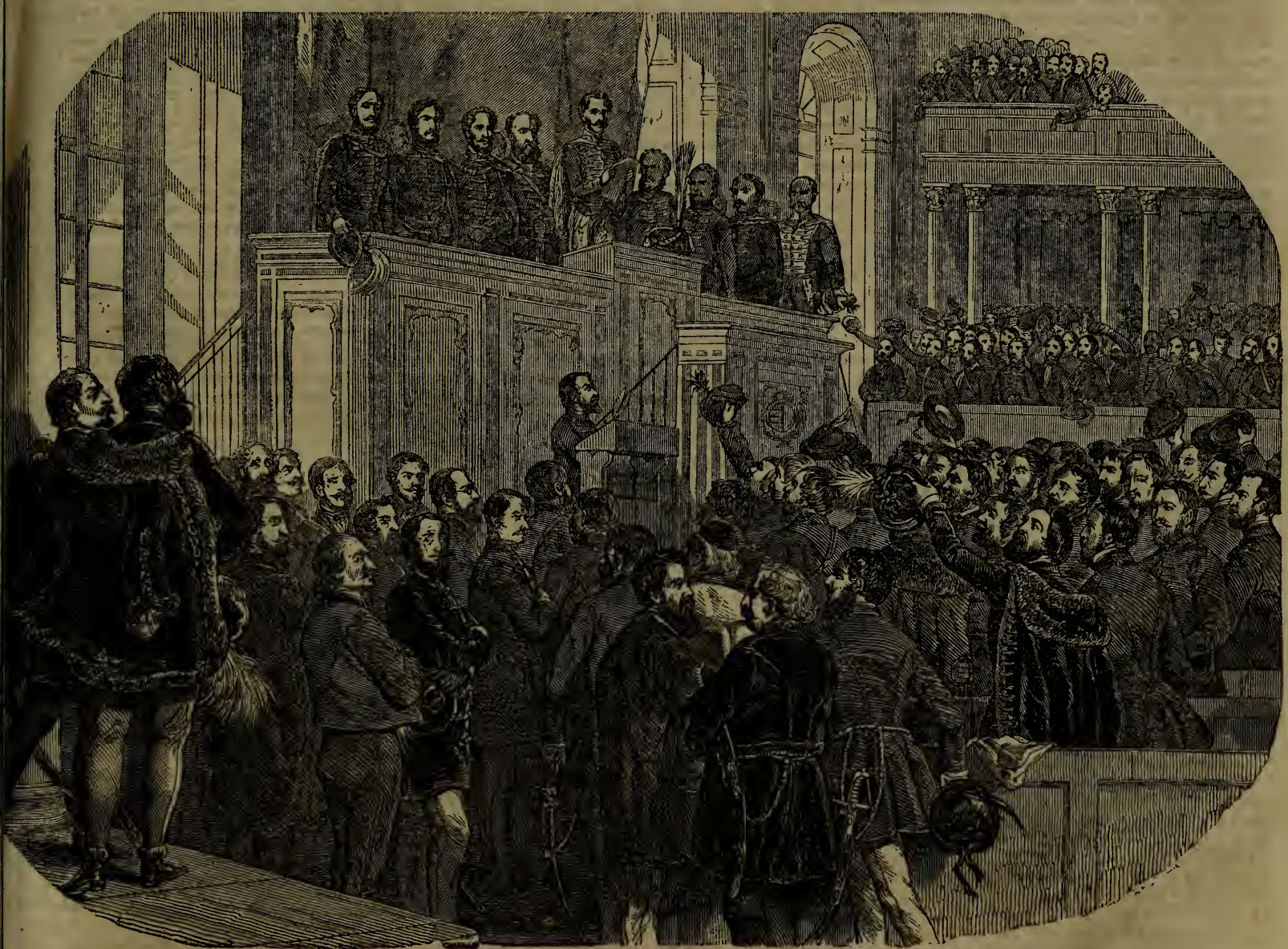
HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER IX.

A DIET was convened in December, 1832. The Government perceived at the very commencement that the minds of the people were greatly biassed against them, and that unless they could succeed in the beginning in doing away with these unfavourable impressions, the session would prove anything but favourable to Austria. The ministry therefore professed a desire to co-operate with the liberal party in lightening or removing the burdens of feudalism. The King proposed to



MEETING OF THE HUNGARIAN DIET ON THE 5TH OF JULY, 1848.

the two houses the revision of the *urbarial* code. This was a law passed in the reign of Maria Theresa, under the name of *Urbarium*, fixing the extent of the farms and the amount of the rents. For every two hundred acres of land the occupying tenant was obliged to pay one-ninth of the produce, and one hundred and twenty days' labour, some lambs, a little honey, butter, and bees'-wax. This would not, however, have been considered exorbitant, if the peasants were in any way protected from still further exactions on the part of their lords. But when a serf had any cause of complaint against his seigneur, he was obliged to bring his charge in the court of the viscount, held in the county town, in all probability at a great distance from his residence, and before a tribunal composed of those whose rank and prejudices would operate very seriously against their lending a favourable ear to his complaint. On the contrary, when a noble had found any cause of offence in a serf, he had but to lay his accusation before the bailiffs of the village, who could forthwith imprison him, and inflict upon him five-and-twenty strokes of a stick or whip, according to the sex of the culprit.

The nobility paid no imposts; all fell upon that class of the community whom the ancient acts designate with truthful

simplicity, *plebs misera contribuens*—"the miserable populace which pay the taxes."

Such was the system into which the Government now proposed to introduce some reforms. Whatever were the motives which prompted it, the design itself was at least praiseworthy. But it showed itself unwilling to carry out these auspicious beginnings, by bringing all its influence to bear to oppose the return of any of the patriotic party at the next election. But notwithstanding all its efforts, the Diet was composed in the main of liberals.

Szechényi opened the session by another attack upon the feudal privileges of the noblesse. He represented to them in glowing colours the injustice of remaining exempt from the lawful burdens of the state, of entailing upon the unfortunate serfs all the toil and labour, and reserving to themselves alone the fruit and the shade; he pointed out to them the British aristocracy as an example in the highest degree worthy of imitation, who, in the possession of unparalleled influence and boundless wealth, submit themselves without a murmur to share with their fellow-subjects the toils and dangers of war, and claim in peace no exemption from the rule of equal law and fair contribution to the revenues of the exchequer. He endeavoured to impress upon them that it was their duty to keep pace with the spirit of the age by freeing themselves at one blow from the yoke of antiquated prejudices. And that he might not disgust them by too sudden and too violent a change, and knowing that great principles are often asserted and established by incidents in themselves of trifling importance, he proposed the construction of a suspension-bridge across the Danube, to connect the towns of Buda and Pesth, to pay the expenses of which a small toll should be levied on each passenger. This, though apparently a measure of no great weight, assumed, from the results which it involved, the gravity of a great political position, round which the battle of the new social revolution was to be fought. If nobles as well as peasants paid the toll, it would be an admission, however slight, of the principle of the liability of all to public taxation. The party of the oligarchy at once perceived the drift of the proposal, and the Cziraki, the highest judge in the kingdom, declared, with tears in his eyes, like Lord Eldon at the passing of the Catholic Emancipation, that he never would set a foot upon a bridge which promised to be the ruin of the ancient constitution of Hungary. The measure was nevertheless carried, and the ice thus broken.

Szechényi next endeavoured to bring about some change for the better in the social condition of the peasantry; but the Government now succeeded in forming a party in the assembly to oppose him. Count Joseph Desseofi, a man of considerable abilities, put himself at its head as the avowed partisan of the court, and styled himself and his followers conservatives. By his instrumentality three very important measures were rejected, having for their object the abolition of compulsory labour amongst the serfs, a revision of the codes of law, and the organisation of a regular system of popular education. By the defeat of the last of these the youth of the country were still left in the hands of the clergy, who were proverbially ignorant, lazy, and inattentive, at least to this portion of their duties.

After a session, which lasted during three years, the Diet was closed in May, 1836, but not without having effected some needful reforms. To the peasant they had accorded the right of selling what belonged to him, of removing from one district to another; they protected him also from arbitrary punishments on the part of the seigneur, diminished the rents, and reduced the number of days of forced labour from one hundred and twenty to fifty-two each year. Article 40 took away judicial power from the seigneur, and Article 13 gave the peasant the right of proceeding against the noble, and even against his own landlord, in the ordinary courts of justice.

The last subject which came under discussion was which of all the dialects of the kingdom should be the official language of the Government. Our readers may remember that the predominance of the Magyar language was always a point, regarding which the Hungarians were more than usually jealous. Not that they had ever been desirous to impose its use upon peoples of an alien race, but they wished to protect themselves as far as possible from the inroads of the Sclavonic and Germanic population around them. They were anxious that the language of the administration should be intelligible to all, and that the use of the Latin in official documents should be abolished for that of a tongue known at least to the majority of the population; and that, by the adoption of uniform and well-regulated system in the writing and promulgation of government acts, men of every race, whether Magyars or not, might be eligible for employment in the various departments of the public service.

When once the Latin, which could only be understood by the lawyers and a few of the educated, fell into disuse, what could be better fitted to take its place than the Magyar? Certainly not the Sclavonic, for it was the language of the Russian autocrat, and the jargon of his boors, and would open a way for his encroachments; nor yet the German, for it was understood only by a very small number of the population.

It was therefore resolved and carried, "that the tribunals of Hungary, properly so called" (thus excluding Sclavonia and Croatia) "should deliberate and pronounce judgment in Magyar upon all subjects which should be laid before them in that language; and that on and after the 1st of January, 1844, no one should obtain any public office, or receive the diploma of an advocate, who was ignorant of it." In all this, we can see nothing but an endeavour to bring about that amalgamation of races and languages which has been productive of so much good in England, and the want of which has exercised so baneful an influence in Ireland. But a union of races in Hungary, centreing in the Magyar language and institutions, was the very thing which the Austrian emperor wished to prevent, as it was in direct opposition to his cherished scheme of a great empire, having Vienna as its capital, and the German as the *ruling* tongue.

Louis Kossuth was present at all these debates. He was then thirty-one or two years of age, having been born in 1802, at Monok, in the county of Zemplin. He was the son of Andrew Kossuth and Caroline Weber. The early death of his father, and the limited means of his mother, prevented his receiving so good an education as would have been otherwise afforded him. He was, however, sent at a very early age to the Calvinist College of Sarospatak, and afterwards finished his course of law in the University of Pesth. In 1822 he returned to Monok, and was appointed honorary attorney for the county. He was, at this time, a great sportsman, and, we believe, for a time, rather addicted to gaming. When the Diet was assembled in 1832, he was appointed proxy for an absent magnate, and had thus a right to take part in the debates, but not to vote. Nearly three hundred advocates attended the Diet in a similar capacity. The triumphs of Szechényi first inspired Kossuth with the idea of winning honest fame in the political arena—taught him

> "To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
> From the idols he blindly had knelt to before."

The fowling-piece and the billiard-table were now for ever abandoned for the pen and the sword. His debut in the chamber was anything but auspicious. He certainly had in him the materials of a great orator—the weapons of parliamentary warfare—but he was not as yet trained to use them with effect. His first speech was delivered with a painful sense of embarrassment, and there was nothing in it to attract the attention of the audience, but the extreme awkwardness and stammering hesitation of the speaker. But he was determined to overcome everything by labour and practice, and that he might in the meantime aid the cause he had at heart, he conceived the idea of publishing reports of the proceedings of the chambers, which had up to that time remained partially or wholly unknown to the great mass of the population. He, therefore, with great diligence and perseverance, distributed manuscript reports of the speeches of the deputies, and particularly those of the opposition, as more in accordance with his own sympathies. Finding the demand for his paper daily increasing, he endeavoured to diminish the labours of transcription by setting up a lithographic press, which, of course, multiplied the copies with greatly-increased rapidity. The alarm of the Government was instantly excited, and the publication of the journal prohibited. The ministry were, however, obliged to give way before the clamours of the opposition, and the interdict was removed upon condition that manuscript copies only should be circulated. The liberal party now increased their efforts to procure a good circulation, and the partisans and admirers

whom Kossuth thus gathered around him ever afterwards adhered to him through all the vicissitudes of his "strange, eventful history."

When the Diet closed in 1836, Kossuth still diligently continued his paper. He now resolved to report the proceedings of the county assemblies, the constitution and duties of which we have already described. They had previously acted separately and without concert. By making known to each the proceedings of the others, he wished to enable them to bring their strength to bear unitedly on the popular side. This was more than the Government had anticipated. They had feared the printing-press before; they now feared the manuscript equally. He was seized, and kept in confinement for a year. Having been then brought to trial, he was sentenced to four years' imprisonment. He was shut up in a building at Pesth, called the *Neuhauss*, and having obtained books, he made so good a use of a copy of Shakspere and an English dictionary, that he acquired our language as he has since spoken it with such tremendous effect in this country and in America. When the Diet met in 1839, his imprisonment was declared illegal, and the supplies were refused until his liberation, which soon after took place. He had, however, spent three years in prison, and came out worn in mind and body. The welcome he met with from the people was sufficient to dispel the gloom which oppressed him. A vast crowd assembled to hail his return unto liberty and to labour, and accompanied him with lighted torches and loud acclamations through the streets of Pesth.

Instead of intimidating the liberal party, the persecution of Kossuth only irritated them more and more every day. During the sitting of the Diet, some young men had formed a society or debating club for the discussion of political questions. They were at once pounced upon by the Government, and their leaders were thrown into prison. Almost at the same time, Baron Vesselenyi, one of the most intrepid defenders of Hungarian freedom, was arrested. His fierce denunciations of the Austrian ministry and the feudal exactions of the Magyar nobles, had raised up against him a host of enemies. He was seized, brought to Buda to be tried, and sentenced to three years imprisonment. He lost his eyesight before the term had expired, and came out the implacable enemy of Austria.

Most of these severities were inflicted at the instigation of Palfi, Chancellor of Hungary—a man who possessed neither patriotism nor diplomatic talents. He was, however, in every way worthy of his master, Francis I., upon whose head three bankruptcies in succession had brought down the maledictions of the whole nation. He died in 1835, in the midst of the discussions of the Diet, and left the crown to his son Ferdinand, who had been already crowned King of Hungary in 1830, under the name of Ferdinand IV.

Francis was a narrow-minded man, possessing no claim to distinction beyond the indomitable perseverance which he displayed in the struggle against Napoleon. He was vulgar, coarse, and egotistic, an enemy of literature and science, and unable to speak his language with any greater correctness than the rudest of his peasants. Revolution, reform, and civilisation, seemed to him to have the same meaning, and that to be danger—to his throne and dynasty.

As Ferdinand was labouring under mental debility when he ascended the throne, the administration of the Government was committed to the hands of the Archduke Louis, and Prince Metternich. No two men could have been better fitted to precipitate the catastrophe which was now impending, the one by his Machiavellian cunning and deceit, and the other by his rigid and inflexible obstinacy.

The policy which was adopted at the commencement of the new reign was marked by greater leniency towards the political prisoners, and greater willingness to accept the propositions of the Diet. Those who knew Austria well, however, knew her reluctance to yield one jot to anything but stern necessity, and her secretly-formed determination that each concession should be the last. Half measures, temporisation, and evasion, were the order of the day. The cause of this vacillation and irresolution is found in the materials of which the Austrian empire is composed. A very small part of the population is of German origin. The vast majority is Magyar, Sclave, Italian, and Wallachian. The Magyars form the only really compact body in the whole, and number 5,472,910; the Germans scattered through the various provinces, 7,833,157; the Sclaves, 17,760,159; the Italians, 5,506,000. The empire can, in fact, scarce be called Austrian, when only three millions are Austrians properly so called. Only one sort of policy could enable the Government to maintain its ascendancy over such a heterogeneous mass, and that is expressed in the maxim of Machiavelli, *Divide et impera;* by setting one race against the other, it was enabled to trample upon all. Hungary, however, was always the greatest difficulty, for it was better organised, more united, braver, and richer, than any of the other provinces which owned its sway.

Whilst the Magyar Diet was engaged in the struggles, of which we have given a rapid sketch, the national interests were defended in Transylvania with equal courage, but not with so great success. The States of this principality had not been convened since 1811, although, according to the terms of the constitution, the sovereign was bound to convoke them every year.

The Diet at last assembled in 1834, and for a long period maintained an animated contest with the central Government.

In the meantime the exertions of Szeckényi had given a sensible impulse in Hungary to trade and industry. Steam-boats began to appear on the rivers, and railroads to intersect the country. The nobles began to adapt themselves to the spirit of progress, and the value guaranteed to bills of exchange signed by gentlemen, very materially restored their confidence. But they soon fell into the hands of brokers, who fleeced them without mercy. For want of a national bank, the establishment of which had been constantly opposed by Austria, they were compelled to pay an enormous discount to greedy Jews.

The intellectual progress did not lag behind the material. Books began to multiply. Reading became more general. The theatre was enriched by historical plays, recalling the past glories of Hungary, and were nightly enacted before applauding thousands of the youth of the country. And this homage to the rising genius of the nation partook more than ever of the colouring of modern civilisation from the circumstance that now, for the first time, did the Hungarian ladies break through the restraints of oriental etiquette, and lend their presence to temper the fierce impulses of patriotic fervour with the grace and sentiment of female beauty.

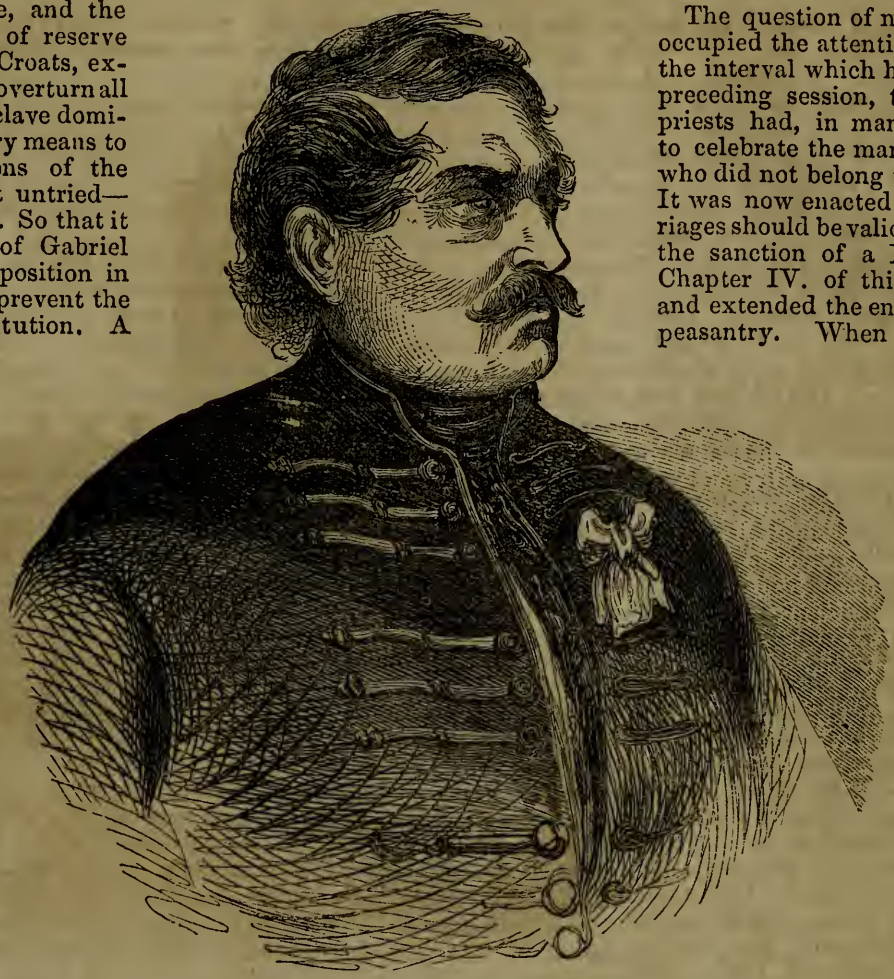
In the meantime Kossuth had taken up his residence at Pesth, and there became editor of a journal called the *Pesthi Hirlap*, or "Pesth Journal." The first number was issued in January, 1841. It was at first published four times a week, but soon became a daily paper, as the circulation rose rapidly, until it reached twelve thousand. In 1844 the ministry was changed, and a quarrel with his publisher deprived Kossuth of the voice of his journal. He thereupon determined to devote his attention to projects for the material amelioration of the country, endeavouring to procure the entire emancipation of the serfs, and the freedom of Hungarian trade from the restrictions imposed by Austria, the chief of which was that no Hungarian manufactures should be exported to Austria, and none but Austrian imported into Hungary. For this purpose he formed an association called the *Bedetgyll*, the members of which pledged themselves to use nothing of Austrian manufacture until the tariff was reformed.

The effects of this were soon felt. The Austrian manufacturers began to remove their factories into Hungary. The court took the alarm, and appointed imperial paid commissioners to preside over the counties instead of the courts. The agitation now became general, and at the head of it were Kossuth and Louis Batthyanyi. The former was daily rising in popularity and importance, and, despite all the efforts of the court party to prevent it, he was elected in 1847 member for the county of Pesth. Immediately upon the meeting of the Diet an act was passed abolishing the feudal services of the tenantry, and the immunity of the nobles from taxation.

Austria now endeavoured to secure the support of the Croats and other Sclavonic races by flattery and conciliation, and thus range them against the Magyars; but, notwithstanding all their efforts, the Diet contained amongst its members some of the most distinguished men of the Liberal party, and abated nothing of its opposition to the court. The final settlement of the question as to which should be the official language of the administration, was one of the first subjects which occupied its attention. The former Diet had discussed this delicate question

with great tact and prudence, and the present one displayed signals of reserve and circumspection; but the Croats, excited by Austria, and anxious to overturn all other nationality, to found a Sclave dominion upon their ruins, used every means to frustrate the pacific intentions of the opposition. Nothing was left untried—intrigues, bribes, and menaces. So that it required all the eloquence of Gabriel Blonzal, the leader of the Opposition in the Chamber of Deputies, to prevent the total overthrow of the constitution. A law was at last carried, containing the following clauses:—"The official language of the Diet shall be, henceforth, exclusively Magyar. It shall, however, be lawful for the deputies of those provinces who do not speak Magyar to continue the use of the Latin for six years from this date. All public acts emanating from the King or the tribunals shall be rendered into that language. The tribunals and higher offices of the administration in the adjoining countries shall address all writing to the Hungarian tribunals in Magyar, and the answers returned shall be in Latin. The Magyar language shall be taught in all the schools of the dependent provinces, and shall alone be admissible in those of the interior and frontiers of Hungary Proper."

This was the law of which the Croats complained so loudly, but with no better reason than if one should, in this country, find fault with the desire of the Government to make English the language of the United Kingdom, as richer, more copious, and in every way better adapted to the wants of the age than any other of those in use.



VESSELENYI.

The question of mixed marriages next occupied the attention of the Diet. In the interval which had elapsed since the preceding session, the Roman Catholic priests had, in many instances, refused to celebrate the marriage of any couple who did not belong to their own church. It was now enacted that all such marriages should be valid, if they but received the sanction of a Protestant minister. Chapter IV. of this Session confirmed and extended the enfranchisement of the peasantry. When the taxation of the nobles came under consideration, Szechenyi seized the opportunity of expressing his sentiments upon it in in a manner which at least had the merit of originality. He appeared in the Chamber of Magnates on the 28th of October, 1844, in splendid uniform, his breast covered with stars and ribands of the various orders to which he belonged. "It is now thirty-three years," said he, "and eleven days since I was sent to the camp of Marshal Blucher. I arrived at the dawn of day, and at the entrance of the tent found a soldier occupied in powdering his hair before a looking-glass. I was rather surprised, but, on passing on a little further, I found a page engaged in the

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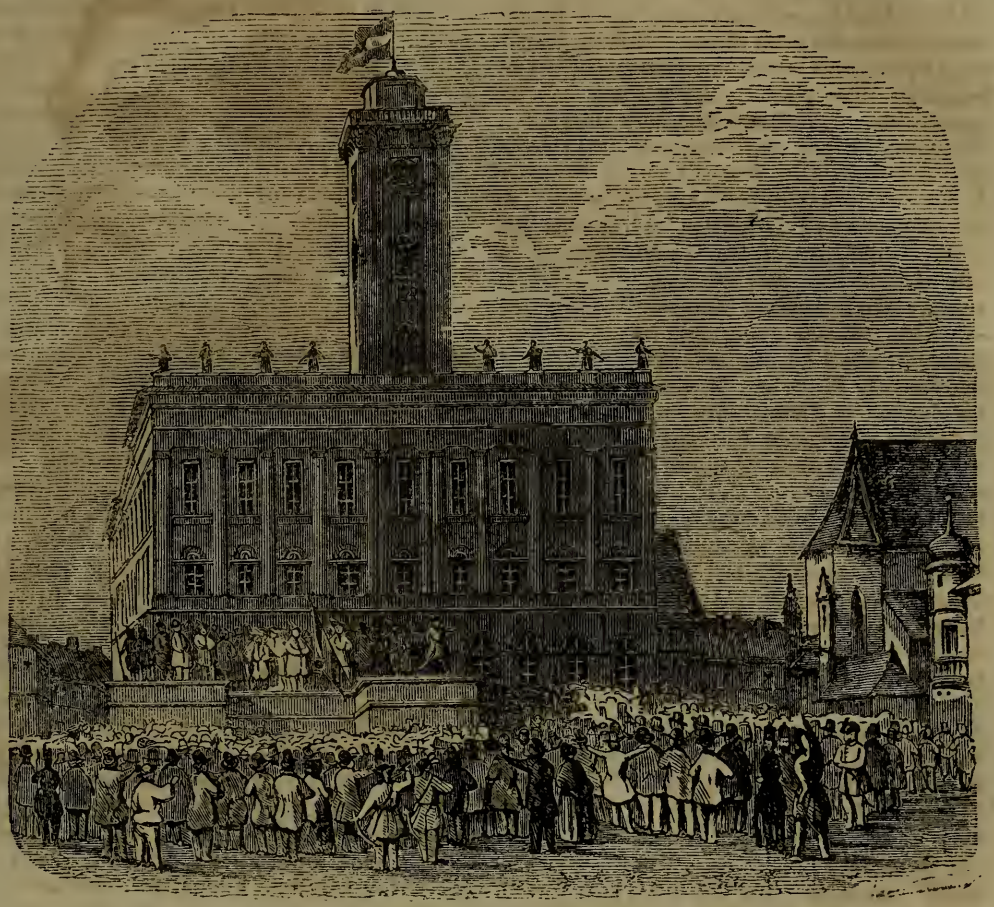
same way. At last I reached the tent of the old general himself, and found him, like the others, powdering and dressing his hair also. 'General!' said I, 'I should have thought this was the time to put powder in the cannon, and not in the hair.' 'We hope,' was the reply, 'to celebrate a grand *fête* to-day, and we must, therefore, appear in our best costume.' On that day the battle of Leipsic was fought. For a similar reason, gentlemen, I appear here to-day, dressed in this singular manner. I believe that we are, to-day, about to perform one of the brightest acts in the history of our nation." His address was received with loud acclamations, although the measure he supported was but partially successful.

The opening of the Diet at Presburg took place under circumstances of great pomp and splendour. The King and Queen, and all the members of the royal family, were present. There were the Archduke Francis, heir-presumptive to the throne, and the Archdukes Francis Joseph (the present Emperor), Albert Charles, Ferdinand, and Leopold. Each of these returned answers in the Magyar language to the addresses which were presented to them. The Queen alone, the sister of the late King of Sardinia, Charles Albert, answered in Latin.

About this time the palatine, the Archduke Charles, died, to the great regret of the whole nation, and Stephen, the governor of Bohemia, was unanimously elected to succeed him. His father's services, his youth, and talents, and kindly disposition, had rendered him deservedly popular. When he was sworn into his new office he added, in an impressive manner, the following words to the usual form of the oath:—"I solemnly promise that the sole object of my life shall be to show myself worthy of the confidence the people heve reposed in me."



POLITICAL MEETING IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE, PESTH.

RECRUITING FOR THE WAR IN 1848.

After the election came the debate upon the address. The conservative party and the deputies from Croatia, Sclavonia, and Fiume, were desirous of still adopting the hackneyed language of compliment and adulation. But the Diet was indignant at the substitution of imperial commissioners in the place of the counts, and wishing to make up for all the omissions of the preceding session, voted an address, which set forth all their grievances at length, and in indignant language. It was unanimously adopted by the lower chamber, but the magnates refused to affix their signatures to it. The deputies then deposited it amongst their archives, and left the Emperor unanswered. This first declaration of hostilities was, in a great measure, the work of Kossuth, who had now become the first orator of an eloquent nation. It was in vain that Szechenyi opposed him, and declared that, although there was nothing he had so much at heart as the progress of the nation, yet he did not, by any means, desire it upon a basis that was not in accordance with the principles of the constitution. He was the elegant and courtly representative of the high aristocracy. Kossuth was the man of the people, and they followed and revered him as their prophet and guide.

The question of language was now again brought up, and this time was the cause

of the fiercest contest that ever raged within the walls of the Diet. The Court deputies, in particular, distinguished themselves by the fierce animosity of their harangues. They charged the Magyars with desiring not so much the assertion and preservation of their own nationality as the downfall and subjugation of that of others.

In spite of all these intrigues, however, a number of laws were carried, and ordered to be laid before the Emperor, in order to receive his sanction, which decreed the exclusive use of the Magyar language in the public assemblies, courts of law, schools, colleges, and official documents, but allowing the Croats to use their own language upon all occasions except in their communications with the Hungarian authorities, and that all Hungarian ships should carry the national tri-colour flag.

The taxation of the nobles now came again to be considered, when the news of the revolution in Paris came like a thunderbolt to interrupt their deliberations. The whole nation seemed electrified, and Kossuth saw at a glance the use which the national party might make of an event of such momentous importance, not to France only, but to the whole of Europe. He now came forward as the man of the crisis, and placed himself, with that self-confidence which always distinguishes great souls, in the van, as the leader of the revolution which was now impending. The tide was now beginning to ebb, and he did not for a moment hesitate to seize the helm, and undertake the guidance of the vessel of state over the stormy waters of agitation to the calm of self-government and constitutional freedom. The weight of his personal character, and his great eloquence, had secured him the respect of all parties in the chamber. It was therefore amidst profound silence that he ascended the tribune to address the house on the third of March, 1848. The question under discussion was a financial one. A pin might been heard dropping as the orator began. "I give," said he, "my entire and unqualified approbation to the motion of the deputy for Gyor, but unusual circumstances render it our duty to pass beyond this secondary question, and I now call upon the house to follow a course of policy worthy of the responsibility which now devolves upon it, of the momentous events which are already looming in the future. Looking at the question in this point of view, I shall not enter into any details regarding the Bank of Vienna, further than to say that the fears already manifested as to the value of its notes, and the motion now before us, ought to be more than sufficient to induce the Government to restore the confidence of the public in an institution, in the stability of which so much of their property is involved. I say, without hesitation, that the bank cannot be kept out of danger as long as the Government continues to follow a line of policy which, by creating an enormous deficit each year, forces it to make sacrifices which must at no distant period prove inevitably the cause of another bankruptcy.

"If, on the contrary, it now turns over a new leaf, we shall henceforward have no cause for anxiety; and I now call upon you to solve, once for all, the problem which involves so much of our happiness and prosperity. Everybody knows the powerful influence which Austria has always exercised in Hungary, by means of her financial system; and this can never be done away with until the accounts of the Bank of Vienna are published; until we know not only the amount of the Hungarian revenue, but the purposes to which it is applied; and that we may have this done in a satisfactory manner, the Minister of Finances *must be a Hungarian, and responsible to this diet only.* Otherwise our monetary affairs will ere long be plunged into inextricable confusion.

"I have already stated my conviction that until the King is surrounded in every part of his dominions by constitutional forms, we can never feel assured of the welfare of our country in the future. It is evident that our form of government being in opposition to that which prevails in the other provinces of the empire, we shall be continually liable to unconstitutional menaces and attacks. I repeat it, that where our interests come in contact with those of monarchy, an equilibrium should be established between them by taking constitutionalism as the basis of all the acts which they perform in common, without prejudice to our independence. But I have seen with sorrow and misgiving the origin and development of the bureaucratic system at Vienna, which builds its tottering power upon the ruins of the liberty of the neighbouring states, and I have no hesitation in asserting, that he who shall have the courage to substitute a new constitutional organisation in place of the mechanism of the old Government will prove the second founder of the Hapsburg dynasty.

"We have heard to-day of the downfal of thrones sustained by the talents and energy of great statesmen, and that the people are now in possession of an extent of liberty, which a few weeks ago they never dreamed of. We, on the contrary, have been for three months rolling the stone of Sisyphus, and I cannot look upon the waste of strength and talent which has taken place in the fruitless struggle, without the deepest anguish."

He concluded a powerful and eloquent speech by calling on the Diet to demand from the Emperor a constitution for the whole empire, and an independent ministry for Hungary. His resolution was carried unanimously in both chambers, and the whole affair produced the profoundest sensation all over the kingdom. Nothing was more necessary in a monarchy comprised of so many various races, differing so widely in their traditions and habits, than a uniform system of government, popular in its origin, and firm and impartial in its administration. The bureaucratic centralisation of Vienna was preying upon the vitals of the nation, and destroying all that was graceful in private life, and manly and upright in the discharge of public duty. The capital was the head quarters of a great army of public functionaries, dependent upon the monarch for their daily bread, and fearing the growth of municipal institutions and local self-government, as they feared poverty and destitution. To this vast body of state-paid men the nation was nothing, and the court was everything. The pest of espionage—the sure offspring of functionarism—invaded the privacy of domestic life, and destroyed the peace of families. Confidence and self-respect were banished from society. The nobility became proud, selfish, cowardly, and deceitful, and the people crouching, mendacious, and degraded. To impose life and health into this mass of corruption, change this immobility to progress, and substitute the fresh vigour of self-reliance for the faded hues of etiolation and decrepitude, were the objects Kossuth had in view; and when he appeared on the darkened horizon, the prostrate nation hailed him as its saviour and restorer.

On the tenth of March, 1848, the people rose in Vienna, and overpowered the Government. Metternich fled, and the Emperor granted a constitution, and swore to it. The Hungarian Diet seized the opportunity to send a deputation to plead their cause at the foot of the throne, and for this purpose chose Kossuth, Louis Batthyani, Stephen Szechenyi, and Joseph Cziraki. They obtained an audience of the Emperor, and prayed him to appoint an independent ministry for Hungary, who should enjoy the confidence of the people. Their request was granted, and Louis Batthyanyi was appointed president of the council, with power to choose his colleagues. In this ministry Kossuth received the portfolio of finances. The people of Buda and Pesth received the news with acclamation; but their triumph was destined to be but short-lived. The court party could never place confidence in a ministry which, though including many of the moderate party, numbered Kossuth and Szemere amongst its prominent members.

The royal family, having recovered from their stupor, were loth to acknowledge the empire to be only a collection of confederated states, and resolved to seize the first opportunity of withdrawing from the engagements into which they had entered, under the influence of fear and coercion. In the meantime, however, the persuasions of the Archduke Louis induced the Emperor to confirm the appointment of the new Magyar Ministry—on condition that the Minister of Foreign Affairs should always reside at Vienna.

From that moment the aspect of Hungary was changed. Trade and commerce seemed to have received a sudden and powerful impulse. The Diet, driven on by the force of public opinion, displayed an amount of energy and activity before unknown. Reform succeeded reform in rapid succession. The old abuses of feudalism were speedily numbered amongst the things of the past, and in their place was raised a new constitution, the offspring of modern enlightenment, which recognised the equality of all classes of citizens, guaranteed to every one the full and free exercise of his political and social

rights, leaving the nobles in possession of their rank and station, but raising the law above all. The Emperor closed the session in person, on the eleventh of April, with these words:—"It is with extreme pleasure that I have again come amongst you, for I find my beloved subjects the Magyars always the same."

The work of political reform was begun. The principles had been laid down; but they were not to be carried into execution without great opposition and great difficulty. The revolution of 1848 had roused the other nations which were subjected to Austrian rule, as well as Hungary. The Lombardo-Venetian kingdom sought to regain its independence; the Serbes were on the brink of insurrection, refusing any longer to submit to the Hungarian Diet; and in an assembly convened at Karlovicz, the patriarch of the Greek Church proposed to establish relations with the Austrian Government as a distinct state. The Cabinet of Vienna being obliged to maintain a fair face towards the Magyars, at first pretended to turn a deaf ear to the solicitations of the prelate and his adherents; but when the news arrived that the Croats had risen in arms against the new ministry, it did all in its power to stir up an insurrection amongst the Serbes also. A war of surprises and stratagems now broke out, and the districts bordering on the confluence of the Danube and Tibissa became the scene of several sanguinary engagements. The Magyars at one time defeated the Serbes, and at another the Serbes took terrible revenge. Torrents of blood were shed, and the most frightful atrocities perpetrated, without promising a successful issue to either party. The whole country became a great field of battle, and generations yet unborn will lament the waste of blood and money caused by this unhappy struggle.

Austria, in the meantime, was inciting the Croats to similar excesses. A Diet was convoked at Zagabria, and presided over by Baron Joseph Jellachich, which manifested the bitterest enmity against the Hungarian ministry, and refused obedience to the laws which had been recently enacted. They resolved that they would take part with the Emperor of Austria against the Magyars, and called the peasantry to arms. They appointed Jellachich general of their forces, and the emperor conferred on him the dignity of Ban of Croatia. Jellachich was until then a subaltern officer, but he now became a powerful auxiliary of the Austrian Government, and his admiration of the charms of the Archduchess Sophia rendered him completely subservient to the views of the court. The Hungarians knew his character, his deceit, and dissimulation, and immediately upon hearing of his appointment they felt assured that the question must now be decided by the sword alone.

On the 5th of July 1848, the Magyar Diet again resumed their sittings, but this time removed to Pesth, further into the interior of the country. They had previously met at Presburg. The Palatine Archduke Stephen, whose popularity was still at its height, was received with enthusiasm, and every one appeared prepared to meet the exigencies of the crisis with energy and resolution. Kossuth was the first to ascend the tribune. "Gentlemen," said he, "in ascending this tribune, in order to summon you to save your country, I feel the responsibility imposed upon me, in its full weight and importance. It seems to me that God is holding in his hand the trumpet of judgment, and is proclaiming that the weak and faint-hearted are to be cast back into the tomb, and the brave and energetic are to enjoy life everlasting. Yes, gentlemen, God has placed the existence of Hungary in our hands. It is for you to decide whether she shall perish or be saved. However widely-different your political opinions may be, the love of country, of national honour, of liberty and independence, is a sentiment which every one is ready to defend with his life and fortune. I shall not attempt to excite your enthusiasm on this point, for I believe it exists already. When I tell you that your country is in danger, perhaps I am telling you what you know already, for since the revival of our liberty, the veil has been rent which hid from yourselves the position of your own affairs. You can now see with your eyes the frightful situation in which you are placed."

He then dwelt upon the state of the army and the volunteers, and continued:—"After the dissolution of the last Diet, the Hungarian minister found the treasury empty and the country defenceless. He has fathomed with terror the abyss that yawns at our feet. I was one of those who long ago called the attention of the Government to the grievances under which we laboured, and the defects in our constitution, who demanded that justice should be done towards the people; and now, perhaps, it is too late to commence reforms. Can patriotism and enthusiasm ward off the danger *now?* The nation and the Government deferred the doing of their duty too long, and now, when they have taken the first step in the right direction, the bonds of nationality are beginning to break asunder.

"Such are the circumstances under which we have assumed the reins of administration, in the midst of an open insurrection, of the exasperation caused by reaction, and the hostile passions which the accursed policy of Metternich has left us as an heritage to blast and destroy us." He then spoke of the combination formed amongst the Sclavonic tribes of the north.

"The Croats have risen in revolt. It is many years now since we assured the Austrian Government that in encouraging these intrigues amongst the Sclaves, it was nourishing a serpent in its bosom which would one day destroy the reigning dynasty. The Croats think that by taking advantage of the present revolutionary crisis they can take up arms with impunity against the Hungarian nation. If we had given them any cause for forming this lamentable determination, I would be the first man to advise you to appease their anger by redressing their grievances, instead of repressing their rebellion by force. But you all know that when we were ourselves unable to obtain all the liberties which of right belonged to us, we refused none of them to Croatia.

"Since the reign of Arpad Hungary has never enjoyed a privilege which the Croats have not shared, and not content with awarding them a share, we have often bestowed upon them special favours at our own risk. I have read in the history of Ireland that England despoiled that country of certain political rights; but it is the Magyars alone who have granted to a small province more than they themselves possessed. Where then can we find the cause of this insurrection? Nowhere! Was it the last Diet which altered the relations between the two countries? Did it not on the contrary begin a new era? Did it not obtain her rights, not for us only, but for the Croats also? They enjoy the same liberties with ourselves. The Hungarian nobility is pledged to indemnify them for the abolition of the dues payable by the peasantry. The right of using their own language in their own assemblies has been specially reserved to them. Their municipal privileges have been extended. They can manage their elections in whatever manner they please; they can send representatives to the Diet to deliberate in common with us for the safety and welfare of the two countries. The last Diet said to them, 'Regulate your elections, elect your deputies, we do not interfere with you.' We cannot then find in the past any cause for this insurrection. Shall we look for it in the present? The ministry is now responsible to the people for the manner in which it discharges its duty. This Diet has decreed that the Croats shall be at perfect liberty to use their own language in their official documents, and in all that relates to the internal administration of the country. All that it insists upon is that they shall henceforth receive from the ministry and the Hungarian counties all official communications in the Magyar language, accompanied by Sclavonic administration."

Kossuth then explained the importance attached by the Croats to the office of *ban*, or governor, and continued:—"Nevertheless, we, the ministry, have not for a moment hesitated to ask this insurgent ban to take his seat at the council board and deliberate in concert with us upon the best means for quieting the discontents of his countrymen. We have invited him to state their demands in person, and have declared that if in our power we will comply with them, and if not we will make them a cabinet question.

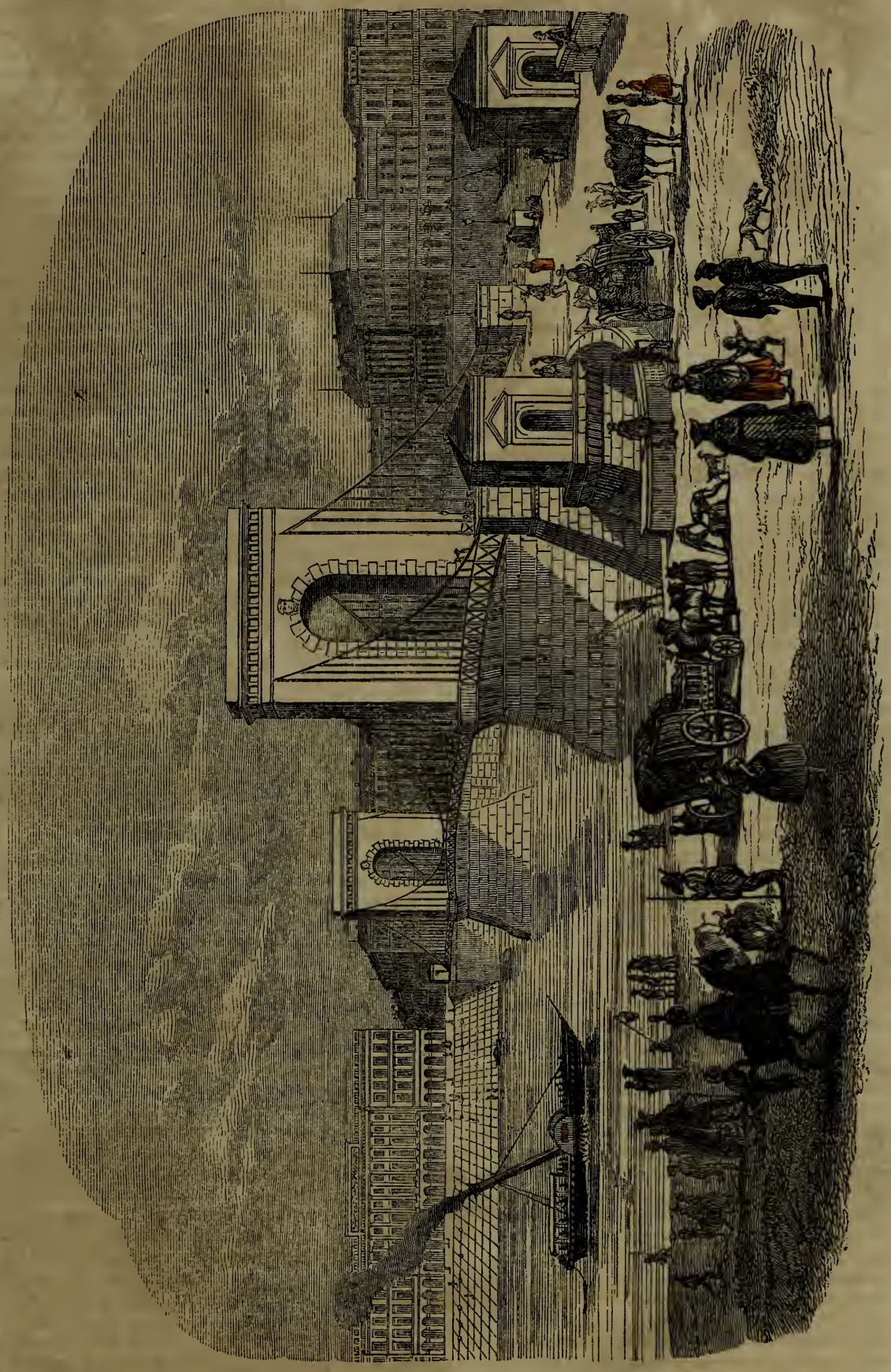
"But he has not complied. He has returned an insolent answer to our invitation; he has placed himself at the head of the insurrectionary party, and threatens to inflict upon the two countries all the horrors of a civil war. I do not deny that Croatia has just grounds of complaint. But these must be imputed to the old government, not to us. On the contrary, the Magyars, in addressing their representation to the Austrian Government have always made common cause with the Croatians. We are still ready, I repeat, to do justice to Croatia; but

we will never put Jellachich upon the same level with the king of Hungary. The king can pardon; the duty of Jellachich is to obey. We declare our belief that the only way to put an end to these unhappy differences is for the Emperor to act as mediator between us. Let him command the Croats to summon their provincial Diet. Let their representatives, lawfully chosen, present themselves in the central Diet of Hungary, and there make a plain statement of their grievances, and if their demands are just and reasonable, we pledge ourselves to comply with them, or to retire from office."

He then laid before the Diet a statement of the force at the disposal of the government; and, though expressing his belief that the rebels would not venture to cross their own frontiers, he called upon the Assembly to put the country in a state of defence. For this purpose it would be necessary to raise 200,000 men, and to vote 42,000,000 florins, as a loan or extraordinary contribution. The whole house rose in a body, and shouted with one voice, "We vote them! we vote them!" It was one of the most magnificent episodes in the history of a grand and chivalrous nation. Kossuth was overwhelmed with emotion. "You," he said, with tears in his eyes—"you have elevated ourselves, and I prostrate myself before the greatness of the people!" He then left the tribune, amidst thunders of applause.

The Palatine Stephen then made a short speech, in which he held out the hope that a reconciliation might still be effected; and in the name of Ferdinand, the Emperor, he formally denounced the conduct of Jellachich and the Croats as traitorous and illegal; and it was even believed for a while that the former had been degraded and outlawed by the Emperor himself.

The Ban was summoned to render an account of his doings to Ferdinand, and for this purpose formally presented himself before him at Innspruck. They had an interview in private, and the consequence was that the baron received new testimonies of his Sovereign's favour, and was ordered to return to his post. The Emperor then recommended that a conference should be held in Vienna, to arrange the points in dispute between the Croats and Magyars. Louis Batthyanyi appeared on behalf of the latter, and Jellachich on that of the insurrectionists. Their efforts to bring about an amicable settlement were unavailing. "We shall see you again on the banks of the Drave," said Batthyanyi to the Ban, on parting. "No," was the reply, "I shall visit you on the banks of the Danube."



BRIDGE ACROSS THE DANUBE, BETWEEN BUDA AND PESTH.

Upon his return, Jellachich resumed the command of the united armies of Croatia and Slavonia, and called upon all the savage herds of the military frontiers to range themselves under his banner. In a few days he found himself at the head of 54,000 men. The Austrian government secretly sent him supplies of money, arms, and ammunition.

THE SHOEMAKER OF ST. AUSTELL,
OR INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A METAPHYSICIAN.

A LARGE proportion of those whose names are "a light and landmark on the cliffs of fame" have reached their positions of eminence and usefulness from the lowest conditions of indigence, and amidst constant depressions of spirit from the ceaseless cravings of want. In the pressure of external trials, and the drudgery of toilsome occupations, the inner man has been separated from grosser employments, and consecrated to the purposes and pursuits of knowledge. The desire to know—the eldest born of wisdom—awakened their energies, braced their spirits, held weariness in check, and grew rich on the spare moments of time economically preserved and industriously employed. It was not genius, blazing, but transient as a comet, taking one truth, or a class of truths by intuition, and expiring in the splendour of its conceptions, but the determination to know, to "intermeddle with all wisdom," to grow rich by the patient and steady accumulation of thought, that made them avaricious of time, and prodigal of health and strength and rest. Industry performed the office of stoker to the intellectual fires burning within them, and fidelity to the one absorbing object of desire gave light in the gloom of discouragement, a miser's joy to every step of their ascent, and a graceful dignity to the conscious honours of their triumph in reaching and recording their names in the Temple of Knowledge.

It is no less profitable than gratifying to trace the progressive development of the mind; especially when, unaided by fortune or education, but, guided by its own aspirations, and the energy of its own determinations, it works its way to posts of honour and positions of influence in the intellectual and moral world. The republic of letters is free for all. The knowledge of the alphabet entitles all to the rights of citizenship. Freedom to roam through the whole unbounded continent of learning is secured by these twenty-six letters. Their possessor is already initiated into the secrets of wisdom, and has the passwords to its profoundest mysteries. The mind is its own world. It may be a desert dismal with ignorance and vice, or a garden rich and beautiful with the fruits of knowledge and virtue. In an age and country like ours voluntary ignorance is a crime of fearful magnitude. Contented ignorance is a sin against self and society. Knowledge is power. It is also a treasure more priceless than gold. But, like gold, it is found in grains, seldom in lumps, and is obtained by digging. When one sees a man possessed of "much gold," he is not altogether sure that a large proportion of it is not alloyed with the dust of fraud and dishonest gains. The jewel that sparkles on the coronet of wealth may have been placed there by oppression and violence. But learning stands free of all suspicion. Its possession is a stamp of honesty, and a passport to reputation and usefulness. Wisdom is the principal thing. "Therefore, get wisdom; and with all thy gettings, get understanding." Exalt her, and she shall promote thee. In her hands are riches, and honour, and life. But if she be despised, thou shalt be lightly esteemed. Knowing our letters, the literature and "languages of the babbling earth" are all within the reach of desire, industry, and application. With these, the key of the Temple of Knowledge is in our hands. Shall we open its doors, and survey its magnificent and gorgeous palaces? At least, let us trace the progressive career of one who at manhood was ignorant and vicious; but, animated by a *desire to know*, patiently and resolutely worked his way up the hill, and sat down to enjoy an ennobling and virtuous repose on "the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar." We pourtray the fortunes of an humble shoemaker, whose perseverance in self-improvement was crowned with a success that has placed him in the front rank of the profoundly eminent men of the first quarter of the present century.

Samuel Drew was born in the parish of St. Austell, Cornwall, on the 3rd of March, 1765. His parents were extremely poor. His father's occupation fluctuated between tillage and "streaming for tin." When not turning up the soil of the farm, he was examining the deposits of mountain streams, and selecting, by the process of washing and pulverising, such parts as were valuable for the ore they contained. Diligence and care, even in this toilsome occupation, yielded him such success, that, in the course of a few years he was able to take a better residence, and engage in the business of a common carrier for a brewery in his neighbourhood. At this he found employment for some time; and, with the prospect of a permanent engagement, with steady accumulations, might have anticipated ultimate competency. But industry and integrity are not always a guarantee of success, nor a protection against the frauds or dishonest carelessness of others. The brewer was a lover of pleasure more than of business, and wasted in prodigal living more than was yielded by the gains of trade. Bankruptcy soon followed, and several pounds due to the poor carrier went down into the gulf with his employer, and, what was worse, left him without fodder for his horses, or food for his children—bereft at once of employment and means of subsistence. He had to strike out a new mode of "making both ends meet."

Poor as were the parents, they were pious, and were not only sensible of the importance of education to their children, but solicitous to impart it, to the limited extent their circumstances would allow. For a while the two sons were sent daily to a school, in which the charge for reading was only a *penny a week*. But Samuel seemed careless of this opportunity of learning to read. Books were disagreeable things. He had a talent for doing nothing, and he gratified it by playing truant. He loved the smiling fields and the lonely woods, with their murmuring rivulets and singing-birds; and he carried his heart *there* to find "sermons in trees and books in *brooks*." Whatever his disregard of book-learning, he was shrewd enough in other things, and his shrewdness had a bent of mischief, that was generally more successful in getting him into scrapes than in getting him out of them. But it sometimes left him "unwhipt of justice." His wild pranks were a grief and annoyance to his excellent parents, and compelled them to practise the spirit rather than the letter of the proverb, "Spare the rod, and spoil the child." On one occasion, having incurred his father's displeasure, he was threatened with the rod; and he knew it was not merely "a promise made to the ear." But he believed it would be "better kept in the breach than in the observance." Such sentences were generally carried into effect at night, when the culprit was unbreeched and in bed. Apprehensive that the visit to keep him from spoiling would not be overlooked, nor the rod spared when it was paid, he prevailed on his elder brother to exchange places with him in the bed for the night. It proved another case of the substitution of the innocent for the guilty; and poor Jabez smarted under the lash, as unconscious of the fault that incurred the punishment, as of the trick by which it had been transferred to his own shoulders. On another occasion, for some offence, his father gave him a note to carry to his schoolmaster. Suspecting it to contain an order for a flogging, payable at sight, and unwilling to be a party in the transaction, the billet never reached its destination. He subsequently confessed that, to escape the rod, he spoiled the note.

A trait of character that gave direction to his life, and success to his plans, was developed at an early period of his youth; it was resolute energy of will, sustained by a quality of *sticking* to what he attempted. Perseverance, even against his books, and in truancy from school, became a habit—a bad application, it must be confessed, of a very important quality of the mental constitution. An illustration of this disposition while very young, has been preserved among the records of his early life. Reared among the tin mines of Cornwall, and familiar with their operations, he became ambitious of embracing the profession, very soon after he was breeched, and he resolved on sinking a shaft for himself. Accordingly, he organised a company, of which he was captain; and with a pick-axe, a rope, and a board for a bucket, he commenced his work. They had been engaged at the shaft for some time, and had gone some distance below the surface, when his mining operations were brought to a sudden halt. He was at the bottom, digging away with a right good will, one day, when some one threw a handful of earth upon him. This was a great offence to his dignity, as the presiding genius of the undertaking; and, in a dictorial way, he commanded the offender to desist. A larger handful that came clattering down upon him was the only response to his order. Greatly incensed, and vowing to give the offender a sound drubbing, he ordered them to draw him up, when, to his utter mortification, he found himself face to face with his father, who had just discovered the mining ambition of the youngsters, and regarding it more as a trap for his cow than a mine of wealth, peremptorily ordered the captain to put the dirt back in its place.

It was not long, however, before he was mining in good earnest. Tin ore is commonly lodged in masses of stone. These are gathered and pulverised in the stamping mill, from whence the material is carried by a small stream of water into shallow pits prepared for its reception, where the gravity of the metal causes it to sink, while the sandy particles pass off with the stream. These

pits are called *buddles*. Children are employed to stir up these deposits, and keep them in agitation until the process of separation is complete. These children are called *buddle-boys*. At eight years of age Samuel Drew became a buddle-boy, his father receiving three-halfpence a day for his service. Like his father at the brewery, his first earnings were lost by the insolvency of his employer. But a new master came and advanced their wages to twopence. This increase had a powerful effect in augmenting the self-importance of the boys. It came near ruining one of Samuel's companions. The little fellow, having lost his parents, had been taken by an aunt and kindly cared for as her own. But, like too many others, his virtues were not proof against the temptations of sudden fortune. He was so elevated by this addition to his income, that he went home and gave his aunt notice that as soon as his wages become due, he should seek new lodgings and board himself! Its effect on young Drew was to make him aspire to the rack—not of torture—but of a higher step in the refining process. But, although he remained two years in the pit, he was never promoted beyond the rank of buddle-boy.

Young as he was, with such dispositions, and associated with vicious children, he could not fail to be influenced by their conversation and example. He was rapidly descending into vicious habits. To augment his danger and accelerate his ruin, the only being on earth who understood his disposition and knew how to restrain it from ill, and guide it "in the good and right way," had been removed from her place in the family. His mother had gone down to the grave, and there was now scarcely a heart to love him, or a hand stretched out to sustain and encourage him. She had early discovered that the levity of his feelings unfitted him to receive instruction through the ordinary channels. He was therefore taken under her own charge. She taught him to read and write, at least, all he learned of either during his youth. But his moral nature was the field she cultivated with most avidity. The good seed of religious truth was deposited in his heart; and it never lost its vitality. In later years the harvest of that sowing was abundant and glorious.

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The death of his mother introduced a new phase in the life of Samuel Drew. In the second year of his loneliness his father married a widow, who for some time had presided over his domestic affairs as housekeeper. She was a worthy woman; but the transition to the mother's place was not at all agreeable to the children. A regular warfare of petty annoyances, in which Samuel took the lead, was commenced; and reached their consummation in his expatriation from his father's house. The offence that precipitated this event was certainly as provoking in its character as it was deliberate in purpose and graceless in execution. Soon after her marriage, on an occasion when some of her female acquaintances were visiting her, he provided himself with a syringe and a vessel of water, bored a hole through the partition, and while they were at tea discharged a volume of water upon them. This insult to her dignity and hospitality was a little more than her human nature could bear; and the husband and father was compelled to transfer the culprit where he would either cease his annoyances, or else find new victims for his experiments.

At the age of ten years he was apprenticed to a shoemaker at St. Blazey, about three miles from St. Austell. It was not long after this change in his affairs before his father removed to a greater distance, and left him to cultivate his vicious propensities unrestrained by the presence and influence of family and friends. His new home was situated in a beautiful valley, adjoining the mansion and grounds of one of England's wealthy families. But he was too young and ignorant to enjoy the picturesque in nature; and too constantly occupied with the drudgery of his daily toils to be sensible of anything beyond the pressure of discomfort and want. He was regarded rather as a convenience to subserve the wishes of others, than as a member of the family. His master, to the trade of shoemaker added that of farmer; and when there was no work in the shop, there was always plenty of it in the field. Alternating between these two employments, the apprentice was not slow in discovering that he stood a fine chance of being either a very indifferent shoemaker, or a very poor farmer. Besides this, his personal discomforts were numerous. To the comforts and conveniences of life he was an entire stranger; and, passing his days in rags and wretchedness, he became almost as reckless of life as he was careless of his own character, and of the rights of others. One of his chief troubles was with his mistress. She was disposed to add to his other offices in the family that of servant. He knew remonstrance would avail nothing, and he had recourse to the shrewdness and mischief that exiled him from home. She insisted that he should bring water for the family; but somehow or other the pitcher always met with an accident in his hands, and he had always a plausible reason for it. But it happened so often, that a standing order was issued to release him from bringing water, except when he evinced a perfect willingness to do it. But his tastes sought a wider field than the shop and farm of his master. He became a leader of the vicious boys of the parish; and sometimes a follower of more depraved and wicked men. From robbing birds' nests, he proceeded to peculations upon the gardens and orchards of the neighbourhood; and ultimately, while yet a boy, to assist in smuggling. Under these circumstances, with no abatement of the bad treatment he always received in his master's house, he absconded, in his seventeenth year, with the intention of entering a man-of-war. He was led to this selection of his future, by occurrences that, as little as he thought of it in its conception and frustration, had no small share in determining his subsequent career and his ultimate eminence.

During his apprenticeship, a few numbers of the "Weekly Entertainer" were brought into his master's family. It contained many tales and anecdotes, which he read with great avidity. He was especially interested with the narratives of adventures connected with the American war. Paul Jones, the Serapis and the Bon Homme Richard, excited his mind with a profound attraction. They mingled with his thoughts by day, and his dreams by night. He longed to be in a pirate-ship—a thought natural to his perverted tastes and vicious habits. There was also in the house an odd volume of the history of England during the Commonwealth. These were read again and again, until, having nothing else to read, they palled on his taste, and he turned aside to low and corrupting pleasures. It is true, there was a Bible in the house, but the command to read it on the Sabbath, apart from a natural distaste for such reading, was an effectual bar to obedience. With books, his life might have taken an earlier turn to rectitude. But he had them not; and in the absence of means to gratify a disposition to read, he almost lost the ability. Still his reading gave direction to thought and supplied the material. It was under the influence of thoughts thus born in his mind, that he abridged his apprenticeship by flight, and steered his course to Plymouth. When he set out on this adventure, he had but sixteen pence halfpenny, and went by his home to increase his store. His father was absent, and his mother, at a loss what to do, declined, but persuaded him to stay all night, hoping his father might get home, and detain him, or transfer the matter of supplying his wants from herself. The next morning, to the dismay of his family, he was gone. But the "providence that shapes the ends" of life hindered the consummation of his plans, checked his downward course, and turned his feet to the paths of virtue, usefulness, and honour. His first night from home was spent in a hay-field. The next morning, a ferry and his breakfast took twopence of his stock of cash, and filled him with dismay at its probable early consumption. Passing through Liskeare, with a view of replenishing his purse, he sought employment at his trade, but to provide the necessary implements nearly exhausted his means. He was soon reduced to an extremity of hunger truly pitiable. His fellow-workmen, seeing he did not quit his work for dinner, as they were accustomed to do, made some inquiry as to where he dined, when one of them facetiously replied, "At the sign of the mouth, to be sure." He endured the gibe, but to appease the urgent cravings of hunger, drew his apron-strings, and compressed his stomach into a smaller circle, and stitched away with the best heart he could summon to his aid. The next day, his employer, discovering he was a runaway apprentice, dismissed him from the shop, advising him to return to his master. Ere he left the door, his elder brother came in pursuit of him. His father, having accidentally heard where he was, sent for him. The message came at the time of need. He only consented to return, on condition that he was not to be sent back to St. Blazey. His indentures were subsequently cancelled.

Mr. Drew ever after considered this as the turning-point of his destiny. In later periods of life, when fame, fortune, and family were his, he was accustomed to refer to these ciacumstances as occasions when his future destiny trembled on the beam, and a hair might have turned it down with a force that would have depressed and ruined him for ever.

For some months after leaving Liskeare, he remained with his

father. He then went to the neighbourhood of Plymouth, where for two years or more he pursued his trade with increasing profit to himself, but with very little improvement to his moral character. During this period, he came very near losing his life in a smuggling adventure. But it is said, on the authority of one familiar with him at the time, there was a surprising mental development, especially in his readiness at repartee, and his powers of reasoning; so striking, indeed, that few were bold enough to provoke the one, or engage the other. It made him prominent among his craftsmen, and gave great importance to his opinions. It was not from books, for he was still careless of them, but the friction of intercourse with men, the collision of mind with mind, that elicited thought, and awakened a faculty hitherto slumbering in the repose of a profound ignorance. We shall see how, following this thread, he was led out of the labyrinth of his vicious propensities, into a straight path of intelligent rectitude and virtuous activity.

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In January, 1785, he removed to St. Austell, and became foreman, in his branch of trade, to a young man who carried on the business of a shoemaker, a saddler, and a bookbinder. It was here, and under these circumstances, that he renewed his acquaintance with books, and prosecuted the advantage under every conceivable discouragement. Speaking of his ignorance at this time, in after life, he said, "I was scarcely able to read, and almost totally unable to write. Literature was a term to which I could annex no idea. Grammar I know not the meaning of. I was expert at follies, acute in trifles, and ingenious about nonsense." His writing was compared to the "traces of a spider dipped in ink, and set to crawl on paper." On this foundation he began to build; and the finished superstructure was of magnificent proportions—glorious in its adornments, and durable as time.

The shop of his master was frequented by a better class of persons than he had ever been brought into contact with; and the topics of conversation were above the standard of his information. He listened to their discussions with a deep and painful consciousness of his own defects. Sometimes he was appealed to to decide a doubtful point. The appeal flattered, but humbled him. The desire to know was born in his mind; and he set himself to seek knowledge. He examined dictionaries, added words to his small stock, and treasured them with a miser's care. Books came to be bound; he read their titles, and gleaned ideas from their pages; and truth began to dawn on the darkness of his mind. "The more I read," he says, "the more I felt my own ignorance; and the more I felt my ignorance, the more invincible became my energy to surmount it. Every leisure moment was now employed in reading one thing or other." He could command but very little leisure. Lank poverty and clamorous want cried out against every pause in his employment. "From early chime to vesper bell," and deep in the night, he was doomed to hammer heel-taps, and stitch on soles, while his own soul was alive with the desire to know. "Where there's a will, there's a way." He had "the will," and he found "the way." He was obliged to eat; and he would make it a meal for soul and body. He took a book to his repast: and crammed ideas in his mind and food into his stomach, at the same time. Digestion in both departments was not incompatible with stitching. In this way, five or six pages were mastered at a meal.

At an early stage of his new intellectual life, a gentleman brought "Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding" to be bound. It was a new conception to his mind. He had never heard of it before. He pored over its pages with a fascination as profound as a philosopher's joy at a new discovery, a sensation as new and thrilling as a child's over his first toy-book, and drank in his reasonings with a zest as transporting and heartfelt. It was as when a new star blazes in the telescope of the astronomer. But its magnitude was greater than a star. It was a new world with its suns and systems, that filled his soul from horizon to zenith with brilliant images and gorgeous hopes. The continent of mind was spread out before him. What would he not have given to own that world of thought! "I would willingly have laboured a fortnight to have the books." Could his desire be more forcibly expressed? Again, he says, "I had then no conception that they could be obtained for money." How priceless did he consider them. But they were soon carried away; and his mind felt as if the sun had gone down in the early morning. Yet they left a luminous track behind them, rich and glorious as a western sky when the sun has gone to waken the song of gladness in other climes. Years passed before he saw the Essay again, yet the impression was never lost from his mind. "This book set all my soul to think, to feel, and to reason, from all without, and from all within. It gave the first metaphysical turn to my mind; and I cultivated the little knowledge of writing which I had acquired, in order to put down my reflections. It awakened me from my stupor, and induced me to form a resolution to abandon the grovelling views which I had been accustomed to entertain." Heretofore no specific object, besides the general one of improvement, had guided his efforts. Locke awakened his enquiries, and concentrated his mental energies. Its influence was powerful upon every period, and on every undertaking of his subsequent career.

It was about the same time that another and a sublimer change was wrought in the moral nature of Mr. Drew. A mother's hand had scattered the seeds of life over the soil of his young heart. In childhood and youth it seemed to have fallen on stony ground. It had brought forth no fruit unto righteousness. But now the seed had germinated long after the hand of the sower was still in the grave. The apparent instrumental cause of his religious quickening was the remarkably triumphant death of his brother. This awakened reflection on the folly and wickedness of his own life, and the aimless nature of his pursuits. These impressions were strengthened under the ministry of the then youthful, but now world-known and honoured, Adam Clarke. Coincident with these things, the deathless work of that

> "Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
> Sweet fiction and plain truth alike prevail:"

The Pilgrim's Progress gave shape to his thoughts, and direction to his life. The infusion of the religious element into his nature was a most important epoch in his existence. It gave tone to his feelings, sprightliness and vigour to his mind, purity and decision to his character. It brought him into a new atmosphere of being, placed new and vaster objects before his mind, and stirred the profound depths of his intellectual and moral nature with higher aspirations, and a more ennobling ambition. Old things were passed away; and a new life, stretching outward and upward, blending usefulness and happiness, the rewards of virtue with the conquests of duty, was mapped on his soul in lines of fire traced by the finger of God. Henceforth, in the contemplation of his life, we perceive not only a new direction, but a fuller development of mental energy; and trace the application of his powers to subjects, respecting truth, duty, and God, that religious conviction alone could suggest or support. He is no longer ambitious to tread the deck of a pirate-ship. The past is forgotten; or exists as a mournful remembrance. A purer principle is implanted in his nature. It has taken root in his heart; its foliage and its fruits distinguish and adorn his subsequent career.

It is not to be supposed that his difficulties either in getting bread or books had ceased. They were still at the flood tide. He was still "inured to poverty and toil." He had entered into business for himself, but on a scale exceedingly limited. Dr. Franklin's "Way to Wealth," of which he possessed a copy, was his chart. "Poor Richard" gave pithy but very excellent advice to poor Sammy Drew. Eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, "the sound of his hammer" might be heard. He had borrowed five pounds to begin business; and it was only at the expiration of a year that he was able to return it. But his business, and his own character for industry and integrity, were established. He was in the *way* to wealth. His desire, however, was not inordinate. He only wished to be able to spare some moments from constant toil to the purpose of reading and study. In a few years, this object was accomplished, and he found himself at liberty to pursue his long-cherished scheme of mental improvement. But the best-concerted schemes sometimes fail. His were nearly wrecked by politics. He was saved by an incident as singular as it was effectual. During the American war everybody was a politician. In his boyhood he took sides with the Colonies. He had not yet changed his opinions; and there was danger of political discussion engaging his attention, to the exclusion or detriment of his more important mental occupations. From this hazard he was preserved by an incident, which we will describe in our next number.

GENERAL CHANGARNIER.

Ledru Rollin, says the author of the "Revelations of Russia," when a member of the Provisional Government, was one evening much occupied, when an African general, who refused to give his name, was announced as desiring a private interview. Ledru Rollin replied that he was engaged till two in the morning; to which the stranger rejoined, that he would wait. When at length the general (whom Ledru Rollin did not know personally) was admitted, he introduced himself as General Changarnier, and then proceeded to explain that, for several years past, the dream of his life had been the invasion of England; that he had sent agents to levy plans, survey harbours, and obtain information on the minutest points connected with the topography and defences of the country. Basing his calculations on these data, he judged the capture and destruction of the British metropolis feasible, was anxious to attempt it, and came to entreat of Ledru Rollin the means of putting his project into execution. Ledru Rollin remarked, that such matters were not within his province; but Changarnier answered him, that, nevertheless, he could collect 12,000 men belonging to regiments which had served under his orders in Africa, and obtain for them means of transport on his (Ledru Rollin's) sole order. The general expressed himself further satisfied that, with this force, he would be able to make a swoop on Woolwich, burn the shipping in the docks, and destroy or capture astonished London, He added, that, in case of failure. he permitted Ledru Rollin and his colleagues to disavow him, and pledged his word of honour as a soldier that, if he were tried, hanged, or shot, he would die without criminating his employers. Ledru Rollin replied that he had also entertained the notion that France must some day avenge the disasters of Waterloo; but that at present peace with Great Britain was the wish and policy of the French people, and that in any case it appeared to him that it was only on a fair field, with an armed enemy, that France could vindicate her honour; not by an act of piracy, or by barbarously injuring the lives and property of peaceful citizens.

GENERAL CHANGARNIER.

This strange story should, at any rate, interest Englishmen in General Changarnier. His recent incarceration in Ham, by Louis Napoleon, has also added a fresh notoriety to his name. A French writer has supplied us with the particulars, which we here translate:—"On the morning of the *coup d'état*, at five minutes past six, the Commissaire de Police rang at the door of the house of the General, No. 3, Rue de Faubourg, St. Rouen. The porter, as usual, asked, 'Who's there?' The reply was, 'Open the door, I wish to speak with you!' The porter, however, refused to open. It was evident he was on his guard. In the same house, and beside the entrance door, is a grocer's shop. The commissaire was struck with the idea that the shop might communicate with the court-yard of the house. He entered, asked in an imperative tone for the key of the door that communicated with the court, and obtained it. He thus penetrated into the house, followed by his agents. The porter had, however, already given the alarm by ringing bells which were hung in the General's apartments. His servant was found on the landing-place of the first story, above the *entresol*. The key of the apartment, which he had in his hand, was taken from him. The commissaire opened the door and entered. At the same moment a bedroom-door was opened, and the General appeared in his night-shirt, and with a naked pistol in each hand. The commissaire rushed to him and put down his arms, saying, 'What are you about, General? we do not seek your life; there is no need to defend it!' The General remained calm, gave up his pistols, and said, 'I am yours; I will dress myself.' The General was dressed by his servant, and said to the commissaire, 'I know that M. de Maupas is a gentleman; have the kindness to say to him, from me, that I hope his courtesy will not allow him to deprive me of my servant, whose assistance is necessary to me!' His request was at once granted. On his way to prison, in the vehicle, the General spoke of the event of the day. 'The re-election of the President was certain,' said he; 'he had no need to resort to a *coup d'état*. He gave himself much trouble for no purpose.' On another occasion he said, 'When the President has a foreign war on his hands, he will be glad to seek me, to give me the command of the army.'"

Of Changarnier little is known, beside his African campaign and his political career, since the revolution of 1848. He still remains a prisoner in Ham. It is to be hoped that there he will plan something better for the world than an invasion of England—that he may become conscious that the time has come to bury the memory of Waterloo—and that he may learn that England and France must henceforth seek a higher and holier rivalry than that which in time past waged between them on the battle-field or on the ocean's wave, dyed red with blood.

THE MODEL PALACE.

THERE is probably no spot in the British dominions more beautiful than Chatsworth—nothing so perfect of its kind as the palace of the Duke of Devonshire. It stands peerless, if not unparalleled, and nothing of princely magnificence can surpass it without the many natural advantages, which so abundantly contribute to its perfection in grandeur and beauty.

The valley that embosoms this noble structure is of surpassing richness, rural simplicity, and beauty. The pure and silvery Derwent winds its way in prolonged circuits, as if reluctant to leave a scene so enchanting, and pays, in the deep green of her borders, her silent and treasured tribute for the honour of passing amid such richness and splendour; and retires, proud to have added to their perfection and charm.

We never saw the sun throw its beams with such mild loveliness, or the stars of night rest so satisfied in their moonless splendour through their midnight watchings, as over the enchanting valley of Chatsworth.

Prepared for this scene by a brief sojourn at the romantic gorge of Matlock Bath, and a drive through rich fields to this first dukedom of England, we were expecting almost wonders; and, having seen it, we are not at all surprised that Victoria, as she entered the lofty conservatory with coach and four, amid fourteen thousand lustres pouring their effulgence upon her, exclaimed, "Devonshire, you beat me!"

In rising a slight eminence, you command a view of the palace of Chatsworth, the most perfect structure of its kind in the world. Not so spacious, not so imposing, as many of the seats of royalty, or of nobles of the realm; but as a whole—for its beauty, order, scenery, cultivation of art, and aids of science—incomparable.

It is an autumn day—a bright, bland, mild, September morning. We drive to the inn, just without the upper gate of the park of Edensor, kept chiefly for visitors at this courtly residence.

In ascending the hill from Edensor, you have a full view of nearly the whole of Chatsworth. The first and most imposing object is the mountain back of the palace, looking in frowning majesty directly upon its turrets. Next is the palace itself, sending rom its almost countless chimneys the smoke in graceful columns —the evidence of life and industry within. Next you look back upon the sweet little village of Edensor, with its neat Gothic spire and clustered dwellings in the Tudor, Elizabethan, and Swiss styles, giving an air of rural beauty and artless simplicity to the scene. There is the home of the more favoured of his lordship's tenants.

On the loftiest peak of the mountain is the *Tower*, where *ladies* were formerly indulged in the spectacle of the chase, when some poor, doomed buck, became the sport and the victim of a hundred hounds, and scores of horses and noble riders, in the wonderful pursuit.

Another, and perhaps more deserving object that rises at a distance, radiating brilliantly the morning sun, is the *Conservatory*, of glass, covering several acres, and securing in its ample enclosure all the climates the earth knows, with land and water to meet the wants of all vegetable growth.

Casting your eye up the winding Derwent and along its beautiful curves, you see embosomed in native oaks, beech, and chestnut, and richly cultivated shrubbery, what is called the "kitchen-garden." You would think a prince lived there. It is nearly a mile from the palace. Here are productions enough for an army, and fruits choice enough and abundant enough for the banquet of kings and nobles and ladies in the times of Elizabeth and Leicester. Such peaches mellowing in the sun; such clusters blushing on the vine, with endless varieties of fruits and flowers, we never dreamed of before. A single peach-tree in heavy bearing, said to be very old, and yet perfectly vigorous and fresh, branches more than seventy feet.

Shrouded in the wood, on the top of the mountain, is the perfect model of a Swiss cottage, retired enough to win the most devoted recluse, and too lovely not to be enjoyed as a permanent residence. On the loftiest summit possible for such purposes, are gathered exhaustless resources of water, there reserved and held tributary to the claims, necessities, beauties, and fancies of the valley below. From the flag-tower you realise the wisdom of this selected spot. Its view is commanding and perfect.

From this elevated position, the whole of Chatsworth lies before you—hills, vales, flocks, herds, winding drives, flowery paths, the silver stream, wide-spread waters, gardens, lawns, and jets; the conservatory, Edensor, its church, and the noble PALACE—each peerless and perfect of its kind. Not an object, not a thing, but is in good taste and in keeping, adding to its perfectness and its charming grandeur and beauty.

We will come, however, to more than simple description of scenery. We will approach the *Palace* in sober reality. Of this we must more particularly speak, and it shall be no fancy sketch, nor fancy drapery of description.

It is natural for us to desire some knowledge of the nobleman upon whose princely estates we are resting. It will not do, however, always to inquire too minutely into the domestic relations of men. Many a title to ancestral honours and endowments may be hazarded by too strict examination of their tenure. It would seem that the present Duke of Devonshire is a bachelor of about sixty. His claim to his title and estate being early disputed by other members of this noble family, it is said that he bound himself not to marry, that, at his decease, the dukedom should descend in the direct line of his opposing claimants. This, with five other palaces, left in undisputed possession for life, Devonshire accepts as the substitute for a WIFE. And, with it all, we do not approve of his decision in the least. It is somewhat doubtful whether the duke is satisfied fully himself; for it is said that he is not now the man that he was when these princely estates first came into his possession. Yet he evidently desires to promote the highest good of his numerous tenantry. He liberally aids all who wish to emigrate to America or the colonies; and has even proposed to reside permanently on his estates in Ireland, that he may contribute to the relief of that miserable people.

Prepossessed in favour of the noble duke, we hasten to his palace. We pause to gaze on its vast dimensions. Before us is the massy and richly-ornamented square pile of the old house, with its rusticated base; beautifully fluted Ionic columns, pilasters, elaborately adorned frieze and pediment, all surrounded with an open balustrade, divided into sections, and surrounded with urns, vases, and statues. A new wing is thrown out from this venerable square, in Grecian style, with elegant offices, projecting considerably forward about midway, breaking its vast extent. Then there is the magnificent temple soaring aloft, with its open columns, giving a beautiful finish to this wing, and a striking counterpart to the massive pile at the north. This gigantic structure, taken in connection with its grounds ornamented as they are, presents a scene of unrivalled richness and beauty.

We entered the stately doorway, and registered our names in the superb "Sub-Hall." Antique busts and figures, with splendid gilt vases, imparted an imposing air to this introductory apartment. His grace was leaning easily on his elbow, in familiar chat with a young relative, and, with a benignant smile, made us quite welcome to his princely mansion. From this, we ascended by a flight of stairs to the north corridor, which is enriched by a costly tessellated pavement of most elegant design, variegated ornaments, inlaid with beautiful marbles, &c., while along the walls are antique statues and busts, and massive adornments. From this apartment we are conducted into the "Great Hall," all gorgeous with the costliest of ancient paintings, by Verrico and Laguerre, presenting the most prominent scenes in the life of Julius Cæsar,—his Passage of the Rubicon, Voyage across the Adriatic, his Sacrificing at the closing of the Temple of Janus, his Death at the foot of Pompey's Statue, and his Apotheosis, or Deification. The last occupies the ceiling, and is splendidly executed. The Gallery, defended by a series of open balustrades, is carried round three sides of this magnificent hall, the centre of which is adorned by one of the largest Entrochi marble slabs, eleven feet by seven, supported by a superb carved gilt stand, and bearing descriptions historical and in honour of the palace and family of Devonshire.

From this grand hall we passed to the south, through a beautiful archway which gives an airy lightness and great elegance to the southern extremity, by which we were introduced to the "State Rooms."

No language can do justice to these magnificent apartments—so numerous, so spacious, so splendid. The door-cases are of the Derbyshire variegated alabaster, pannelled, and richly ornamented with foliage and flowers. The windows are of solid plate-glass, without sashes; and the furniture throughout of the richest character. There are two sets of magnificent gilded chairs, in which royalty once sat, and was crowned—the rich and prided perquisite of this noble house, in virtue of its official re-

lation to the throne. These rooms are lined with costliest wood; stored with beautiful cabinets and carvings; hung with paintings of the finest schools, both ancient and modern; and fitted with Gobelin tapestries of the cartoons of Raphael. You pass on from room to room of vast dimensions; the Ante-Room, the Music Room, the Red Velvet Room, the White Room, the Library, with others, till you reach the chapel, literally fatigued, and amazed, and confused, by the dazzling splendour that has filled and pained, as well as delighted, the eye. You welcome the chapel as a place of repose, and from its silence and pictured scenes of solemnity and of grace divine, you are charmed almost to the devotion and realisings of a quiet Sunday morning.

In no part of Europe have we met with paintings uniformly so choice, so well selected, and so beautifully arranged. France, with the prided galleries of her capital, has nothing so perfectly complete, and no specimens of artistic excellence rivalling the superb pencillings of these royal saloons. There is nothing here of inferior or ordinary execution to offend the eye of the most cultivated, but a peerless excellence in every department.

The Chapel and Library we could hardly consent to leave. The first is perfectly chaste and appropriate for the kind of service to which it is consecrated; and though our lips might "dissent" somewhat from the formula of its worship, our hearts, we trust, would not rebel and refuse their union with the true worshippers of God in this noble house of devotion. The Library is of large extent and exquisite finish, and is one of the finest rooms of the kind that we ever saw, surpassed by that of Blenheim only by the flower-gardens that lie beneath it.

The Sculpture Gallery next claims our attention. We leave the Chapel for this extended apartment. From these galleries we often withhold our *unqualified* approbation. But there was a chasteness here that we did not expect to meet. This room is stored with chiselled beauty, and almost speaking divinity. Some of the most celebrated specimens of design and art to be found in the world adorn this chamber, and little, if anything, of Continental grossness can be met to offend.

Next in succession to this gallery comes the "Orangery," in perfumed attractions and wonderful beauty. This is a noble room, one hundred and eight feet by twenty-seven, and twenty-one feet in elevation. Here we met the cherished trees of the Empress Josephine, reared and cultivated by her own hand at Malmaison. And who would not pay a tribute of admiration to the memory of unfortunate and injured Josephine, while breathing the fragrance of these richly-loaded leaves. As fresh and fragrant for ever may be the memory of this prided Empress, the only fadeless gem in the crown of her imperious and perjured lord. Here was also a most splendid *Rhododendron arboreum*, bearing in one year upwards of two thousand of the loveliest flowers.

From this enchanting room we passed near the private apartments of our noble lord. But visitors of any kind are debarred the honour of seeing the extent and magnificence of these halls and saloons of luxurious pomp and noble pride. They are said to be in good keeping with the palace entire, and to have witnessed, in their day, scenes of surpassing brilliancy, extravagance, and courtly honours. A change is said to have come over these, and, at this moment, they are graced and vocal with virtuous beauty and cultivated worth; and the untitled, of just and generous aspirings, are the favoured and welcomed guests of these ancestral chambers.

We must pass to the apartments of flowers, of which it is in vain to speak. The extent, the variety, the beauty, the magnificence, cannot be pictured. You are decoyed along, almost unconscious of the change, till you find your feet treading silently on the velvet lawn—soft, verdant, fresh—enriched and cooled by the unseen spray thrown from the many jets, or sent abroad from the giant cascades, far above the palace, as if to defy the scorching heat and drought of the seasons, and to secure ever-continued freshness to these gardens of beauty, and scenes of science and art.

Our attention is soon attracted to the south, where rises that "mountain of glass" first seen from the hill of Edensor. Suddenly, you are in the midst of rocky defiles, beneath frowning cliffs, where rounded and water-worn blocks of grit-stone are strewed in every direction; wild scenery, and irregular, as if never seen by man before, or invaded at all by his hand, save to open these winding defiles for your feet. Along the steep embankment, and every part of its wavy outline, indigenous plants, rare exotics, shrubs and flowers, are growing luxuriantly, the whole bounded by magnificent beech, lime, and sycamore trees, with others, in almost endless variety.

Leaving this scene of immense labour, artfully attempting the rivalship of wild Nature in her bold and strongest achievements, you meet a stone archway, through which the "drive" passes into an immense open area, where breaks upon your wondering eyes THE CONSERVATORY! that matchless structure, in all its grandeur, truly a sea of glass, whose waves are just settling and smoothing down from the commotions of the storm.

Such is its mechanical arrangement, that, to the eye, it seems to "undulate" along its giant dimensions, and almost persuades you that it must be a swelling mountain of the ocean.

This magnificent and unexampled structure has a central curved or arched roof, sixty-seven feet high, with a span of seventy feet, resting on two rows of iron pillars twenty-eight feet high. Floral and every choice production of the varying latitudes, have here their native soil and genial temperature, adapted to the nature and necessities of every species and every part of the globe, has become tributary to this countless collection of vegetable growth.

The form of this immense edifice is a parallelogram of two hundred and seventy-seven feet by one hundred and twenty-three. The iron sash-bars sustaining the glass of this structure would extend forty miles, while they actually contain seventy thousand square feet of strong glass, capable of resisting the elements in wintry storms, and so wonderfully arranged "in zig-zag lines" as to produce the optical delusion to which we have referred.

This mountain of glass may be illustrated by comparing it to three square half-cones, truncated at each end; the extreme base of the upper one resting on the apex of the other two; or, we may say, that the longitudinal part of the upper dome is a semi-cylinder, which, when joined to the semi-cylindrical transverse ends, forms groins at the respective angles.

This structure is indescribably majestic. It was here his grace gave to his worthy Queen a drive at night, in coach and four, through the rocky defiles, with courtly attendance, direct beneath and through this mountain of glass, while fourteen thousand lamps poured their blaze from shrub and tree, and pillar and cornice, radiating and reflecting, and mingled in more than noonday brightness, to greet and honour the proudest and the loveliest sovereign of earth. No wonder Victoria was amazed amid this scene of wonders, so far surpassing the splendours of her own princely abodes.

On retiring from the *Conservatory*, we ascend the steps of the "great terrace walks," which are planted round the immense area with the finest shrubs. We wind our way among rock-work; passing a beautiful bed of Italian heath, the *Erica cornia*: then, descending a succession of steps hedged by the yew, to the "Stid," we meet broken fragments of rock, strewed in wildest confusion, yet decked profusely with plants and flowers.

From all this, you emerge into a full and enchanting view of the wide valley of Chatsworth, near its jets and fountains in full play, attesting that his grace is still at the palace. When all are in motion, it is said, nothing of the kind is known to surpass the beauty and magnificence of the scene.

The "Emperor Fountain," situated in the centre of the largest sheet of water, throws its great columns two hundred and sixty-seven feet, casting, everywhere around, its torrents of rain, and showers of spray, and fleecy clouds, refreshing far the wide lawns and gardens. Multitudes, of more modest pretension, send forth their *jets d'eau* from pool, and grove, and garden, and mountain precipice, and amid lofty oaks, far up the crags, and from the cliffs, seem, in the distance, like so many cones and pyramids, and curves and segments, of pure light and snow, reflecting the sunbeams of the morning with enchanting brilliancy; and, as we gazed upon this wondrous scene, each moment bringing to view some new attraction, some fancy *jet d'eau*, amid the woods of the mountain, suddenly, and indeed almost alarmingly, to our ears, the great cataract came thundering down the rocks and crags of the mountain and the lofty precipice, a literal flood of waters. And, as by magic, they soon died from our sight, burying themselves in silence beneath the garden views and lawns of nobility below, as if conscious of wrong in disturbing, by their mountain torrents, the quiet charms of this lovely morning.

In this veritable sketch we have but selected a few from the vast variety of wonders of Nature, Science, and Art that crowd and adorn this ancestral domain—this proud memorial of Devonshire, and highest gem of English nobility.

MISCELLANEA.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.—Any ear may hear the wind. It is a great leveller; nay, rather, it is a great dignifier and elevator. The wind that rushes through the organ of St. George's Chapel at Windsor has first passed through the barrel-organ of some poor Italian boy; the voice of Alboni and that of a street-singer have but one common capital to draw upon—the catholic atmosphere, the unsectarian air, the failure of which would be the utter extinction of Handel, Haydn, and all the rest. The air, or atmosphere—the compound of nitrogen and oxygen, to which we are all so deeply indebted—sometimes plays the musician of itself, and calls upon Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, upon the ocean and the forest; and they, like invisible but not inaudible performers, make glorious music. Sometimes the shrouds of a ship, as she rolls upon the tempestuous deep, raise wild and piercing sopranos to the skies; sometimes the trees and branches of a forest of gigantic pines become mighty harp strings, which, smitten by the rushing tempests send forth grand and incessant harmonies—now anthems, and anon dirges. Sometimes the waves of the ocean respond, like white-robed choristers, to the thunder-bass of the sky, and so make Creation's grand oratorio, in which "the heavens are telling," and the earth is praising the glory of God. Sometimes the deep calls upon deep, the Mediterranean to the German Sea, and both to the Atlantic Ocean; and these, the Moses and the Miriam of the earth, awaken rich antiphones, and from opposite choirs, responding from side to side in Nature's grand cathedral, praising and adoring their Creator and Builder. Were man silent, God would not want praise.

THE LIPS.—Leigh Hunt says, of those who have thin lips, and are not shrews or niggards—I must give here as my firm opinion, founded on what I have observed, that lips become more or less contracted in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humour and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-humour and grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from an habitual series of such moments. Remark the reverse, and make a similar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face; it can the least conceal its sensations. We can hide neither ill-temper with it, nor good; we may affect what we please, but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavour to impose upon them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotions, as the eyes are of another; or, rather, it expresses the same emotions but in greater detail, and with a more irrepressible tendency to be in motion. It is the region of smiles and dimples, and of trembling tenderness: of a sharp sorrow, of a full breathing joy, of candour, of reserve, of a carking care, of a liberal sympathy. The mouth, out of its many sensibilities, may be fancied throwing up one great expression in the eyes—as many lights in a city reflect a broad lustre into the heavens. On the other hand, the eyes may be supposed the chief movers, influencing the smaller details of their companion, as heaven influences earth. The first cause in both is internal and deep-seated.

EPITOME OF FRENCH LIBERTY.—Universal suffering and vote by bullet.

VALUE OF TIME.—Lord Brougham, the most indefatigable man in England, often does not quit his study before midnight, and he is always up at four. Dr. Cotton Mather, who knew the value of time in everything, was never willing to lose a moment of it. To effect this purpose, he had written upon the door of his study, in large letters, "Be brief." Ursines, a professor in the University of Heidelberg, wishing to prevent the idlers and babblers from interrupting him in his hours of study, had written at the entrance into his library, "Friend, whoever you may be, who enter here, be quick with your business, or go away." The learned Scaliger placed the following phrase upon the door of his cabinet: "My time is my estate." The favourite maxim of Shakspere was: "Consider time too precious to be spent in gossipping." "Friends are the real robbers of time," said Lord Byron.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—Presence of mind is often shown in quick conception of some device or expedient, such as we usually suppose to be an emanation of superior intellect. This has been repeatedly exemplified in rencontres with the insane. A lady was one evening sitting in her drawing-room alone, when the only inmate of the house, a brother, who for a time had been betraying a tendency to unsoundness of mind, entered with a carving-knife in his hand, and, shutting the door, came up to her and said, "Margaret, an odd idea has occurred to me. I wish to paint the head of John the Baptist, and I think yours might make an excellent study for it. So if you please I will cut off your head." The lady looked at her brother's eye, and seeing in it no token of jest, concluded that he meant to do as he said. There was an open window and a balcony by her side, with a street in front; but a moment satisfied her that safety did not lie that way. So, putting on a smiling countenance, she said, with the greatest apparent cordiality, "That is a strange idea, George; but would it not be a pity to spoil this pretty lace tippet I have got? I'll just step to my room to put it off, and be with you in half a minute." Without waiting to give him time to consider, she stepped lightly across the floor, and passed out. In another moment she was safe in her own room, whence she easily gave the alarm, and the madman was secured. A lady one day returning from a drive, looked up and saw two of her children, one about five and the other about four years old, outside the garret window, which they were busily employed in rubbing with their handkerchiefs, in imitation of a person whom they had seen a few days before cleaning the windows. They had clambered over the bars which had been intended to secure them from danger. The lady had sufficient command over herself not to appear to observe them; she did not utter one word, but hastened up to the nursery, and instead of rushing forward to snatch them in, which might have frightened them, and caused them to lose their balance, she stood a little apart, and called gently to them, and bade them come in. They saw no appearance of hurry or agitation in their mamma, so they took their time, and deliberately climbed the bars, and landed safely in the room. One look of terror, one tone of impatience from her, and the little creatures might have become confused, lost their footing, and been destroyed.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARY wishes for a cure for scandal. We wish we could gratify her. So long as people are ignorant, and foolish, and uncharitable, they will talk scandal. If, instead of professing Christianity, men and women led Christian lives, we should have less scandal. When that happy time comes—when the Bible shall be a rule of life, and not a mere storehouse of theological dispute, scandal will die out amongst us. In the meanwhile Mary must console herself by reflecting that the people who talk scandal, instead of being better, are weaker and worse than their neighbours.

O. OWERS.—You will find a good account of the constitution of the United States in Lord Brougham's work on "Political Philosophy," orf in De Tocqueville's work on "American Democracy." Your other question we cannot answer at this time.

J. H. R.—Members of Parliament are not paid for their services. If they were, many of them would get very little by it. Members serving on committees are paid for their attendance.

J. M. BUTTENHAM.—The price of covers for "The Illustrated Exhibitor" is 1s. 9d. Some fine whitening powder will remove grease from drawing paper. It must be laid on the spot with another paper over it, and a hot iron must be drawn across it.

R. GALT.—The Mammoth Cave in Kentucky is one of the largest in the world.

HAM wants to know what we think of the present gentleman's hat. Our opinion is rather in its favour. When a man is well dressed, a good hat adds immensely to his appearance. We believe—though we lay little stress upon that—that George the Fourth was of the same opinion. However well a man may be dressed, a shabby hat will give him a shabby appearance. At any rate, the present hat is better than the unseemly felt hat aimed to be substituted for it. That seems to us, at any rate, to be utterly indefensible.

AN EMIGRANT.—On the 1st of January, 1845, there were 29,191 convicts in Van Diemen's Land. In December, 1850, the number was 21,437. Last year the gross expense of the convicts was £133,180 1s. 6d.; and the produce of convict labour, £13,935 13s. 6d.

A CONSTANT READER.—We really do not know if "Knight's Pictorial History of England" is to be had in shilling parts. We believe not. It is a first-rate work, and one that everyone who can afford it should have.

B. B.—The glass manufacture is divided into three principal branches—bottle glass, flint glass, and window glass, the latter being subdivided into three descriptions.—1. Crown glass, blown into the shape of large globes, and afterwards opened out into circular flat plates. 2. Sheet glass, blown in the shape of long cylinders, and afterwards opened out into circular flat plates. 3. Plate glass, cast on large iron tables, used in the rough state for skylights, &c., and, when ground and polished, for windows and looking-glasses, cabinet furniture, &c.

A HOUSEWIFE.—According to Dr. Playfair, the hard London water may be easily softened by adding caustic lime. The proportions required are one part of lime water to five of common water, and this reduces the hardness to the same degree as that of water after being boiled. The process of softening water by means of caustic lime has been tried, and found practicable, at the Chelsea Water Works. One pound of chalk, when calcined, will produce 9 oz. of caustic lime, which will make 40 gallons of lime water, and be sufficient to mix with 360 gallons of ordinary London pipe water. The *Builder* says: "We know of cases in which this method is now regularly and successfully adopted in household practice, of course on a small scale."

E. R.—We cannot answer such questions as you propose. The prices of hides you can get better by looking into journals professedly commercial than by writing to us.

G. W. H.—Half the penalty goes to the informer.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER X.

THE court had now recovered from its fright, and showed itself disposed to oppose the Magyars openly, and withdraw the concessions which the emperor had already made. The army of Jellachich was in the meantime encamped on the right bank of the river Drave, prepared to cross it upon the first signal. The Hungarian Diet, as a last resource, sent another deputation to Ferdinand, to implore him to keep his promises and save the country. They arrived at the palace of Schoenbrunn, with Pasmandi, the president of the Diet, at their head, and obtained an audience. "Sire," said Pasmandi, after having presented his colleagues, "we have come to-day, in the name of the fidelity which we have shown to your ancestry, to beseech you to maintain our rights. Your Majesty knows that Hungary is not a conquered province; it is a free nation. You have sworn to defend its privileges and independence." But the Emperor had a reply prepared, and the deputies returned as they had come, having obtained nothing. As soon as they had left the palace, they put red plumes in their caps, and quitted Vienna immediately. The last hope of reconciliation had fled, and the revolution had set in.

On the ninth of September Jellachich crossed the Drave with his army. The news arrived in Pesth on the fifteenth. The greatest excitement prevailed amongst all classes on hearing it. Batthyanyi and his colleagues having lost all confidence in the Emperor, sent in their resignation in a body. It was announced in the Diet, amid general consternation, that Count Adam Teleki, who commanded the Hungarian troops, had surrendered to Jellachich, without striking a blow, alleging, as an excuse, that he could not fight against a man who had sworn fidelity to the same flag as himself. Batthyanyi then advised the Diet to call upon the Palatine to put himself at the head of their army. His proposal was favourably

STORMING OF BUDA.—(*See page* 262.)

received; and, after some moments of general silence, Kossuth ascended the tribune, and stated his opinion that the army should not be placed at the disposal of the Palatine until he had solemnly pledged himself to march without hesitation against the enemies of Hungary, and not yield an inch of her territory without disputing it to the last extremity; and expressed his conviction that the insurgents would not dare to attack an army which had a prince of the royal family at its head.

Stephen accepted the charge without hesitation. He set out the same evening for the Croat army, and demanded an interview with Jellachich, and the place of meeting which he appointed was in a steamboat in the midst of Lake Balatan. The Ban, confident of the support of the Emperor, refused to see the Archduke, who immediately forsook his post, and fled out of Hungary altogether.

A messenger of Jellachich was about this time arrested by some Hungarian csikos, and his despatches addressed to the Emperor, on being examined by the Diet, revealed a long course of treachery on the part of Ferdinand. It appeared that the Ban had been all along in his confidence, and from the commencement of the disturbances had been acting under his instructions, even when he had publicly denounced him as a rebel and a traitor.

The Diet now resolved upon addressing itself to the Emperor no more, but to the Austrian Assembly; but in this body the Sclavonic element predominated so largely, that it refused to receive the Magyar deputation by a majority of 186 to 108. Louis Batthyanyi now laid down all his powers, and a National Defence Committee was elected, of which the Diet appointed Kossuth president.

On the 22nd of September the Emperor issued two manifestos, the one addressed to the people, and the other to the army. The former denounced the conduct of the Hungarians in the recent events, and accused them of abusing the concessions of their sovereign by disturbing the tranquillity of the empire. Count Lamberg was by the latter appointed Imperial Commissioner, and commander-in-chief of the Hungarian army, with full powers to carry the Emperor's orders into execution without consulting the Diet. But no sooner did the proclamations appear in Buda and Pesth than they were torn down and trampled under foot by the populace, with the strongest expressions of indignation and contempt. Count Lamberg arrived while the excitement was at its height. On reaching Buda, he had a few minutes' conversation with the governor of the fortress, and then ordered his coachman to drive on to Pesth. He was met upon the bridge which connects the two towns by a crowd of workmen and armed peasants. He was recognised by a student who had seen him at Vienna, and instantly dragged from his carriage, and hacked to pieces with scythes and sabres. His mangled body was with difficulty rescued from the hands of the infuriate mob. This foul murder excited the horror of everyone, and the Diet was amongst the first to denounce it. One good purpose it might, however, have served. It might have shown the Government the temper of the people, and warned it from taking any steps which might still further irritate and arouse them. It was not yet too late to go back. There was yet room for reconciliation and amendment. The blood of the murdered man did not cry from the ground for vengeance, but for peace and reform, and if Ferdinand had but heard it aright, Austria would have been at this moment a mighty and puissant nation, safe in the hopes and affections of a warlike people, and not, as she is, a byeword and a shaking of the head all over the world.

Immediately upon hearing of this outrage, the Emperor placed Baron Adam Recsei, an old military man, of fierce and arbitrary temper, at the head of a new ministry, formally dissolved the Diet, and appointed Jellachich Commissioner Plenipotentiary in Hungary, with the command of all the forces in the kingdom. Anything more atrocious than this, better calculated to alienate the Hungarian people and arouse their anger, cannot well be imagined. The mask was now thrown off. Jellachich was no longer the champion of Croat independence, but the paid tool of Austrian despotism, engaged in a remorseless crusade against the liberties of a free people.

In the meantime the Ban pursued his march, and on arriving at Royal Alba, he found the Hungarians awaiting him in battle array. Their army was in truth a medley, composed of militia, old men and boys, half armed, or having only scythes stuck on the end of poles, sabres, and rusty muskets, with but few officers, most of whom had never seen the face of an enemy in their lives. But the hussars were there in great force, a body of the finest cavaliers in the world, mounted on fiery steeds fresh from the plains, and in the full glories of sabre and shako, dolman and pelisse. Kossuth did all that man could do to rouse their courage by his fiery eloquence. But his efforts were unnecessary. All were panting for the fray, burning with impassioned animosity towards Jellachich and the Croats. General Moga had the immediate command of the Hungarian forces. The struggle was long and bloody. The troops on both sides rushed together, and fought hand to hand with scythes and bayonets, inflicting the most frightful wounds, and dying in the silence of the most intense hatred and ferocity. Quarter was neither asked nor given, and for many hours it seemed as if the extermination of one party alone could decide the day. But the fiery valour of the hussars carried everything before it. In the very first charge the cavalry of Jellachich was driven off the field, and precipitated into a marsh, where thousands of the men and horses were drowned or smothered. The hussars then rode upon the infantry, wheeling about, and coming again and again to the onset with irresistible impetuosity. The Croats were completely broken and routed, and the Ban begged a truce of three days. It was granted, upon condition that both armies should remain in their positions to abide the result of the negotiations. In the meantime the news arrived that a second revolution had broken out in Vienna, that Count Latour, the Minister of War, had been murdered, that the Emperor had fled, and that the city was in the hands of the people. Immediately upon hearing this, Jellachich broke through his agreement, abandoned his position in the night, and having levied contributions on the inhabitants of Gyor on his way, appeared suddenly and unexpectedly under the walls of Vienna. A close alliance was now entered into between the Magyars and the Viennese. Their cause and their crime, if it was a crime, were the same—freedom and resistance to arbitrary power.

Jellachich, united his forces with those of Prince Windischgratz, and commenced a combined attack upon the revolted city on the 28th of October. The inhabitants resisted gallantly, confidently expecting the Hungarians to follow the Croats and come to their assistance. But the Hungarian army, mostly composed of undisciplined peasants, numbered only twenty thousand men, and Moga, the commander-in-chief, a veteran soldier of the Austrian army, hesitated about acting openly against his old masters. At last Kossuth arrived in the camp, and gave him positive orders to march to the relief of Vienna, and the army immediately broke up its quarters at Bruck, and advanced upon Schvechet. But the delay was fatal. The city had surrendered on the 30th. Upon receiving the intelligence that the Magyars were coming to their relief, the besieged, under the command of General Bem, had defended themselves with renewed courage. But Windischgratz divided his army into two parts, one of which he sent against the Magyars, whilst with the other he rained shot and shell into the city for two days without intermission. The Hungarians gave battle to the division which marched to meet them, but were defeated, owing to the superiority of their opponents both in numbers and discipline, and were obliged to fall back upon the Lajta; whilst the Viennese were compelled to submit themselves at discretion to all the horrors of military violence.

To compensate for this failure the Magyar army soon after achieved a signal triumph over the Croats. When advancing upon Royal Alba, Jellachich had detached ten thousand men from his main body under the command of Roth and Philippovitz, with orders to invade and ravage the southern provinces of Hungary. Casimir Batthyanyi and Maurice Perczel, a deputy of the Lower Chamber, were sent in pursuit of them, at the head of the National Guard.

It was on this occasion that Arthur Goergey, then a major acting under their orders, first distinguished himself. He was a stern, cold, retiring man, possessed of the most splendid military talents, and physical and moral courage of the highest order. Cruel, unrelenting, and remorseless,—he was the very embodiment of the genius of war, divested of its gaudy trappings, and reduced to the naked symmetry of a deadly science.

The iron strength of his will, and the inexhaustible resources of his fine intellect, at once marked him as the man that was to save or ruin Hungary. To him Batthyanyi committed the immediate command of the forces at their disposal. Owing to his able tactics, the Austrians were completely out-generaled, surrounded, and forced to surrender at discretion. Now that it gave proof of its strength, the Diet determined to show itself merciful also. Roth and Philippovitz were allowed to reside at Pesth on their parole, whilst the common soldiers were all dismissed to their homes. But there was one amongst the prisoners who was reserved to a more ignominous fate. Count Eugene Zichy, a rich Hungarian magnate, was arrested in his travelling-carriage, and amongst his baggage were found confidential letters, written to him by Jellachich, and proclamations signed by the same individual, calling upon the peasantry to throw off their allegiance to the Diet and repair to his standard. These Zichy was engaged in distributing. There was no excuse for a traitor whose rank and birth and education should have made him fear dishonour as he feared a wound. So palpable a violation of the first duties of nature and religion called for condign punishment. A court-martial was held to try him for the offence, and Goergey acted as president. The offender in vain pleaded his rank and titles. The impassible major heard him with cold and silent contempt; and on his being pronounced guilty, sentenced him to be hanged in five minutes. The order was executed on the spot. This event excited a profound sensation all over Hungary, and doubtless kept many a wavering aristocrat to his duty; and at the same time gave every one some idea of the stern determination of Goergey's character.

Vienna having submitted, military preparations were made on an immense scale for the subjugation of Hungary. Six weeks, however, were suffered to elapse without any renewal of hostilities. The interval was employed by the Austrian ministers in endeavouring to induce the emperor to break up the federal relation which had hitherto existed between Austria and Hungary, and make the latter entirely subject to the dictates of arbitrary power. But Ferdinand could not overcome his scruples. He remembered his oath, sworn at his coronation, and began to fear, now that he had arrived at the close of a long life, and was tottering on the edge of the grave, to dishonour his grey hairs by perjury. He therefore resolved to abdicate, and his brother, the next claimant, resigned his right in favour of his own son Francis Joseph. The latter ascended the throne and is now the reigning Emperor.

The Magyars perceived the true reason of the abdication, and refused to recognise it. They declared that death only could release the sovereign from the duties imposed upon him when he ascended the throne, pronounced the act of abdication null and void, and continued to promulgate all the laws in Ferdinand's name.

In the beginning of December, the Austrians had everything ready for the campaign against Hungary. Each province of the empire was to furnish its contingent to a general and simultaneous invasion. So that the Magyars were attacked on the north by General Schlick; on the south by the Serbes, the Walachians, and the revolted Sclaves; in Transylvania by Hammerstein and Puchner; and lastly, Windischgratz advanced with the main body of the Austro-Croat army on the side of Austria.

To all these, the Hungarians could only oppose some battalions collected in haste, and strong rather in their patriotic enthusiasm than in their numbers or discipline, and wholly unused to war. Meszaros commanded in the north. Kiss, Perczel, and Casimir Batthyanyi, advanced against the revolted bands of Servia and Croatia. Goergey was placed at the head of the main body of the Hungarian forces. He was a native of Scepuse, born in 1818, and had acquired his military training in the service of Austria. In this he saw no prospect of rising, and his pride not suffering him to play a secondary part in anything, he embraced the national cause, rather from ambition than patriotism. Here there was a fair field opened to him; and when the war broke out, his transcendant talents raised him in a few days to the highest position in the revolutionary army. He wished to be great, not that he might see men bow down and worship him, for he regarded popular applause with the profoundest contempt, but that he might himself look down upon all men

The greatness of his genius justified his appointment. With the small number of men at his command, he found himself utterly unable to cope with the overwhelming forces of Austria, and, therefore, in the opening of the campaign fell back upon the Tibissa, which had always served as a strong position in the wars between the Hungarians and the Austrians. Windischgratz, marched on without meeting with any opposition until he arrived under the walls of Pesth, when a deputation was sent to him, headed by Louis Batthyanyi. They still hoped that it might be possible to bring about a reconciliation. But the Austrian general haughtily declared that he could not treat with rebels, and arrested Batthyanyi, on his presenting himself with a flag of truce in the camp. But instead of advancing, he lost a great deal of valuable time at Pesth, and thus gave the Hungarian government time to complete its measures of defence. The activity which it displayed has met with few parallels in history. At the commencement of the war it had neither powder, small arms, nor artillery. But factories arose all over the country as if by magic; and brass and iron, saltpetre and charcoal, were speedily manufactured in immense quantities. The Diet had in the meantime transferred their sittings to Debrecin, an old town in Upper Hungary, where they could deliberate in security. A spirit of earnestness and determination seemed to pervade the whole body. There was now no retreat but with submission and slavery. "Their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour," were pledged to the cause of their country, and the sword alone was to do right between them and their enemies.

The Magyar generals were at this time reinforced by the addition of two Poles, Bem and Dembinski, men of great military experience. The former had already distinguished himself by his gallant defence of Vienna against the overwhelming forces of Windischgratz and Jellachich. The latter was in Paris when the Hungarian envoy extraordinary to the French Republic offered him a command in the Magyar army. He accepted the proposal, and placed himself at the disposal of the Diet.

When the news of the Viennese revolution reached Transylvania, the whole country was in a flame. Those of its inhabitants who were Magyars and Sicules, of course declared for the Diet; but the Saxons, and others of German origin, sided with the Austrians. The Wallachians now believed that the time had come for them to erect their country into a separate state, independent of Hungary, and under Austrian protection. The two last mentioned peoples, instigated by Austrian agents, committed the most terrible atrocities upon the Magyar population.

In a very short time, however, Bem had collected an army of six thousand men, and by a series of able manœuvres, surprises and stratagems, he completely drove the Austrians and their Russian auxiliaries out of the country, and subdued the Wallachians. His rapid success, which secured to Hungary the occupation of the whole of Transylvania, was the astonishment of all Europe.

When the Magyar Government had abandoned the capital, Windischgratz began to inflict the most terrible severities upon the unfortunate inhabitants who were compelled to remain behind. But his indulgence of this predilection, so characteristic of Austrian generals, for the persecution and torture of the unarmed and unresisting, cost him dear. Goergey took advantage of his delays to achieve several signal successes. Twenty times when the two imperial generals, Schlick and Goetz, believed that they had him in their clutches, and needed only to strike in order to annihilate him, they would find, to their astonishment, that he had slipped through their fingers, and was hanging on their rear, or their flank, in fact anywhere but where they expected to find him. Whenever a small corps was detached from the main, he was sure to pounce upon it and cut it to pieces. By such tactics as these he succeeded in harrassing and fatiguing the enemy, while he gave the Diet time to organise their forces and make all necessary preparations for a vigorous defence. After having driven back the enemy to the foot of the Carpathians, he fixed his headquarters in Cassovia, in Upper Hungary. In the meantime, in other parts of the kingdom, the national cause met with severe reverses. The fortresses of Leopoldburg and Eszek fell into the hands of the Imperialists. General Simovich then proceeded to lay siege to Comorn, and in another direction the Austrians threatened an attack upon the almost impregnable

fortress of Petervaradin; but in the south, the Hungarian generals laid siege to Arad and Temesvar.

Windischgratz now resolved to act upon the offensive, and marched upon Debrecin with all the forces he could collect. Jellachich took up his position at Szolnok, whilst the Prince and General Schlick co-operated in the attack upon the new capital.

The plan formed on the other side by Dembinski, who was now commander-in-chief of the Hungarian army of the centre, directed General Netter to take Szolnok, and from that position attack the right wing of the enemy. Goergey had orders to support Dembinski himself in a movement against the main body of the Imperial army.

HUNGARIAN GENERALS IN THE LATE HUNGARIAN WAR.

Antony Vetter. Arthur Goergey. George Klapka.
Louis Aulich. Count Casimir Batthyanyi. Richard Guyon.

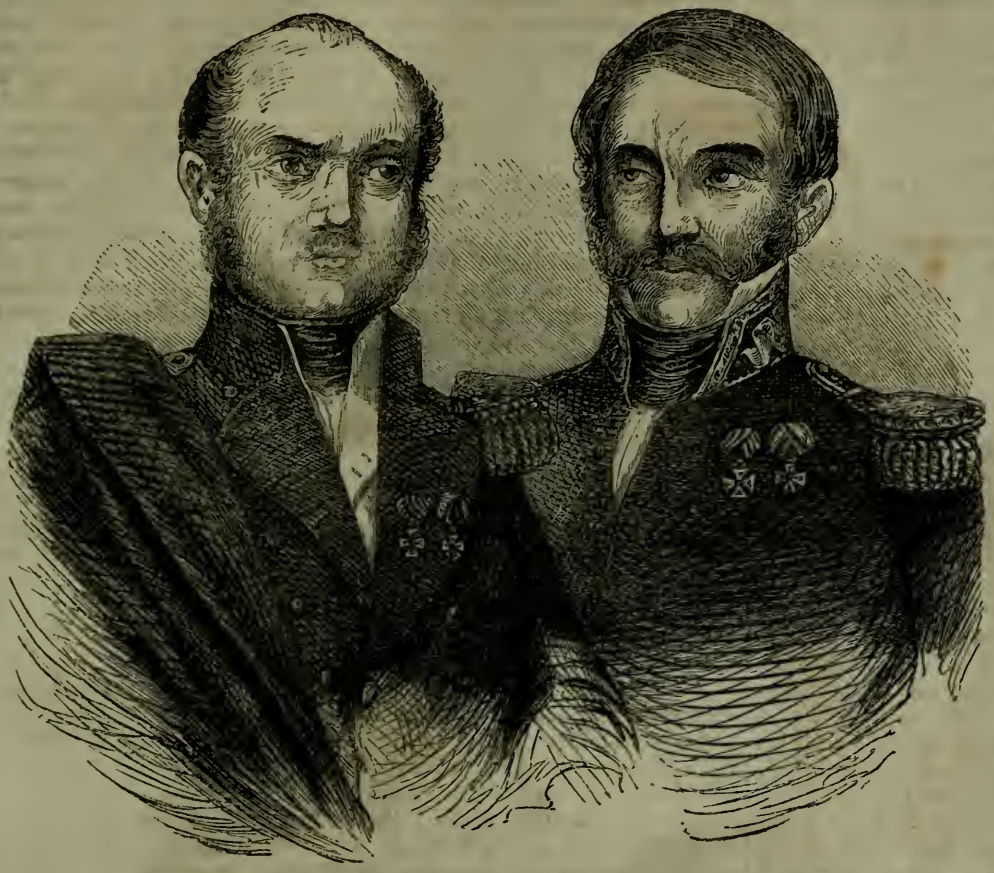
This plan, if successfully carried out, would have proved the destruction of the imperial armies but the ambition and bad faith of Goergey ruined all.

A desperate battle was fought at the village of Kapolna a few days afterwards. The Hungarians, headed by Dembinski in person, displayed the most heroic courage, coming on to the charge under a tremendous fire of artillery without wavering. The village was again and again taken and retaken. Every room, every wall, and every garden was defended by either side with the fiercest obstinacy. The old Pole flew in person through the ranks, encouraging the men by his voice and example. But, strange and humiliating to relate, Goergey's division remained the whole time passive spectators of the engagement, acting under the orders, and having implicit faith in the military skill, of their general, who looked on without remorse at his countrymen engaged in all the horrors of a bloody fight in the plain below him, without moving a foot to their assistance. His pride had been wounded by the appointment of the Polish general to the chief command, and he determined to thwart him as far as lay in his power. A coolness between the two generals thus arose, at a

time when union and co-operation were imperatively necessary. Dembinski was a taciturn and reserved man, giving his orders with stern gravity, and taking no pains to make himself agreeable. Goergey, on the other hand, was surrounded by a *coterie* of generals, whom he had attached to himself by his winning and graceful manners, and he knew how also to work upon the enthusiasm of the Magyars, without bringing the stern restraints of military discipline too prominently forward.

The result of the battle was, that the Hungarians were worsted; and Windischgratz, thinking that the war was now over, offered large rewards for the heads of Kossuth and a number of other revolutionary leaders, and despatched a special messenger to Vienna with the joyful tidings. But he had counted too confidently upon the faint-heartedness of the Hungarian people.

After the action, Dembinski rode up to Goergey, and asked,



GENERALS BEM AND DEMBINSKI.

PRINCE PASKIEVICS.

GENERAL HAYNAU.

BARON JELLACHICH.

in a tone full of sternness, "What should be the punishment of a general who disobeys the positive orders of his superior officer?" "Death!" was the reply, delivered in a tone of equal hauteur. But Dembinski saw that Goergey had too large a body of partisans to make it safe for him to vindicate his authority by any heavy stroke of discipline. But by suffering this betrayal of the national interests to pass over unnoticed, he struck a heavy blow at his own authority; for Goergey's party, encouraged by this success, never desisted from their intrigues until they had obtained the appointment of their favourite to the chief command.

At the same time a disagreement between Windischgratz and Jellachich led to results disastrous to the imperial cause. The badness of the weather, and the difficulty of quartering or manœuvring regular troops in a marshy and uneven country, had weakened and disheartened the Austrian forces. In the north the able tactics of Goergey, and a victory gained at Tokai by Klapka, raised the spirits of the Hungarians. General Schlick was forced in a few days to abandon all the positions which it had taken him three months to gain. Goergey pursued closely, and coming up with him at Gyongyos, offered him battle. To his great joy it was accepted, as he saw that he now had the Austrian in his grasp. It was one of the most fiercely contested engagements during the whole war. The greater part of the Austrian army was formed into squares, to enable them to resist the charges of the Hungarian cavalry, but the precaution was useless, for the hussars broke them in succession, and swept away the men like long grass before the scythe of the mower. Eight entire squares were destroyed, seven standards were captured, 3,200 men were taken prisoners, and six thousand left dead upon the field, whilst the Hungarians did not lose more than two thousand in killed, wounded, and missing. The csikos harassed the imperialists on their retreat, so that this division of their army was almost annihilated. Disaster now followed upon disaster. They were driven from Pesth, from Comorn, and again were routed with great slaughter at Nagy-Sarlo. General Welden was sent in all haste to supersede the feeble Windischgratz, but he met with no better success. Jellachich, rendered desperate by his reverses, abandoned the main body of the army at Pesth, and returned at the head of the Croats to his own country.

The weakness of Austria was now displayed to the world. Her mighty battalions were driven like sheep before small armies of undisciplined peasants. Nothing now could prevent the Hungarians from marching on the capital, and dictating their own terms in the streets of Vienna, but foreign aid. And foreign aid was sought. The degenerate descendant of Charles V. saw himself compelled to implore the protection of the Russian autocrat; but when he signed the degrading application, he virtually became the vassal of the Czar, did him homage for the throne of his ancestors, and acknowledged himself to be "his man in life and limbs and earthly honour." The conflict now became the strangest the world ever saw. The two greatest military powers of Europe were leagued together for the destruction of a little nation, whose male population was little greater in number than the standing armies of the two despots, and when we find that even in the face of these tremendous odds, the Hungarians did not decline the contest, let no man say the age of chivalry is fled. The spirit of liberty is deathless as man's soul, and burned no less brightly on the plains of Hungary in 1849, than in the narrow defile at Thermopylæ two thousand years ago.

While the negotiations were being carried on between Austria and Russia, the Diet, which now held its sittings in the Protestant Church at Debrecin, in reply to the proclamation of Windischgratz, formally declared, upon the motion of Louis Kossuth, the deposition of the House of Hapsburg from the throne, and elected Kossuth himself Governor-General of the kingdom. He immediately set about the formation of a ministry. Bartholomew Szemere was appointed President of the Council; Casimir Bathyanyi was recalled from the army to take the portfolio of foreign affairs; Sebastian Vakovitz was appointed Minister of Justice; Francis Duschek, Minister of Finance; Michael Horvuth, of Public Worship; and, lastly, Goergey, whilst retaining the command of the army, received the portfolio of war.

Immediately after the formation of this ministry, a question arose, upon which the fate of Hungary depended. Two courses were open—either to follow up the late successes, march upon Vienna, take possession of it, and dictate terms to the emperor in his own palace, or to lay siege to Buda. Nothing was easier than the former. The Austrian forces were scattered and panic-struck, and the negotiations with the Czar were not yet completed. The whole struggle might thus have been ended, before a single Russian soldier had left his quarters. Had the ministry, or the Diet itself, pronounced positively upon the course to be adopted, Hungary might have been saved, and despotism crushed all over Europe. But with that infatuation which has so often destroyed the hopes of the best and bravest, they placed in Goergey's hands the power of following the dictates of his own judgment during the remainder of the campaign. Goergey was jealous of Kossuth's popularity and elevation, and, utterly unprincipled as he was, determined that, rather than Hungary should triumph under his government, she should be enslaved for evermore. This man had the head of a god and the heart of a demon, and, with characteristic treachery, he pretended that before marching upon Vienna it was necessary to take Buda, which still remained in the hands of the Austrians. We may feel surprised that the folly and blindness of this was not apparent to everyone; the slightest reflection must have told him, however little acquaintance he might possess of military tactics, that if Vienna had once fallen, Buda could not hold out; that when the heart of despotism was bared for the blow, it was madness to waste time in hacking at the limbs. But such was their confidence in their general's skill and integrity, that the Diet at once assented to his proposition, and thus sealed the fate of their country.

While Welden was making his escape, and collecting the scattered remnants of his army, Goergey proceeded to invest the town of Buda, and summoned Henzi, the Austrian General to surrender. The latter replied by bombarding Pesth on the other side of the river. It was then determined to lay siege to the fortress in due form. But there was no heavy artillery, and they had to send for it to Comorn. This, again, caused irreparable loss of time—and the Russians were already on their march. A heavy fire was then opened on the citadel; a breach was soon effected, and the order was immediately given to storm it. The enthusiasm with which it was obeyed must have struck the heart of any one less hardened than Goergey with sorrow and remorse. But it was now too late for repentance. The honveds rushed to the attack with the utmost ardour, under a tremendous cross fire of grape shot from the ramparts. Scaling ladders were planted against the walls, and were in many instances broken by the eagerness of the assailants to mount them. The tricolour flag was at length displayed from the principal gate, and the Hungarians entered in wild triumph, reeking with blood, and begrimed with gunpowder. But the conflict was not over. Henzi and his Croats occupied the houses, and from every window an unceasing shower of balls was poured upon the besiegers with deadly aim as they passed along the streets. The doors were forced, and it now became a hand-to-hand fight with sabre and bayonet on the staircases, and through the rooms. The slaughter was fearful, and was near ending in the utter extermination of the Croats. At last they surrendered; but Henzi, their General, was no more. A Hungarian soldier had met him in the heat of the engagement, and cut him down with a stroke of his scythe. A score of sabres would next moment have been plunged into his body, but that Goergey came up at the moment and saved him from further violence. He did not, however, survive more than an hour.

Before receiving the news of this triumph, the government sent Goergey the baton of a field marshal, but he coldly refused it. Perhaps he thought it absurd to accept honours from the hands of men, whose ruin he was already compassing.

The enemy having now been driven from the whole of Hungary, the Diet again transferred its sittings to the metropolis. Here they received the news of the Russian intervention. They were, at first, astonished and confounded; but on recovering from the first shock of surprise, every voice was for war to the last extremity. Preparations were made for the most desperate defence. The government showed itself in every way fitted for the crisis. A manifesto was issued, making a statement of their cause and circumstances in a tone of

lofty dignity, and appealing with grand but touching pathos to the sympathies of all the free nations of the world. They asked for aid, not so much for their own sakes as for that of freedom and self-government; they implored the great powers of western Europe to atone for their apathy towards Poland, by saving another nation placed in similar peril from being crushed in the embrace of the northern bear. But England, France, and America, looked on with folded arms, and left Hungary to her fate. She, however, resolved to make the best resistance in her power, and, if unable to conquer, at least to die without dishonour.

Preparations were in the mean time being made to crush her on the most gigantic scale. In the north, the main body of the Russian army was placed under the command of Prince Paskievitz; in the north-west other Russian divisions under the command of General Grabbe were preparing to cross the frontier. The Austrian army advanced from the west, under the ferocious Haynau, who had superseded Welden in the chief command. He was seconded by a body of Russians, under the command of General Panlutine. Nugent opened the campaign in the south-west, and last of all Transylvania was menaced by two corps of the Russian army, and a battalion of Austrians. Hungary was encompassed by a wall of steel.

Paskievitz forced the passage of the Carpathian Mountains early in May, notwithstanding the efforts of Dembinski with a greatly inferior force to prevent him. At the same time, the Magyars were forced to retire as far as Gyor before the Austro-Russian army under Haynau. Here Goergey seemed disposed to stand his ground and give battle, but fearing that he would be surrounded by the vastly-superior numbers of the enemy, he abandoned his entrenchments, and retreated to Comorn. This was a strong position, from which he could, with safety, act against the enemy in any direction. A great battle was fought on the second of May, in which the Magyars were victorious; but the triumph was so dearly bought, that it became evident that their only chance of safety lay in the concentration of all their forces, and the striking of one great blow which should put an end to the conflict. Unless this were speedily done, there was every prospect of being cut off in detail by the overwhelming power of the enemy. The Diet, therefore, ordered Goergey to effect a junction if possible with the other divisions of the army. Had he done so, a battle would have been fought which would have been one of the most tremendous recorded in history, and the result would scarcely have been doubtful. Goergey's vast superiority to any of his opponents in all that constitutes an able general,—coolness, activity, energy, foresight, and skill in the manœuvring of large masses of men, must have more than made up for his inferiority in point of numbers. At the head of a united, brave, and enthusiastic army, seconded by some of the ablest generals in Europe, there was every likelihood of his annihilating the sluggish, disjointed, and heterogeneous mass of which the imperial forces were composed; and had he been successful, the glories of Wellington and Waterloo might have paled their fires before the rising star of the Hungarian leader. Had he failed, he would, by a soldier's death, have saved his name and memory from infamy and execration, and would at least have afforded his brave companions in arms the opportunity of escaping the rope of the Austrian hangman.

When the orders of the Diet were made known to him, he haughtily refused to obey, and thus furnished the first ground of suspicion as to his good faith. Seeing no prospect that in case he conquered he himself should rule, he made up his mind to betray. Nevertheless, in order that he might have the better chance of good terms, he still held out with unshaken obstinacy and courage, so that his immediate followers for a long time did not dare to doubt him. At Vatz he bravely withstood the whole force of the enemy, and it was only after the most desperate resistance that he gave way, and fell back upon the Tibissa, to act in concert with the other generals. But this movement was now too late. While Goergey was thus making a sort of tour round Hungary, showing admirable skill in retreat, Dembinski was beaten near Szoreg by the combined forces of the Austrians and the Russians under Haynau. Although the odds were nearly four to one, the Hungarians left the field in good order.

In the meantime Bem was obliged to retreat in Transylvania before the Russians under Grottenhelm and Sudars. The Government recalled him, with the intention of putting him at the head of the army, believing that he would carry out their views with greater faithfulness than Goergey. His popularity, talents, and integrity justified their expectations, but before the order reached him he had engaged the enemy at Temesvar, where his little army was utterly routed, and he himself covered with wounds, from which he never recovered, and died in Turkey, shortly after the close of the war.

Goergey soon after arrived from the north, closely pursued by the Russians under Paskievitz, and the Austrians under Schlick. Debrecin, defended by Nagy-Sandor, fell into the hands of the former, and the fortress of Great Varadin, a few days after experienced a similar fate. In the meantime Goergey took up his position at Vilagos, a town near Arad. Here the Magyar Government still held its sittings. The divisions of Beni and Dembinski having been dispersed after the disasters of Szorey and Temesvar, nothing remained but Goergey's army.

But Goergey's jealousy of Kossuth rendered it impossible to hope for success any longer. The disobedience of the former to the orders of the executive had already compromised him so much, that he was more disposed than ever to lend an ear to the flatteries and promises of the Russians. From an interview which Kossuth had with him at Arad, he saw that the only hope of safety or success lay in putting an end to the unfortunate divisions which had already worked so much evil. He therefore placed his own powers as dictator in the General's hands, to exercise them as he thought proper. Had he taken this step two months previously, it might have saved the nation; but at any time nothing but absolute necessity could justify it.

But Goergey's negotiations with the Russians had already reached an advanced stage, and he saw besides, the impossibility of resisting so large a force with twenty-four thousand men, worn by the fatigue of forced marches. After having issued a proclamation announcing his acceptance of the dictatorship, he sent his aid-de-camp to General Rudiger, informing him that he surrendered, but on the express understanding that he should give up his sword to a Russian general. While this condition ensured the safety of his own life, it exasperated the Austrians, who, ashamed of their imbecility and disgrace, determined to wreak their vengeance upon the companions whom he so basely betrayed. He then concentrated his army in Vilagos, and declared to them that further resistance was impracticable, and that he saw no resource but to surrender to the Russian army. The scene that followed the announcement baffles description. A tremendous shout of despair and indignation arose from the ranks. The grief of the hussars, whose devotion to Kossuth was unbounded, was distressing to witness in so many stalwart, hardy men. Some cried for vengeance on the traitor who had thus abused his newly acquired power; others clasped their arms around the necks of their horses, the faithful companions of so many fiery charges, and weary bivouacs, and sobbed like children; others split the heads of their chargers, and then shot themselves, to escape the humiliation of surrendering to the enemy. Some of the officers broke their swords and threw the pieces at the recreant general's feet. A captain rode up to him and declared to him, with tears in his eyes, that they would defend themselves till death. "This is no time for pleasantry, sir," was the stern reply.

The news spread fast, and, with little exception, all the other forces dispersed.

The commandants of the fortresses of Arad and Petervaradin, acting by the orders of the dictator, surrendered soon after. Klapka, who commanded the garrison of Comorn, refused to surrender his post, and hoped by holding out to extract from Austria a promise to respect the ancient constitution of the country, but finding himself surrounded on every side, and cut off from all hope of assistance, he at last capitulated on honourable terms. But here also the Austrians committed a gross breach of faith. It was expressly stipulated that the common soldiers should be permitted to return to their homes; but no sooner had they laid down their arms, than they were draughted into the imperial service.

Kossuth, with about 5,000 men, crossed the frontier at Orsova, on the eighteenth of August, after having received from the Pacha of Viddim assurance that he should be treated

as the guest of the Sultan. This known at Constantinople, the ambassadors of Austria and Russia at once demanded that they should be given up. A message was at once sent to the Hungarians that their only safety lay in their becoming Mahomedans, and subjects of the Turkish empire. Bem and Kemetty adopted the condition. Kossuth answered, he would prefer death to the abjuration of his faith. On the first of October, the Sultan declared that he would not on any condition give up the refugees, and violate the laws of hospitality, until he knew how far England and France would support him; and that in the interim he would consent to their being kept as prisoners in some distant part of the empire. At the end of October the fleet of Admiral Parker entered the Dardanelles, and there was an end at once of the threatenings of Russia and Austria.

All now was over. Austria had triumphed by Russian aid; and Hungary, "like a bastinadoed elephant, was kneeling to receive her paltry rider." All that unaided valour could effect against force and treachery had been done. The Magyars may look back to that sad period with sorrow, but they need never feel ashamed of it. They are now the vassals and subjects of the imbecile and perjured house of Hapsburg, but it is only for a time. The cruelties which were inflicted

EXECUTION OF THE TRAITOR, COUNT ZICHY.—(*See page* 259.

DEATH OF GENERAL HENZI.—(*See page* 262.)

at the close of the war; the horrible executions on the 6th of October, at Arad; have raised between the two countries a gulf of unutterable hatred, which nothing can ever bridge over. Too much innocent blood has been shed, too many acts of cowardly ferocity have been perpetrated, to encourage the hope that aught but the sword can settle the quarrel.

When all was over, Louis Batthyanyi, who since his arrest by Windischgratz had been kept in close confinment, was dragged from his dungeon to Pesth, and condemned to be hanged. He sought to escape so ignominious a death by cutting his throat with a poignard. The wound was perceived and tied up: he then begged of them to shoot him, but his request was refused. Though weakened with loss of blood, he walked without assistance to the place of execution, dressed in black, pale and worn-looking, but still with unshaken courage. He mounted the scaffold without the slightest tremour; and crying out, *Eljen a haza!* "Fatherland for ever!" he fell dead. In his last interview with his wife he prayed her to bring up their children true to Hungary, and in hatred of Austria.

On the same day that Batthyanyi was executed at Pesth, the fortress of Arad was the scene of slaughter unequalled in the annals of despotism. Thirty Magyar generals, men of high rank and valiant attainments, were all put to death together. They died as they had lived, hurling defiance at their murderers. Nagy-Sandor cried out, when the executioner was putting the rope round his neck, *Hodie mihi, cras tibi*, "It is my turn to-day, it will be yours to morrow." John Damianitz, the Murat of the Magyar army, and the terror of the Austrian soldiery, expressed his regret that he should be the last to mount the scaffold. "Must I," said he, "who was always the first in fire, be the last here!"

Amongst those put to death by the Austrians after Goergey's surrender are the following:—Count Louis Batthyanyi, Prime Minister; Ladislaus Csanyi, Minister of Commerce; Baron Sigismond Perenyi, President of the House of Peers; Baron Jeszenak, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Nyitra; Szatsvay, Member and Secretary of the Diet; Prince Woronyieczky; Czernus, Councillor of State; Major Murman; Major Abancourt. Among the prisoners of war given up by Russia to the Austrian executioners were Generals Aulich, Kiss, Damianich, Count Leiningen (cousin of H.M. Queen Victoria), &c. &c., who were hanged or shot at Arad on the 6th of October, 1849.

[In our next number we shall conclude the History of Hungary, giving a short sketch of Kossuth's reception in England.]

ARREST OF JELLACHICH'S MESSENGER.—(*See page 258.*)

WHAT PERNICIOUS LITERATURE CAN DO.

"GIVE me the songs of a people, and I will tell you their character," said Fletcher, of Saltoun; but the test now is of a different kind. We are more readers than singers. Our character can be gathered better from our books than our songs. Hence the importance of our literature. By it we stand or fall. *Scripta litera manet.* It proclaims our moral worth, or want of it—our greatness or our littleness—our glory or our shame.

Where a healthy literature prevails, the effects are soon seen in the general intelligence and morality of the people. In these days the real preacher is the book. The pen reaches further, and its impression tarries longer than the living voice. To the chapel or the church, comparatively speaking, but few go. The book comes to all, appeals to all, influences all. If sophistry is to be advanced—if the worse is to be made appear the better reason—if immorality is to be dressed in bewildering charms—if Satan himself is to be transformed into an angel of light for this purpose, nothing is so effectual as the book. Every day this truth is being illustrated.

An extraordinary instance of the ill-effects of reading the trashy publications which now swarm in the country was brought forward at the Liverpool Assizes last week:—Frederick Jones and William Walker, two boys, were charged with having, at Heaton Norris, assaulted Ellen Wood, by presenting a pistol at her, with intent to rob. They were also charged with assaulting, in a similar manner, Harriet Beckett, at Levenshulme, near Manchester, with intent to rob her. To both indictments the prisoners pleaded guilty. Mr. Wheeler, the barrister for the prosecution, wished to call the attention of the magistrate to a statement of a somewhat extraordinary nature, which would be made, with his lordship's permission, by Mr. Sadler, the chief constable of Stockport, to which town the witness belonged. The learned judge having expressed his willingness to hear the statement, Mr. Sadler said:—

"Both prisoners, whose ages are sixteen years, were born, and have always resided, in Stockport. This is the first time either of them has ever been in custody or charged with any offence whatever. Up to about twelve or fifteen months ago they were extremely well-conducted boys, and ever since that period they regularly attended their work, never absenting themselves a single day from their employment, or an entire night from their houses. Unfortunately about that length of time since, these lads were sent to work under a man of the name of Johnson, who, I find, had been in the habit of purchasing a number of pernicious publications, such as 'Jack Sheppard,' 'The London Apprentice,' 'Paul Clifford,' 'Claude Duval,' 'Reynold's Miscellany,' 'The London Journal,' and other similar trash, which narrate and detail the daring exploits of celebrated robbers. All these papers were usually read by Jones and Walker, and a visible change in their conduct was soon perceptible. There is little doubt that this course of reading has been the sole cause of leading the two prisoners on to the commission of crime, as proof of which I may remark that they have never been known to associate with thieves, or to frequent any place where known thieves resort to, and, to determine this, I have directed the most particular inquiry to be made. Against their social condition, for their sphere has been favourable and free from any transportation on the part of their relatives to lead them in crime. Walker lost his mother many years ago, and his father in 1840, but has since resided with his brother, who is a teacher in a Sunday-school, and a man of remarkably good character. Jones has lived with his grandmother, a kind and amiable old woman. Perhaps I ought to remark to your lordship that, although I have, during twenty years in the police, witnessed numerous instances where the baneful effects of reading such publications have been apparent in leading youth into a career of crime, yet I never met with one which could be traced so clearly and conclusively as the present, unaccompanied as it is by any apparent intention to render plunder a means of obtaining a livelihood. Both prisoners, as I before stated, had never left employment up to the last hour required from them on the very evening of their apprehension."

His lordship thanked Mr. Sadler for the information, and said that it was most important. He (the judge) had thought, on reading the deposition, that it would probably be his duty to transport the prisoners, but, after the information of which he was now in possession, he thought that a term of imprisonment might lead to their reformation and return to honest habits. At a later part of the day the prisoners were sentenced to imprisonment for six months, after an admonition.

Such facts as these speak volumes. Two hitherto steady lads, the sons of respectable parents, get hold of some of the pernicious literature of the day, and, in consequence, commit crimes which place them in the felon's gaol. These lads evidently were lads to whom good books would have been a lasting benefit. Had their youthful imaginations been fired by the exhibition of the higher and holier elements of our common humanity—had they read of the industry which has worked its way till it was crowned with wealth and honour and rank—of the pursuit of knowledge which no difficulties could impede or render nugatory—of the lofty philanthropy which sought and recovered its wretched victims as they languished forgotten and trampled on by their fellow-men—of the piety which has counted the world's gain as dross, that it might lead back an alienated world to its Father and its God, they would have been stirred up to imitation. In their humble way they would have sought to make their lives sublime, and the attempt might have been successful. The world might have had reason to bless their names. Many of its great ones have had a meaner origin. But worthless models were placed before them. The pen of the novelist invested with meretricious charms characters essentially bad, and in the case of these lads we see the result. But how much is there we do not see? How many a one is led astray and undone for life, of whose ruin the world never hears; and how many are there besides who are morally blasted, though they commit no overt acts? How much the tone of public morals is also undermined? These questions we cannot attempt to discuss now—we merely refer to them. One thing is clear—that a healthy literature makes a healthy people, and a vicious literature the reverse. Let young men and women mind what books they read. Let fathers and mothers mind what books they put in their children's hands. Let them remember that if a good book be a great blessing, a bad book may be equally as great a curse.

THE SHOEMAKER OF ST. AUSTELL.

(*Concluded from page* 452.)

A FRIEND one day remarked to him, "Mr. Drew, more than once I have heard you quote that expression,—

'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

You quote it as being true; but how are we to understand it?"

"I can give you," he replied, "an instance from my own experience. When I began business I was a great politician. My master's shop had been a chosen place for political discussion, and there, I suppose, I acquired my fondness for such debates. For the first year, I had too much to do and to think about to indulge my propensity for politics; but after getting a little ahead in the world, I began to dip into these matters again. Very soon I entered as deeply into newspaper argument as if my livelihood depended on it. My shop was often filled with loungers, who came to canvass public measures; and now and then I went into my neighbours' houses on a similar errand. This encroached on my time; and I found it necessary sometimes to work till midnight, to make up for the hours I had lost. One night, after my shutters were closed, and I was busily employed, some little urchin who was passing the street, put his mouth to the key-hole of the door, and, with a shrill pipe, cried out, 'Shoemaker! shoemaker!—work by night and run about by day!'".

"And did you," inquired his friend, "pursue the boy with your stirrup, to chastise him for his insolence?"

"No, no. Had a pistol been fired off at my ear, I could not have been more dismayed or confounded. I dropped my work, saying to myself, 'True, true! but you shall never have that to say of me again.' I have never forgotten it; and while I recollect anything, I never shall. To me it was the voice of God; and it has been a word in season throughout my life. I learned from it not to leave till to-morrow the work of to-day, or to idle when I ought to be working. From that time I turned over a new leaf. I ceased to venture on the restless sea of politics, or trouble myself

about matters which did not concern me. The bliss of ignorance on political topics I often experienced in after life; the folly of being wise my early history shows."

It is not often that a boyish freak confers such a blessing upon man and the world. It was sport to him, but a life's blessing to his intended victim. It checked and cured a bad habit, and gave a fresh impetus to the struggle to ascend the hill of knowledge. Thanks, a thousand times, for that piece of midnight mischief!

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

This is the utterance extorted by the pangs of intellectual labour. How exquisitely must it have been felt at each stage of his course, every step of his ascent, by Mr. Drew. Between the point on which he stood, and the foot of the hill, what vast fields stretched their broad and interminable lengths before him. Each was fresh with flowers, alluring to taste, attractive to the eye, fair to the vision, and flattering to hope, as "the tree of knowledge" to the mother of the human race. But when he essayed to enter,

"Chill penury repressed his noble rage,
And froze the genial current of his soul."

Industry and economy had "broken the neck of his difficulties," and left him with some degree of leisure to pursue his ruling passion—the acquisition of knowledge. Possessed of the opportunity of improvement, he increased his efforts, and enlarged his plans of acquiring information. Fugitive thoughts—those first and best teachings of truth—were preserved with an avaricious care. Even while at work, he kept writing-materials at his side, to note the processes of his mind, and fix, beyond the possibility of forgetfulness, the outlines of arguments on such subjects as engaged his attention for the time. But he had not as yet fixed upon any plan of study, any one subject or science that was to engross his efforts or absorb his powers. His one desire was to know, to grow in wisdom and knowledge. He was on the shore. The broad sea of truth was before him. He wished to sound its depths, not to skim its crested waves. We shall see what determined his choice:—

"The sciences lay before me. I discovered charms in each, but was unable to embrace them all, and hesitated in making a selection. I had learned that

'One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.'

At first I felt such an attachment to astronomy, that I resolved to confine my views to the study of that science; but I soon found myself too defective in arithmetic to make any proficiency. Modern history was my next object; but I quickly discovered that more books and time were necessary than I could either purchase or spare, and on this account history was abandoned. In the region of metaphysics I saw neither of the above impediments. It nevertheless appeared to be a thorny path, but I determined to enter, and accordingly began to tread it."

Poverty selected the field on which he was to win his triumphs, and carve his way to usefulness and honour. It was indeed a thorny path, hedged with difficulties. He entered it with a giant's energy. The immaterial world, with its empires of being, its unfathomable entities, uncaused causes, endless organizations, mysterious laws, and chainless powers, was the world through which he was to roam with the freedom of a free-born citizen. The map of that world already existed in outline in his own intellectual and moral being. His own being was the door of entrance to that world of spiritual existences of which

"Millions—walk the earth unseen
Whether we wake or sleep."

In such a study the heaviest draft would be on his own mental organism. Reading was the smallest part of its labour. Reflection—deep, earnest, protracted reflection, in which the soul turned inward upon itself, surveyed, as in a mirror, the unseen world of life, activity, and immortality, was the first and ceaseless demand of the subject. The difficulties of his start in the pursuit of knowledge, and the energy that triumphed over them, had eminently qualified him for the toils of his new career. Reading filled his leisure: reflection occupied him while at work. He possessed, in a remarkable degree, the power of abstracting his mind from surrounding objects, and fixing it, like a leech, upon whatever subject occupied his attention. He could read and rock the cradle; and his profoundest mental investigations were often carried on in the din of domestic affairs. His works, which have given his name to fame, and will waft it to immortality, were written, not in the solitude of the study, but amidst the hammering of heel-taps and the cries of children. He had no study—no retirement. "I write," he said, "amid the cries and cradles of my children, and frequently when I review what I have written, endeavour to cultivate 'the art to blot.'" During the day, he wrote down "the shreds and patches" of thought and argument. At night, he elaborated them into form and unity. "His usual seat, after closing the business of the day, was a low nursing chair beside the kitchen fire. Here, with the bellows on his knees for a desk, and the usual culinary and domestic matters in progress around him, his works, prior to 1805 were chiefly written."

The first production of Mr. Drew's pen was a defence of Christianity, in answer to what a celebrated Irish barrister, with singular felicity and force of language has called "that most abominable abomination of all abominable abominations, 'Tom's Paine's Age of Reason.'" It was elicited by circumstances no less attractive in their nature than they proved to be beneficial to the spiritual interests of one of the parties. Amongst the friends drawn to Mr. Drew by his literary pursuits and the attractions of his expanding intellect, was a young gentleman, a surgeon, schooled in the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, and Hume. Confirmed in infidelity himself, he sought to shake the religious convictions of the pious and strong-minded, but humble shoemaker. They had frequently discussed abstruse questions of ethics; especially the nature of evidence, and the primary sources of moral principles. When "Paine's Age of Reason" appeared, he procured it, and fortified himself with its objections against Revelation; and assuming a bolder tone, commenced an undisguised attack on the Bible. Finding his own arguments ineffectual, he proffered the loan of the book, stipulating that he should read it attentively, and give his opinions with candour, after a careful inspection. During its perusal the various points of its attack on Christianity were brought under discussion. Mr. Drew made note of these conversations. Ere they closed, the surgeon began to waver in his confidence in the "Age of Reason;" and the ultimate result was that he transferred his doubts from the Bible to Paine, and died an humble believer in the truth of Christianity, and in cheerful hope of the glory, honour, and immortality, it brings to light. The notes of Mr. Drew were subsequently remodelled and offered to the public. Its appearance produced a powerful impression in behalf of religion, then most virulently assailed by the combined forces of French Atheism and English Deism. It placed its author upon commanding ground as a profound thinker and a skilful debater; and attracted to him a larger class of more distinguished and powerful friends. This firstborn of his brain was published in 1799. It was followed in rapid succession by several other pamphlets; one a poem of six hundred lines, rich in thought, but too local in subject, and less fanciful than popular taste in "the art of poetry" required; the other was a defence of his church against the attack of one in whom the qualities of author, magistrate, and clergyman were blended. His defence was as successful in refuting the assault, as it was, in the mildness and manliness of its spirit, in converting the assailant into a personal friend.

In 1802, Mr. Drew issued a larger work, a volume alone sufficient to stamp his name with immortality. It was on the "Immortality and Immateriality of the Human Soul." It is a masterpiece of profound thinking, acute reasoning, and logical accuracy. The English language boasts no superior work on the subject.

It made a strong impression on the public mind, and attracted a large number of learned men to the obscure, but profound, metaphysician of St. Austell. The history of the volume furnishes an interesting page in the life of authorship. When finished, it was offered to a Cornish publisher for the sum of ten pounds. But he could not risk such an amount on the work of one "unknown to fame." It was then published by subscription, and the edition was exhausted long before the demand for it was supplied. Many years after this, Dr. Clarke said Mr. Drew was "a child in money matters." The occasion before us justifies the remark. Afraid of the risk of a second edition, he sold the copyright to a British bookseller for twenty pounds, and thirty copies of the work. Before the expiration of the copyright, it had passed through four editions in England, two in America; and had been translated and published in France. The author survived the twenty-eight years of the copyright, and it became his property. He then gave it a

final revision, and sold it for *two hundred and fifty pounds*. A fact that proves its sterling value.

His "Essay on the Soul" was followed, in the course of a few years, by another work, not less abstruse, and certainly not less important to the future destiny of the human race: "The Identity and General Resurrection of the Human Body." His former work had surprised the critics of the day. This confounded them. They knew not what to think of the man; and they were afraid to adventure in a review, upon the vast and profound ocean of metaphysics, over which he sailed with the freedom of a rover, bearing a flag that held out a challenge to the world. The editors of several Reviews, as did also the publisher, courted a criticism of the work. But they could find no one able and willing to attempt it. At length one of them ventured to ask the author for a criticism on his own work, as the only person competent to do it justice. The request stirred his indignation. "Such things," was his reply, "may be among the tricks of trade; but I will never soil my fingers with them." But it went not without a notice. It was reviewed in two works. But the verdict of the public is recorded in the fact of the rapid sale of nearly fifteen hundred copies.

The improvement of Mr. Drew's circumstances has been spoken of. He had not grown rich. The gain of *a little time* for mental pursuits, was all the wealth his literary labours had secured. His publications gave him fame as an author, and attracted friends, ardent and anxious to assist him, but they contributed very little to his release from the daily avocations of his shop. He was still poor; and, to gain daily bread for himself and his family, he was compelled to "stick to his last." Even at this period of his life, he concluded a letter to a distinguished antiquarian of London, with the remark: "I am now writing on a piece of leather, and have no time to copy or correct." Yet, in reading his pages, while the mind is stretched to its utmost tension to compass the depth and elevation of his thoughts, it is almost impossible to realise that they were written on a piece of leather in the midst of his workmen, or in the chimney corner, with a bellows on his knee, and with one foot rocking a brawling child to sleep. It is, nevertheless, a reality; and adds new confirmation to the hackneyed remark, that "truth is stranger than fiction." As late as 1809, Professor Kidd, of Aberdeen, wrote to him as follows. "When I read your address, I admired your mind, and felt for your family; and from that moment began to revolve how I might profit merit emerging from hardships. I have at length conceived a way which will, in all likelihood, put you and your dear infants in independence." The plan of the Professor was to induce Mr. Drew to enter the lists for a prize of twelve hundred pounds for an essay on "The Being and Attributes of God." He entered, but did not win, much to the sorrow of his kind-hearted adviser. But the work, in two volumes, was subsequently published, and augmented the fame of "The Metaphysical Shoemaker."

By the agency of his friend, Dr. Clarke, he was engaged to write for several Reviews, "receiving—guineas for every printed sheet." He also commenced lecturing to classes on grammar, history, geography, and astronomy. Several years were spent in these employments. They paved his way, and prepared him to enter a larger field of labour, on a more elevated platform of life.

In 1819 he was invited to Liverpool, to take the management of the Imperial Magazine, published by the Caxtons. He accepted it, and parted with his awl and ends. This was a new enterprise, both to the editor and the proprietor. But it succeeded to admiration. His own reputation attracted seven thousand patrons at the start. Whatever may have been the tastes of Mr. Drew as to dress, he had never been in circumstances that allowed of much attention to his personal appearance. The family of Dr. Clarke, who now resided near Liverpool, and who were warmly attached to him, set themselves to reform his costume, and polish his manners. An epigram of the Doctor's comprises a full-length likeness of the figure he presented.

"Long was the man, and long was his hair,
And long was the coat which this long man did wear."

He was passive under the management of his young friends; and they did not pause until a manifest change in the outside man was effected. When he next visited St. Austell, he was congratulated upon his juvenile appearance. "These girls of the Doctor's" he said, "and their acquaintances, have thus metamorphosed me." His residence at Liverpool was abridged by the burning of the Caxton establishment. The proprietors resolved to transfer their business to London; and they could not leave their able and popular editor behind them. He accordingly repaired to the metropolis. Here all the works issued from the Caxton press passed under his supervision. He augmented his own fame, and multiplied the number of his learned friends. Of his labours he says: "Besides the magazine, I have, at this time, six different works in hand, either as author, compiler, or corrector. 'Tis plain, therefore, I do not want work; and while I have strength and health, I have no desire to lead a life of idleness; yet I am sometimes oppressed with unremitting exertion, and occasionally sigh for leisure which I cannot command." But leisure came not till the weary wheels of life stood still in 1833.

A Chinese proverb says, "Time and patience will change a mulberry leaf into a silk dress." They have wrought greater wonders than this in the intellectual and moral world. As illustrative of their power in any pursuit of life, how attractive and impressive are the incidents in the history of the poor Shoemaker of St. Austell. Through their agency, vice, ignorance, and poverty were transmitted into virtue, knowledge, and independence;—a youth of idleness was followed by a manhood of industrious diligence, and an age dignified by success in the noblest aspirations that can swell the human breast. To the student, the lover of knowledge, the aspirant for literary distinction and usefulness, such histories have a voice whose utterance is a melody of encouragement. Drew's life is a beacon blazing on the coast of time; himself a star of the first magnitude, brilliant in the firmament of truth, serene in its orbit, endless in the sweep of its influence.

GENERAL CAVAIGNAC.

In 1848, the name of Cavaignac became familiar to the British public. As an African general we hardly knew of his existence, but when the terrible June of 1848 came and deluged Paris with blood, Cavaignac was regarded in France, and in other lands, as the asserter of law and order. He it was who saved society for the time. He it was who guarded the young Republic in its hour of danger. Had it not been for him, Paris would never have remained for Louis Napoleon to trample under foot. The storm raged in its fury, but Cavaignac had taken precautions, and its rage was powerless. We soon heard, on this side of the water, that Paris was tranquil, that confidence had returned, that the bustle of trade was once more perceptible, that the streets were no longer filled with armed men.

Yet, at the time, the outbreak was terrible, and threatened to shake society to its very base. The evidence taken before the Committee of Inquiry, appointed by the French Assembly, bears witness to this. Lamartine says, we are aware his conviction was that there was little of conspiracy or premeditation in them. The troubles of the 15th of May, when the populace broke into the Assembly, he attributes to chance; the movements of the 23rd of June he considers as spontaneous. Lamartine says, the insurrection had no general; his opponents said it had many, and not only generals, but directing politicians, as Caussidière and Louis Blanc. Lamartine says, that the most eminent and dangerous parties did not intend, or promote, the insurrectionary movement; that of the 23rd of June springing from the national workshops, and the money allotted them. By attacking the barricades and the insurrection on the first night, Lamartine thinks they would have been put down without the terrible struggle and efforts, necessitated by the military force not having acted at first. On this point General Cavaignac and Lamartine differed. There seems, however, to be little doubt that the plan of the majority of the extreme party, as early as the 16th of April, was to seize the government and make Ledru Rollin dictator, or head of a Committee of Public Safety. The scheme failed, from Ledru Rollin's own want of resolution. Meanwhile, Caussidière, who still continued Prefect of Police, was conducting intrigues and plots of the most diabolical character. It gives an idea of what the state of Paris then was, to be told by the Director of Police that there were at that time four divisions of the metropolis, all working under distinct authorities and against each other; the prefecture was all but openly favouring the Communists; the Mayor of Paris, who had also his agents, was endeavouring to crush them; the Home-office was at open war with the Mayor —for Ledru Rollin retained his whole influence there through the subordinate officers, even after he had quitted the depart-

ment; and, lastly, the Executive Committee was labouring to effect an impossible union, and to avoid an inevitable collision between the contending parties. Certain proofs of complicity were brought against Caussidière, Proudhon, Louis Blanc, and others. General Cavaignac seems to have made a wise suggestion, when he advised the cancelling and suppression of this mass of inflammatory evidence. Throughout the proceedings, Cavaignac seems to have been firm and unflinching. In reply to a deputation of journalists, who waited on him while Paris was in a state of siege, he referred unreservedly to the fears which the threatened outbreak of the Legitimists excited in his mind. He spoke of entire battalions of the National Guard, which were ready to rally round that cause, but declared that he would use all the powers with which he was invested to establish the Republic. "I am not," said he, "a Republican of the eve, and I have faithfully served Louis Philippe. If I said the contrary, all my acts would belie my words; but I have accepted the present mission, and I will, without weakness, fulfil it." On the 10th of December, 1849, Cavaignac's dictatorship expired. France chose not him, but Louis Napoleon, for her President. His candidature was based on the interests of order and security. He sought to be the Washington of France. The son of a member of the Convention—of a regicide—and avowedly proud of his father, he has always been a sincere Republican. He entered the army, and after serving six-and-thirty years in Algeria, and rising from being a subaltern to being a general, returned to Paris to take the command of the army—National Guard and Guarde Mobile—in suppressing the insurrection of June. His friends say of him, that they do not know a man whose word is more true, whose heart is more disinterested and upright, or whose spirit is more just and clear, than that of General Cavaignac; but France preferred Louis Napoleon.

GENERAL CAVAIGNAC.

To this fact it is, perhaps, to be attributed that Cavaignac became one of the victims of the recent *coup d'état*. Happily, however, Cavaignac was not dealt with so severely as the others. He was liberated from prison, and has since become a married man. We read that he is now in Paris, enjoying himself in his new character.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH IN AMERICA.

The electro-magnetic telegraph, which, by the way, was invented by Mr. Ronalds, who published his discovery and experiments in 1823, has worked a revolution everywhere; but no country has felt its effect so greatly as America; and no other country possesses an equal length of telegraph line, or can boast of equal cheapness or regularity in the transmission of information. With us the telegraph has hitherto been the instrument of the Stock Exchange, and the slave of commerce and the rich, rather than a universal agent used by all classes of the people.

A recent visitor to the United States—Mr. Watkins—says:—"I noticed with interest the tall, red or white poles, surmounted by insulators, and bound together by long lines of telegraphic wire, planted like trees through many of the main streets of New York, of Boston, of Philadelphia, of Baltimore; and contrasted this sacrifice of the feelings of street commissioners with the ridiculous regulations enforced at home, by which the ordinary telegraphic wires laid through towns are, to the great injury and obstruction of the enterprise, buried in the ground under flags and pavements. In riding out amongst the forests too, far away from any cleared country, along roads cut straight out of the woods for miles, there again were rough poles, and a single, thin, dangling wire, stretching away into the distance. There were wires under the rivers and over them; across prairies and over mountains. Indeed, the single wire telegraph, erected at a cost of some £20 or £30 a mile, is pushed out everywhere, almost in advance of the population, the pioneer of civilisation.

"There are now above 11,000 miles of telegraphic line in the States. You may transmit information from Quebec or Montreal in the north to New Orleans in the south, a distance of 2,000 miles, or 4,000 miles there and back, and have your reply in about two hours, including delivery and all delays. You may telegraph from New York to Fond du Lac, in Wisconsin, a distance by the telegraph route of 1,500 miles, or 3,000 miles there and back, and have your reply delivered to you in an hour, including all delays. A tenth of the time would suffice for mere transmission and reply; but we refer to the practical interval within which, in the most adverse average circumstances, the message may be sent, written out, and delivered; and the reply received, transmitted, written out, and placed in your hands by the messenger. Your message is not, however, invariably written. The printing telegraph is much in vogue; and, although, in our own country it has made no progress, and has been considered rather as a toy, or pretty trifle for experiment, than as adapted to everyday working, and its accidents, in the United States its inventor appears to have so perfected it, that its action is certain and unexceptionable. It is relied upon for a large mass of important daily intelligence, including the price list of stocks and funds, and the market rates for staple commodities."

People in America buy by the telegraph, and sell by it; order their beds at hotels, and their clean linen from home, by it; notify all domestic wants of urgency by it; use it as the fairy wand by which distant relatives and friends are brought to speak to them, as it were, under their very windows, and at their doors, from the other side of a mighty country. And, in fine, it serves them universally from the cottage to the palace, if such a thing be allowed in so "practical" a country. Mr. Watkins says:—"An old woman, the mother of a labourer in Wisconsin, addressed me, in the steamer on Lake Erie, to ask if the telegraph had been extended to Fond du Lac. She had come all alone from some out-of-the-way place in Maine, and was on her way to Fond du Lac to join her son, she said; and she wished to telegraph him from New Buffalo, on the east side of Lake Michigan, to meet her at Chicago." A glance at the map will show the wonder of this. New Buffalo has sixty miles of water between it and Chicago, and Fond du Lac is 350 miles north of Chicago. Fond du Lac is a place of yesterday, and yet it is placed within a few minutes, in point of intelligence, of New York, Boston or Philadelphia.

Thus prices are equalised; the only distributing element being cost of conveyance. Labour flows at once to the place where a demand exists for it. A broker, consul, or employer, has merely to telegraph to some great centre, a thousand miles off, with the word high wages, cheap bread, and good privileges, the newspaper gets hold of the intelligence, and the stream turns in that direction as truly as water in coming to its level.

The secret of this extensive use of the telegraph is the low charge, stimulated, of course, by the locomotive and enterprising habits of the people, and by the special demand for economy of time in so wide and so new a country. But the connection between the telegraph and the press is the great aspect of this question:—There are in America some 2,500 separate newspapers published daily, weekly, or at other periods. The total circulation of these newspapers averages one million copies per day. Now see the working of this cheap telegraph. The steamer from England comes in at New York or Boston, say at two o'clock; at a quarter to four the heads, or leading "items of news, are printed and circulated in New York by an issue of thirty thousand evening papers. And in two hours the same news is transmitted, printed, and in circulation all over those parts of the Union where the telegraph and the daily papers exist. Thus you may be sleeping and musing at some out-of-the-way place, in a newly-settled state, having the events of two months ago in your head, when an "extra" of the local paper is put into your hand, and you learn, perhaps, as "important news from Europe," that Lord Palmerston has put on "a stiff upper lip" to Russia; that a horrid accident happened on the Great Western Railway; or that some Italian songstress is coming over by next packet. This news is, perhaps, an hour, or at most two or three hours, old in New York, while a passage of nine-and-a-half days has brought it from England.

This telegraphic communication is outstripped only by the diffusion of light; and, just as in the beautiful and glorious phenomena of nature, rapidity of progress is accompanied by universality. Not one line or course of country only, but the whole Union, far and near, accessible or otherwise by travel, is thus made by it to ring with the same intelligence, to weep at the same woes, to rejoice at the same successes, and to discuss the same political information on the same day.

It is not strange, therefore, that news is taking the place of mere leading articles; and that the truth, the daily history of the world and its leaders, little and big, is becoming, happily, of far more interest than the cloudy speculations and dreary pointless abuse with which the hacks of political parties still disfigure the press of America! Men are now reading for news, desiring to form their own opinions, and requiring, in connection with the data they search for, and now obtain at first hand, no better speculations than their own. "I confess," says Mr. Watkins, "to have been startled over and over again by being questioned, far away from those places which seem to me to be the circles of population and intelligence, on some English or Continental events of which my letters of three days back contained no mention; and by hearing daily, from the mouths of the humblest, discussions upon what was passing, which showed, to use an Americanism, that every one was 'posted up' to the latest date with all the important news of the world."

The telegraph, during Congress time, supplies all the principal daily papers with two, three, or sometimes five columns of debate per day, throughout the session. We do not wish to draw any parallel between the systems pursued by the telegraph companies of the States and of England. The telegraph company have reduced their charges very recently, for messages not exceeding twenty words, and for distances of 100 miles and under, to 2s. 6d.; and for distances over 100 miles, to 5s., and 3d. for every additional word. This is a great step. That the English scale of charges can ever approach the American, with profit in the working, is a question upon which we have considerable doubts.

The North American Telegraph Line stands in a similar position to that of our Electric Telegraph Company. It has the largest extent of communication under its command; and, though competed with, has the great run of business in its extended district between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and the South and West. It connects with O'Reilley's Atlantic, Lake Ohio, and Mississippi Telegraphs. It transmits information to some 400 through stations, and works over several thousand miles of wires. The directions issued by this company to parties sending messages are:—"Write your messages plain, so that it can be read by the operator; also give dates, full address, and signature, *as no charge is made for either.*" The practice of making no charge for addresses is at once a curtailment of one-third of the cost of short messages as charged with us. But even with this concession, and with low rates also, the company notify to the public, that they "respectfully solicit a share of telegraphic business, and, in return, every effort will be made to give satisfaction to their numerous patrons."

THE BIRTH OF THE SNOW-DROP.

FAR away among the vine-clad hills of sunny France, there lived a poor woman with her only child. She was a soldier's widow, and gained a scanty subsistence by working in the vineyards. Little Renie was only able to follow his mother in her labours; but he loved to sit under the vines and see the rich purple clusters of grapes that hung among the green leaves like bunches of amethysts.

The widow dearly loved her little son, and often, seating him upon her knee after the labour of the day was over, she told him of his father; how he was a good man and a brave soldier, who had died fighting for his country; and then she would sob and press the child to her bosom, as she related how handsome the soldiers looked, marching on to the sound of fife and drum, and how not one of that gallant band ever returned again.

Renie was much too young to understand all this; but as he grew older, he learned that his mother had left her home with a young soldier, and that her father never forgave the marriage, or saw his daughter again. The old man was living still in a distant province; but, though the heart of the lonely widow yearned for home, and with a mother's pride she longed to show her boy, yet she knew the stern nature of her father, and dared not seek him to plead again for the pardon so often denied.

At last the poor widow fell ill, and though it was the season when the rich hue of the grapes deepened into perfection beneath the warm sunbeams, she knew full well that she should not live to gather them.

The dying mother bade little Renie come very near to her, and then, in faltering tones, whispered that she must leave him, and perform a long, dark journey, alone. But the child, with violent sobs of grief, clasped his arms about his mother's neck, praying to go with her, and not to be left behind.

Then the widow, whose strength was failing fast, comforted her child, murmuring, "I will not leave you for ever, my son; we shall meet again—in my Father's house."—She spoke no more, and soon poor little Renie was an orphan.

The peasants made the poor widow a grave in a quiet spot, and gave the little boy a home among themselves; but day after day he threw himself upon his mother's grave and wept, refusing to be consoled. Children gathered about and pressed him to join their sports, kind women drew him to their bosoms and promised to cherish him, strong-hearted men raised him up and bade him be of good cheer, but Renie turned from them all to the cold, damp sod, exclaiming, "She will not leave me for ever; my mother will come back. I will wait for her here."

When they saw all their comforting words were of no avail, they eft him, trusting that the natural joyousness of childhood would overcome his grief; but when weeks passed on and brought no change, they learned to respect the child's sorrow, and the grape-gatherers, as they returned from the vineyards with baskets of the beautiful fruit, paused in their vintage song as they saw little Renie with his arms clasped about the wooden cross upon his mother's grave.

The leaves at length dropped dry and sere, and the snow rested upon the hills; then Renie himself fell ill, and for many weeks he could not rise from the little cot where a kind peasant and his wife nursed him tenderly; during the tedious hours of illness, his mother's image was ever before him; and remembering her words, "We shall meet in my Father's house," he resolved, when he grew strong again, to go and seek her, as she did not return to him.

The snow had not yet melted in the valleys, though the sun was shining warmly, when Renie feebly turned his steps once more toward the spot where his mother slept. He knelt down before the little cross, and his warm tears fell fast upon the snow, when, lo! just where the tears had fallen appeared a tiny blade, struggling to pierce the crusted ground. The boy tenderly scraped aside the snow, that the little plant might feel the sun, and another warm shower of tears fell upon it as he did so, for he remembered his lost mother's love for the flowers.

When Renie came again to the grave, he saw with surprise a group of lovely white blossoms, that seemed to bend sorrowfully over the sod. The child knelt beside them, and a strange feeling of peace crept into his heart.

"My mother has sent them from the land where she dwells," he thought, "to show that she has not forgotten me;" and a smile of hope beamed on his sad pale face, as he looked fondly on the flowers.

But when the peasants beheld this mysterious little plant blossoming in the midst of the snow, and of a kind they had never seen before, they were filled with astonishment and awe.

"It is sent from the spirit-land," they whispered, "and born of Renie's tears.—See how each snow-white drop quivers upon its stem, like a tear about to fall! His mother knows his sorrow, and would console him thus."

Gradually the grief of the little boy became more subdued, and hope and cheerfulness beamed upon his face once more. He loved to water and nurture the tender blossoms, and soon the grave was covered with the delicate and graceful flowers, gently bending towards the earth.

The good curé, who dwelt among these simple peasants, loved the little motherless boy, and spoke often to him, explaining how the child must one day join his mother, but she could no more come to him. Renie listened to the good old man with interest; still, the words of his mother seemed ever present with him:

"We shall meet in my Father's house!"

And so one day the boy filled a basket with tufts of the spirit-flowers, as the peasants called them, and going to the curé, said firmly: "My mother has sent me many messengers. See, I take some with me to show the way, and I go to seek her in her father's house, where she told me we should meet again."

Then the good curé drew little Renie towards him, and told him of that heavenly Father's house, where his mother awaited his coming; and as he dwelt upon the love and goodness of that all-wise Parent, and the eternal happiness prepared for his children, the boy was comforted, and dared not wish his mother back to the home of that earthly father who had cast her off.

As the kind teacher went on, and spoke of the loneliness, and perhaps the remorse, of the old man who had refused to forgive his child, little Renie's heart swelled with tears; and as a sense of peace filled his own bosom, he longed to impart it to others. Suddenly he looked up with a brightened countenance.

"I will seek my grandfather," he said, "and carry these sweet flowers to him. They are messengers sent to console us both. And when I tell him my mother has gone home to her heavenly Father's house, he will not be angry with her any more, but love me for her sake."

The good curé blessed the little boy; the peasants gathered around with gifts and many kind wishes; and then Renie, after a last visit to his mother's grave, started on his journey, carrying with him the precious flowers.

He met with much kindness on his way; for all who listened to his simple story willingly aided the little orphan boy. Many wished to purchase the strange and beautiful blossoms which he carried, but Renie would not sell them. He regarded them with a love too holy to barter them for money. But whoever did him a kindness was rewarded by a little tuft; and if he met any one in sorrow he offered his simple tribute, strong in the faith of its power to soothe.

The twilight was fast fading into night when Renie entered a shaded lane, and, softly opening a wicket-gate, carried his treasured flowers to the well to water them, ere he sought a shelter for the night. The little garden into which he had entered was overgrown with weeds, and the low-roofed cottage wore an air of desolation. In the porch sat an old man who, with thin, silvery hair floating on his shoulders, leaned heavily upon a staff, and, with mournful voice and shaking head, constantly murmured to himself:—

"My child! my child! I have driven you from me, and now am broken-hearted! I shall never see you more—my child, my child!"

Little Renie heard these words—a gleam of joy illumined his heart. Lifting his basket of flowers, he stood before the old man, saying, as he offered them:—

"Grandfather! see—I bring you consolation!"

The poor old man was for a time bewildered; but when he had heard Renie's story, and read the letter of the good curé, he clasped the child in his arms, and shed over him tears of mingled penitent sorrow and gratitude.

The weeds were uprooted, and the precious flowers planted in the garden, where they grew and flourished in luxuriant beauty. When Renie, with his grandfather, went to visit his mother's grave, tufts of the lovely blossoms met them at every turn, like the footprints of angels leading them on, and each one to whom Renie had given the flowers came out to welcome them as they passed.

When the next spring-time came, the hills were covered with the delicate blossoms, and for many years the peasants named them "Renie's consolation."

MISCELLANEA.

How to Subdue Man!—In the course of a book just published in America, and which is entitled the *Reveries of an Old Maid*, we are told that the weapons to subdue man are not to be found in the library, but in the kitchen! "The weakest part of the alligator is his stomach. Man is an alligator. Let the young wife fascinate her husband with the teapot! Let her, so to speak, only bring him into habits of intoxication with that sweet charmer, and make honeysuckles clamber up his chair-back and grow about the legs of his table—let the hearthrug be a bed of heart's-ease for the feet in slippers, and the wickedness of the natural enemy must die within him." What excellent wives some of these old maids who write books would make.

Book Auctions were by no means common during the seventeenth century. They became fashionable at its close, and the death of Dr. Francis Bernard, who was an eminent physician, made them important. His library was sold in 1698, and produced no less a sum than £1,600. Upon this occasion, a well-known collector of books being recognised in the crowd which attended the sale, was appealed to by the auctioneer, "*Arch*" Millington, as he was called, who remarked that there was an important observation written in the volume he was about to sell, in Dr. Bernard's own hand. The consequence of this intimation produced a spirit of rivalry among the bidders; but when the book was knocked down at a high price, the purchaser read, to his astonishment—"*I have perused this book, and it is not worth a farthing.*"

Lady's Postscript.—The most striking illustration of the saying that the pith of a lady's letter is the postscript, which we ever heard of, was that of a young lady, who, having gone out to India, and writing home to her friends, concluded in these words:—"*You will see by my signature that I am married.*"

How to Pay a Lawyer.—An old lawyer of the city of New York tells a good joke about one of his clients. A fellow had been arraigned before the police for stealing a set of silver spoons. The articles were found upon the culprit, and there was no use in attempting to deny the charge. Lawyer G—— was applied to by the prisoner as counsel, and, seeing no escape for his client, except on the plea of insanity or idiotcy, he instructed the fellow to put on as silly a look as possible, and when any question was put to him, to utter in a drawling manner the word "spoons." If successful, the fee was to be twenty dollars. The court proceeded to the trial; the charge was read, and the question put to the prisoner, "Guilty or not guilty?" "Spoons," ejaculated the culprit. The court put several questions to him, but "Spoons, spoons," was all the answer he would give. "The fellow is a fool," said the judge; "let him go about his business." The prisoner left the room, and the lawyer followed in his wake, and when they got into the hall the counsellor tipped his client on the shoulder, saying, "Now, my good fellow, that twenty dollars." The rogue looked the lawyer full in the face, and, putting on a grotesque and silly expression, and, winking with his eyes, exclaimed "Spoons," and then walked off.

Non-resistance.—William Meade, a companion of Penn, and a co-defendant with him in a government prosecution, was, although an old Cromwellian soldier, a stout partisan of the doctrine of non-resistance. Nevertheless, it is reported of him that, being challenged one night by three robbers in a lane, he laid about them with his oaken stick, to their utter discomfiture. He was questioned on this account at a monthly meeting. "The Spirit of the Lord was upon me," was his defence; "and I could have beaten seven of them." Of course the accusers had no more to say.

A Golden Rule.—"I resolve," says Bishop Beveridge, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back."

A Wise Priest.—A German priest was walking in procession at the head of his commissioners, over cultivated fields, in order to procure a blessing upon the crops. When he came to one of unpromising appearance, he would pass on, saying, "Here prayers and singing will avail nothing; this must have manure."

The Family Opposed to Newspapers.—The man (says the *Boston Commonwealth*) that don't take his county paper was in town yesterday. He brought the whole of his family in a two-horse waggon. He still believed that General Taylor was President, and wanted to know if the "Kamschatkians" had taken Cuba, and, if so, *where* they had taken it. He had sold his corn for twenty-five cents—the price being thirty-one—but upon going to deposit the money they told him it was mostly counterfeit. The only hard money he had was some three cent. pieces, and those some sharper had "run on him for half-dimes!" His old lady smoked a "cob pipe," and would not believe that anything else could be used. One of the boys went to a blacksmith's shop to be measured for a pair of shoes, and the other mistook the market-house for a church. After hanging his hat on a meat-hook, he piously took a seat on a butcher's stall, and listened to an auctioneer, whom he took to be the preacher. He left "before meetin' was out, and had no great opinion of the "sarmint." One of the girls took a lot of seed-onions to the post-office to trade them for a letter. She had a baby, which she carried in a "sugar-trough," stopping at times to rock it on the side-walk. When it cried, she stuffed its mouth with an old stocking, and sung "Barbara Allan." The oldest boy had sold two "'coon skins," and was on a "bust." When last seen he had called for a glass of "sody and water," and stood soaking gingerbread, and making wry faces. The shopkeeper, mistaking his meaning, had given him a mixture of sal soda and water, and it tasted strongly of soap. But "he'd heard tell of soda and water, and he was bound to give it a fair trial, puke or no puke." Some "town fellow" came in, and called for lemonade with a "fly in it," whereupon our "soaped" friend turned his back, and quietly wiped several flies into his drink. We approached the old gentleman, and tried to get him to "subscribe," but he would not listen to it. He was opposed to "internal improvements," and he thought "larnin' was a wicked inwention, and culterwaten nothin' but wanity and wexation." None of his family ever learned to read but one boy, and he "teached school awhile, and then went a studying diwinity."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cestrian.—Monks and friars are the same. There is little difference between a holy friar and a holy monk.

Inquirer.—We recommend you Professor De Morgan's arithmetic and algebra. They are hard books to understand, but they contain the principles of the science. You must be prepared to work at them.

C. H.—We are sorry that you are not pleased, but we really cannot help it. We have to consult the taste of the many. We cannot alter our plan for individual readers.

Original.—All freshly-printed works have a peculiar smell. If damp, hold them to the fire, and that will remove the smell of which you complain.

Eli Catterall.—You must pay the person you had the coals of. You say you bought them of the son; consequently you must pay the son.

A Constant Reader wants to know how to pickle red cabbage. We recommend a Constant Reader to buy a cookery-book. However, we will answer this question for him for once. Cut the cabbage into small pieces. After removing the outer leaves, put it into a sieve, and sprinkle it with salt and saltpetre. Let it drain for twenty-four hours; then squeeze it until it is very dry. Put it into a jar with whole pepper and salt, and pour cold vinegar over it. Mind not to boil the vinegar.

A Constant Subscriber.—The Government Emigration-Office is No. 9, Park-street, Westminster. We can give you no information respecting the Quebec and Halifax Railway.

Richard George is informed that the nineteenth century is called the nineteenth century because such is the fact. A child is in its first year, and is described as such long before its first year is completed. Custom and reason alike sanction such a mode of speaking.

D. J. wants to know if there is any substance capable of destroying the growth of the hair, without injuring the skin?—Not that we are aware of. The only plan is to have the hair plucked out with the roots.

T. Egleton.—There are so many Temperance Benefit Building Societies, that we really cannot answer your question.

F. H. Revell.—There is no occasion whatever for enrolling a Mutual Improvement Society.

Gallia.—There are many Italian grammars, but they are intended to be used with the aid of a master. A work was published a few years since in London, and we dare say can be still had at the publishers, called "Italian without a Master." Possibly that may suit you; but we cannot say anything either in praise or censure of the book, as we know nothing of it.

Juvenis.—If you would get on in life; if you would prosper in the world; if you would be a man; learn to say, No. The men who fail in the battle of life are the men who say, Yes. Their ruin is inevitable. Sooner or later they become the prey of idleness and vice. Remember the language of Holy Writ:—"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

An Inquirer.—We cannot answer your question. For all that we know to the contrary, the society you refer to is a very respectable one; but we know nothing of it. You must exercise your own discretion in such matters.

A Factory Operative has written to complain of not having his questions answered. He takes it for granted that we refused to answer them as too trivial, and then blames us for answering other questions which he conceives more trivial. Now this is uncharitable. A Factory Operative might conclude that we do not answer questions when we cannot, or when answers to them would be libellous. Again, a Factory Operative might conclude that, now and then, owing to the press of matter, a letter may be mislaid, or overlooked. If a Factory Operative had, instead of rushing to the conclusion that we thought his letter trivial, taken the trouble to repeat his questions, they would have had a better chance of being answered. As it is, we think the questions have been answered, though they were not answered directly. We are, owing to our large impression, always obliged to be some time in advance.

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THE
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HUNGARY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS HISTORY.

CHAPTER XI.

MARTIAL-LAW was immediately established in full vigour all over Hungary. Every one suspected of the slightest leaning to liberal opinions was treated with unsparing vigour. No act was too dastardly for Haynau, who was now placed in command of the Austrian armies. The flogging of Madame de Maderspach for sheltering her own nephew, and the suicide of her husband in consequence of the disgrace, are too well known in England to need any comment.

SURRENDER OF GOERGEY AT VILAGOS.

No law is now known but the will of the Emperor. He still calls himself King of Hungary, but Hungary is a kingdom no longer. She is nothing but a conquered province. The coarse jest of the soldier is heard in halls and bowers that beauty and rank once graced. There is now no Diet, no county assemblies, no press, no bar, and no pulpit for anyone but the Jesuits. All trials are held by military officers, sitting with sabre at their side, and surrounded by bayonets. All civil tribunals are abolished, all traces of the ancient constitution have been carefully effaced; thousands of young men of the best families have been forced to serve in the ranks of the Austrian army as private soldiers, the objects of daily tyranny from the brutal minions of a foreign despot; through the length and breadth of the land the voice of wailing is heard in the hamlet and hall. The youth of the country have died on the battle-field, are wandering in exile, or, worse still, are pining in prison; and in the march of the hideous ruffians who disgrace the military profession by the coarseness of their brutality, many a happy maiden had reason for ever to rue the day when the cause of her country was lost. Numerous Hunga-

rian ladies wear deep mourning, under a vow never to cast it off until their country's independence shall have been achieved. Others wear the national colours in the various articles of dress, and all decorated with bracelets and necklaces made from the coins issued during the government of Louis Kossuth. Mr. Spencer states that, whereas, when he visited Hungary in 1847, the German language was universally cultivated, in 1850 he found it as universally neglected. Everywhere he found excitement and discontent. The peasants are everywhere overawed by sabres and cannon. They cultivate their farms in sullen listlessness. All that can make life happy, or labour tolerable—liberty and security—all are gone. But Hungary is nevertheless said to be tranquil. *Solitudinem faciunt et appellunt pacem.* Nothing is left but hope. Many of the country people are said still to believe, with all the glowing fervour of oriental fancy, that Kossuth has gone to the plains of Asia, and will soon return, in might and majesty, with an army of their ancestors, the Huns, to drive out the Austrian invader for ever. The red rain of slaughter has fertilised the soil; and we feel right well assured that hosts of brave men will, when the time comes, start again into action, like the sleeping warriors in the enchanted cave, and wipe out the memory of defeat and disaster, not merely in the bloody triumphs of the sword, but in the wisdom, and moderation, and farsightedness, which alone can make nations truly great.

Goergey has reaped the reward of his treachery. He lives in retirement, upon estates bestowed on him by the government, diligently employed in the study of chemistry. His name is never mentioned in Hungary but with a shudder, and will be handed down to history for the execration of posterity, with those of the Catalines and Louis Napoleons and Arnolds. Mr. Brace, an American gentleman, whose imprisonment by the Austrians last summer excited some stir, and whose sympathies with the cause of independence are characteristic of the great nation to which he belongs, has furnished the following graphic sketch of this extraordinary man, which we shall here present to the reader:—

"There is much truth in the remark, 'Goergey never had the least sympathy with either the virtues or the weaknesses of his countrymen.' A man of cold, stern nature, of few words and tremendous deed, he always laughed over the Magyar fire, and eloquence, and patriotism. Despite the falseness he displayed at last, there is something striking about his character. If he were a traitor, he was no common one. His career commenced in a characteristic way, by hanging up, when he was only a major, one of the first noblemen of Hungary for treachery, as sternly and indifferently as if the man had been a runaway drummer. The affair made a great noise, and brought his name very prominently before the public. His after course was consistent with this—as cool in a discharge of grape, his officers say, as he was at the council-board. They have told me they have often seen him, in the midst of a fearful charge around him, sitting quietly on his horse, with a pistol in hand, but not for the enemy. The moment he saw a man flinch he shot him, as unrelentingly as if he had been a dog. He seemed to others utterly cold and indifferent to what men usually long after. He always professed, amid his most splendid achievements, he would rather be teaching chemistry than leading an army. When Kossuth sent him on one occasion 200,000 guilders (100,000 dollars), to make a provision for his future, and, in order not to offend him, enclosed it to his wife, he sent it back with the remark, 'If I fall, I shall not need it, and my wife can be governess again, as she was before; if we are conquered, and I escape, I can be professor abroad; if we conquer, and I survive the victory, I need no money now!' After one of his great victories, the ministry sent him certain declarations and orders of honour; he put them aside with a sneer, 'such gew-gaws were not the things for a republic!' People have told me that, after the storming of Ofen, the only words on the lips of the people and the army were 'Goergey! Goergey!' but, with all the demonstrations before his quarters, he never even showed himself, and remained coldly within, expressing himself, that 'this very bombardment was the ruin of Hungary!' He always sneered at everybody, even the friends that idolised him; and was almost the only man in Hungary who was perfectly indifferent under Kossuth's eloquence. Amid the splendidly-dressed Hungarian officers, he always appeared in his old major's coat, and in boots which he had not taken off, perhaps, for a week. A lady told me that she met him, after the taking of Ofen, in a vile-looking coat, with a great hole in one of the elbows. She remonstrated with him for wearing such a thing. 'Poh!' he said, 'I shall be known through all my rags!' 'Ah!' said she, pointing to the rent, 'see the Diogenes peeping through the hole!' at which he seemed very unusually disconcerted. And I have no doubt the lady hit the matter exactly. It was not that he was indifferent to people's opinion. He took this very course to show his own pride. His ruling trait seems to have been a mean, selfish, pride. He was unspeakably jealous of Kossuth; and would rather see Hungary a hundred times ruined than it should conquer under him."

Kossuth and his followers were sent first to Shumla, and thence to Buda, on the 11th of April, 1850. Kossuth occupied the apartments over the barrack gate, and spent his time in laying out the garden attached to his prison, and in the study of English.

Austria threatened to occupy the Moldavian provinces of Turkey, in case the Hungarians were liberated; but on the 22nd of August, Soliman Bey came to Kossuth, announced his freedom, kissed his hand, and said, "Go; you will find friends everywhere now; but do not forget those who were friends when you had but few." The United States sent their steam-frigate the Mississippi, to convey him to America. In her he came as far as Gibraltar, and thence to England in the Madrid. Louis Napoleon, no doubt at that time meditating his *coup d'etat*, refused him permission to pass through France.

Madame Kossuth had the utmost difficulty in escaping. For months she wandered through the country, often whole days without food, and obliged to seek safety from the Austrian police in the fidelity of the peasantry. Nothing but woman's heroism and devotion could have sustained her under the almost incredible hardships which she endured. Forty thousand florins were offered by the Government for her capture, and death was the punishment marked out for those who harboured her. The following account of her arrival at the end of her weary journey, with a faithful female friend, may not be uninteresting to our readers:—

"It was night when they entered Belgrade. They knocked at the door of the Sardinian Consul, who had recently been stationed in that frontier town by his King, whose whole heart sympathised in the Hungarian cause, and who had formed a friendly alliance with M. Kossuth for the freedom of Italy and Hungary. The Consul had been advised by Kossuth that two females would probably seek his protection, but not knowing them, he inquired what they wished of him? Madame L—— replied, 'Lodging and bread.' He invited them in, and Madame L—— introduced him to Madame Kossuth, the lady of the late Governor of Hungary.

"It will readily be perceived that the Consul could scarcely believe that these two miserable beings were the persons they represented themselves to be. Madame Kossuth convinced him by showing him the signet-ring of her husband. In his house Madame Kossuth fell ill, but received every possible kindness from her host. They learned that all the Hungarians and Poles had been removed from Widdin to Shumla; and, notwithstanding that it was in the midst of a severe winter, they decided upon proceeding at once to the latter place. The Sardinian Consul applied to the generous and very liberal Prince of Servia, in whose principality Belgrade is, for his assistance in behalf of the ladies, and in the most hospitable and fearless manner he provided them with his own carriage and four horses, and an escort, and in this way they started through the snow for Shumla. Their journey was without any apprehension of danger, for the British Consul-General at Belgrade, Mr. F——, had provided the party with a passport as British subjects, under the assumed names of Mr., Mrs., and Miss Bloomfield; yet the severity of the weather was such, that Madame Kossuth, in the ill state of her health, suffered very much. Often the snow was as deep as the breasts of the horses, and not unfrequently, four oxen had to be attached to the carriage in their places. A journey which, in summer, would have required but a few days, now was made in twenty-eight.

"On the twenty-eighth day a courier was sent in advance of them to apprise Governor Kossuth of their approach. He was ill; and, moreover, on account of the many plans of the Austrians to assassinate him, the Sultan's authorities could not allow him to leave Shumla, and go to meet his wife. The news of her deliverance, and her approach, occasioned the liveliest satisfaction to all the refugees; the Hungarians and Poles went as far as the gates of the city to meet this heroic martyr of the cause of Hungary. It was night when the carriage neared the city; as it entered the gates she found the streets lighted up with hundreds of lights, green, white, and red, the colours of the Hungarian flag, and was welcomed with the most friendly shouts from the whole body of the refugees.

"When Madame Kossuth descended from her carriage, she found herself in the presence of her husband, who had risen from his bed of illness to receive the poor 'Maria F——' of the plains of Hungary. In place of receiving her in his arms, M. Kossuth, overcome by feelings of admiration for the sufferings which his wife had undergone, and by gratitude for her devotion to the cause of her country, threw himself at her feet and kissed them. She endeavoured to speak and offer her husband consolation and tranquillity, while her own poor feeble heart was ready to burst with emotion. Her voice failed her, and, amid the reiterated shouts of the Hungarians and Poles, this heroic woman was carried to her husband's apartments."

Kossuth's arrival at Southampton created the most intense excitement. Crowds thronged the quay to meet and welcome him. He was forthwith taken to the Mayor's house, and, from the balcony, delivered a short speech to the people. He spoke twice again in this neighbourhood, at a *dejeuner*, at Winchester, and again at a banquet in Southampton.

Upon his arrival in London, he took up his residence at the house of a Mr. Massingherd, in Eaton-place, and on the following day he set out to Guildhall, to receive the address of the Corporation of London. Vast crowds lined the way, and greeted him with enthusiastic cheering. In reply to the address, he made one of his best speeches.

On the second day after his landing at Southampton, M. Kossuth accepted the invitation of a London committee, representing the Trades Unions, to receive an address from them at Copenhagen House, on Monday, the 3rd of November. Accordingly, on that day, about twelve thousand working men assembled in Russell-square, headed by banners, and marched in procession to Copenhagen House, where they found M. Kossuth already arrived. Temporary hustings had been erected in front of the house; and M. Kossuth, attended by the Chairman of the Central Committee, made his appearance before the vast crowd assembled round them, variously estimated from twenty-five to one hundred thousand persons, at three o'clock, when he delivered a speech from which we give the following extract;—

"Gentlemen,—I most warmly thank you for your generous sentiments of active and operative sympathy with the freedom and independence of my native land, so closely connected—as you have rightly judged—with the freedom and independence of other nations on the European continent. (Cheers.) It is to me highly gratifying to know that a large party of the present meeting belongs to the working classes. (Cheers.) It is gratifying to me, because, if to belong to the working classes implies a man whose livelihood depends on his own honest and industrious labour, then none among you has more right to call himself a working man than I so to call myself. I inherited nothing from my dear father, and I have lived my whole life by my own honest and industrious labour. (Cheers.) This my condition I consider to have been my first claim to my people's confidence, because they well knew that, being in that condition, I must intimately know the wants, the sufferings, and the necessities of the people. And so assuredly it was. It is therefore that I so practically devoted my life to procure and to secure political and social freedom to my people, not to a race, not to a class, but to the whole people; besides, I devoted all my life for many years, by the practical means of associations, to extend the benefit of public instruction to the working classes, and to forward the material welfare of the agriculturists, of the manufacturers, and of the trading men. (Cheers.)

"Among all the enterprises to that effect of that time of my life, when I was yet in no public office, but a private man, there is none to which I look back with more satisfaction and pride than to the association for the encouragement of manufacturing industry—to its free schools, to its exhibitions, to its press, and to its affiliations. Besides conferring immense material benefits, it proved also politically beneficial by bringing in closer contact and more friendly relations the different classes of my dear native land, by interesting the working classes in the public political concerns of our nation, and by so developing a strongly united public opinion to support me in my chief aim, which was conserving the municipal and constitutional institutions of my country—to substitute for the privileges of single classes the political emancipation of the whole world, and substituting freedom for class privileges—to impart to the people the faculty of making the constitution a common benefit to all—for all—in a word, to transform the closed hall of class privileges into an open temple of the people's liberty. (Loud cheers.)

"Allow me, firstly, to congratulate you on the attention which you have hereby proved that you devote to public matters and to the interests of your country as well as to the freedom and glory of humanity. May this public spirit never decrease; may every Englishman for ever feel that it is the basis of all constitutional organisation, be it under a republican or a monarchical form; that it is the public opinion of the people which must give direction to the policy of the country, and that it is, therefore, not only the right, but also the duty, of every honest citizen to contribute to the development and expression of that public opinion, of which the legislative as well as the executive authorities are, and must be, faithful representatives.

"Allow me, secondly, to congratulate you on the just and happy instinct with which, bestowing your attention on public concerns, you have seized the very point which really is the most important among all in which the mind and heart of Englishmen can be interested. That point is the freedom of the European continent. I said it in the Common Council of the city of London, I repeat it here; there is none among your internal questions which outweighs in importance the external. (Cheers.) And how may be summed up the external interests of the British Empire on the European continent? It is to be summed up in this question—By which principle shall the continent of Europe be ruled, by the principle of freedom or by the principle of absolutism? Can England, or can it not, remain indifferent to the approaching struggle and final decision of this question? And, if it cannot remain indifferent without losing its position in the world, endangering its own freedom, and hurting its own interests, with which principle shall England side—with the principle of freedom or with the principle of aggression? Shall it support the rights, freedom, and happiness of nations, or the oppressive combinations of arbitrary governments? (Cheers.) That is the question—a question the most urgent and the more important that (*i. e.*. because) no man, of whatsoever party, can dissimulate, still less deny, that the situation of France, of Italy, of Germany, of Austria, of Hungary, of Poland, and of Russia is so unnatural, so contrary to the human and national interests of the respective people, that it is utterly impossible it can endure. Yes, no man can dissimulate the conviction that France, Italy, Germany, Austria, and Hungary are already on the eve of those days when the great, and I hope final battle of these adverse principles, will be fought out. (Loud cheers.)

"By taking such a view of the brotherhood of people you are the interpreters of my most warm desires, and by assuring me to hope and to be resolved for the future, that Russian intervention in the domestic concerns of whatever country shall by England not be permitted more. (Loud cheers.) By this you have anticipated all that I, in my humble quality of a representative of the principles of freedom, in the name of my country, and in the interests of all oppressed nations, have again and again entreated from the people of England since I have been here. And here I meet again another noble idea of your address, where you say that the name of my country is linked in your prayers and in your hopes with the name of other nations. Bless you for that word? You ennoble my name, and my country's by it. Yet you speak the truth. The very moment that Russia first interfered in Hungary our struggles grew to an European height; we struggled no more for our own freedom, our own independence, but altogether for the freedom and independence of the European continent. Our cause became the cause of mankind. My nation became the martyr of the cause of European freedom in the past; of other nations it will be the faithful champion of that freedom for the future. I, for my own humble part, whom my people and the public opinion of the world took

for the personification of my people's sentiments, I know where my place is. I know what duties are entailed upon me. I shall insure the sympathies of England by my devotion to my country's European cause. England will find me faithful to that place and to those duties which my people's confidence having assigned to me, foreign violence could hinder me from exercising, but whose legitimate character no violence could destroy. Let me also hope that, while Hungary and I are aware of the solidarity of our cause with the cause of European freedom and independence, and while Hungary is resolved to stand manfully in its place, the other nations, and England itself, will not forget that the freedom and independence of Hungary are indispensable to the independence of Europe against Russian encroachment and preponderance, and so neither the other European nations nor England will allow Russia again to interfere in order to uphold that detested house of Hapsburg, with which, eternally alienated, Hungary will never, through time, have any transaction, unless to ban it, expulse it, or to hurl it in the dust (loud cheers)."

At Manchester and Birmingham he was *feted* with the utmost enthusiasm and addressed crowded audiences. His ast speech, previous to his departure for America, was delivered in the Hanover-square Rooms, in reply to an address from the parish of Marylebone.

He sailed for the United States in a few days afterwards, and his progress ever since has been one of unbounded triumph. We have been brief in this sketch of his sojourn in England, because fuller and more detailed accounts have been given of his progress in the daily press than our limited space would allow us to insert. With a short sketch of his oratory from the pen of an able writer, we shall take our leave of Louis Kossuth as a man, and confine our remarks during the remainder of the chapter to his connexion with the present position and prosperity of the cause which he advocates.

"Let us say a word or two of the man and his oratory, and the eloquence for which he is so remarkable. Well proportioned and good-looking, his features being soft and agreeable, he is far more winning than commanding. His power amongst his own people must have rested on persuasion. No great man ever existed, perhaps, who did not at least fascinate those immediately around him. That he has a strong will there can be no doubt, but it acts by love rather than by violence. Kossuth is a self-sustained man. See him sitting quiet, unmoved, in a public assembly, in no wise seeking to attract attention, but thoroughly self-possessed and

PRINCE WINDISCHGRATZ.

LOUIS KOSSUTH AT COPENHAGEN HOUSE.

at his ease, and you are convinced at once that he is a man who in "his patience possesses his own soul." After reading his speeches, which seem in general to have been admirably reported, you are surprised at his completely foreign and imperfect pronunciation. Nevertheless you rarely fail to understand him. He is full of clear ideas, and his command of words, seldom at fault, enables him to convey into the minds of others the well-defined ideas that are in his own mind. From the exuberance of sentiments and of points in his speeches you expect to find an enthusiastic manner. It is not so. He has sufficient but natural action, particularly when he makes an appeal to the Deity; but generally his manner is quiet, his action moderate, and a second-rate orator of our own would expend much more breath and strength in delivering a very common-place harangue than Kossuth expends in delivering a speech rich in knowledge, feeling, and illustration. He has no violence in his action; he does not swing his arms about or toss them in the air; he makes no attempt to thump a table or his hat. His voice, quite in accord with his manner, is not loud. It is soft, sweet, firm, impassioned, small rather than otherwise, and never violent. The little graces and by-plays of oratory — allusions to events before him and sentiments addressed to him—are tastefully brought in; but he has none of that mimicry and mockery which pass with some persons for eloquence. He is earnest, but not terrible; serious, but

not dull; continually grave as beseems his condition, but not sad as a man without hope, nor prosaic and plodding. His accentuation is superior to his pronunciation. In this he is distinguished from most foreigners, who acquire pronunciation better than accentuation. He has, we infer, been a careful reader of poetry. His diction, however, does not take the form of poetry, unless it be such poetry as Pope's. It is pointed, sharp, and generally the sentences are short. It is more logic than poetry. It is in the hearing, whatever may be the effect of reading it, more intellectual than sentimental. In one sense, speaking a foreign language is an advantage to him. He has no words to waste—he cannot deceive himself and others into the belief that by multiplying words, he is expounding truths or sending forth ideas. He speaks well because he has much to say, and cannot waste words in saying it. His oratory has no rounded periods. It is in tone and manner more like the conversational harangues of Mr. Tierney than the elaborate and studied speeches of Sir F. Burdett or Earl Grey. It is much more like the neat, clear, pointed speeches of Lord Lyndhurst, than the involved and parenthetical and carefully wound up periods of Brougham—more like the pungent words of Cobden than the enthusiastic declamation of Bright. Of all the speakers we have ever heard, his speeches, as pure offerings of the intellect speaking to the intellect, are more like those of Lord Lyndhurst. His manner and voice are quite silvery and uniform in their tone, like those of that noble lord. There are many and striking contrasts and differences between Kossutb and any orator we ever heard—for everyone has a manner of his own—but we remember no one whom Kossuth so much resembles as Lord Lyndhurst speaking in the House of Peers. If his manner be impressive, it is entirely for the matter of his speeches. His oratory appears to be unprepared and without effort, and is forcible for its truths, for its fine sentiments, for its striking illustrations of abstracted ideas, not for its vehemence. The man's power is purely intellectual."

That we should review *seriatim* the various opinions which have been expressed of Kossuth and his policy, and the various arguments and slanders which have been put forward against him, can hardly be expected. By his own acts and words he must stand or fall. Let him who has examined these thoroughly, and found them wanting, by all means at once reject him; but let all take heed how they listen to calumny with eagerness, and be slow to seek out the refutation of it. To ascertain the existence or non-existence of facts which are alleged to have taken place in a remote country with which we have never had much communication, must be at all times a difficult task, but this difficulty is still further increased when all sources of information are systematically shut up, and nothing allowed to escape but what is garbled to suit the interests of a party. Everything coming from persons who have all the channels of intercourse under their controul, must necessarily be received with some degree of suspicion, and everything favourable to the other side of the question, which they allow to pass, necessarily entitled to a double degree of credit.

It is established beyond the possibility of doubt that Kossuth possessed, and still continues to possess, the unlimited confidence of the masses of the Hungarian people. In all political questions their interests are the weightiest, and their voice is most entitled to attention. They are "*the unnamed demigods*" who died with the smile of victory on their lips under the walls of Buda, and fainted and faltered not because they knew that the grave must close upon them "unchronicled, unchanted." The people are always right, always true; and the people of Hungary, to a man, gave their hearts to Kossuth. This is not denied by anyone. It is acknowledged by all parties that they all look to him as their future deliverer. The middle classes and the petty *noblesse* supported him also; the county assemblies and the lower chambers were his warmest adherents. But at the same time it cannot be denied that he never found favour in the eyes of the *haute noblesse* and wealthy magnates. He has himself sprung from the people, and raised himself to the highest position in the state by the unaided force of transcendant talent and eloquence. Upon all men who rise in this way the nobility of any country look with jealousy and dislike, those of England perhaps the least, but certainly those of Hungary as much as any other in the world. It was the terrible nature of the crisis alone that induced the high priests of feudalism to admit the clever *parvenu* to the highest seat in their synagogue. They bore him patiently, and obeyed him with reverence until all was over, then they returned like hogs to wallow in the mire of absolutism, and not content with that, they must needs cast some of the filth upon him. They could never forget that one of the first fruits of the revolution was the destruction of many of the most valuable but most oppressive privileges of the aristocracy, and the making all men equal before the law. Their hearts were never with it, and they have consequently taken the earliest opportunity of wreaking their spleen against him who animated, and directed it.

His advocacy of a republic in Hungary must also be necessarily distasteful to them, and in truth the propriety of his doing so has been disputed by many whose motives are above the reach of suspicion. This much, indeed, is certain, that a republic can never meet the wants of a country whose traditions are monarchical, and which has been accustomed to be controlled in all things by the centralised government in the metropolis. It is strange that in discussing the great political changes of our day more attention should not have been paid to the influence of these two facts. It is strange that men should look for the hardy growth of republican institutions in the land where, since the days of the Grand Monarque, the king was the state, and Paris the fountain-head and centre of power, and honour, and fashion; where the will of the sovereign has for ages regulated all things from a declaration of war down to the committal of a drunkard in a country village; where the people have ever been accustomed to pay and obey, and where the simplicity of a commonwealth must seem flat, stale, and unprofitable in the eyes of a gay and excitable population, in place of "the pomp, and pride, and circumstance" of royalty. And it is strange too that men should feel surprised at the prosperity of the model republic across the Atlantic, when they remember that the first settlers were men nurtured in the love of English liberty, grave, austere men, who were accustomed in all things to think for themselves, and act as they thought; men who feared the loss of freedom more than the solitude of the unexplored forests of the far west, more than the terror by night, the arrow that flieth by day, or the pestilence that walketh in darkness. For more than two hundred years their descendants were accustomed to elect their own rulers, to discuss their own affairs, and regulate the expenditure of their own taxes, to sit in council to-day, and hold the plough or wield the axe to-morrow. They knew nothing of monarchs, or ministers, or standing armies. They were their own rulers, and their own soldiers, and their own police. No king had ever been amongst them, and they knew well that neither king nor aristocracy was necessary to their safety, welfare, and progress. When they were forced into war, they carried on a sanguinary campaign of seven years in duration, better than any despot in Europe, with his vast and disciplined military force, his ministry, bureaux, and commissaries, could ever do it, and when all was over they elected their governors and houses of representatives, as they had been accustomed to do before, and all went as calmly, as prosperously, and as securely as if nothing of the kind had ever happened. They had received the best kind of political training—the education of experience. The case of Hungary is very similar to that of the United States, and there is every reason for believing that, inasmuch as republican institutions have now become racy of the soil in America, so also they would take root and flourish on the plains of Hungary. The county assemblies are precisely analogous to the House of Representatives for each state; the viscounts are the governors; and nothing could be easier than to turn the palatine into a president. The county assemblies were composed of men freely elected, who deliberated upon the affairs of the district; and it was they who chose the Diet, which discussed and enacted the laws which were to govern the entire nation. The influence of a monarch who was rarely seen in the country, who ruled at the distance, surrounded by bayonets, was but little felt, and any undue exercise of his power was at all times sternly resisted; in short, the parallel is complete up to the period of the revolutionary war. But here, when the Hungarians were affording the highest proof of the fitness for self-government, it suddenly ceases. The Americans were assisted in their struggle by the

JULIA.

A SKETCH OF ANCIENT ROME.

"Thou art, weary, perhaps," said the young Antonius to his companion, a pensive girl, who languidly reclined upon one of the rich couches that lined the spacious apartment, "thou art weary, for thou seemest to have lost thy relish for the story of the old Greek; shall I amuse thee with one of the Idyls of Theocritus, or with the sterner music of some of our own poets? Or wilt thou leave this too-heavily-scented atmosphere, and this glare of artificial light, and seek with me our accustomed seat beside the fountain? The moonlight is making a pavement of brightest mosaics beneath the avenues of limes and olives, such as the lapidary Sylvius might imitate in vain. And dost thou not hear the cool plash of the water? Come, my Julia, thou art drooping to-night; the sweet air will revive thee;" and the youth pushed aside, as he spoke, the scroll from which he had been reading. The movement aroused the maiden from the reverie into which she had fallen, and she started up, with an evident desire to disguise her abstraction.

"What! leaving me so soon, Antonius? I thought thou hadst never tired of thy noble old Grecian."

"Nay, sweet, thou art the weary one. I wager thee a dozen *oboli* thou hast not heard one word of that fine passage to which I have been directing thy attention. What aileth thee of late? Thou wert not wont to be an inattentive listener. And thou hast been so thoughtful, too. I fear my old rival, Clito, has been plying thee again. If so, or if thou hast any anxiety, confess it to me; it shall be 'sub rosa;'" and he playfully pointed, as he spoke, to the rose carved in the centre of the ceiling of the apartment, which, with the Romans, indicated silence, and was a sort of pledge, that whatever was uttered beneath it should be regarded as confidential.

"Nay, Antonius," said Julia, rising, "thy jealousy may slumber; Clito troubles me not. It is not the hour for supper yet, for Hesperus has just lighted his pharos, so thy friend will not expect thee this hour."

"I did not think of going," rejoined the youth, "that was thine own fancy; I was only asking thee to go to the garden. The dews will distil from the flowers an aroma far sweeter than these scented lamps are pouring forth. Come, thou shalt then tell me why thine eyes are less glad than they were wont to be;" and he wound his arm winningly around the slender waist of the maiden.

Julia raised her eyes trustingly towards her companion, and, having called a slave to throw her *stola* over her shoulders, they passed together from the lighted chamber, and were soon hid beneath the overhanging limes of the garden.

"Thou wilt smile, perhaps, Antonius," said Julia, as she sat down upon the edge of the great basin, in the centre of which marble dolphins were spouting innumerable columns of water, "thou wilt smile when I reveal the cause of my seeming disquiet, or haply chide me as a weak-minded girl. Thou rememberest our many conversations at my father's villa, and how nearly thou hadst won me over to the belief that our whole system of religion, while it answers an excellent end in acting as a check upon the vulgar, and should therefore be countenanced, is only a cunning fable, unworthy the credence of reasoning beings. Thou mayest remember how I told thee that thy Platonic theory was a cheerless one, because it removed us so far from the principle of all good, and gave us nothing to revere or worship. The obscurity and mysticism of the doctrines of the Academic sect puzzled me, and I could find nothing certain on which to repose my belief. With my thoughts much occupied with the subject of our discourse, I returned to the city again, and not long after, heard something of a new philosophy which has fastened itself strangely upon my mind. As I lay one evening in a dreamy reverie, with my maidens around me, my attention was suddenly fixed by the novelty of the conversation of two of them. They supposed me asleep, and freely spoke of the assemblies of those fanatics whom we call *Christians*, which, it seems, they had frequently found opportunities of attending. They were recapitulating the substance of what they had, the night before, heard from the lips of a teacher of the new sect. They spoke of the one God—the Creator of all things—a holy, just, all-wise, all-powerful Being, who had made man holy like himself; of the way in which man became unholy, disobedient; of the strange mode of rescue provided in order to restore him to his Cre[ch] nothing less than the sacrifice in his stead o[is] the Son of God. The earnestness with wh[is] me; for tears were on their cheeks as the[itz] Jesus. My curiosity was awakened; I [he] overheard their discourse, and constrained [nd] more things to me in regard to this new d— strange fascination about it, which seemed in- to my heart as well as to my head, and to [t.] ness as no other philosophy had ever done. [ic.] they repeat to me, at my command, what [ht] my interest becoming more aroused, I was [ot] and sit as a listener at some of their assem[d],

"Thou!" exclaimed Antonius, starting [ed] attention he had assumed, "thou, frequen[d] beians these treasonous meetings of the N[of] Julia thus lower her patrician blood! [ed] wert disgusted, I hope, and hast no inklin[n.] fanaticism." [h]

"No, Antonius, I was not disgusted; n[e] thing so noble as the solemn, earnest, wrap[it] haired teacher, or heard I anything so imp[of] eloquence, as the words that fell from his l[er] self never gave utterance to a philosophy p[able."

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"And art thou ready to credit the no[n] Christians put forth, because thy woman's [e] their sophistries? See, from beneath yon[il] of the Stagyrite seems to frown upon thee; [e] self up to be wiser than he. Rely upon [g] not bear sifting; I have never heard of th[t] vulgar, who are not accustomed to give rea[o] they obtain not among scholars and philoso[r] getting my engagement with Plautus. I [r] but I will talk with thee on this subject ag[e] which it delights me to find is, after all, [e] dened."

It was a day of high festival at Rome, [r] city looked still more gorgeous in its holi[e] coes were filled with groups of earnest t[y] senators and dignified patricians; the stree[r] noisy multitude—young boys, who had no[d] *virilis*, priests in their robes of office, gamb[o] hurrying hither and thither laden with de[e] of many a disciple of Apicius. The publi[o] with revellers; the statues were hung with[n] the air rang with the sound of musical [e] group was gathered round a gaming-tabl[y] watching some dice-players who sat upon [f] of a fountain; here a knot pressed round a [y] ing girls, there, some Roscius was calling [y] from his noisy auditors. The magnificent [,] forth their voluptuous loungers, who, amid[n] with sweet perfumes, reclining upon silv[-] ivory and cushioned wiih the damask of Ol[neath vaulted ceilings, rich in all the gorge[l] architects could devise, had been atoning fo[e] previous part of the day.

Rome was endeavouring to forget that [s] whose seeming humanity had, at his first ac[f] raised the hopes of the people so high, was[e] self another Caligula. Great had been the[l] step-father, whose imbecility had rendered[y] tool of his two most infamous wives, succ[-] amiable and gentle youth, Nero. But his [f] only lying dormant; and as soon as a the[e] their exercise presented itself, they were [l] Accustomed as the Romans were to witness[d] their emperors, when the inhuman and unn[murderer of his mother—cruel and hated a[s-]

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"Thou!" exclaimed Antonius, starting up from the attitude of attention he had assumed, "thou, frequent with slaves and plebeians these treasonous meetings of the Nazarenes! My proud Julia thus lower her patrician blood! Away with it! Thou wert disgusted, I hope, and hast no inkling *now* after the levelling fanaticism."

"No, Antonius, I was not disgusted; never, *never* saw I anything so noble as the solemn, earnest, wrapt manner of the grey-haired teacher, or heard I anything so imposing in its persuasive eloquence, as the words that fell from his lips. Our Seneca himself never gave utterance to a philosophy purer or more reasonable."

"And how comes it," interrupted Antonius, "that this astonishing eloquence has laid hid in this obscurity? This is not wont to be the case with true merit; and it seems thy orator has lived to hoary hairs. But I forget; thou art no frequenter of the forum, and how shouldst *thou* know what eloquence is?"

"But thou hast taught me the art of reasoning, Antonius, and *I* could not detect any sophistry in the discourse of the old man."

"And art thou ready to credit the novelties these accursed Christians put forth, because thy woman's wit could not unravel their sophistries? See, from beneath yon plane-tree the statue of the Stagyrite seems to frown upon thee, that thou settest thyself up to be wiser than he. Rely upon it, these doctrines will not bear sifting; I have never heard of them, except among the vulgar, who are not accustomed to give reasons for their belief; they obtain not among scholars and philosophers. But I am forgetting my engagement with Plautus. I must leave thee now, but I will talk with thee on this subject again, and ease thy mind, which it delights me to find is, after all, no more heavily burdened."

It was a day of high festival at Rome, and the magnificent city looked still more gorgeous in its holiday array. The porticoes were filled with groups of earnest talkers—white-bearded senators and dignified patricians; the streets were lined with a noisy multitude—young boys, who had not yet donned the *toga virilis*, priests in their robes of office, gambolling children, slaves hurrying hither and thither laden with delicacies for the supper of many a disciple of Apicius. The public gardens were filled with revellers; the statues were hung with garlands of flowers; the air rang with the sound of musical instruments. Here a group was gathered round a gaming-table, there another was watching some dice-players who sat upon the broad marble edge of a fountain; here a knot pressed round a band of Grecian dancing girls, there, some Roscius was calling forth peals of applause from his noisy auditors. The magnificent baths were emptying forth their voluptuous loungers, who, amid an atmosphere heavy with sweet perfumes, reclining upon silver seats inlaid with ivory and cushioned with the damask of Oriental looms, and beneath vaulted ceilings, rich in all the gorgeousness which Roman architects could devise, had been atoning for the exertion of the previous part of the day.

Rome was endeavouring to forget that its young Emperor, whose seeming humanity had, at his first accession to the throne, raised the hopes of the people so high, was likely to prove himself another Caligula. Great had been the rejoicing when to his step-father, whose imbecility had rendered him successively the tool of his two most infamous wives, succeeded the apparently amiable and gentle youth, Nero. But his evil propensities were only lying dormant; and as soon as a theatre vast enough for their exercise presented itself, they were brought into full play. Accustomed as the Romans were to witness acts of barbarity in their emperors, when the inhuman and unnatural son became the murderer of his mother—cruel and hated as she was—a thrill of

most warlike nation in Europe. The Magyars, on the contrary, had to contend, single-handed, against the two greatest military powers in the world. But they had displayed no less valour in the conflict, and have left a splendid example of heroic fortitude in defeat.

The point which Kossuth has most strongly dwelt upon, is the necessity of carrying out, to its fullest extent, the doctrine of non-intervention, which has now become so great a favourite with the English people. If their loud assertion of this principle means anything, it means that they are anxious that all the nations of the world should be left to manage their own affairs, in whatever manner pleases them. It acknowledges the right to choose its rulers to be inherent in the people themselves, and no more a matter for the consideration or dictation of a foreign sovereign than the domestic affairs of a private individual are for those of the Government of his own country. But if England, while abstaining from interference herself, do not cause other powers to do so likewise, her policy, from being sound and enlightened, becomes selfish and degrading. Nations have duties towards other nations, as well as members of society towards one another. It is unwise and unjust to interfere with a man's disposal of what is his own, but it is cruel to allow another to ravish from him the fruits of his industry and labour whilst we stand calmly by. Every man who is not with the cause of freedom, is against her. To allow the interference of Russia, in the quarrel between Austria and Hungary, was as impolitic as it would have been to have interfered ourselves. Every time that we tamely suffer the triumph of brute-force over right, we do something towards the demoralization of the human species—we lead the masses to applaud and trust in fraud and violence, and to believe in the final triumph of the wrong doer. No darker cloud ever hung over the future of Europe than the Russian empire, as it is organized at the present day,—a vast extent of territory, as large as all the rest of Europe, with an immense population, thinly scattered over its almost boundless surface; a cringing, crouching, degraded, and brutalized people, whom the priests of a faith which professes to be Christian teach from the cradle to reverence the seigneur as their owner, and the emperor as the vicegerent of their [illegible] but hardy, robust, capable of enduring any amount of fatigue, of cold, or hunger. Nearly a million and a half of these men are armed—drilled into the highest state of military discipline. Their religion is a misty and debasing superstition, their education nothing, save the use of an uncouth jargon, picked up in the discomfort of a smoky cabin. The highest duty of their code of morality is implicit obedience to the will of their superiors, and to die in its execution their surest path to the heaven of the saints. They have all the fanaticism of the Saracens, without their chivalry, their poetry, or their learning. At their head is a mendacious, slavish, champagne-drinking, gambling nobility, born and nursed in an atmosphere of tyranny, and worshipping only at the shrine of power and money. Their God is the autocrat Nicholas. His smile can set up, and heads fall at his frown. He is the caliph of the Greek Church. Never was there an organisation so powerful for evil, so dangerous to Christian civilisation and European liberty. Ages must roll over before the moral force can ever gain the ascendant in Russia—before the other nations of Europe can ever hope to act upon her by any other arguments than those of force. She presents the strange spectacle of a Government far in advance of the people, filled with the fraud and cruelty of barbarism, but in possession of the military discipline and science of western civilisation. The Czar is a man of vast projects, of boundless ambition, and unscrupulous in the use of means to bring about the end he has in view. He looks with a gloating eye upon the rich plains of India, and every year spills torrents of blood in the defiles of the Caucasus, in the attempt to get nearer to our possessions in the East. Turkey is tottering to her fall, and he wants but a European war to occupy Constantinople. Napoleon the Great, the man of far views and deep-laid projects, prophesied that Russia would never be content till the Cossacks of the Don watered their horses in the Thames. She has already blotted out one from the list of European kingdoms, and who can tell which will be the next?

Is it wise, under such circumstances, to lay a trap for our own feet—to look calmly on the growth and aggrandizement of an enormous system of brute-force, hostile to all the principles of politics and religion, for the promulgation of which so much of the best blood of England has been shed? Austria is already the minion of the czar; Hungary lies bleeding at his feet; and the degenerate nephew of the conqueror of Austerlitz and Borodino sues with 'bated breath for his approval of the slaughter and proscription of the bravest and best of a grand and chivalrous nation. To curb the pretensions of the Czar—to afford free course to the self assertion of national independence—it is not necessary that England should bombard St. Petersburg, and land an army upon the shores of the Baltic. Enough of the prestige of victory still remains to give weight to the simple expression of her opinion, even if it were not backed by that instinctive deference which is always rendered, by the vilest and coarsest, to a long course of enlightened policy, and a consistent following of the principles of truth and justice. Had England acknowledged the independence of Hungary early in the struggle, she would have saved her from ruin and misery, and Austria from self-degradation. Russia would have hesitated to interfere in the face of such opposition. Now that these two powers have been twice suffered to annihilate the liberties of independent nations, it is not to be expected that they will pause in their career of conquest and annexation until all the smaller and weaker kingdoms of Europe are merged under the same iron yoke.

What may be the ultimate result of the struggle now going on in Europe, it is impossible to say. The issue is, of course, in the hands of Providence and of the people. It is greatly to be regretted that the latter should be so often slow to exert themselves on behalf of humanity, and should be always ready with sympathy and assistance only when sympathy and assistance are well-nigh useless. When the tide has ebbed the boats and the men are ready; but the patriots struggling afar off with the boisterous waves, exclaim, as they sink, in sorrowing despair, "Ah! why did they not take it at the flow!" We confess we have our doubts of the successful issue of Kossuth's mission to this country and America. Once he who roused the enthusiasm of the people by his winning eloquence is far away, the enemies who have leagued to hunt him down, and blacken him with slander, remain behind to instil their poison daily into the public ear. The masses of the people, from want of education, of reading, and self-discipline, are proverbially as fickle as they are excitable. When the occasion which aroused them has passed away, the principles which they applauded are too often forgotten or disregarded, and, like an impatient audience in a theatre, they stamp with impatience for the curtain to rise upon another scene and different actors. Our aim in the performance of the task which is now closed has been to assist in taking away this reproach from their character, and by placing before their eyes, however imperfectly, the great men who lived and fought and laboured in the history of a heroic nation, to inspire an admiration for liberty and truth which shall prove not only enthusiastic, but lasting. When the people begin to take an interest in foreign affairs, they will enlarge their own sympathies and purify their own hearts, and promote the growth of that "*solidarity*" which as yet, we fear, exists only in name. They will feel that their interests and those of suffering humanity all over the world are identical, and they will hate despotism as they hate evil. Safe in our own happy island, in blest repose under the joint reign of liberty and law, let us not survey the storms which rage around us in selfish calmness and security. Neither the Christian nor the philanthropist can look upon millions of men, with immortal minds, shut out from literature, from security of life and property and domestic happiness, ruled by the sabre and the bayonet, without the deepest emotion. Let us ask ourselves, Can this fearful state of things be remedied by the arguments of the philosopher, or the preaching of the divine precepts of the Author of our religion? Argument is replied to by the bullet, and the representative of Christ upon earth has leagued himself, all over Europe, with the worst abominations of cruelty and slavery. The priests and the despots are combined together for the destruction of everything allied to freedom of mind or of body. The people have cast off the church, and she has sought refuge in the arms of their enemies. Crowns and mitres have at last forgotten their differences, and have united together for the annihilation of opinion.

Surrounded thus by everything that can dispirit and dis-

hearten, the suffering nations of Europe ask in despair, where shall they fly for succour, or what shall aid them in their great peril? Let us write or speak as we will, or deprecate it ever so earnestly, we cannot conceal from ourselves the painful fact that the answer, whether echoed back from the plains of Marathon, or the defile of Thermopylæ, from the walls of Warsaw, or the heights of Breed's, whether sought in the lore of history, or the impulses of the human heart, is still the same,—"The sword is the last refuge of the oppressed." The still small voice of humanity may ask in tender accents, whether the remedy is not worse than the disease, but the sounds which evermore ring in our ears from past ages, and drown all others, are the rush of steeds and the shout of battle.

This will doubtless be to many a painful truth, but it is not the less a truth for all that. We cannot disguise the fact that the comity working in the hearts of the people against the governments of Europe will find vent at length in a bloody struggle. The records of the past five years are written in blood, and too deeply to be easily effaced. It is not in our power now to prevent the struggle, but we may use our best endeavours to mitigate its horrors. Let us discard henceforth and for ever the delusion of diplomatic secresy, which has wrought and continues to work so much evil. Secresy is always a liar and a deceiver. Publicity is always truthful and upright. As we would not allow a fellow citizen to be tried and disposed of, even for the foulest crime, alone and unaided, let us not any longer allow our ministry to decide upon the fall of nations in the obscurity of cipher, or the recesses of a foreign office. As long as we act in accordance with the eternal and unchangeable principles of truth and justice, we shall have nothing in our "notes" that we need feel ashamed of. Foreign nations will then respect our consistency. Our ministers will cease to be unpopular; for the policy of all being based on the same immutable foundation, no despot can hope that a change in the administration can work any benefit to him. The old system has been in existence for fifteen hundred years, and look at the state of Europe at the present day. Let us now try the new one, which the Americans are carrying out so successfully, and see what its effects will be. The principle upon which the present diplomatists act is in direct contradiction to all known laws of morality and religion. To do justice for justice sake is the path of honour; to do it only when it suits one's interest will, in the long run, prove the damnation of a nation as well as of an individual. The latter is the course which diplomatists follow, and which the *Times* advocates.

Let not simple men believe that diplomacy is a great science, which none but the initiated can comprehend. At present it is a system of fraud and chicanery, needing rather the cunning of the fox than the enlarged intellect of the man. It takes not into consideration the interests of the masses, but the whims of monarchs; and the fate of kingdoms has been decided by the kiss of a harlot, or the throw of a dice-box. As in our own law it has been wisely said that whatever is worth retaining can be grasped by any man of ordinary understanding, so it may be asserted with equal truth that whatever is good in international correspondence is a fit subject for the deliberation and approval of the educated and thinking part of the population.

Notwithstanding all that has recently taken place, there is no cause for despair. Though it be true that from the shores of Biscay to the banks of the Don, absolutism reigns rampant, and the people lie wounded and bleeding beneath the yoke, the bow of promise is already hanging over the cloud. The enormous standing armies which the despots are obliged to maintain to protect them against their own subjects will soon work the ruin of their masters. The enormous sums necessary to pay and support them causes a yearly deficit in the revenue of kingdoms, where commerce languishes in the arms of lawless violence; and whether the crash of bankruptcy come next year or in ten years hence, come it assuredly will. The dry earth has not been suffered to drink up the blood of the innocent and unoffending shed on the scaffolds of Milan, and which filled up the hollows around the roots of the trees on the Boulevards. It has risen up to heaven to implore providence to avenge the wrongs of the unfortunate, and set at naught the councils of the princes of the earth. The people of Hungary are panting for a renewal of the struggle; France will be slow to forget the slaughters of the third of December, and the poor exiles who have been sent to die by inches in the noisome swamps of Cayenne. The keys of St. Peter have not wholly failed his Holiness the Pope, but he has fastened a bayonet in his girdle also; and while he opens the gates of the kingdom to the *Chasseurs de Vincennes* with one hand, he stabs his own subjects with the other. The butcheries and cruelties in Naples have called forth the horror and execration of the civilised world. Everything portends a crisis, every temporary triumph of despotism is bringing it nearer. When it comes, it will be the duty of the people of England and America to show how far the great principles enunciated by Kossuth have taken root in their hearts, and will bear fruit in their acts.

It is, of course, impossible to calculate upon the issue of an armed struggle; but there is nothing which history teaches with so much clearness, as that the government which leans for support upon a military force stands over a volcano, and knows not the moment it may be engulphed. A standing army is always dangerous, doubly dangerous when its interests are separated from, and arrayed against, those of the people. And yet this is precisely the position in which the armies of France and Austria are at this moment placed. A deficiency of pay, too great strictness of discipline, a "something light as air" may precipitate the catastrophe which will hurl the two despots from their thrones.

In the interval, the duty of the people of England is plain. It is to wait with patience for what time may bring forth, to labour diligently to obtain and diffuse true views of the nature and duties of government, not to be misled by the specious theories of demagogues, but to learn all from history, to take care to give no cause for rejoicing to the enemies of their cause by the adoption or promulgation of wild or crude views. Every error of this kind furnishes a triumph to those who regard the masses as "rubbish," and still further postpones that "good time" which so many brave hearts have poured out their blood to hasten, when thrones and sceptres shall be numbered amongst the things of the past, and the people shall find their law and government in the purity of their own hearts, and the correctness of their own judgment.

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horror ran through the public heart, and men trembled for the future which the parricidal deed presaged.

But the delight which Nero took in pleasures of a refining and softening nature, still held out a promise which the most desponding were fain to grasp. The apartments of the imperial palace echoed to the tones of his lyre; and when he showed himself in public, acting as his own charioteer—as was his constant custom—his delicate and almost girlish appearance aroused the enthusiasm of the multitude, and made them forget what was past.

The sun was still some hours high, as Antonius sauntered up and down a lofty and cool arcade, arm and arm with a friend with whom he was in earnest conversation. A sudden movement among the crowd that jostled through the thronged ways, and oft-repeated cries of "The Emperor!—the Emperor!" induced him to advance forward in order that he might see the cause of the excitement. At that moment, the imperial chariot, glittering with gold and jewels, appeared, guided by the emperor himself, who dexterously managed the fiery and impatient horses. The multitude swept aside with the utmost speed, to leave an unimpeded way for the imperial cavalcade. An old blind man, confused by the noise, and not knowing whither he was going, had advanced with extended hands half-way across the paved street, but a short distance before the advancing chariot. Antonius sprang forward to drag him back. "Let him alone!" cried the Emperor, who perceived his design; "let him alone; I will teach him to give way, since he does not choose to do it of his own accord." The hand of Antonius was on the old man's shoulder, but the plunge of the horses at that instant felled the latter to the earth. The chariot wheels passed over him, and left a mangled body to be picked up by the attendants behind.

There was horror depicted on the faces of the crowd, that closed together after the passing of the imperial chariot, as the waves close behind the ploughing keel, but no execrations were uttered. Silence suddenly fell upon the hitherto noisy multitude; the spirit of festivity was interrupted, and men retired to their homes to brood unseen over the outrage that they had witnessed.

A more than usual quiet succeeded the festive day; and as the twilight deepened into darkness, Julia summoned into her private apartment her two most confidential servants.

"Think you there will be no risk, Glaucus, in my going with you to-night?" said she, turning to the freed-man who had first entered.

"My mistress need fear none," he replied. "The *Via Servia* is so retired, that it is almost empty at night."

"Then attend me in half-an-hour; Marcia will have me in readiness by that time."

Glaucus withdrew, and the female slave began at once to loosen from the head of her mistress the jewelled fillet that circled it, letting fall as she did so a luxuriant mass of rich hair upon the fair shoulders from which the upper dress had been thrown aside.

The fire with which Julia's dark eyes had once gleamed was tempered now to an unwonted softness; the pride that had lurked formerly about the lines of her finely-cut lips seemed all gone; the consciousness of her beauty's power no longer betrayed itself. The maiden's spirit was undergoing a marvellous change; it was no wonder that Antonius had of late remarked it.

Marcia proceeded to unclasp the sparkling armlets and necklace, and to unbind the rich zone about the slender waist of her young mistress. All marks of rank were carefully laid aside; and when Glaucus appeared, according to her command, she followed him beneath the carved archways and over the tessellated pavements of magnificent apartments, with as heavily a sandalled foot, and a dress in no respect different from that of the female slave beside her. They passed through a group of unquestioning servants in the inner court below, and threaded the mazes of the garden, until they reached a door in the high wall, through which they passed to a private street beyond. They hurried rapidly along, and were soon before a low-browed passage, which they entered. The ascent of several stair-ways brought them to a small apartment, partially filled by persons in the same plebeian garb as themselves. It was an assembly of Christians, met in "an upper chamber" for prayer. Julia knelt with the lowliest; she had been there often before, and had not listened in vain to the instructions of the aged teacher; she had learned humility. She sung with an intensity of interest, such as she had never known before, upon the prayer that was poured forth from the very soul of the venerable teacher, until, through the influence of its glowing fervency, she felt, when she arose from her knees, that she had been holding an audience with the Eternal. The simple hymn of praise which followed, sung with low and suppressed voices, touched her as never music of harp or viol had done—so earnest was the devotion it breathed. And when the white-haired old man, bowed down with many years of toil and peril and persecution, but with an eye still flashing with his one absorbing theme, addressed the little audience with eloquent words of holy comfort and hope; when he spoke, with the wrapt ardour of one inspired, of "Christ and him crucified," of his glorying in the cross of Christ, of his readiness to be offered up, to seal with his own blood, if need be, his attachment to this most holy faith—Julia felt as if she too were willing to become a martyr.

The speaker had drunk largely of the spirit of Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, whose companion he had been in some of his sufferings and persecutions, and whose place he had assumed as teacher to the disciples in Rome, since the aged veteran himself was no longer able, by reason of the rigour of his imprisonment in chains, to teach "in his own hired house all that came unto him."

Suddenly the quiet of the assembly was interrupted by the tread of heavy footsteps without. In a moment more the door was thrown open, and two men entered, bearing between them a dead body. The females present shrank back with terror as they carried it past them, and laid it down in an open space in the centre of the chamber, where, having laid aside the covering of the face, they revealed the well-known features of an aged disciple who had often sat in their midst—the old man who had, but a few hours before, perished under the wheels of the imperial chariot. The mangled corpse had been thrown aside hastily by the attendant guard, and it had not been known to the Christians that any of their number had been the victim, until accident discovered it to two of them, who had sought out the body, disrobed it of the bloody clothes, wrapped it for the grave, and now bore it to the place where they knew the brethren were assembled, that fitting obsequies might be performed before they should consign it to its humble tomb. Few present had heard anything of the transaction of the afternoon; no word of it had reached Julia's ear, and she listened with a thrill of horror to the recital. And when the narrator proceeded to say that the noble youth who had attempted to rescue the blind old man was Antonius Severus, Julius heard no more; the idea that he too had been crushed beneath the chariot-wheels drove the blood with one bound back to her heart, and she sank swooning to the floor.

Her attendants speedily bore her away; and when with returning consciousness she was assured of her groundless fears regarding Antonius, she was able, though still pale with agitation, to return to her home. The sudden apparition of the ghastly face of the dead man had startled her most painfully, for she had a womanly dread of such sights, unbefitting her Roman blood, which had often been the jest of her young companions when compelled by them to be present at the gladiatorial spectacles.

She ascended to her chamber—one of the loftiest apartments of the house—and was surprised to find it flooded with a ruddy glare of light. She parted the heavy drapery that fell over the window, and the glow of flames in several directions met her eye. At first she thought them only the bonfires which were closing the day of festival; but as she gazed, tongues of flame mounted high into the air, and a confused and tumultuous swell of voices came, borne by the night-wind, to her ear. The conflagration was evidently spreading rapidly, and, filled with alarm, Julia flew along the passages to the supper room, where she knew she would still find her father over his Falernian. Just as she reached the door, it was opened by Antonius, who came out, and hastily closing it behind him, advanced to meet her. As he did so, his eye fell upon her disturbed face and menial dress, which the bronze lamp, suspended from the ceiling overhead, revealed. He gently put her from him again, and holding her at arm's-length, keenly surveyed her.

"Not cured yet of your liking for the fanatical Nazarenes!" he said, reproachfully, as his hand still grasped her arm; "this will not do, Julia; you strangely forget your rank and dignity. If my expressed desire is not sufficient to deter you from exposing yourself in the public thoroughfares after night with no protection but that of slaves, for the sake, too, of attending unlawful assemblies, it would be well to ask yourself if it is no compromise of female propriety."

Julia shook off the hand that still held her arm, and drew her

fine figure to its full height, until, even in her disguise, she looked queenly.

"Can Antonius for a moment allow himself to harbour the idea that Julia would ever do anything that could call in question her maidenly dignity? I had thought his confidence too perfect for that." The tears started to her eyes, and she turned away to hide them.

Antonius was possessed of a quick and somewhat dogmatical temperament, and he felt really angry to find that his wishes had been so little regarded; he was therefore about to pass on without a further word, had not Julia detained him.

She hurriedly communicated to him her alarm, and led him to an upper window that commanded a view of that part of the city where the flames were raging. The simultaneous fires at various points were as inexplicable to him as they had been to her, and it was evident to him, from the speed with which they spread, that great danger threatened the city. Leaving Julia to divest herself of the obnoxious garb she wore, he hastened back with the tidings to the supper-room, where the guests had risen from the couches, and were gathering their togas around them, preparatory to their departure. In a few moments they were all gone, and Antonius and Fluvius, the master of the house, were left alone amidst the luxurious tables and the trains of hurrying slaves. Fluvius sought with all haste an open balcony, where he found his daughter surrounded by a crowd of frightened attendants, while Antonius hastened away to ascertain the extent of the danger. A startling scene met the eye of the gazers! lurid flames illuminated the whole sky, and clouds of murky smoke were gathering thickly above them. The street beneath was filled with flying crowds of women and children, and cries and exclamations of terror arose from them continually, as they fled fearfully by. Slaves loaded with household utensils and furniture went groaning past, and many vehicles, filled with whatever could be snatched from the doomed dwellings, thronged the thoroughfares. Hourly the light grew more brilliant, until it rivalled that of noonday; and more distracting and frightfully distinct became the sight to the occupants of the balcony. The roofs of the houses all around them were covered with persons gazing like themselves with bewilderment and awe upon the increasing conflagration.

With but little intermission, the night was passed by Julia and her father on the balcony; and as it grew towards morning, it became apparent, from the roaring and crackling of the flames, that they were making progress towards them. For hours Julia had watched for the return of Antonius, and her anxious eye had sought in vain for his well-known figure among the living tide that swept through the street beneath.

"My child," said Fluvius, "we have been long enough idle spectators; it remains for us now to look to our safety; for unless the gods interfere, the fires will reach us. Would Antonius were here, that he might conduct thee to the villa!"

"Ha! thy wish has brought him. See! there he comes!" exclaimed Julia; and the two descended together to meet him. After replying to their eager inquiries, he added that he feared there was foul influence at work, for that he himself had seen soldiers resisting all attempts to extinguish the destroying element, saying that they had authority for so doing.

"The gods forbid!" ejaculated Fluvius; "nevertheless, Antonius, I would have you bring hither your sister—she is the only one you have immediately dependent upon you for protection—and with her and Julia, proceed at once to the villa; their safety must be our first concern."

"We go not without you, father," interrupted Julia, throwing her arms at the same time round the neck of the old man.

"Nay, my child, I must remain here while my presence can be of any avail. What could these terrified menials do towards the preservation of my property? I will follow when I can do no service here."

Julia acquiesced; Antonius brought thither his sister, and in a short time the chariot was awaiting them in the court below.

It was with great difficulty that the charioteer could make his way through the obstructed streets, and it required his utmost skill to keep in check the impatient horses, frightened as they were by the roaring and flashing of the fires. They met with many delays in their slow progress towards the city gates, and encountered many sights which made them turn away, sick at heart. Frantic horses plunged madly about—children were wildly screaming for the parents from whom they had been separated—and distracted mothers, as wildly searching for their children.

The sun was just beginning to touch the turrets of one of the imperial palaces, near which they passed, when a strange sight caught the eye of Antonius. He grasped the arm of Julia, and in speechless indignation pointed to the open tower where stood the Emperor, arrayed in the habit of an actor, apparently reciting something with a tragic air, and accompanying himself on the harp, which he held in his hand. To their eyes he seemed the demon of the scene, gloating over the destruction going on around him.

Antonius felt a shudder pass over Julia's frame, and his own brows knit sternly, as he said—"Talk of a just God in heaven! either there is no God, or he concerns not himself with the affairs of men, but leaves them to the government of chance. The blind old man who perished yesterday, I have been told, was a model of virtue, and a Christian; yet is he allowed to be crushed beneath the wheels of yonder wretch, who lives prosperously on, to riot as he now does on human agonies. Call you this justice?"

"But Christians believe in a judgment after death, where all these seeming contradictions will be righted," said Julia, earnestly. "Before no fabled Rhadamanthus will yonder wicked prince be called on that day to stand, but before that holy and just being, who will reward him and his victim each according to their several deeds."

With all the speed Antonius could make, it was several hours before he could return again to the city; the villa being some Roman miles distant, and the detentions in the thronged way being many. Fearful was the havoc the insatiable element had made during his absence. He passed near the house where he and his orphan sister had dwelt; it had been swept over by the flames, and everything combustible about it had been consumed. He sought the street in which Fluvius lived, but the flames were raging throughout and all around it so frightfully, that he was driven back, and all attempts to approach it were in vain for many hours. Not until the close of the day, when the work of desolation in that part of the city had been completed, was it safe to enter into the midst of the smoking ruins.

During all this time, had Antonius been searching unsuccessfully for Fluvius among the maddened crowds that rushed distractedly through the streets; and now, over prostrate columns and broken architraves—over demolished porticoes and the dismembered wrecks of Rome's proudest works of art—he urged his difficult and dangerous way towards the desolated mansion, so late the abode of luxury, and the scene of the most generous hospitalities. The massive walls were standing uninjured, but begrimed with smoke, and the interior was an entire wreck. He thought to find his friend lingering about his ruined dwelling but he sought in vain. Bands of plunderers were at work, picking up what the flames had failed to consume. The smouldering fire was still gleaming up fitfully, and he turned away to the garden, still light as day, notwithstanding the approaching night from the conflagration raging beyond. The heavy foliage was shrivelled—the shrubbery trampled down by hundreds of feet—the statues thrown from their pedestals—the basin of the fountain emptied of its water and filled with blackened cinders.

He pursued his way, in the hope of finding Fluvius, or some of the household slaves who could give some tidings of him. Loud lamentations at length broke upon his ear, and following the sound, he soon discovered a group of the latter in a remote part of the garden. The cause of their grief was quickly explained: they had seen their master enter the house after the flames had seized upon it, to secure, as they supposed, some scrolls on which he set a high value, and which, in his confusion he had forgotten, and they watched in vain for his return. They had rushed into the burning building to rescue him, but the suffocating smoke had driven them back, and they could do nothing to save him. He had fallen a sacrifice, and his own beautiful home had proved to him a funeral pile.

(To be concluded in our next number.)

Height of Mountains in Great Britain.—It has usually been considered that Scawfell and Helvellyn, in Cumberland, are the highest English mountains; but from the measurement of the Ordnance surveyors it appears their altitudes are surpassed by two other mountains in Yorkshire—Whernside and Ingleborough, the former of which is 4,050 feet and the latter 3,987 feet above the level of the sea.

EMILE GIRARDIN.

The recent *coup d'état* in France has not merely affected the men of the sword, but the men of the pen. Nor do we wonder at this. No despotism can last where free thought exists. The ruler who would reign despotically must gag the press; otherwise, he would seek to rule in vain. Napoleon the Great was so conscious of this, that to repress the irony, and eloquence, and ready wit of Madame de Stael, was a matter he deemed of the first importance. Napoleon the Little, in the same spirit, has exiled Emile Girardin from the land of his birth. Nothing exists so powerful in this world as a free press. We do not wonder, then, that in France the tyrant of the hour should seek, by brute force, to subdue—what can never be subdued for long—the written and spoken thought of man.

Emile Girardin has long been known in France—aye, more, in Europe—as the conductor of the *Presse*; a journal which, till the 24th of June, 1848, had a circulation of upwards of 70,000 subscribers. When Paris was placed under the dictatorship of General Cavaignac, and was declared in a state of siege, a great change was made in the state of the press. The caution-money and the stamp having been done away with immediately after the revolution of February, a host of newspapers sprang into existence. They were of all shades and characters, and trusting to their large circulation for a remuneration, they were sold at the lowest possible price. A tolerably-sized paper could be had from a halfpenny to a penny. In June, the caution-money being revived, more newspapers ceased to appear. At the same time, a number of reactionary and revolutionary journals were also suppressed. The most remarkable of these were the *Presse* of Emile de Girardin, and the *Assemblée National*. The loss experienced by the proprietors of these newspapers was of course very great. The *Presse* gave employment to a great number of persons. Almost 200 were employed in delivering it to subscribers and selling it in the streets, and about 600 or 700 were engaged in printing and publishing and writing for it. We do not know what was the number of persons connected with it when Girardin's journal was suppressed by Louis Napoleon. Possibly its circulation may not have been so great; but still it was large—so large as to be a power which Napoleon was afraid to tolerate. As a business paper the *Presse* held the first rank; and its money and commercial articles were written with the greatest care. In general and political news it nearly equalled the *Debats*—a paper which has been supposed to stand at the head of the French press.

But we must now speak of the editor himself. Girardin is, perhaps, the cleverest newspaper writer in France. Any cause he undertakes has in him a most powerful supporter. He spares neither time nor pains. Of most active habits, he works fifteen or sixteen hours a day. His opponents tremble at his biting sarcasms. A man of great courage and energy, he gives no quarter. He had much to do with the downfall of Louis Philippe. This he did by writing on finance, and thus attacking the weak points of the French Government. He clearly demonstrated that, unless some change was immediately made, France would become bankrupt. To his political opinions we cannot give much praise. Self has always predominated; and the only wonder is that he has never become entangled in legal prosecutions. The style of M. Girardin is very difficult to foreigners. In some respects it resembles that of M. Dumas, his articles being often composed of long strings of detached words and sentences. The difficulty to persons not thoroughly conversant with French consists in the inversions and entanglement of his style, which often cause his meaning entirely to escape the reader.

Girardin, though thus the victim of injustice, does not

M. EMILE GIRARDIN.

retire beaten from the contest. It was rumoured that he was going to America; a tempting offer having been made by the proprietor of a French newspaper existing in that country. A later account says that he will establish in Belgium a paper, to which we doubt not that his popularity will ensure success. The literary man in France has a different position to that which he has in this country. The anonymous there does not exist—a writer signs his name to his articles. Consequently he writes in his best style, and aims at brilliancy and power. If he be successful, his name becomes familiar. It is a possession in itself. It brings to him riches and rank and fame. In England the literary man has no such inducements. To spur him there is no such golden future. His name is never heard. Through life he wears a mask, and his personal existence is never known. It is only in France, then, such men are principalities and powers, before which the proudest representatives of ancient dynasties turn pale, and to which all men submit. And it is only in France, then, Captain Sword is compelled to urge war with Captain Pen—a war difficult for brute force to continue long—a war in which its defeat is sure.

We have spoken of the power of the press in France as that which is its due; but we must make an exception; we must not be understood as speaking in praise of lighter French literature. The best exponent of the feelings and manners of a nation is to be found in its lighter works of fiction; for they at once take their colouring from the ideas prevalent at the time, and tend also to reproduce them. The French, however, protest strongly against any such criterion being used in judging of them. And well they may: for it would rank them in the lowest scale of morality as a nation. There is a story told of a traveller who, having hastily to quit Paris, and wishing to take some books to read on the road, selected, without examination, some thirty or forty volumes with the most inviting titles; but, on opening them, they proved to be so thoroughly licentious and disgusting, that the traveller threw them out of the carriage window to escape being suspected of reading works so utterly profligate. Things have mended somewhat since then, but the Parisian press still teems with publications of the most demoralising tendency. Such of them as are translated into English are not only the best, but also the least objectionable, of their class; but anyone reading even them may picture to himself the low tone of morals prevalent in France. The drama is quite as bad; and some years ago the most popular light piece on the Parisian boards was one in which three of the characters were *aux petit soins* with each other's wives. Yet, in spite of all this, it is affirmed by a good authority that the immorality said to be so prevalent in Paris is almost wholly confined to the extremes of society, and that no better wives are to be found than those of the middle classes.

Peace or War?—We are not inobservant of the talk of many of our "Peace Society" friends. But in our grave judgment the tendencies of not a little of that talk are anything but wise, anything but *humane*. We have a deep horror of war—of the war which destroys by the sword. But we have a deeper horror still of the war that destroys by the many thousand forms of lingering death that are ever taking place beneath the dark wings of the demon of absolutism. To die in the battle-field may be terrible—to die in the night, and loneliness, and foulness of the dungeon is a thousand-fold more terrible. We lament that thousands should perish as seamen or soldiers; but we lament with a sadder grief that millions should be dwarfed in mind, corrupted in heart, thrust down from their place as men, to be used up as so much mere material—and all that a certain family may rule, or that some chance possessor of power may continue to possess it. Absolutism is the upas tree of the mind. It inverts every principle of morals. It knows nothing of religion except as an engine of state. Man ceases to be man as subject to its pressure. We have no wish to see the world at the bidding of such masters. The cost must be great that should not be freely incurred to place it in far other hands. To bear with absolutism, wherever it can be put down, is to be false to humanity and to God.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

The Americans are getting ready their Exhibition to be held next summer. It will not beat that we held in Hyde-park; but, for all that, it may be a very successful one. We trust it may be so. We trust that it may foster the spirit of good-will which our own tended to cherish among the nations of the earth. We trust that it may promote the reign of industry and peace, and human brotherhood.

But our readers may wish to know what has become of the Crystal Palace. That, and its wonders, they cannot have forgotten by this time. Some curiosity respecting it must prevail in the minds of the millions who gazed upon its pomp and splendour. We believe that we may state, for their gratification, that the Crystal Palace may at last be said to be cleared out. By this time every package is gone, all the partitions removed, and the vast area open from end to end. In a few days the public will no doubt be admitted once more into the interior. They will be able to contrast the present deserted aspect with what it was a few months ago, and to estimate how far the gigantic structure is worth preservation, and what purpose of utility, amusement, and instruction it may serve. The wooden panelling which closes in the ground-floor is now exposed, and looks rather unsightly. Many of the columns, too, have their lower parts unpainted, for the work of decoration was overtaken by the exhibitors bringing in their goods, and the evidences of the rapidity with which the preparations for the opening were carried forward are now bared to the eye of the most cursory spectator. While the public are thus about to test by actual inspection whether they will keep the Crystal Palace, the Government are collecting such information upon the subject as may be demanded from them when it comes on for discussion. The Lords of the Treasury have appointed a commission of three members to ascertain the cost of purchasing the building, of keeping it in repair, of making it a permanent structure, of removing it to some other situation, and generally, the purposes to which, if retained, it could best be applied. The commission consists of Lord Seymour, Sir William Cubitt, and Dr. Lindley, and it is now actively engaged in taking evidence on all these points. Lord Seymour, says the *Times*, has hitherto shown far more affection for the iron pump in front of the Crystal Palace than for one of the greatest architectural achievements of his age; but he has recently given some tardy evidence of regard to public opinion, which induces us to hope that at the last moment he may hesitate to incur the obloquy which after times will attach to the destruction of such a building. At the Society of Arts the series of lectures suggested by Prince Albert is in course of delivery. Dr. Whewell has in eloquent language expounded the general principles and philosophic results of the Exhibition. Sir Henry De La Beche has given an elaborate review of the minerals and mining processes displayed. Professor Owen and Mr. Jacob Bell have discoursed before the Society on the departments of the Exhibition, of which they were most competent to treat; and Dr. Lyon Playfair has again, from the chemical display in Hyde-park, enforced his views on industrial education. The intention of the Government with reference to the construction of a National Gallery in or near Hyde-park; the necessity which exists for remodelling the School of Design and providing more suitably for the accommodation of the students; the crowded state of the British Museum, which renders more space unavoidable, are all considerations more or less mixed up with the disposal of the surplus, and which point to a combined movement, whereby those closely associated interests may be brought together and appropriately provided for. The Royal Commission possess under their new charter the most ample powers, and the tendency at present seems strongly in favour of concentrating round the Crystal Palace collections and institutions which would bring into closer and more intimate relations with each other the most eminent men in science, in art, and manufactures, all over the world. Under the care of Lieutenant Tyler, the Trades' Collection is making rapid progress. There is little doubt that this trades' collection will be preserved from becoming a mere useless show buried under glass cases. Every means will, it is said, be used to render it a really practical thing, the rendezvous of all novelties, accessible to experimentalists, and free from the deadening influences of an antiquarian character. Sir Stafford Northcote is preparing for the Royal Commission an elaborate report, in which a large and highly interesting mass of statistics connected with the Exhibition will be included. Almost the only point on which

we still remain much in the dark is the statement of expenditure. There is one subject of unmixed satisfaction to the promoters of this great undertaking, and which now, at the close of their labours, they are permitted to realise. The foreign exhibitors have cleared out of the building, on the whole well pleased with the treatment which they have experienced while their contributions remained there. The handsome presents from the French Government to the Prince Consort, Lord Granville, and Mr. Dilke, are evidences of this feeling among our nearest neighbours. The complimentary letters from foreign commissioners, which from time to time have been published, are further proofs of this happy feeling, and even the following return of presents given to the police in charge of the building, is not without its significance and interest in the same direction.—In money from France, £28 12s.; Great Britain, £16 2s. 6d.; Portugal, £5; North Germany, £5; Canada, £3 3s.; China, £1; East India, £30 (to Superintendent Pearse); amounting altogether to £88 17s. 6d.; besides other presents of shawls, bonnets, pen-knives, snuff-boxes, &c., distributed, with the above exceptions, to eleven sergeants and seventy-three constables. The medals awarded at the close are now in rapid progress of distribution, and the dissatisfaction which some of them, not always unfairly, created, has gradually given way to a feeling of acquiescence in the general impartiality of the decisions. When another exhibition, however, takes place, it seems extremely doubtful whether, after the experience of 1851, any awards of prizes will be attempted. An ingenious discovery of Wheatstone's, improved by Sir David Brewster, has enabled the skilful photographer to produce pictures of the Exhibition as complete in everything but colour as those formed upon the retina of a spectator's eye. You have the image of every object as it stood, its amount of projection, the atmosphere and perspective of the interior, all realised before you with the vividness of an actual scene, though with a spectral effect. It is the place as it would be seen by moonlight. The philosophic explanation of this singular discovery would occupy more space than we can now conveniently devote to it, and a personal visit to Mr. Claudet, the well-known photographer, in Regent-street, will be the simplest method for all who are interested in this subject to gratify their curiosity. Here it will be sufficient to say that the effect is produced by taking two Daguerreotype or Talbotype impressions of the same object, at an angle corresponding with that at which you look with each eye. These pictures are placed in one frame, and slid into an instrument called a stereoscope, which somewhat resembles an opera-glass in shape. On looking at them through the stereoscope the two pictures are seen as one, and that, to use a bold expression, looks exactly like the ghost or spectrum of the original to which it refers. Wheatstone's discovery is now about twelve years old, but the remarkable application of it which we now record, and its extended publicity, are due to the Great Exhibition, where the stereoscope was brought by an ingenious French optician.

IGNITION OF NATURAL GAS ON CHAT MOSS.

A CORRESPONDENT has favoured us with the following:—"Not having seen any account of the ignition of natural gas on Chat Moss, I beg to give you the result of my visit there a few weeks since. It appears that the gas has been brought to light by the process of boring for water. A short time ago the workmen commenced, and for the first sixteen feet the boring was through moss and mossy substances; then came about sixteen feet of marl; after which there were two or three feet of sand; and whilst scooping through this portion of the earth the gaseous matter made its appearance. The first indication of it was by a sudden noise or report, though not very loud, accompanied by a slight sulphurous smell. A stream of gas then floated along the surface of the ground, and a lighted candle having been applied, the gaseous air immediately took fire, and was converted into a blaze of considerable dimensions. A long pipe, of about ten or twelve inches in circumference, was then procured and inserted in the ground for two or three feet in depth, and ascending upwards for about thirty-five feet. The gas, being thus conveyed above the level of the neighbouring forest-trees, is allowed to burn with all its force, and exhaust itself in the desert air. I was told, that it had been burning for the previous week, with one or two short intermissions, when the flame was extinguished by the high wind and storms, which are of no ordinary character within the confines of Chat Moss. On Wednesday night the flame appeared to be eight or nine feet in length, and had a yellowish cast, mingled occasionally with beautiful tints of blue; and the light thrown out by it was strong enough to enable me to see the time by my watch at a distance of about one hundred yards. On putting my ear to the pipe the sound of the gas travelling through it was distinctly heard, and resembled the noise that would arise from a quantity of water rushing along. I am informed, that a similar bore has since been made on the Moss within two hundred yards from the same spot, but not with the like result; no gas or gaseous matter being discovered. I send you this statement simply as facts, without troubling you with scientific comment. To me, the blaze of light was curious, and the whole scene interesting; but what is the nature of the gas or its particular qualities? Whether it arises from decomposed trees and vegetable matter, or from mines of coal or cannel, or from the vasty deep, or how near akin it is to the oldfashioned Will-o'-th'-wisp, I give you not my speculations. I simply record an account of my visit. I may add, that the *locus in quo* is on the right side of the railway as you proceed from Liverpool to Manchester, and within two hundred yards of the Barton Moss-station."

A MERRY HEART.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

'Tis well to have a merry heart,
  However short we stay;
There's wisdom in a merry heart,
  Whate'er the world may say.
Philosophy may lift its head
  And find out many a flaw,
But give me the philosophy
  That's happy with a straw!

If life but brings us happiness—
  It brings us, we are told,
What's hard to buy, though rich ones try
  With all their heaps of gold!
Then laugh away—let others say
  Whate'er they will of mirth!
Who laughs the most may truly boast
  He's got the wealth of earth.

There's beauty in a merry laugh—
  A moral beauty too—
It shows the heart's an honest heart
  That's paid each man his due,
And lent a share of what's to spare
  Despite of wisdom's fears;
And made the cheekless sorrow speak,
  The eye weep fewer tears.

The sun may shroud itself in cloud,
  The tempest-wrath begin;
It finds a spark to cheer the dark,
  Its sunlight is within;
Then laugh away, let others say
  Whate'er they will of mirth;
Who laughs the most may truly boast
  He's got the wealth of earth!

THE ANCIENT USE OF A KISS.—A Roman woman in the ancient time was not allowed to drink wine, except it were simple raisin wine; and, however she might relish strong drinks, she could not indulge, even by stealth: first, because she was never intrusted with the key of the wine cellar; and, secondly, because she was obliged daily to greet with a kiss all her own as well as her husband's male representatives, down even to second cousins; and, as she knew not when or where she might meet them, she was forced to be wary and abstain altogether, for had she tasted but a drop, the smell would have betrayed her. "There would have been no need of slander," says Polybius. So strict were the old Romans in this respect, that a certain Ignatius Mercurius is said to have slain his wife because he caught her at the wine cask—a punishment which was not deemed excessive by Romulus, who absolved the husband of the crime of murder. Another Roman lady, who, under the pretence of taking a little wine for her stomach's sake and frequent infirmities, indulged somewhat too freely, was mulcted to the full amount of her dowry.

MISCELLANEA.

DOMESTIC LIFE.—Pleasure is to a woman what the sun is to the flower: if moderately enjoyed it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves—if immoderately, it withers, deteriorates and destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised as they must be in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are perhaps as necessary for the full development of her charms as the shade and the shadow are to the rose, confirming its beauty, and increasing its fragrance.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE—Who seeth not how great is the advantage arising from this knowledge, and what misery must attend our mistakes concerning it. For, he who is possessed of it, not only knoweth himself, but knoweth what is best for him. He perceiveth what he can do, and what he cannot do; he applieth himself to the one, and gaineth what is necessary, and he is happy; he attempts not the other, and, therefore, incurs neither distress nor disappointment.

ERSKINE puzzled the wits of his acquaintance by inscribing on a tea-chest the words "*Tu doces.*" It was some time before they found out that the wit of it lies in the literal translation—"Thou tea-chest."

THE CRISIS OF AFFAIRS.—Certain editors are always writing about the "crisis of affairs," and we believe no editor could write unless he had a crisis; but what the editor of the *Go-a-head-Journal* really calls a "crisis of affairs" is—"Having to write whilst the baby is crying—your wife is asking you for the hundreth time what you will have for dinner—the butcher is declaiming in the hall, loud enough for the Deaf Asylum to hear him, that he will not give any more credit—the servant is scrubbing the floor over head—the water is coming into the cistern—two hurdy-gurdies are playing opposite your window—and the printer's devil is knocking at the door for copy. That is something like a 'crisis of affairs,'" he says, "which America may thank its stars it is'nt the editor of a paper, or else it might be troubled with such a crisis regularly once a week."

HOW TO GET IT.—The following is not new, but it is both good and true. Parents, whose children "tease them to death," commit suicide, being themselves the cause of the teasing:—Child—Mother I want a piece of cake. Mother—I haven't got any; it's all gone. Child—I know there's some up in the cupboard; I saw it when you opened the door. Mother—Well, you don't need any now; cake hurts children. Child—No it don't (whining), I do want a piece; mother, mayn't I have a pieee? Mother—Be still. I can't get up now, I'm busy. Child—(Still crying.)—I want a piece of cake. Mother—(Rising hastily and reaching a piece.)—There, take that, and hold your tongue! eat it up quick. I hear Ben coming. Now don't tell Ben you've had any. (Ben enters.) Child—I have had a piece of cake; you can't have any. Ben—Yes, I will; mother give me a piece. Mother—There, take it, it seems as if I never could keep anything in the house. You see, sir, if you get any more. (Another room.) Child—I've had a piece of cake! Young sister—Oh, I want some too. Child—Well, you bawl, and mother will give you a piece; I did.

ONE WAY TO NULLIFY A BAD LEASE.—There is a shrewd and wealthy old Yankee landlord away down in Maine, who is noted for driving his "sharp bargains"—by which he has amassed a large amount of property. He is the owner of a great number of dwelling-houses, and it is said of him that he is not over-scrupulous in his rental charges whenever he can find a customer whom he knows to be responsible. His object is always to lease his houses for a term of years, to the best tenants, and get the utmost farthing in the shape of rent. A diminutive Frenchman called on him last winter, to hire a dwelling he owned in Portland, and which had long remained empty. References were given, and the Yankee landlord ascertaining that applicant was a man "after his own heart" for a tenant, immediately commenced to "jew" him. He found that the tenement appeared to suit the little Frenchman, and he placed an exorbitant price upon it; but the lease was drawn and duly executed, and tenant moved into his new quarters. Upon the kindling of fires in the house, it was found that the chimneys wouldn't "draw," and the building was filled with smoke. The window sashes rattled in the wind at night, and the cold air rushed through a hundred crevices about the house, until now unnoticed. The snow melted upon the roof, and the attics were drenched from leaking. The rain pelted, and our Frenchman found a "natural" bath room upon the cellar-floor—but the lease was signed, and the landlord chuckled.—"I hav ben vat you call humbug vis zis vile *maison*," muttered our victim to himself a week afterwards—"but *n'importe*—ve sall see, ve sal see!"—Next morning he rose bright and early, and passing down town he encountered the landlord.—"A-ha! *Bonjour, monsieur*," said he, in his happiest manner. "Good day, sir. How do you like your house?" "Ah! Monsieur—elegant, *beautiful*—magnificent! *Eh bien, Monsieur*,—I hav but ze one regret—" "Ah! What is that?" "Monsieur—I sal live in zat house but tree little year." "How so?" "I have find, by vot you sal call ze *leese*, you hav give me ze house for but tree year, and I hav ver mooch sorrow for zat." "But you can have it longer, if you wish—" "Ah, Monsieur—I sal be ver mooch glad if I can hav zat house *so long as I please*—eh, Monsieur?" "Oh certainly—certainly, sir." "*Tres bien. Monsieur!* I sal walk right to your offees—an you sal give me vot you call ze leese for zat *maison* jes *so long as I sal vant ze house*. Eh, Monsieur?" "Certainly, sir. You shall stay there your life time, if you like." Ah, Monsieur, I hav ver mooch tanks for dis accommodation." The old leases were destroyed, and a new one was delivered in form to the French gentleman, giving him possession of the premises for "such period as the lessee may desire the same, he paying the rent thereof promptly," &c., &c. The next morning, our crafty landlord was passing the house, just as the Frenchman's last load of furniture was being started from the door; and an hour afterwards a messenger called on him with a "legal tender" for the rent for eight days, accompanied with a note as follows:—"Monsieur, I hav bin shmoke—I hav bin drowned—I hav bin frees to death in ze house vot hav hire ov you, for ze period as I may desire.' I hav stay in ze vile house '*jes so long as I pleese*,' an ze bearer of zis vil give you ze key!—*Bonjour, Monsieur!*" It is needless to add that our Yankee landlord has never since been known to give up a bird in the hand for one in the bush!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MALCOLM writes word he is a married man, aged 24, and wants to know if he has any chance of getting a situation in America as a draper's assistant. We answer, none whatever. We recommend none to go to America unless first-class workmen, and they can get work more easily, and live quite as well, at home.

S. A. wishes to acquire conversational powers. He says "I have a larger amount of knowledge perhaps than most I meet with, yet I show so wretchedly in company, I am ashamed to go into it. My sentences are so undignified, and clumsily, and often tardily, constructed, that nothing can be more remote from elegance." We can only recommend S.A., to go more into society, and to seek to talk. Practice makes perfect. He can write very well, and, if he accustom himself to talking, in time he will speak very well.

W. F.—If you wish for THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND in Melbourne, you must get some bookseller there to procure it for you as it comes out in volumes.

W. W. S.—You had better get some bed-room cheap, and then join an institution like the Whittington Club, Arundel-street, Strand, where you can take your meals, and have access to lectures and classes and books, besides the magazines and newspapers of the day.

JAMES JACKSON.—Pontifex Maximus is a pagan title, and was assumed by the Emperor for time being. Pope Alexander VI. died of poison.

COMUS.—An index is published to THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH.—The latest accounts from Australia make no mention of a want of shoemakers. But we learn from the immigration agent at New Zealand that there is a demand for them there.

J. E.—The price of Jonathan Dymond's essay on the "Principles of Moralty" is 4s. 6d., it is published by Charles Gilpin.

S. J. B.—It is difficult to say what the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill empowers the Attorney-General to do. Certainly, at present no steps have been taken under it.

REV. THOMAS TAYLOR.—In the last number of the "Colonization Circular" we learn that an extensive establishment has been formed at Sydney for the reception of orphan immigrants, and that arrangements have been made for the reception into it of all UNMARRIED FEMALES who may come to the colony unaccompanied by friends or relations. There is a matron in charge of the establishment, under whose care the females will be placed; and they will receive the advice and assistance of a committee, comprising clergymen of the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, and the Church of Rome, and other members who, from their official position, or general experience, are well qualified to form a correct opinion of the characters of applicants for servants, and to advise immigrants accordingly as to the engagement which it would be most conducive to their interests to accept. We have no later information on this subject.

JONSON B.—Facts are in favour of the financial legislation of later years. In spite of reductions of taxation year after year, the receipts keep up almost to the highest point at which they ever reached. A more gratifying picture still is the diminution of expenditure, which is carried so far by judicious reductions, as well as by the constant falling in of the expensive legacies left upon the country by previous misgovernment, as to leave us a surplus upon the year, of income over expenditure, of more than three millions and a half pounds sterling—the greatest amount ever yet known or available, even in the days of the abandoned sinking fund.

ADOLESCENTULUS can teach himself sufficient Latin to understand the Latin phrases in general use without the aid of a master. All he needs is a grammar and dictionary.

HAMILTON.—The Lollards were usually regarded as disciples of Wycliffe, but they seem to have been rather a sect of foreign origin, whose opinions in general coincided with those of the Reformer. The name is derived probably from Walter Lolhard, the German Reformer, who was burnt at Cologne in 1322, for holding opinions very similar to those held by the English Lollards of the fifteenth century.

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THE
WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

THE LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, AND RELIGION OF CHINA.

CHINESE FAMILY PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN, IN 1851.

According to tradition, the ancient mode of communicating ideas among the Chinese was by knotted cords, employed to express the will of their sovereigns, and aid in social intercourse. The next step was the invention of symbols, about two thousand six hundred years before the Christian era, and appears to have been suggested by appearances in the heavens, the footsteps of birds and beasts on the sand, and the veins on the back of the tortoise. The present system of writing, so far as regards the formation of the characters, originated from various sources. One was a resemblance to natural objects, in which any of them were described by rude imitations; such as an idle schoolboy among us will sometimes trace on his slate, but which requires the appendage of "a mountain," "a moon," or "a cat." Another was from comparison, or a borrowed use of words, which have hence acquired a literal and a figurative meaning, as the character for "a fierce boar" denotes also "a brave warrior." Others were the association of ideas, reversing or inverting the symbol, and a variety of modes, the detail of which would not interest the reader. The elementary principles of the language, based on pictorial representations of familiar objects, and abstract conceptions symbolized, are two hundred and fourteen; or roots, the simplest form to which a character can be traced. Its oral properties consist of four hundred and eleven monosyllables, modified by five tones. "Symbols," it was remarked by a late eminent Chinese scholar, the Rev. S. Kidd, "Symbols presented to the mind in conversation, or to the eye in reading, constitute more valuable vehicles of thought than alphabetic signs, and are, moreover, of great importance to the preservation of language in its original purity. China, though the subject of numerous political changes, which generally exercise corresponding influence over modes of speach, has retained the same written tongue through all periods of her history. It is, doubtless, owing to the symbolic mode, that there are not as many written languages as provincial dialects, and that one medium, addressed to the eye, has been, for many centuries, understood through out China and several neighbouring countries."

The Chinese have their figures of thought in composition, as well as ourselves and other people. Two or three instances cannot fail to be acceptable. They have, for example, comparisons whereby instruction or reproof is veiled under the form of allegory. Mencius, a disciple of Confucius, desirous of convincing the sovereign that it was his own fault if he did not acquire universal dominion, proceeded in the following manner:—"'Should any one say to your majesty, I have strength to raise three thousand castles, but am unable to take up a feather; I can discern the smallest atom, but cannot see a cart-load of hay, would your majesty credit his assertion?'—The *king:* 'Certainly not; it is an absurdity.' 'Yet,' replied *Mencius*, in what other light can the conduct of your majesty be viewed, who takes care of animals, but utterly neglects human beings. That you do not extend your dominions is, therefore, not because you are unable, but unwilling.' The king inquired the difference between unwillingness and inability. *Mencius:* 'Should your majesty command your servant to hurl this mountain into the sea, he would justly reply, 'I am unable.' His inability would excuse his disobedience. But if, when ordered to pluck that flower, he should return the same answer, his disobedience would arise from unwillingness, not from inability. Your majesty's conduct is exemplified not in failing to remove the mountain, but in refusing to pluck the flower.'"

When conversing with another prince, whose attention he wished to direct to his misgovernment, Mencius related a parable, which will, doubtless, remind the reader of Nathan's appeal to David:—"'One of your majesty's servants entrusted his wife to the care of a friend during his absence at Tsoo, and found her on his return perishing with hunger and cold. What ought the husband to do?'—*The king:* 'Discard his perfidious friend.'—*Mencius:* 'What must be done to a superior officer who cannot rule those under his control?'—*The king:* 'Let him be deposed.'—*Mencius:* 'And since there is no regular government within the borders of your majesty's dominions, how is the evil to be corrected?' The king, without replying to the sage, turned aside, and entered into conversation with his attendants."

The following is a specimen of another kind of composition:—"The philosopher perambulating a mountain forest, approached a tree adorned with noble branches and luxuriant foliage, beneath which woodmen stood with their axes, but did not attempt to cut it down. On inquiring why the tree was permitted to stand, he was told it was useless, and hence it was allowed to complete the period ordained by heaven. The philosopher left the mountain, and visited an old friend, who was delighted to see him, and ordered a goose to be killed for his entertainment. The servant said, 'There are but two, sir; one dumb, and the other possessed of its natural voice; which am I to kill?' 'The dumb one,' replied the master. On the morrow the disciples of the philosopher asked him where he would choose his position, since the same reason—the want of utility—was alleged for the preservation of the tree and the destruction of the bird. Their master, smiling, said: 'If I pursue a medium between possession of talent and the want of talent, I shall appear to be what I am not, and how then can I escape trouble? But if, by reason and virtue, as in a magnificent chariot, I ascend into the presence of the great Parent of the universe, controlling affairs, but not depending upon them, I can never be involved in calamity."

The Chinese have many proverbs. The "excellent sayings," as they are called, of the Chinese philosophers, are held in the highest veneration. Confucius is styled "the instructor of ten thousand ages"—"the perfect sage," and they speak of his precepts as "the glory of ancient and modern times." The following are some of the maxims and sayings of this singular people:—"The loftiest building arises from small accretions.—Let me fulfil my own part, and await the will of heaven.—Frugality is not difficult to the poor, nor humility to the low.—The best swimmers are oftenest drowned, and the best riders have the worst falls.—The people are the roots of a state; if the roots are flourishing, the state will endure.—The blind have the best ears, and the deaf the sharpest eyes.—The mandarin is not so secure as the husbandman.—It is better to suffer an injury than to commit one.—He who is willing to inquire will excel, but the self-sufficient man will fail.—Anger is like a little fire, which, if not timely checked, may burn down a lofty pile.—He who is clothed in silk, is seldom a rearer of silk-worms.—Every day cannot be 'a feast of lanterns.'—If men will have no care for the future, they will soon have sorrow for the present.—Kind feeling may be paid with kind feeling; but debts must be paid with hard cash.—Produce much, consum lit labour diligently, spend cautiously."

A resemblance has been traced between some of the Chinese maxims and the Proverbs of Solomon. The following are instances:—

CHINESE MAXIMS.	PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.
"Virtue is the surest road to longevity; but vice meets with an early doom."	"The fear of the Lord prolongeth days; but the years of the wicked shall be shortened." (x. 27.)
"The heart is the fountain of life."	"Out of the heart are the issues of life."—(iv. 23.)
"Honours come by diligence; riches spring from economy."	"The hand of the diligent shall bear rule; but the slothful shall be under tribute."—(xii. 24.)
"If you love your son, give him plenty of the cudgel; if you hate your son, cram him with dainties."	"He that spareth his rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."—(xiii. 24.)
"The slow horse is fated to receive the lash; the worthless man will ultimately get his deserts."	"A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back."—(xxvi. 3.)
"A virtuous woman is a source of honour to her husband; a vicious one causes him disgrace."	"A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband; but she that maketh ashamed is as rottenness to his bones."—(xii. 4.)
"When mandarins are pure, the people are happy."	"When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn."—(xxix. 2.)

"The rich man's wealth is his strong city; the destruction of the poor is their poverty."— (x. 15.)	"A man without money is a reptile; but with money a dragon."

Maxims are often written in China, on silk or paper, or carved in wood, and hung in pairs, on the walls of dwellings and temples, as ornaments. In ancient times, before the invention of paper, documents were written on slips of bamboo. On these characters were inscribed, prior to the invention of pencils and ink, with a pointed instrument.

The principal religion of China is Buddhism, or Boodhism. It prevails also in Burmah, Siam, Ceylon, Japan, and Cochin-China. Its founder is said, in the Burmese books, to have been a son of a King of Benares, that he flourished about 600 years B.C.; and that, in various ages, he had ten incarnations. The Boodhists do not believe in a First Cause, but consider matter eternal, and that every portion of animated existence has its own rise, tendency, and destiny, in itself. They suppose a superior Deity raised to that rank by his merit; but he is not governor of the world. The lowest state is hell, the next souls in the form of brutes, both being states of punishment, and that the state above—that of man—is probationary. They believe that there are four superior heavens; below these, twelve others, and that there are six other inferior heavens. After these comes the earth; then the world of snakes; then thirty-two chief hells, and one hundred and twenty hells of lesser torment. The great motive for doing good and worshipping Bhudda, is the hope of obtaining absorption into the nature of the god, and being freed from transmigration.

The Chinese Empire is full of Buddhist temples, and swarms with the priests of that system. They profess to renounce all domestic ties—take a vow of celibacy—shave their heads—dwell in temples—abstain from animal food—and subsist on the voluntary offerings of the people. The gods they worship are "the three precious Buddhas." They are generally represented half-naked, with woolly hair, in a sitting posture, one holding an egg in his lap; one adorned with a sacred thread, and one with his finger upraised, as though employed in the work of instruction.

In front of the three images, or in a separate temple, is an image of Kwang-yin, the goddess of mercy; on one side in a niche, the god of war, and in the other, the protectress of seamen. A high table, for candles and incense, stands before the images; and in the centre of the temple is a large iron cauldron, for burning gilt paper in; on either side the hall are placed a bell and a drum, to arouse the attention of the god, when important persons arrive to engage in his service, and a few cushions and mats, on which the worshippers kneel, make up the whole furniture of a Bhuddist temple. They have no Sabbaths, nor periodical seasons of rest; they observe the new and full moon, with special solemnity; and keep, on the whole, one hundred and sixty-two fast days every year; besides the matins and vespers of each day.

"At a famous Chinese pagoda," say some visitors, "a pagoda situated among granite rocks, on the sea-shore, and consisting of various attached temples, with places for offerings, all in the grandest style of nationally fantastic architecture, we met a mandarin of high rank, coming to worship, with a long train of attendants. We were not allowed to follow him into the shrine, whither he went to prostrate his magnificence before a deaf, dumb, blind, lame, dead stock, which a man who durst not have looked him in the face, had they met by the way, may have carved out of a piece of wood, and when he had finished his work, gathered up the chips, and made a fire with them to boil his paddy-pot.

"But, we had an opportunity of witnessing the antic tricks exhibited by another personage, of no mean rank, at the same temple. Immediately on his arrival, he put a white robe over all his other clothing. While he was doing this, a man brought a large wooden tray, on which were laid two ribs of fat pork, a boiled fowl, and a baked fish. These were placed upon an altar table before the idol, together with a teapot, and five porcelain cups. The worshipper first poured water out of the pot into each of the cups. He then produced a bundle of incense-sticks, rolled in sacred papers, which, having reverentially lighted, he fixed them one by one—there might be thirty in all—before the idol, on either hand of it, and in various niches, both within, and on the outside of the building; at each act making certain grotesque, but grave gesticulations, as though an invisible divinity dwelt in every hole and crevice where he could stick a splinter of sandal-wood. After this performance, he went and kneeled down in front of the altar where the provisions had been deposited. A servant on each side of him did the same; and all three repeatedly bowed their bodies till they touched the ground with their foreheads. This part of the service was accompanied by three loud strokes upon a bell without, and as many on a great drum within, by a boy in attendance.

"Some sacred scrolls of paper, which had been carefully counted, and put into a kind of fire-place on the outside of the temple, were now set in flames, by a scroll of the same hallowed

KWANG-YIN, GODDESS OF MERCY.

character, which was lighted at one of the incense-sticks. Finally, a parcel of small crackers was opened, and the train of them suspended before a hole in the wall, at the back of the fire-place. One of these, being ignited, communicated with the next to it, and on went the blaze, the fume, and the explosion, till the whole had been dissipated, and left nothing but the stench behind.

"Here ended the ceremony. The water was poured back from the little cups into the teapot, and the tray and its savoury contents were carried away again. We were informed that the spirit of the god had regaled itself on the spirit of the food, and the latter, not being a whit the worse for wear, was taken home

by the devout owner for his own use. This is genuine Chinese thrift. All the while, a company of gamblers were seated on the floor, within the same sanctuary, playing at cards with quite as much devotion as the idolater and his menials were playing at religion. Better employed than either party were a few lads, in the joy of youth, romping and racketing at their wn more commendable, and not less intellectual pastimes; though our presence somewhat interrupted the indulgence of their mirth, that they might amuse their curiosity with looking

CHINESE GOD OF WAR.

at the strangers, and wondering—if even a Chinese child can wonder, born and brought up as they are in dogged indifference, to everything not Chinese—wondering, we say, what two outlandish fellows could be doing there, who were neither gambling, nor worshipping, nor playing, like themselves."

The Buddhists hold the doctrine of transmigration. We give a representation on the opposite page of the changes which are believed to take place. At the top appears the king *Chuen-lan*. He is sometimes exhibited reading from a book the history of the persons who have been brought before him for judgment. Some, whose conduct was wise and good while they lived, he rewards, and they are seen in a state of repose, or proceeding to its enjoyment. Others are condemned and sentenced to be sent to the place of everlasting torment, or back into this world. In the lower part is a demon torturing men, and changing some into beasts. Sometimes "the great wheel of transmigration" appears, which is thought to have the power of breaking the bones and softening the bodies, so as to prepare them for the change they have to undergo. On the right are various

THE PROTECTRESS OF SEAMEN.

animals, showing that in these instances the change has been effected.

Another religious system which prevails in China is that of Confucius, who was born B.C. 549. It is the one most honoured by the learned. The works of Confucius constitute the class-books of the schools, and are the ground work of the public examinations. Hence all who make any pretensions to literature pride themselves in being considered the disciples of that philosopher. There are 1,560 temples dedicated to him, and 62,000 pigs and rabbits annually sacrificed to his memory;

though his worship is also practised without temples or priests, or indeed any form of external worship, every one being left to adore the King of Heaven, the supreme God, in the way he likes best. The system of Confucius is the state religion. The emperor is Pontifex Maximus, and the mandarins form the only priesthood.

According to the precepts of this philosopher, children are bound to sacrifice to their deceased ancestors; all persons

Other singular and superstitious arrangements are made. As here it is impossible to obtain comforts without money, so it is supposed that in the invisible state there is for it the same necessity. Hence those who wish to benefit the departed, must not only feed them once in the year, but supply them with cash for unavoidable expenses. In order to remit money, they procure small pieces of paper, about four inches square, in the middle of which are fastened patches of tin foil, or gilt leaf,

THE HALL OF FUTURE JUDGMENT.

must therefore present offerings to their manes, on the anniversary of their parents' death, as well as at the annual feast of the tombs. The object of these gifts is not a little strange; it is exclusively the support of the departed individual. The ghosts are supposed to feed on the provisions offered up, contenting themselves, however, with the more subtle and imperceptible parts of the food, leaving the others to be devoured by the worshippers; though the Chinese affirm that there is no more taste in the offerings at the close of the ceremony than in the white of an egg.

which represent gold and silver money. As these are set fire to, it is believed that they are transformed into real bullion, and pass through the smoke into the invisible world. Such large quantities of this sacrifice paper are used, that Dr. Medhurst, to whom we are indebted for the fact, states that it constitutes a great article of trade and manufacture, and even affords employment to many myriads of people.

He says also, "Besides transmitting money to the distressed and indigent spirits, the Chinese think it necessary to provide their ghostly friends with clothes, and other articles, adapted

for their use in the shades below. With this view they cause coats and garments to be delineated on paper, which pass through the fire as certainly and regularly as the paper money into the abodes of spirits. Others construct paper houses, with furniture, cooking utensils, and domestic slaves, all ready for use on their arrival, and, in order to certify the conveyance of the estate, they draw up writings, and have them signed and sealed in the presence of witnesses, stipulating that on the arrival of the property in Hades, it shall be duly made over to the individuals specified in the bond, which done, they burn it with the house, and rest assured that their friends obtain the benefit of what they have sent them.

"When the priests have gone through their service, and the ghosts are supposed to have been satisfied, a signal is given, and the rabble rush forward to scramble for what the spirits have left, which is all the material part of the food. It is amusing to see the eagerness and agility with which the mob seize on these leavings; for, although the stage is generally twenty feet high, with the boards projecting about two or three feet beyond the head of the poles, the more expert manage to mount the high table, and engrossing what they can for themselves, bear it off, imagining that food over which so many prayers have been said must be attended with a blessing. It is curious, however, to observe how hypocrisy creeps into a religious service of so anomalous a character. The provisions consist of fruit and confectionery, with rice and vegetables, piled up in basins and baskets, which, to the eye, appear full to overflowing, but, in reality, the hollow of each vessel is filled with coarse paper or plantain stalk, and the provisions are only thinly scattered over the top. On being remonstrated with for thus deceiving the ghosts, the worshippers reply that the spirits invited to the feast know no better, and by this means they make a little go a great way."

The popular superstition of China assigns three souls to each person; one of which, at death, passes into the world of spirits. The second dwells at the tomb of the deceased, into which, as its new abode, it is formally inducted at the funeral by the ceremony of drawing some little ribbons or a flag at the end of a stick. The third is supposed to occupy the ancestral tablet, which consists of an erect wooden plane, about twelve inches in height fixed on a stand, and ornamentally inscribed with the names and date of the deceased. It is carefully treasured in some common temple of ancestors, in those cases in which a family possesses sufficient wealth to have such a temple, or in the family dwelling, in the case of poorer families. In the latter instance, it is placed in juxta-position with the household gods, and receives the offerings of incense, eatables, gilt paper money, and miniature garments, in common with the idols.

The worship of the ancestral tablet is the only custom of a strictly religious kind universally observed by the literary as well as by the uneducated part of the community. It forms also one of the most formidable to the progress of Christian missionaries.

In addition to the sects of Buddha and Confucius already noticed, there is a third—that called Taou. Its founder was Laou-tan, commonly called Laoutsze, who was contemporary with Confucius; but the Taou, or Reason itself, they say, is uncreated and underived. Though the period of his life is described as first stated, he is said to have existed from eternity, and to him they even ascribe the creation of the world. Thus the following declaration is made: "The venerable prince, the origin of primary matter, the root of heaven and earth, the occupier of infinite space, the commencement and beginning of all things, farther back than the utmost stretch of numbers can reach, created the universe."

The Taou sect worship a variety of idols, some of which are imaginary incarnations of eternal reason, and others rulers of the invisible world, or presiding divinities of various districts. Among the rest are the "three pure ones," who are first in dignity; the "pearly emperor and supreme ruler;" the most honourable in heaven; the god of the north, the god of fire, with lares and penates, genii and inferior divinities without number.

JULIA.

(Concluded from page 284.)

For six days and nights, the flames raged throughout the distracted city; and not until open spaces were cleared, by the levelling of vast numbers of houses, was a stop put to their ravages. Multitudes perished beneath the falling walls; and the Campus Martius, and other public places, were filled with masses of wounded and terror-stricken people. Temples, palaces, the most magnificent monuments of art, and the spoils of many foreign conquests, were swallowed up in one common ruin; and when it was at last stayed, the imperial city had the appearance of having been sacked by a ruthless army. Murmurs rose wild and loud against the Emperor, whose wretched ambition of becoming the founder of a new city, called after his own name, it was said, had led him to plan the destruction of the old one. Unwilling to be thus clamoured at, he cast about for others on whom he might fasten the fiendish act; and he was not long in selecting the innocent Christians—the professors of the "foreign superstition," as it was called—to whom the debased and ignorant populace were ready to impute all sorts of wickedness—as the perpetrators of the hated deed. And while he tried to stifle the discontents that were rife among the people, by ordering at once the rebuilding of the city on a scale of grandeur that should far outshine its former glory, with wily tact, this monster of cruelty turned the tide of vengeance against the Christians, and poured out upon them the utmost of his demoniacal fury. They were hunted down like wild beasts; they were tortured with every species and device of barbarity which the most ferocious ingenuity could invent; they were thrown as food to the animals in the amphitheatre; they were extended upon crosses; they were wrapped in garments saturated with tar and pitch, then bound to stakes and scattered through the public gardens, and even in those of the Emperor himself, and, when the darkness of night drew on, fire was applied to them, and by the light of these human torches were held the most fearful orgies! Every day witnessed new persecutions, and the infuriated populace and soldiery seemed determined not to give over their bloody work until not only every Christian, but all on whom the remotest suspicion had fastened, should be swept away.

It is not difficult for us to enter into the feelings of the Pagans, so far as to imagine the apprehensions with which they must have looked forward to the ultimate issue of the conflict. At the close of the second century, the members of the new sect were not more formidable from their numbers and station, than from their irresistible valour. Carrying in their hand the life they valued so cheaply, the martyrs lavishly exchanged it for the treasures of eternal glory; but besides this, in itself an abundant recompence, they bought over the hearts of men. With such a price they seduced the world into imitation of their virtues: the same violence that took heaven by force prevailed over earth, and vanquished hell. Nothing could have been devised better adapted to display the power of the new faith, than submitting its professors to martyrdom. Not proof against the generous enthusiasm of his victim, the executioner often caught the flame—gazed upon the dangerous spectacle of the power of true religion, till his heart burned within him; and, fairly overwhelmed by the trial of faith and hope, hastened to undergo the death which his hands had inflicted on another. It was, perhaps, the frequent experience of this which led many of the Pagan officers to avoid capital punishment, and to employ the more efficacious method of bribes and entreaties. There was, moreover, a spirit of combination among the Christians—an earnest energy, and a desire to extend their Master's kingdom at any risk to themselves, that must have suggested gloomy forebodings to the more thoughtful worshippers of Jupiter. There was undoubtedly a falling-off in the devotion of the Pagans, independent of the injuries inflicted on their religion by Christianity; a deistical philosophy was gradually taking the place of polytheism; yet the vigour of the persecutions shows that the "new dogma" was by no means looked upon with indifference, nor did the world tamely allow itself to be surprised into Christianity. Because a rationalist emperor placed together in his palace the statues of Orpheus, Abraham, Christ, and Appolonius, and because a few of the more learned heathens delighted in the same eclectic worship, we are not to infer with Gibbon, that

indifference gave the death blow to Paganism, and that Christianity only stepped in to enjoy the triumph. For one martyr to the unity of God among the Pagans—for one Socrates—how many might be numbered among the followers of Jesus: to those who bled in the cause, let us ascribe the honours of the victory. So also Tertullian, "Theirs is the victory, whose was the fight: theirs the fight, whose was the bloodshed."

It is told of one of the Antonines by Eunapius, that he was in the habit of declaring publicly, that before long all the temples would be converted into sepulchres. From the well-known connection between cemeteries and places of worship among the Christians, it is clear that the imperial statesman foresaw the future ascendancy of our religion.

In the history of all religions or sects there is a period when they come into collision with, and are violently opposed by the old forms which they are to supersede. Incensed at the disciples of the new faith, who despised the sacrifices of sheep and goats, and who, although almost naked, smiled at the imperial purple, the priests and devotees of the old Roman superstitions persecuted them with great virulence.

Among the earliest sufferers in Rome after the completion of the inspired canon, was Ignatius, who was devoured by beasts in the Coliseum, A.D. 107. Of his martyrdom we have a short narrative, expressed in language sufficiently inelegant and obscure to stamp it as the work of uneducated persons; and professing to be the production of the martyr's personal friends. In addition to these "Acts" published by Usher and Ruinart, we have the epistles of Ignatius written to seven churches while on his way to Rome; in this respect he imitated his apostolic friend, who had departed this life a few years earlier. These epistles have happily come down to us uncorrupted. From these "Acts" and epistles we learn all that is known of the last days of Ignatius. While the Emperor Trajan was passing through Antioch on his way to Armenia, he observed that a portion of his subjects rendered him imperfect homage, so that the lustre of his recent victories seemed to suffer some diminution. His indignation being roused, he issued an edict commanding the Christians to sacrifice to the gods, under pain of instant death. Ignatius, fearing for the church over which he was bishop, presented himself before Trojan, and after a short conversation, too well known to need repetition, was sentenced to death. He was placed under the care of soldiers, to be conducted to Rome; during the journey he contrived to visit Polycarp, his fellow disciple in the school of St. John. He also wrote to the church of Rome, requesting them to make no attempt to save his life.

The non-resistant courage of such men as Ignatius and Cyprian was, through the grace of God, an instrument for spreading a sympathy for the truth; and at last, from the force of its vitality, the church of Rome rose from the catacombs, and established itself upon the Vatican. As she became powerful, she became desirous of spreading a belief in her superior sufferings and sanctity amongst the other churches, and for this purpose she went down into the catacombs for the bones of saints and relics of martyrs, and to the regions of fiction for legends with which to impress the superstitious. But we return to our story.

Sick to the very soul—loathing the imperial family with all the horror that a virtuous nature could feel—his heart swelling with indignation against the venal Senate, who upheld all these inhuman excesses, Antonius strayed gloomily along the dismantled streets. He had forsaken the city on the night of the fatal day that had brought such desolation to the home and the heart of his beloved Julia, and had only occasionally returned to inquire into the fate of friends, and to render them assistance. The household of which he had been a member, had gone to their possessions in a distant province; and he came now to search after the missing Marcia—Julia's favourite attendant—who, it was feared, had perished in the general slaughter. On every side of him were evidences of the merciless persecution that was raging against the Christians: here, the crushed bones of one who had been torn to pieces by dogs; there, the burnt stake and chain and smouldering ashes. The spirit of stern indignation rose high within him, as he thought of those whom he firmly believed to be innocent, thus inhumanly murdered; and he ground his teeth, and clenched his hand, internally flinging defiance in the face of the persecutors. Not that he himself had any sympathy with the Christians, beyond that which a generous humanity felt for the innocent and suffering victims of tyrannical power. His God was the indefinite *Providence* or *Fate* of the Stoics; and his religion he found in the writings of the philosophers, over which he pored while most of the youth of Rome were revelling in vice and voluptuousness.

While thus indulging a train of most bitter thought, he was suddenly startled by the conversation of a group of idle soldiers, near whom he happened to be passing.

—— "But she is a patrician's daughter," said one.

"And what matters that," rejoined a fierce-looking centurion, "if she be a Christian? The imperial edict is, to spare none."

"How know you that she is a Christian?" asked the other.

"Her female slave would not deny the charge, even when perishing by torture, and that is proof enough. Why look ye, fellows! They say no man in Rome had a rarer taste in wines than the old Fluvius; and I warrant ye, his villa is well stored with Massic and Lesbian fit for Bacchus himself. Let us to the work to-night, and, when we have done, we will drag out the dusty amphoræ which have not seen the light for many a year."

The coarse ribaldry which followed fell, too, on the ear of Antonius, and his first impulse was to draw his dagger, and plunge it into the heart of the wretch who spoke; but a second thought restrained him, and gathering his toga close about his stately figure, he strode away. A few moments later, he was pursuing his way to the villa, whither his fleet-footed steed soon brought him.

Julia's heart had been crushed by the blow which deprived her of her father; and but for the mysterious support—mysterious and inexplicable to Antonius—which she appeared to derive from the exercise of her new religion, it had seemed to him that she would altogether have sunk beneath it. He shrunk from being the bearer of such tidings as he had now to communicate, but there was no time allowed for delay. He sought the apartment occupied by Julia and his sister, where he found the latter doing all that kindness could prompt to soothe her companion's silent sorrow. Julia was lying with closed eyes upon one of the silken couches, pale, and touchingly lovely in her subduing grief. She was only made aware of the presence of Antonius, by his lifting her passive hand to his lips, when she started up with an expression of interest, which her face had not worn for many days, and asked for news of Marcia. Fain would Antonius have concealed the truth, but her inquiries were too searching for evasion. When she learned that her fears had been more than realised—that her devoted attendant who had been to her as a sister in the new faith, and an instructor, had fallen a victim to her steadfastness in that faith—she sank back again with a groan of anguish upon the cushions.

Antonius knew not how to comfort her, and did not attempt it—he could only kneel at her side, and regard her with silent compassion. He hesitated long before he could bring himself to add to her already accumulated sorrows, by telling her of the conversation he had overheard, and of his absorbing anxieties for her safety; but time was not to be wasted, and as gently as possible, he broke the startling intelligence.

"But," he added, after he had finished the recital, "if thou wilt but assure them that thou art no *professor* of this Nazarene creed, and consent to kiss the image of the Emperor—a mere form, which thy safety requires thou shouldst do, even though thy heart detest him—then these rioters can have no pretext for proceeding to any violence, and they dare not. But cling to this foreign religion, my Julia, and nothing can save thee from their fury but flight; for suspicion has fixed itself upon thee, and my arm is powerless to arrest the wretches, who can show as their warrant the edict of the Emperor. Renounce this faith, it cannot be the true one, since its author has not power to shield its professors from destruction, as thy poor Marcia is proof, but perished herself ignominiously. Think of the dishonour to thy patrician birth, of thy life, my Julia, of thy life, of its preciousness to me, and renounce—renounce it!"

There was intense earnestness and energy in the tones and gesturer of Antonius, as he still knelt at Julia's side, and clasped her delicate hands between his own. The fearful words seemed at first to have stunned her, and she lay as if deprived of life, pale and motionless as the Parian statues that stood in niches around the apartment. Her eyes were closed, and her lips compressed and he could only see that a terrible struggle was going on in that young bosom. For some moments he gazed thus; at length

she slowly raised herself, and with an air solemn and fervid as the inspiration of a Pythoness, exclaimed—

"Can I, dare I renounce the inmost convictions of my soul? Thou who art searching through all philosophies after truth, wilt *thou* counsel renunciation, when my heart tells me I have found it? What were my life worth, purchased at such a cost as this? No, no, I cannot perjure myself before my God, not for the sake of my own life, nor even, Antonius, for *thee!*"

A lofty heroism breathed through every line of her fine Roman face as she spoke; and Antonius, whose confidence in the strength of human principle had long been giving way, felt a sudden glow of admiration warm his bosom as he looked upon that noble brow, and read in the depths of those lustrous eyes a determination which danger or even death could not shake.

"Could *my* philosophy enable me to do this?" murmured he to himself; "would even Seneca be thus firm to principle?"

Julia continued, "I will fly to Etruria; on the banks of the Arnus there is a small estate cultivated by one of my father's freed-men. Thither will I flee with one or two faithful attendants, until this fearful persecution be stayed."

Antonius interrupted her: "Nay, thou shalt not brave the perils of such a flight alone. Besides, what would it avail for us to remain behind? The ruffian tools of the Emperor would wreak their vengeance for thy escape on this beautiful villa, encouraged to do so by thy flight, which they would regard as positive proof that thou art what they suspect thee to be—a Christian. Wilt *thou* consent to go, Antonia?" he asked, turning to his sister, who all the while had sat by in silence. A warm flush overspread the cheek of the young girl; to flee as if she were a Christian, she did not like—for as yet she knew nothing of the sect beyond its association with the vulgar plebeians.

"It is not as a Christian I would fly," said Antonius, who understood her feeling. "Julia *must* go; I am her only protector now, and Rome is such a scene of riot, debauchery, and murder, that I would not take thee thither, or go myself again, until something more human wears the imperial purple. Yes, let us all seek together those quiet shades, where fire and sword shall not penetrate. There shall our nuptials be, my Julia."

"And there," exclaimed Julia, with sudden enthusiasm, throwing one arm round Antonius, and the other round his sister, "there we will examine together the new religion, and compare it with the old philosophies; and with the aid of the sacred scrolls which mine own hand has copied, we will seek and find the truth after which Socrates and Plato, and all our wise men have groped so long."

Within a few hours the little party had gathered together wha

CHINESE TEMPLE.—(*See page* 291.)

silver and gold and valuable things could be carried with them, had bidden farewell with aching hearts to the beautiful villa, the scene of so much happiness to them all, and were leagues on their way towards their place of refuge.

Julia's hopes were realised; Antonius became a Christian. The overwhelming arguments of the Apostle of the Gentiles, who had perished a martyr to his faith in the same barbarous persecution from which Julia had fled, and whose letter to the Roman believers had been the companion of her flight, could not be resisted by a mind so clear, and so open to conviction as his. He turned from the Dialogues of Plato, to find infinitely more than the "*Phædo*" could teach, in the pure and powerful reasonings of Paul. Peace long brooded over the home of the exiles, and before the second persecution of the Christians burst forth under the cruel Diocletian, God, in his mercy, had gathered them all to that home from which they should no more go out for ever.

A GROUP OF FRENCH STATESMEN, EXILED BY LOUIS NAPOLEON.

We close our portrait gallery of French statesmen and generals, and by a sad fatality in France, these two words have become synonymous with men intimately connected with the modern French history. We will give a few particulars regarding them.

Pierre Antoine Berryer was born at Paris on the 4th of January, 1790. His father occupied a high position as an advocate, and though a zealous advocate of reform in the constitution, was horrified by the excesses of the revolution. When all danger was past, he confided his son to the care of the Oratorians of Sicily. Young Berryer distinguished himself there by his great fluency and his religious enthusiasm. After leaving college, he led for some time a life of great gaiety; and, at the age of twenty-one, married Madamoiselle Gauthier against the will of his friends. Towards the close of the empire he was called to the bar; though a passionate orator, of great energy and argumentative power, up to 1814 he had taken no interest in politics, when he became a devoted royalist. On the return from Elba he sided with the Bourbons; and, after the Hundred Days, exerted himself vigorously in opposition to the reactionary policy of the king. He pleaded with his father and Dupin in defence of Marshal Ney, and also for General Debelle; and when unsuccessful in preventing his condemnation, he obtained a commutation of the penalty. He was also successful in saving General Cambornne. In defending Generals Cannel and Drouandieu also, who were accused of an attempt upon the life of the king, he distinguished himself by an attack upon the minister, Decazes, whom he accused of fomenting the insurrections of Lyons and Grenoble. Under the ministry of Villele he contended strenuously for the liberty of the press, contributing to the *Journal des Debats*, the *Draperie Blanc*, and *La Quotidienne*. The office of Procureur-General was offered him in the hope of quieting him, but he refused it. When Polignac was placed at the head of affairs he joined the ministry, and was elected member for Puy by a large majority, and addressed the Chamber for the first time in March, 1830. When the revolution of July occurred, he took the oath of allegiance to Louis Philippe with great reluctance, and remained in the ranks of the opposition. When the Duchess de Berry attempted to raise an insurrection in La Vendée, Berryer travelled down to see her in

the night, and vainly attempted to dissuade her from her enterprize. He was arrested as an accomplice in the plot, and was kept in confinement for three months, but was at last liberated by an order of the Court of Cassation. He has since distinguished himself by his strenuous advocacy of all reform movements.

Count Molé was born in 1780, and at an early age exhibited the talent which won for him his high rank in after life. His youth was passed in escaping the terrors which then ravaged France; some part of it was passed in Switzerland and England. In 1806 he published his first work, "Essays on Morals and Politics," which secured for him the patronage of Napoleon, who immediately conferred upon the young author the office of auditor to the council of state. From this time his promotion was rapid. Almost every year fresh dignities were heaped upon him; and in 1813 he was appointed minister of justice. When the restoration came, Molé accepted office under the Bourbons, and was elevated to the Chamber of Peers. In 1817 he became minister of marine. Then we find him separating himself from the ultra-royalists; and, in 1822, opposing the project of the king relative to the crimes of the press. When the revolution of 1830 took place, Molé was one of the leaders of the party which sought monarchy for its own sake, as the only sure protection against the horrors of anarchy. Their object was to preserve the peace of Europe at every sacrifice short of the immediate honour and interest of France; to secure sufficient administrative strength to the government; and to check vigorously all the anarchical tendencies which naturally spring from a revolution. To this party belonged Casimir Périer, Guizot, Thiers, Molé, and in fact almost every man who had any pretension to statesmanship in France. Louis Philippe was naturally disposed to take part with these conservatives, but circumstances compelled him to temporize with the men of the movement, to whom he had been chiefly indebted for his throne. In 1836, on the resignation of Thiers after nine months hold of power, a new ministry was formed, at the head of which was Count Molé, M. Guizot being also a member of the cabinet. During his administration of affairs, Louis Napoleon made an attack on the French monarchy, which ended in his capture and deportation to America, after having, it is said, pledged himself to remain in that country for ten years. Molé commenced his administration by measures well calculated to win popularity; he released Prince Polignac from his captivity, and permitted him to retire from France; he granted an amnesty to the state prisoners who had not been too deeply implicated in the recent disturbances; and he brought to a successful issue the negotiations for the marriage of the Duke of Orleans. But difficulties gathered around his career as a minister. The king demanded from the nation large dowries for his daughters, and splendid donations for his sons; and, in 1839, a powerful coalition, headed by Guizot, Thiers, and Odillon Barrot, assailed, and ultimately overthrew the ministry of Count Molé. Once more, however, the services of Count Molé were required. In the revolution which sent Louis Philippe to die an exile in a foreign land, Count Molé was sent for by the king. However, this but precipitated matters; Count Molé was known to be opposed to the reform party, and was furthermore very unlikely to succeed in forming a cabinet. Precious time was lost; suspicions of the king's sincerity began to be circulated, and finally, after a long delay, Molé refused to accept office.

Odillon Barrot comes appropriately next. He was born at Villeport, department of Loire, 1790. His father was Member of the Convention, and of the Council of Five Hundred. The son was educated at Paris in the College of Louis the Great, and during his youth was remarkable for his military propensities. When his education was completed, he applied himself to the study of law, and at the age of twenty-three, practised as an advocate in the Court of Cassation, and early distinguished himself by pleading successfully the cause of some Protestants who refused to decorate their houses at the procession of *Fête Dieu*. In the Revolution of 1830, Odillon Barrot acted a distinguished part. He was of opinion that the king should be changed, but the monarchy preserved. His desire and that of those who acted with him was a large measure of electoral reform at home. At the same time they were anxious that France should actively support the cause of liberty and nationality in Belgium and Holland. They proclaimed it to be their purpose to surround the monarchy with Republican institutions, and with the same aim Odillon Barrot seems to have shaped his public conduct, and with that aim to have materially contributed to the downfall of the man he had helped to place upon the throne. A series of demonstrations was organised under the name of Reform banquets, which were designed to give concentration and force to public opinion. Paris set the example of these demonstrations; the banquet at the Chateau Rouge, at which Odillon Barrot was present, was the first manifestation of the new movement, the object of which was declared to be "to array union, order, and discipline against the disorder and anarchy into which the government had fallen." On the 19th of January, 1848, a reform banquet was proposed, but prevented by government interference. It was then resolved that a general one should be held on the 20th of February. This also was prohibited by ministers. On the evening of the day on which the prohibition appeared, the leading deputies of the opposition, and the principal members of the committee of management were assembled at the residence of Odillon Barrot. They decided that the banquet should not be held, and that Odillon Barrot should impeach ministers. However, the people decided otherwise. Angry crowds gathered in the streets; to all observers it was apparent that a storm was thickening in the horizon. The plot grew firmly. At length, after blood had been shed, the king consented to accept a reform cabinet, of which Thiers was appointed premier, and in which Odillon Barrot became Minister of the Interior. This was too late. Odillon Barrot became persuaded that some further sacrifice was necessary, and he got the feeble and frightened king to abdicate in favour of his grandson, with what success the reader knows well. In terror, in weakness, in contempt, died the monarchy of July,—that monarchy which promised so fair and was to have lasted so long.

André Marie Jean Jacques Dupin was born at Varzy, in the department of Nivernais, 1st February, 1783. The violent and illegal arrest of his father during the night by the emissaries of the Republic, made a deep impression upon his youthful mind, and gave him that love for legal forms which he afterwards pushed to a degree bordering on madness. After his early education, given him by his mother, he came to Paris to study law in the Academie de Legislation. While his companions were wild with military enthusiasm, rushing to reviews and parades, he was working hard in a lonely attic in the Rue Bourbon Villeneuve. He soon became an accomplished lawyer, passed his examination with credit, and at the age of twenty-three was chosen Dean of the New Faculties, which Napoleon then established. His progress at the bar was so rapid, that at the age of twenty-eight, in 1811, he was appointed Avocat General of the Court of Cassation. Some time afterwards, he was selected with some others to classify the laws of the empire. He was above all things a great advocate; his political talents are not nearly so great. He was elected a representative during the Hundred Days, and strenuously opposed the succession of Napoleon's son. After the restoration he returned to his duties at the bar, and distinguished himself by his manly defence of the men whom the imbecile Louis XVIII. was hunting to death. His defence of Marshal Ney was considered a masterpiece of legal argument. He was put down by the court martial, and not allowed to follow his own course. He was similarly engaged at the trials of Wilson, Hutchinson, and Bruce, the heroic deliverers of Lavalette. He distinguished himself for several years by his opposition to the arbitrary proceedings of the Bourbons. M. Dupin has since been engaged in all the great legal cases which have arisen in France, and though never in any ministry for any length of time, his political career has always been marked by attachment to liberty, reform, and constitutional monarchy. He was elected a member of the French Academy in June, 1831, in place of Cuvier, deceased. He has written many works, most of them on legal subjects. Since the above was written, Dupin has won for himself lasting honour, by relinquishing his post of Procureur-general to the Court of Cassation. In his letter to Louis Napoleon, he thus states his reasons.—"To the President of the Republic,—I regret exceedingly that, previous to the publication of the decree which I have read this morning in the *Moniteur*, you had not heard my opinion with the same kindness you have sometimes manifested towards me. I should have tried to demonstrate to you, not merely in the private interest of the children, the greater part minors, of the late king, of whom I am one of the testamentary executors, but in the interest of your own government, that those who have suggested that measure are not acquainted with the facts; and that they have disregarded all the rules of law and equity. In fact, there is an extreme exaggeration (at least to the amount of half) in the estimate made of the property of the Orleans family. In *law* the decree violates in its

essence the very principle of property. This right of property was recognized, after a solemn discussion, in the person of the late king, by the 22nd and 23rd clauses of the law of the 2nd March, 1832; and in the person of his children by the very acts of the revolution of February, by the decree of the constituent assembly of the 25th October, 1848, and by the law of the national assembly of the 4th February, 1850, promulgated by your government, and authorized the loan of 20,000,000 on that property by your minister of finance. Thus, public right, will, special laws, contracts, all have recognized in the hands of the princes of the house of Orleans their right to the property which the decree of the 22nd of January deprives them of all at once, and in a manner so absolute that the sacred rights of the tomb, the burial ground of Dreux, are not even excepted. If the constitution of the 15th January was in vigour, the senate might be appealed to in virtue of the 26th article, which permits that body 'to make opposition to the promulgation of laws which are contrary to the inviolable character of property.' In the present state of things, the only resource is to appeal to you, Prince, and to invoke your wisdom and the magnanimity of your own feelings when they are again consulted and more deliberately listened to. But if these rigorous measures are to be maintained, a great scruple arises from the depth of my conscience. As Procureur-general to the Court of Cassation for nearly twenty-two years; as the principal organ of the law in that high branch of jurisdiction; charged as I am by the government to proclaim the constant respect to right, and to require the reversal and the annulling of the acts which violate the laws, or which constitute the incompetence or the excesses of the government—how shall I be able henceforth to exercise the same firmness, if acts are introduced in our legislation which are in contradiction with those principles? I feel myself bound, therefore, to tender you my resignation. But I pray you, prince, and in an earnest manner, not to misunderstand my motives. The resolution I have adopted has nothing to do with politics. As president of the late Assembly, I rigorously kept myself apart from parties and their fatal divisions, and limited myself to maintain, as much as I individually could, the legal and moral doctrines on which the essential order of civilised society reposes. After the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December, against which it became my duty to protest, as I have done, I awaited the judgment of the people appealed to by you. After that solemn judgment I adhered frankly to the immense powers which were the result of that appeal, considering them as the strongest guarantee that could be presented to preserve or re-establish those principles which a wild Socialism had endangered and menaced; and, as a public functionary, my co-operation was loyally given to you. But, at the present moment, and on a question of civil right, and of private rights, of natural equity, and of all Christian notions of what is just and unjust, and which I cherish in my soul for more than fifty years as *jurisconsulte* and as magistrate, I feel myself absolutely called on to resign my functions of Procureur-general."

Of Lamoriciere we have but left ourselves room to write that he was the popular brother-in-law of Thiers, and was appointed commander of the national guards, when Louis Philippe, in his hour of distress and despair, accepted the reform cabinet. These men, thus versed in public affairs; these renowned leaders of great parties in the state, have thus been made the victims of the man who now seeks to rule France with a rod of iron. We cannot suppose that his sway will last long; we cannot suppose that a high-spirited nation will long permit itself to be governed in defiance of all custom, and precedent, and right. We cannot suppose that that old French spirit which has struck down so many an ancient wrong, has for ever abandoned France.

Not Knowing when to Leave Off.—There is a whole class of things which, though good in themselves, are often entirely spoiled by being carried out too far and inopportunely. Such are punctiliousness, neatness, order, labour of finish, and even accuracy. The man who does not know how to leave off will make accuracy frivolous and vexatious. And so with all the rest of these good things; people often persevere with them so inaptly and so inopportunely as to contravene their real merits. Such people put me in mind of plants which, belonging to one country and having been brought to another, persist in flowering those months in which they or their ancestors were used to flower in the old country.

ELIOT WARBURTON.

In his last book, "Darien," poor Eliot Warburton, whose melancholy death in the wreck of the Amazon has robbed literature of no common intellect, paints a terrible catastrophe akin to that in which he perished.

Here are the scenes:—

"A ROUGH NIGHT.

Almost instinctively he made his way first to Peel-house, where he heard the well-known voice of a fisherman Madden Ray, calling to Tam and Parten to "come out and hearken, for there was gruesome sounds from the say, and minit guns that were stilly now." Tam was neither disposed nor quite able to move from his warm bed at such a summons; but Partan, who now habitually slept in his chimney-corner, staggered out into the storm, and down to the shore through showers of salt spray. Tinwald and Madden accompanied him, and beheld a sight that was terrible even to their practised eyes. The sea, thrown mountains high, and tortured into strangely awful shapes by the force of the whirling wind, was lighted up at intervals by a wan moon, as the black, rushing clouds for a moment revealed her pallid face within its shroud. All that could be seen, even close at hand, was but by glimpses—all that was heard was but ejaculations. Partan, after a few minutes, seemed thoroughly recalled from the effect of his potations. One excitement counteracted the other, and he was now roused into a seaman's interest in the scene before him. He lay down upon the shore, and kept his eyes steadily fixed in the direction of the sand-bank. The first gleam of light that passed over the sea revealed to him that the black hull of a large ship was stationary in the midst of the tossed billows.

"To the boat! there's a brave ship struck!" he cried, as he started to his feet with wonderful alacrity, and limped away towards the little harbour. But none followed him. The fishermen continued to gaze in awed silence on the stormy sea, which every moment appeared to grow more furious, and to shake the very shore with its mighty waves.

"Is there na Christian man amang ye that will run a risk to save a sailor's life?" exclaimed Partan, reproachfully.

"Here's I for one!" shouted Madden Ray, the fisherman who had first summoned him, and whose children were crawling about, trying to steady their tottering little feet in the storm.

"Hoot awa, man!" screamed his wife; "the chiel's daft, an' sae are ye, to face the wrath of heaven in sic a night!" and a pair of stout arms were folded round the volunteer's neck, while two or three smaller pairs encircled his legs.

"Is there na ne'er-do-well amang ye?" shouted Partan again, "that will take chance wi' me to save yon puir perishing folk; and maybe women and bairns amang 'em in the waves?"

Swilltap, the publican's son, stepped forward at this appeal, but was instantly knocked down by his indignant sire. Tinwald then raised his voice, and conjured all, for the love they bore him, for the honour of old Scotland, for the sake of heaven, not to leave strangers to perish on their shore without one brave effort to save them. "We want but one," he continued, "but one who can hold a helm or pull an oar."

"It's na use—it's na use!" sternly exclaimed the oldest fisherman; "na boattie in Scotland could live in sic a say. It's God's will sent the creatures into yon extremity; God's will be done!"

"His will be our speed, then!" exclaimed Alice, who had only waited to muffle her delicate form in a plaidie, and had joined the group. "'His will be done!' as Master Ray says, and let us do it. Partan, 'the battle is not always to the strong;' you ken weel that I can hold a tiller; and if you and the young laird row, we may yet be in time to save."

"The villagers had remained impassive to the adjuration of mercy and of heaven, but one electric impulse seemed to stimulate them all as Alice spoke. The old fatalist was the first one to fling off his doublet, and thrust it into his wife's face; all down to young Swilltap followed his example, and moved towards the boat.

"Not sae, not sae, bonny laddie!" was the cry; "there be hands, though not hearts, here, better fitted for sic wark." They seized upon the largest of the fishing-boats, and were about to launch her from the blocks, when Partan interfered—

"Not her!" he shouted; "as Master Ray says, she wadna live; but the Bonito boattie will swim as long as twa planks haud thegither. Come, wi' a will, lads; heave all," and the gallant little craft was hurried from her rest into the water, that leaped and

foamed even in this sheltered cove. Tinwald jumped on board, and others would have crowded after him, but Partan stopped them, and chose only three of the youngest and stoutest.

After a little preparation, they were off, followed by a cheer that stuck in the throat of friends, parents, and lovers who tried to utter it. In a few minutes a bit of a spritsail was run up, and the Bonito, after some impatient curvets in the calmer water, bounded like a gallant courser into the raging sea. As she rose over the first few waves, her tiny sail was visible above the foam, but then became lost in the dark confusion of the elements.

The minister of Sandilee had by this time reached the scene of action, and readily availed himself of the occasion to summon his little flock to prayer. Only snatches of his words were heard through the storm, but the full hearts around him could well supply the rest.

He was yet speaking when the first streak of dawn appeared. The face of the preacher became distinct, then the shore, and at length the tossed sea opened to view. Every eye was turned towards the sandbank, and the hull espied by Partan's practised eyes was now visible to all. The Bonito was nowhere to be seen.

But soon the shouts of her brave crew were heard. She had performed her daring task, and returned to the little cove just before daybreak. The result of her adventure had been a single man rescued from the wreck; and, as he was found with handcuffs on his wrist, the old superstition against the rescue of drowning men revived in full force. None of the fishermen, hospitable as they naturally were, showed themselves desirous of receiving so suspicious a guest, and so, with one accord, they bore off the exhausted and half-drowned man to Tam's house.

A TEMPEST.

Profound silence settled over the Bonne Esperance and all her desperate crew. The stern vigilance of Lawrence had given place to the license claimed at first by a new-made captain. The watch, having drunk almost as deep as their comrades, were all asleep at their various posts. Even the helmsman nodded at the wheel, only started now and then into wakefulness, as the neglected ship came up to the wind, and her sails were shaken. But the wind soon died away; the very heavens seemed to be asleep, and the stars to twinkle drowsily. A vast dark curtain of clouds rose slowly up the northern sky, and soon, but imperceptibly wrapped the ocean in a double night. Still the drunken freebooters slept on; it might have seemed a ship of death, with a black and universal pall spread over it. The white sails towered up into the darkness like gigantic ghosts, and ever and anon small tongues of lambent flame would hover, spirit-like, over the mast-head. The sea began to heave and swell portentously, with a long and measured motion, that lulled the sleepers into a yet deeper slumber, and, all the while, a strong current bore the ship swiftly and helplessly along, as in a dream.

Suddenly the wild storm of the tropics awoke, and burst upon the world of waters with terrific uproar. Thunder shook the heavens with prolonged roar, and sheets of lightning wrapped the gleaming sea in one wide flame. The waves were roused instantly to fury; but, ever as they rose their crests, were whirled away by the tornado, and scattered into clouds of spray.

The best prepared ship could scarcely have endured that fierce and sudden storm; but the brigantine had every sail set to the previous gentle breeze, and every hand that should have helped her was relaxed in sleep. Instantly as the hurricane assailed her, she was struck down on her beam-ends; the sea rolled over her in all its force; the decks had been strewn with the drunken revellers, who were now helplessly drowned as they lay; even the watch were only awakened by the wave that carried them away into the raging waters. Almost instantly all was over, and but two living creatures interrupted the sublime loneliness of the stormy sea.

Alvarez, like the rest of the ship's crew, had been asleep, his dreams haunted by the loud brutal songs and impious jests of the pirates. Suddenly, in his dream, it seemed to him as if those shouts of revelry were changed to shrieks, and at the same moment he had become, he knew not how, involved in their orgies. He seemed to reel and stagger, and the bowl of wine that they had been sitting round seemed to gush up like a great fountain, and pour down upon him and all the revellers, washing them away in its red torrents. Startled by the sudden sense of drowning, he awoke to find himself on the angry sea, with wreck, and ruin, and destruction all around.

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

As the king's officer came forward in his turn, his speech was interrupted by a cry of "Fuego!" from the forecastle; a thick volume of smoke, at the same time gushing up from the hold, diffused a sulphurous stench. The ship had been set on fire by one of the quenchless fire-balls that the buccaneers were accustomed to make use of in extremity. It had fallen among bales of silk, which for some time smothered the fierceness of the flame; but it had the more extensively and subtly done its work, and the fire was proportionately destructive. The boats were immediately lowered, and those on board had barely time to put off when the galleon was on flames from stem to stern. Even the wounded buccaneer and the sick English sailor had been saved. The boats rowed fast towards Alvaro's ship, and almost immediately after they had reached her the galleon blew up, and no trace was left of the gallant ship but a few seething planks, and some bubbles on the calm water in which she had gone down.

A dreadful pause for a moment ensued. Then one of the Spaniards cast off his grappling irons and stood away, but carried with him a shower of unquenchable fireballs, which the Buccaneers had flung upon his decks and into his hold: every man on board only thought of extinguishing them, and the ship ran away before the wind. Then Lawrence, with his pistol still presented to his magazine, shouted to his men; and they leaped upon the deck of the other Spaniard, whose crew all unnerved by the still threatened explosion, scarcely offered any resistance. In a few minutes they were conquered, slain, flung overboard. The remaining Spaniard was now on fire forward, and her sails burned up rapidly into three pillars of flame. The despairing crew had retreated to the lofty poop, and were trying to lower their boats, but Lawrence ranged up alongside, and poured in a steady fire of musketry, under which they fell fast. The flames had now eaten their way aft, and were creeping up to the poop. The Buccaneer stood away to avoid the explosion which must soon take place, and the miserable Spanish crew threw themselves into the sea. There for a few minutes they remained floundering about, but they were soon suddenly twitched under water, and then quickly ensanguined waves showed that the sharks were busily at work. The friar's dark form was still to be seen on the ship, relieved of the flames, that towered up behind him: all at once they ceased, as if concentrating all their efforts below, and then shot up into the sky, scattering far and wide every remnant of the ship.

In fact, she was like those who have lost dear relatives at sea, and who love to soothe their sorrows by sitting on the shore and watching the waves as they come and go, in some dreamy expectation that somehow they may bring tidings of those who have gone down among their fellows. Such was the news that Isabel watched for by the ebb and flow of life's great stream in London."

LETTERS FROM CALCUTTA.—No. V.

A VERY general prejudice exists in England against servants who have many relatives so near at hand as to be likely to become frequent visitors, and it is not unusual when hiring a servant to state that "no followers are allowed."

This injunction would be extremely ridiculous in Calcutta, where every domestic in your establishment is constantly visited by the different members of his caste, who are called *Bhaees* or brothers. During the early days of my novitiate, or as it is here styled griffin-hood, I was greatly puzzled to understand how it was that all my servants had so many brothers. Not a day passed but some one had a brother married or dead, sick, or giving a dinner. If I inquired the reason of an unusual assemblage in the "compound" the answer was always—"My brothers," and if one fell ill or wanted a holiday, he sent a brother to supply his place. At length I discovered that these followers were in very few instances relations, but merely members of the same union. This system is destitute of the inconveniences it would produce at home, and has even many advantages. The absence of a servant from any sudden cause may as suddenly be supplied, while a whole household may be assembled at an hour's notice; the sircar or head man who selects them being responsible for their honesty, which is the principal point, all of them being pretty equally skilled in the mysteries of their various callings.

Servants hired for the day are called *Ticcas*, and but for them the mistress of an establishment would often be in great straits, for when a servant wants a holiday he will have it, however inconvenient it may be to his employers. Thus the cook will disappear on the day when a dinner party is to take place, and the ayahs invariably retire or feign illness when the mistress is taken ill. If a servant's application for leave is refused, he will feign sudden sickness with such admirable art, that though you are convinced of the falsehood, you find it impossible to detect him. He will groan and writhe as though in the last stage of cholera, and you are glad to send him out of the house lest he should expire on the spot. Another favourite excuse is the illness or death of relatives. A man will come, in the agony of grief, entreating permission to visit his parents up the country, and who have most probably been dead some years; or it will be to attend the burying of a wife or child, when he is really going to a caste dinner, where he will make himself really ill by intoxication, a vice too common among the Bengalees, and will plead his intense grief as a reason for his prolonged absence.

I have not found the Hindoos disposed to introduce their Bhaees at the expense of others, but of course they prefer being associated with their own set, as they can economise by eating together. However, when a fair chance opens, they are not slow in availing themselves of it, and the favour of "your honor" is solicited by a written petition. These petitions are the productions of native writers whose knowledge of English composition being rather confused, these documents are sometimes extremely amusing. Here is a specimen:—

"To ——, Esq.

"The humble petition of Paluan,
Coachman of Mr. ——.

"Sheweth,

"That your petitioner begs to state your honor that your coachman will not soon recover, on which your carriage and harness will spoiled, therefore your petitioner inform your honor, hoping kindly take a subsistitude from your petitioner, he will supply you a good coachman, and as he had been employed under your protection, he will give you such man as like him. And your petitioner, as in duty bound, shall ever pray."

Here is another from my Dirzee or Tailor, sent in consequence of my having given some work to another party.

"To the Mem.

"The humble petition of Tuckeeboolla,
Tailor in your service,

"Most humbly sheweth,

"That your petitioner take the liberty to commu nicate his cases before you. Your poor petitioner take your service in hopes of support with his family; in consequence humbly begs that your honour would be so much graciously pleased to grant him the works which you are wanted to give out another tailor, because he had shop in his own house, he can made gentleman's and lady's works well.

"I am, Mem, your must obedient servant."

A tailor is as necessary a member of a Calcutta household as a Cook. During eight months of the year nothing that will not wash can comfortably be worn. The frequency of washing, and the mode—which is to dash the articles on a rough stone till they are clean,—create weekly dilapidations, which require the constant labour of one person to repair. The Dirzees are all Mussulmans, and live in a large village on the river side, about six miles below the city, to the great inconvenience of their employers, but evidently to their own satisfaction. Nothing will induce them to reside nearer to the scene of their labours, and every morning at sunrise, these men may be seen trooping across the plain in long straggling files, while, every evening at sunset, they, in the same order, return to Dirzee-land. The wages of a Dirzee, if hired by the day, are four annas (about sixpence) but he is generally employed regularly at from seven to nine rupees per month, according to his skill. The hours of labour are from 9 to 5, during which time he takes no food, but is allowed half-an-hour for smoking, and, if he is piously disposed, for his mid-day prayer and ablutions. They are neat and clean in their dress, quiet and almost stealthy in their movements. There, in the corner of the common sitting-room, or in the verandah of every house, they may be seen squatted on a mat amid heaps of silk and muslin, engaged in every kind of needle-work, from the humble darning of stockings up to the mysteries of a coat or a ball-dress. They have no stock in trade, and carry with them only a thimble, scissors, and measuring-tape, carefully wrapped in a small housewife; the necessity for pins and lead pincushions is obviated by the extraordinary use they make of their toes, and which would greatly astonish those who are accustomed to depend exclusively on the cunning of their hands. They are very clever imitators, but cannot design or make any alteration of which they have not an example. Their work is remarkable neat, but too firm for slight materials, and almost hopeless to unpick; they persist in stitching everything, and will put as firm a seam to fine muslin as to long-cloth. All this neatness and precision is obtained at the expense of speed; their slowness is sadly tormenting to any one accustomed to the activity of European needlewomen, nor is it of any avail to hurry them. They will tell you that they have done as much as usual, that mem so and so's Dirzee does no more; and they will receive a sharp scolding with an imperturbable face, which seems to have "nothing will hasten me" written in every feature.

You will perceive that the position of the Hindoo tailor is very different from that of his English brother. He knows nothing of the sweating system, nothing of fluctuating wages, and nothing of nights as well as days of toil. Like all the other castes, his is nothing less than a trade-union, against which it is useless to struggle, for he will not work longer or for less money than he has agreed with his bhaees to do. Though the sum he receives will appear to you extremely small, yet it is more than sufficient to pay the rent of his palm-leaf hut and to provide his daily meal of rice and curry. The father of the family is the head of each establishment, both he and those he employs being frequently rich—the possessors of houses and the givers of entertainments. But they know very little improvement in their craft, and nothing of advancement in their social position—as was the father, so is the son, and so will he be to all future generations, so long as caste exists and as ancient custom and the faith of the false prophet holds him in bondage.

Closely allied to the diezee is the chikan wallah, or embroiderer of muslin. This man, who is also a Mahommedan, enters your apartment with a profound salaam, seats himself on the floor as near to you as proper respect will allow, and without speaking or being spoken to, opens his package and displays his stores to your admiring eyes. These are the loveliest India muslin dresses flounced and sprigged all over, either in white or in colours. Babies' frocks and caps loaded with the finest embroidery; chemisettes, mantels, lappets, and pocket handkerchiefs of the beautiful pine-apple fibre, more delicate than French cambric, and covered with wreaths of hemstitching. All the treasures of "the West End," and of the embroiderers to the royal family, are imitated and out done.

If you are known to be a new comer he will ask a high price, but the true value in this land of cheap labour is soon learnt, and you may be sure that he will not depart without selling something. Articles worth a guinea in Regent-street, may be had for one third, and as none of these men can resist the sight of gold, you have only to show him a sovereign, and he will give you half his stock in exchange. The patterns are all drawn on the muslin with a red liquid, and specimens are marked in the same manner on strips of parchment. They will copy anything you show them, and appear never to make a mistake, or deviate in any way from the pattern. Most of the work is done up the country where labour is cheaper than it is even in Calcutta. The men who hawk the goods are frequently wealthy, having purchased houses and land with their profits; some possessing whole villages inhabited by their workmen.

The necessary cost of living in this country for men whose daily expences may be, and often are, confined to the purchase of rice and ghee, is so small, that apparently trifling profits accumulate rapidly. When once a surplus capital is secured, it may be invested at enormous interest, and not unfrequently the humble looking being who is crouching at the feet of the purchaser of his wares, is possessed of an annual income which would enable him, if he chose, to assume the position which he seems to regard with so much respect and reverence.

EMIGRANTS' HOME AND GOVERNMENT STATION AT BIRKENHEAD.

Until the present time, the free passengers sent out by Government to our Australian colonies have been collected in London and shipped from that port for their destination; which, as a large number, if not the majority of them, came from Ireland, necessarily entailed considerable inconvenience on the passengers, and much waste expenditure of the public funds. The attention of the Commissioners of Emigration having been called to that fact, they have resolved to establish a station in this neighbourhood, at Birkenhead, as a more convenient locality for persons proceeding from the sister island and from the north of England and Scotland, than the metropolis. With the view of carrying out their intentions in this respect, they chartered the Mangerton, belonging to Messrs. Barton and Brown, of Cook-street; annexing this condition, however, to the contract, that the commissioners should not be at any expense in providing such a depot as they required for the accommodation of the emigrants till the period of their embarkation.

This home has accordingly been fitted up, in one of the dock warehouses, at the south-eastern corner of the great float—the free use of which has been kindly granted by the Birkenhead Dock Warehousing Company—by Messrs. John S. De Wolf and Co., through whose courtesy we have been able to inspect it. The lower floor contains a number of tables, forms, and other conveniences for a great hall, or general living room, but as yet it has only a brick floor, and as the wood partitions around are still rough and unpainted, the place has somewhat of a temporary, naked, and cheerless aspect. If the experiment—for as yet the thing is necessarily only an experiment—should succeed, it is intended to lay down a boarded floor, to increase the accommodations at present afforded, and to give it a greater appearance of comfort and stability. This applies, we understand, to every part of the "home," which, till the contemplated improvements are effected, will continue to look "raw" and uncomfortable.

On the floor above are large dormitories—one, for married persons, containing 74 berths, with bedding and bedroom requisites complete; another, for single females, containing 50 berths, each intended, we believe, for the accommodation of two persons; and the third, for single men, about the same size as that for unmarried women, and capable of accommodating as many sleepers. The whole of these looked clean and airy, and the rooms seemed to be well warmed and ventilated.

Within the building, on the ground floor, is an emigration office, where the business of the emigrants is transacted under the superintendence of Mr. Smith, whom the Government commissioners have deputed to manage the embarkation by the Mangerton; and who also undertakes the duty of exchanging all moneys belonging to the emigrants, where required, for colonial currency,—an arrangement which cannot fail to be highly beneficial to the parties concerned, who might otherwise be liable to the notorious frauds so frequently practised by disreputable "dollaring" agents in this town upon the unwary. Moreover, the emigrants, in order to prevent the risk of their being duped by sharpers, are not allowed to leave the "home," until the sailing of the ship, without his permission; nor are strangers admitted to the building without an order for that purpose from authorised parties. To enforce these regulations, a police-officer is constantly stationed at the entrance-gate. Adjoining the office alluded to is a provision store, whence the daily rations are served out in conformity with the dietary appointed by the commissioners; and in front is the cooking establishment, excellently fitted up, and conducted in the most quiet and orderly manner. There is a washhouse and drying-shed adjoining the building, in which we saw several of the female emigrants busily engaged in preparing for their approaching departure.

The Mangerton, which is to convey the emigrants to South Australia, is a substantially-built, full-rigged ship, of 960 tons old, or 1100 tons burthen, new measurement. She was constructed at Quebec: is classed A 1 for six years; and is nearly new, having been previously out one voyage. She has a poop deck, and is roomy and commodious throughout, her between decks being nine feet high, and measuring about eight to the beams. Her berths are constructed to carry 166 married males and females in the mid-ships, 90 single adult males in the after deck, and 80 females forward. We understand that the whole of these berths are engaged; and, reckoning upon non-adults in the usual way, it may be estimated that the ship will carry about 340 persons.

All the internal arrangements are admirable; and the accommodations superior to those generally provided in emigrant ships. Every precaution has been taken for the due separation of the sexes, to preserve decorum, and to secure the efficient protection of females during their long voyage; and for the sick, two excellent hospitals, for males and females, have been furnished with every requisite which experience could suggest.

We saw a considerable number of the emigrants, who looked cleaner, better clad, and more healthy and cheerful than persons in similar circumstances ordinarily appear. We were informed that they are chiefly from Ireland, and must have been drawn from the most vigorous and desirable classes of its population. Several passengers however, are from different parts of England, who have been sent down to the "Home" by the Emigration Commissioners. This is a step in a right direction we hail with pleasure. According to the evidence given before Mr. Sidney Herbert's Emigration Committee, in the last session of Parliament, a most frightful state of things prevails at our emigration ports. The emigrant is robbed right and left before he leaves this country. The emigration sharpers at Liverpool have now become so numerous, and their gains so considerable, that there is a positive necessity to endeavour to expose their frauds, and to destroy them root and branch. "Mothers," says the *Liverpool Albion*, "with their helpless offspring, come here to avail themselves of those facilities which Liverpool affords to emigrants; but, instead of obtaining that protection and sympathy which their helpless condition demands, they are frequently robbed of that portion of their hard earnings which their husbands transmitted for the purpose of bringing them out to their new homes. Those," continues our contemporary, "who have inquired into the awful prevalence of prostitution in this town, with a view to its prevention, are aware that a very large proportion of these unfortunate women came here with unspotted characters and innocent hearts, and having been deprived of their little savings by the cruel system above referred to, they were driven to a life of infamy by the demands of hunger." We fear that emigrants themselves have to thank themselves for many of the ills they bear, they are weak and ignorant. What is needed for them are emigrant homes. We rejoice to find that so far as Government is concerned in this matter, something has been done.

LITERARY NOTICES.

John Cassell *informs his readers that a New Weekly Newspaper will appear on Monday, March the First, under the name of* The Freeholder and Commercial Advertiser. *It will be published every Monday Afternoon, price* Fourpence, *and will contain Monday's Markets. It will be then, as now, the Organ of the Freehold Land Movement—but it will also aim to be the best General, Family, Commercial, and Literary Newspaper existing.* The Freeholder and Commercial Advertiser *will advocate Free Trade in Land, Religion, and Law As the Organ of a great and growing movement, it must ensure extensive support. No pains will be spared to make it a first-class paper, though published at so small a price.*—Office: 335, Strand.—*Order of all Newsmen.*

The volume of John Cassell's Library *published on the 1st instant comprised an interesting and instructive work, entitled, "The History of the Steam-Engine, from the Second Century before the Christian Era to the Time of the Great Exhibition." Each department of the subject is rendered familiar to the general reader by explanatory diagrams and engravings of ancient and modern steam-engines. Price 7d., in stiff covers.*

John Cassell *also informs his readers that the First Volume of his* Scripture Library for the Young *is now ready, in ornamental cover, embellished with Twelve Beautiful Engravings, price* 1*s.* 6*d.*—"*The Tabernacle: its Priests and its Services.*" List of Illustrations.—1. *Rearing of the Tabernacle.* 2. *Mount Sinai.* 3. *Altar of Burnt Offering.* 4. *Brazen Laver.* 5. *The Golden Candlestick.* 6. *Table of Shewbread.* 7. *Altar of Incense.* 8. *High Priest in the Tabernacle.* 9. *Priests.* 10. *Levites.* 11. *Nadab and Abihu.* 12. *Feast of Tabernacles.—The Second of this Series of Books, "The Life of Joseph," will be ready in a few days.*

MISCELLANEA.

THE ROSE.—Professor Agassiz, in a lecture upon the trees of America, stated a remarkable fact in regard to the family of the rose, which includes among its varieties not only many of the most beautiful flowers which are known, but also the richest fruits, such as the apple, pear, peach, plum, apricot, cherry, strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, &c.; namely, that no fossils of plants belonging to this family have ever been discovered by geologists! This he regarded as conclusive evidence that the introduction of this family of plants upon the earth was coeval with, or subsequent to, the creation of man, to whose comfort and happiness they seem especially by Providence to contribute.

TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE.—The Rev. J. B. Owen, M.A., of Bilston, in the course of a lecture recently delivered in the Concert-hall, in connection with the Church of England Institution, and which has since been published in a separate form, upon "Popular Insurance," related an anecdote strikingly illustrative of the power which lay in the hands of working men to promote their own social comfort and independence, if they would only exert it. A Manchester calico printer was, on his wedding day, persuaded by his wife to allow her two half-pints of ale as her share. He rather winced under the bargain; for though a drinker himself, he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife. They both worked hard; and he, poor man, was seldom out of the public-house as soon as the factory closed. The wife and husband saw little of each other except at breakfast; but, as she kept things tidy about her, and made her stinted and even selfish allowance for housekeeping meet the demands upon her, he never complained. She had her daily pint, and he, perhaps, had his two or three quarts: and neither interfered with the other, except, at odd times, she succeeded, by dint of one little gentle artifice or other, to win him home an hour or two earlier at night, and now and then to spend an entire evening in his own house. But these were rare occasions. They had been married a year; and, on the morning of their wedding anniversary, the husband looked askance at her neat and comely person with some shame of remorse, as he observed, "Mary we'n had no holiday sin' we were wed, and, only that I haven't a penny i'th' world, we'd take a jaunt to the village to see the mother!" "Would'st like to go, John?" asked she, shortly, between a smile and a tear, to hear him speak kindly as in old times. "If the'd like to go, John, I'll stand treat." "Thou stand treat!" said he, with half a sneer; "has got a fortun', wench?" "Nay," said she; "but I'n gotten the pint o' ale!" "Gotten what?" said he. "The pint o' ale," was the reply. John still didn't understand her, till the faithful creature reached down an old stocking from under a loose brick in the chimney, and counted out her daily pint of ale in the shape of 365 threepences (*i.e.*, £4 11s. 3d.), and put it into his hand, "Thee shalt have thee holiday, John." John was ashamed, astonished, eonscience-smitten, charmed. He wouldn't touch it. "Hasn't thee had thy share? then I'll ha' no more," he said. They kept their wedding-day with the old dame; and the wife's little capital was the nucleus of series of investments that ultimately swelled into a shop, factory, warehouse, country-seat, a carriage, and, for aught we knew, the mayor of Manchester at last.

MR. HUME'S CLAIMS UPON POSTERITY.—Mr. Disraeli, in his "Life of Lord George Bentinck," pays the following high compliment to the veteran Member for Montrose:—"Mr. Hume towers among them (his own party) without a rival. Future Parliaments will do justice to this remarkable man, still the most hard-working Member of the House of which he is now the father. His labours on public committees will be often referred to hereafter, and then, perhaps it will be remembered that, during a career of forty years, and often under circumstances of great provocation, he *never lost his temper*.

THE FIRST SHAVERS.—The practice of shaving probably originated at first from it being found that the beard afforded too good a hold to an enemy in battle; and for this cause shaving was originally practised among the Greeks, who continued in it until Justinian's time, when long beards came again into fashion, and so remained until Constantinople was taken by the Turks. The Romans appear to have derived the custom of shaving from the Sicilians, who were of Greek origin; and the refinement of daily shaving was first introduced by no less a personage than Scipio Africanus. At the close of the Republic beards were rare; and some of the Emperors lived in great fear of having their throats cut by their barbers. For the sake of hiding the scars on his face, the Emperor Hadrian wore a beard, and this, of course, brought that appendage again into use; but the custom did not long survive him.

COOLNESS.—The following orders, conveying great comfort to the souls of the passengers who heard them, were given by the captain of an American western steamboat, when she was about to engage in a race with another steam-boat: "Rosin up thar, and tell the engineer to shut down the safety valves. Give her goss. Gentlemen who haven't stepped up to the captain's office and settled will please to retire to the ladies' cabin till we pass that boat or bust. Fire up! Let her rip!"

A JUVENILE SCOT.—The editor of the *Daily Mail* was in a Glasgow omnibus the other day, and heard a little girl, not more than seven years of age, ask an old gentleman "If he would be her father." A look of surprise was the reply. "Oh," said the precocious country woman of Joseph Hume, "don't you know, if you'll be my father, till the fares are collected, I shall get off for half-price?"

A LURE TO CATCH A SUBSCRIBER.—A new journal, with peculiar recommendations, is about to be established at Circleville, Ohio. The editor in his prospectus says:—"Our terms are two dollars a year. Gentlemen who pay in advance will receive a first-rate obituary notice in case of death."

VERACITY.—A mortal fever prevailing on board a ship, at sea, a negro was appointed to throw the bodies overboard. One day, when the captain was on deck, he saw the negro dragging out of the forecastle a sick man, who was struggling violently to extricate himself from the negro's grasp, and remonstrated against being buried alive. "What are you going to do with that man, you black rascal?" said the captain. "Going to throw him overboard, massa, 'cause he dead," replied the negro. "Dead, you scoundrel?" says the captain: "Don't you see he moves and speaks?" "Yes, massa," said the negro. "I know he say he no dead, but he always lie so nobody know when to 'bleve him."

A REASON.—A minister was walking out one day, and as he passed two little boys, one of them made a bow. As he turned his back, he heard the following amusing conversation:—"Why, John, didn't you know that was parson M?" "Yes, of course I did." "Well, why did you not make a bow to him?" "Why, my mother don't belong to his church."

LOGIC.—A gentleman asked a country clergyman for the use of his pulpit for a young divine, a relation of his. "I really do not know how to refuse you," said the clergyman, "but if the young man should preach better than me, my congregation would be dissatisfied with me afterwards; and if he should preach worse, why I don't think he's fit to preach at all!"

"QUARTER! QUARTER!"—In a recent sketch of an old pensioner's death and career, it is said that he was the man (a Highlander in Picton's brigade) who when a little Frenchman at Waterloo cried 'Quartre, Quartre!' answered, 'Quarter ye? We have no time to do tat, sae ye maun e'en be contented to be cutted in twa.' This is of a piece with the story of a Frenchman who was hanged at Tyburn, exclaiming 'Misericorde! ah, Miser-i-corde!' 'Measure the cord!' said the indignant hangman, 'measure it yourself!'"

SMALL TALK.—Nobody abuses small talk unless he be a stranger to its convenience. Small talk is the small change of life: there is no getting on without it. There are times when "'tis folly to be wise," when a little nonsense is very palatable, and when gravity and sedateness ought to be kicked down stairs. A philosopher cuts a poor figure in a ball room, unless he leaves his wisdom at home. Metaphysics are as intrusive in the midst of agreeable prattle, as a death's head on a festal board. We have met with men who were too lofty for small talk, who would never talk of their servants or—the weather. They never condescended to play with a ribbon or flirt a fan. They were above such trifling: in other words, they were above making themselves agreeable, above pleasing, and above being pleased. They were all wisdom, all gravity, and all dignity, and all tediousness, which they bestowed upon company with more than Dogberry's generosity. A man who cannot talk has no more business in society than a statue. The world is made up of trifles, and he who can trifle elegantly and gracefully is a valuable acquisition to mankind. He is a Corinthian column in the fabric of society.

SELF-PRAISE A RECOMMENDATION.—A Madrid journal contains the following:—"General Shelly, on passing a review of a cavalry corps, a few days ago, had this dialogue with a soldier:—'Which is the best horse in the squadron?' said the general. 'The horse No. —, general.' 'What qualities has he which makes him the best?' 'He runs and leaps well, has no defect in his limbs or health, is fat, carries his head high, has good blood, and is in the prime of his age.' 'And who is the best soldier in the squadron?' 'The best soldier is F. de T.' 'And why is he the best?' 'Because he is an honourable man, is obedient, clean, takes care of his equipments, his arms and his horse, and is exact in the accomplishment of all his duties.' 'And to whom does the best horse belong?' 'It is mine, general.' 'And who is the best soldier?' 'Your humble servant, general.' The general laughed, and gave the man a present of money, which he received with imperturbable gravity."

THE PIOUS ROGUE.—"Have you aught more of which your conscience should be purged?" said the venerable Father Anselm, addressing a kneeling sinner at the confessional. "Yes, holy father," replied the penitent; "I have committed the foul sin of theft; I have stolen this watch; will you accept of it?" "Me!" exclaimed the pious priest—"me receive the fruit of thy villany! How darest thou tempt me to the commission of so abominable a crime? Go instantly, return the watch to its owner." "I have already offered it to him," replied the culprit, "and he refused to receive it again; therefore, holy father, I beseech you to take it." "Peace, wretch!" rejoined Anselm, "you should have repeated the offer." "I did repeat it, holy father; and he persisted in the refusal." "Then I must absolve thee from the sin thou hast committed." The purified Catholic had scarcely departed, when the astonished father discovered that his own watch had been stolen from the place where it had been deposited near the confessional.

When Lord Holland was dying, George Selwyn called at Holland House, and left his card. It was carried to the dying statesman. Glancing at it for a moment, he observed with a mournful pleasantry, "If Mr. Selwyn calls again, show him up; if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him; and if I am dead he would like to see me."

"WHY don't you put on a clean shirt?" said a swell the other night to his companion; "then the girls will smile upon you as they do upon me." "Everybody can't afford to wear a clean shirt every day as you can," was the reply. "Why not?" said white collar. "Because," said soil-collar, "everybody's mother is not a washerwoman."

HUMAN HAPPINESS.—There is no point in human existence on which any child of Adam can place his finger, and say, "Then I was happy!" When the stream of life is gliding most pleasantly along, there will still be found some under-current crossing its progress, and which, if not seen foaming on the surface, is too surely felt troubling its inward tranquillity.

A GOOD RIDDANCE.—At Lowell, a young married girl and a bachelor ran off; the husband saw them as they got seated in the cars, gave them three cheers, waved his hat, bade them enjoy themselves if they could, and then went home a happy man.

The story is told of a certain New Zealand chief, that a young missionary landed at his island to succeed a sacred teacher deceased some time before. At an interview with the chief, the young minister asked, "Did you know my departed brother?" "Oh, yes! Me deacon in this church." "Ah, then, you knew him well; and was he not a good and tender hearted man?" "Yes," replied the pious deacon, with much gusto; "he very good and very tender. Me eat a piece of him."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WELL-SPENT SUNDAY.—The return of every Lord's Day (says Bishop Wilson) brought along with it an especial blessing; either some advice or some reproof; some duty I had forgot, or some sin I had unwarily fallen into. These I received as messages from God, and ordered my life accordingly; and now I have the comfort of doing so, when I most stand in need of it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROBIN HOOD will find much of the information he wants in Miss Strickland's "Lives of the English Queens."

AUSTRALIA wishes to go to Australia. He is twenty-one years of age, writes a good hand, and can serve as a house-painter—not a very lucrative profession in Australia. We, however, recommend him to go: he has a better chance there than here. The cost of the voyage is—steerage, with provisions, from £15 to £20. It is not at all likely "Australia" can procure a Government pass; but "Australia" will be better informed on this subject if he writes to J. Walcot, Esq, secretary to the Emigration Board, No. 9, Park-street, Westminster. We may as well tell "Australia" that the commissioners do not place money in the hands of emigrants; they, on the contrary, exact certain payments from the emigrant, according to age and circumstances; and, having made these payments, and complied with certain regulations, they are taken charge of and sent out.

A WORKING MAN writes to complain of the stupid character of the questions propounded to us in our editorial capacity. He says, if they do in reality come from working men, it is very disgraceful to them; and then "A Working Man" concludes by asking us if a man does himself any good by taking physic when he is well?—A question, in our humble opinion, liable to the same censure as "A Working Man" passes upon others. We will answer "A Working Man's" question by reminding him of the epitaph written on the grave of a German student. It is short, but expressive:—"I was well; I took physic, and here I am."

A. B.—A "Handbook on Emigration" is now preparing at our office, which will contain all the information you need. It will shortly be ready.

X. Y. Z. wishes to know how to get rid of spots and pimples on the face. In most cases, we believe, they arise from unhealthy habits, and indigestible food. Few people who live temperately, take plenty of exercise, and wash themselves thoroughly—not merely the hands and face, but the body as well—are troubled with them. Children require much more sleep than grown-up people. We suppose the reason why people oversleep themselves is that they are lazy and sleepy, or tired; and X Y Z, if he had thought of the question a moment, would have come to the same conclusion, and thus saved us the trouble of answering it.

RAMSDEN.—In writing for the press, in order to have a word printed in Italics, it is usual to underline it. In sending a contribution to a periodical, it is unnecessary to send anything by way of preface, or introduction: the piece will speak for itself. Writers often do—generally, introduce the piece to the editor's notice; but, as regards the acceptance or rejection of the article, it matters not a pin.

HENRY SNOOK (what a name!) will find the Census in most of the cheap almanacks. As to an atlas, we hardly know what to recommend. He had better ask the nearest bookseller, and he can tell him the price. The atlas must depend upon the price Snook feels inclined to pay for it. We may recommend one that costs £5, when Snook may not feel inclined to pay more than 5s.

A CONSTANT READER OF "THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND" would have done much better if he had gone to the parish clerk, and asked what were the marriage fees, than written to us. We believe in some parishes, at certain times of the year, marriages are performed gratis. We believe the fees vary in different localities, and that you get the blessing of a wife much cheaper in some parishes than in others.

J. W.—It is a figure of speech when we endow the heart with intellectual or moral gifts. You ask, Do our thoughts lie in our hearts or heads? We should say the latter. The brain seems to be the seat of the reasoning faculty. Accordingly as the brain is developed we find intellectual power; but the brain itself is but matter—we must trace thought further still, to the inspiration of the Almighty that giveth man understanding. J. W. wishes to know how it is when the earth rolls round we do not roll off. The answer is, we are kept on its surface by the law of gravitation, which attracts all matter to the surface of the earth, and by means of which the stars and planets roll harmoniously in their pathway along the heavens.

S. F.—If you wish to learn French, you should procure the "French Lessons" and "French Manual" published at our office. They have been extensively used, and with the utmost success.

J. S. D. wishes to know if any of the descendants of the poet Sir J. Denham are living; and, if so, where they reside? We cannot answer the question; perhaps some of our correspondents can.

H. T.—A triking instance of the folly and ignorance of people at this time of enlightenment, as we call it, is seen in the rise and progress of that detestable delusion called Mormonism. The *New York National Police Gazette* contains a mass of disgusting details relative to the proceedings of this sect at the Salt Lake. A correspondent of that paper, writing from Utah, says:—"The pluralist wife system is in full vogue here. Governor Young is said to have 90 wives. He drove along the streets a few days ago with 16 of them in a long carriage, 11 of them having each an infant at her bosom. It is said Heber C. Kimball, one of the Triune Council, and the second person in the Trinity, has almost an equal number, and among them are a mother and her two daughters. Each man can have as many wives as he can maintain—that is, after the women have been picked and culled by the head men. Whole pages might be filled with the surprising and disgusting details of the state of affairs here." It is a lamentable fact that, at the present time, numbers of people are leaving Great Britain to join the Mormons, notwithstanding the disclosures that are so constantly being made.

A LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER is troubled with those horrible things called bugs, and would destroy them. We take the following extract from the "Annals of Pharmacy and Practical Chemistry":—"In the Austrian department of the Great Exhibition might have been seen a preparation which is said to be used largely in the hospitals of Vienna, for the purpose of destroying bugs and their eggs. It is protected by the Imperial privilege, which prevents its being pirated, in a similar manner as the patent laws do in England. It is an ethereal solution of camphor. The proprietor cautions those who use it against introducing a lighted candle into the room where it has been applied, until the ethereal vapour has been expelled. By means of a brush the crevices of beds, and other parts supposed to contain the insect or its eggs, are to be painted with the solution."

A MECHANIC.—Hydro-carbon gas is being extensively used. It has lately been introduced into a town in Perthshire. The water-gas is obtained by allowing a rapid succession of drops, or a small stream of water, to fall upon a body of incandescent charcoal. A very large volume of pure water-gas is thus rapidly produced, which being made to combine with the gas from the richer Scotch cannels, in its nascens state, is found to double and even treble the usual amount got from a given weight of coal, and of such purity that no smoke can be drawn from it. We understand that, besides the various towns already lighted up by this system, some of the largest mills and manufacturing establishments in Lancashire and Yorkshire have adopted it, where twenty-four to forty thousand cubic feet per day (in winter) is required for one concern, a consumption equal to that of a good-sized town. This invention is exciting much interest abroad as well as at home. The government of Brazil have contracted for the lighting of Rio Janeiro (exclusively) by this gas for the next twenty-five years, a city of 250,000 inhabitants, the preparations for which magnificent undertaking are now in full activity. Messrs. Laidlow and Son, of Glasgow, the well-known extensive gas-fitters and ironfounders, have a large part of the contract, which, we understand, embraces, in the first instance, above thirty miles of mains, requiring 2,000 tons of metal; the number of public lamps is 1,800; and the gasometers, which are telescopic in their construction, will contain about 800,000 cubic feet of gas. These will be the first gas-works erected on the South American continent, and must constitute an important era in the history of Brazil.

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BUDA ON THE DANUBE.

BUDA is also called Ofen by the Hungarians, and stands on the right bank of the Danube, opposite Pesth. The palace and citadel which crown a lofty eminence, were almost entirely rebuilt by Maria Theresa. Its churches partake very much of the oriental style of architecture—their towers being rounded off abruptly, like the domes of the mosques, and covered with lead. Buda is the present capital of the kingdom, and is the residence of the Prince Palatine, and the other high functionaries of the government. The crown of St. Stephen, to which the Magyars attached an almost superstitious importance, was kept in the imperial palace, but disappeared during the late war.

The higher nobility live in Buda only during the winter; and during the summer it appears almost deserted.

Pesth is situated at the extremity of an immense plain, and is the largest town in Hungary. The houses being all built of a sort of granite, and the streets being in general wide and regular, it has a very fine appearance. It possesses a good many large woollen manufactories. The University was once very flourishing, having a revenue of £35,000 annually—a very large sum in a country like Hungary, and having 1,700 students on its books.

A bridge connects Buda and Pesth, and makes them in reality one town; the inhabitants of both join on all civil and religious *fetes*. From the heights of Buda, the view is, perhaps, one of the most magnificent in the world.

The great religious devotion of the Hungarians, causes those of them who are Roman Catholics to pay more than ordinary attention to the ceremonies of the Church. Processions are, therefore, of frequent occurrence, and the great taste of the people for show and magnificence in matters of dress makes these ceremonials surpass those of any other country in the world in the splendour of costly decoration. The crowds of pilgrims which annually assemble from all parts of the country to offer their homage at the shrine of the Virgin, and Catharine, the patroness saint of the kingdom, have often astonished strangers. Our engraving represents a band of these passing across the bridge on their way to Pesth, with the banners and crucifixes, and all the other paraphernalia of Romanist devotion.

PROCESSION OF PILGRIMS TO PESTH.

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

By Xanthus.

Nearly all nations naturally attach great importance to marriage ceremonies, associated as they generally become, in the memory of almost every individual, with the chief event of his life; and the attendant festivities, sacred and profane, are so variously modified by climate, civilisation, and whatever contributes to the formation of national peculiarities, that it may not prove an uninteresting task to compare the nuptial celebrations of other countries with those of our own. They present every variety, and though affected more or less by the indolent, or poetic, the energetic, or superstitious temperaments of different nations, we think it will generally be found that in proportion as women are reverenced, and as civilisation becomes far advanced, marriage festivities are conducted with proportionally increased solemnity and simplicity. Let us see how such matters are arranged in the South Sea Islands. There, if the union contemplated is between parties of rank, four large piles of plantains, yams, cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, fish, cakes, bananas, with a baked pig on the top of each are, early in the morning, arranged in front of the house of the bridegroom, and the spectators assemble round them decked in new dresses, and their bodies anointed with sweet oil. Then the bride, closely veiled in fine matting made from the bark of the mulberry tree, is brought to the same place, and her feet, hands, and face being first anointed with sandal wood and tumeric, she takes her seat, and mock duels with clubs are performed in her presence, followed by boxing and wrestling matches, after which the bride and bridegroom, accompanied by their friends, who sing as they walk, enact a sort of procession before the spectators, who greet them with loud acclamations. The bridegroom then commences a dance with his young men attendants, during which the bride is led into her future habitation; the heaps of provisions are next distributed or scrambled for, succeeded by another boxing match, and the lighting up of the abode of the bridegroom, with singing and dancing in the evening, conclude these somewhat barbaric festivities. Those of the Tartar races are quite dissimilar, yet equally unlike our own, and as each man may possess four wives, it is not surprising that the affair becomes one of barter, and the price of a woman, varying, according to her beauty, from 20 to 500 rubles, is first determined upon between the father and the suitor, after which the latter is permitted to pay his respects in person to his future bride. When the price agreed on has been all disembursed, the young woman's companions come to her father's house the evening before the wedding, and the female ones offer condolences on her quitting the parental roof, which are responded to by two male friends, who sing songs meant to inspire her with happy hopes for the future. The following morning the young couple stand up in presence of the mollah, who asks if they will wed one another; he next repeats a prayer, and bestows on them the nuptial benediction; and the bride is then seated on a carpet, and carried to the house of the bridegroom, where festivities are continued for many days, consisting chiefly of dancing and music. The Russian peasants, though near neighbours to the Tartars, have customs on such occasions peculiar to themselves, and which are believed by some antiquarians to be derived from the Greeks. The lover, accompanied by his bride-man, goes first to the lady's abode, and the friend says to the mother, "show us your goods; we have money." He is then permitted to enter the bride's apartment, and afterwards gives the lover a description of the girl and her possessions. The next day the lover exacts a similar privilege, only he experiences more difficulty in inducing the bashful fair one to show herself; if he is then satisfied, the betrothing is not long delayed; on which occasion the young people kneel to receive the father's blessing, who places one of the household saints on their heads during the ceremony; rings are interchanged, and the bride gives out handkerchiefs to her female friends for them to embroider, and which she presents on the wedding day to her husband and his friends. On the preceding afternoon she is conducted to the bath, her companions singing lamentations, at the prospect of losing her, while they walk through the village. The same parties thus chaunt before setting out to church:—"A falcon flies in pursuit of a dove. Charming dove are you ready? Your mate is come to seek you." "Yes," is answered, with sighs. The saint's image accompanies the party to church, and when the priest's benediction has been pronounced, the bridegroom by legal rights takes his bride by both ears and kisses her; the young maids remove her virgin head-dress, replacing it with the marriage insignia, and then all return home to make merry, and the bridegroom throws nuts on the ground to indicate his renunciation of all boyish sports.

Less poetical than weddings thus accompanied by song, the African observances would not be at all relished by the English fair sex. Not only is the nuptial engagement an affair of merchandise, in which the bride's father sells his daughter for so many oxen, and slaves, but the girl's nominal consent is not considered necessary, and as soon as ever the price is paid, and perhaps on the same evening, the young girl selected is decked in a white veil of her own weaving, and attended by her own friends she goes to the bridegroom's house, where she takes off her sandals, and a calabash of water is given to her; she knocks at the door, which being opened, discloses the bridegroom seated in state, surrounded by the elders of his family; going up to him, she kneels before him and pours the water over his feet in token of her entire submission to his will. In curious contrast to this insulting want of even decent attention towards the bride amongst the swarthy Africans, are the antique ceremonies observed by the superstitious Hindoos, but they are so tediously long drawn out we must endeavour to compress our account of them as much as possible. The father makes the proposal on behalf of his son, which is always done on a lucky day; before a reply is given, the bride's father pays a similar visit, after which, with great pomp, the other parent accompanies his son, who makes gifts to the bride, one of which is a piece of silk to be worn on the wedding-day; his father then presents four to six guineas with some betel to the bride's father, saying: "The money is thine and the girl is mine." The answer is *vice-versa*, and a Brahmin repeats a certain formulary which closes the betrothment. A lattice-work bower is now built in the court-yard, and from ten to thirty days, festivities are carried on, and friends call, and the interval so spent is equivalent to our reading of the bans in the church. Offerings are made to propitiate the god of marriage, and the young couple ride on elephants to return their friends' visits in the evenings, when fire-works and illuminations add to the pomp kept up in all conceivable ways. For fear any evil eye should have been turned upon the lovers during these evening processions, a piece of cloth is torn in two in their presence, and the pieces thrown away in opposite directions; and on the wedding-day Brahmins arrange themselves on a raised platform, surrounded by jars of water, the two largest being placed on it by the lovers, and prayers are offered up to bring down the deity into one of them. The sacrificial fire is then kindled, and oil, butter, rice, incense, &c., are thrown into it. The nuptials are performed by a Brahmin, who at the conclusion breaks a cocoa-nut in two, and then blesses the tali, or piece of gold, worn by all married women, which is placed round the bride's neck by the bridegroom, who swears before the fire to take care of his wife. All present sprinkle rice, mixed with saffron, over the shoulders of the newly-married, and repeat prayers as they do so, which is their mode of bestowing a benediction on the union.

Amongst the Turks, marriages are generally those of convenience, and are arranged by the parents in presence of a notary, the bride's dowry being her own to reclaim in case of separation. On the eve of the wedding, she goes to a public bath, where she is met by a large company of friends and relatives, and, in bathing costume, she walks round the bath; her bridesmaids, similarly attired, singing, as they walk beside her, a sort of epithalamium. Every one then salutes her, and presents her with jewels and other gifts, in return for which she kisses their hands. The succeeding morning she puts on a red veil, bordered with yellow, and in a close carriage which entirely screens her from view, she is conveyed to the bridegroom's house, preceded by trees borne aloft, from which hang waving festoons of gold and silver thread, while musicians and mountebanks divert the people, who gaze admiringly on the string of horses loaded with the bride's effects and her relatives, richly dressed, who follow in carriages

Festivities are kept up for some time; but as the sexes are not allowed to intermingle, they can hardly be called of a social order, and chiefly consist in performances to be looked at, such as puppet-shows, dancing with castanets, and optical deceptions.

Marriages amongst the North American Indians form rather an exception to the rule of increased simplicity, in proportion to the advance of civilisation, for their festivities are singularly brief and simple. A young "brave," whose courage has been tested in many skirmishes, who can exhibit plenty of scalps, and who is a good hunter, easily wins the favour of his Indian bride; and then seeking her father, while she stands by, he offers presents to the old man, who, if he is pleased with them and with the suitor, takes the hands of the young couple, and, joining them together, the quiet ceremonial of the union is completed, and is followed by a little feasting.

In Spain the warm climate and romantic temperament of its people are exhibited in the poetical ceremonies attendant on courtship and marriage. When a mutual understanding has taken place between the young people, a night is appointed for the betrothment, and the lover seeks the fair one's abode, which is decorated with festoons of flowers. He is accompanied by torch-bearers, musicians, and attendants, who form a circle round the house, and a serenade is performed of the most flattering kind; and when she has been sufficiently wooed, the coy maiden opens a little window, and asks what the gentleman wants? This leads to another rapturous burst of musical tenderness, and at last the lady throws down the garland from her hair, and promises everlasting constancy; the musicians immediately strike up a triumphant allegro; the windows are illuminated; the maiden and her parents come out and conduct the serenaders into the house; and firing of guns and shouts of joy resound through the calm, delicious night-air of Valencia. The day of the marriage is celebrated with musical entertainments, horse-races, and divers other amusements, and at midnight the bridegroom bears away by main force the bride, who is detained as long as possible by her companions, to the beautiful arbour adorned for their retirement on the terrace upon the roof of the house.

The wooer of the Swiss cantons commences his courtship by the more truly romantic offering of a bouquet of flowers, gathered on the brink of a precipice; and to see his beloved, he is often forced to journey many leagues over the mountains at night, exposed to the risk of being waylaid by jealous rivals. When the object of this nocturnal wooing has been accomplished, the wedding-day is fixed, and, preceded by musicians and bride-men, decked in gay ribbons, the young people walk to church, followed by a woman bearing a basket of flowers. The bride is dressed in a plaited apron, red hose, a floral crown, and a stomacher, upon which are inscribed her Christian and surname, and the date of the year, and the chief bride-man holds her by her apron. When the religious forms are completed, the spectators obstruct the way of the bridal party, who are obliged to give them wine before they can proceed to the village public-house, where the festivities are to be held. Here Swiss dances are succeeded by the appointed person taking off the bride's virgin crown, and casting it into the flames, whose crackling indicates that the young couple must not expect to be free from mankind's common portion of ill fortune during their future career. Food is also distributed to the poor in an adjoining meadow, and, with the simple fervour of religious faith in mountainous countries, the newly-married are then conducted to the bridegroom's house, which everybody enters, after first kneeling down and praying for the welfare of the young people.

The Illyrians and Dalmatians are descended from so many mixed races of men, that a great number of curious nuptial observances yet linger amongst them, and vary in the different provinces, although the main ceremonies differ little from the Swiss and Spanish customs, which we have already described. One of these varieties is one common amongst the Romans, and still kept up by the Morlachians, of presenting the bride, after the marriage is consummated, with a sieve full of walnuts or almonds, which she throws amongst the bystanders, to signify that plenty will prevail in her house. The Illyrians usually appear well armed, and have their hats adorned with peacock's feathers, in compliance with ancient prejudices, on nuptial occasions; and, even now, bloody encounters are too common, when rival suitors insist on such trials of skill. As their wedding lasts several days, each guest is daily furnished with a small tub of water wherewith to wash himself, and each leaves in the tub some money for the bride, which thus augments her little dowry, of one cow and her wearing apparel. In some districts a ridiculous custom is observed, of the parents depreciating their daughter in set speeches before she is conducted to the house of the bridegroom, who says, in return, to the young wife, "Well; I shall find means to bring you to reason, and to begin with you in time. I shall let you feel the weight of my arm." He then pretends to beat her, though this part of the business is not always confined to a mere form. Another curious ceremony at Illyrian weddings is during the wedding dinner, in the midst of which, all the company rise up, and the bride is expected to throw over her husband's house a cake, made of hard coarse dough; the higher she can do this, the happier will the marriage prove: and if the cake falls on the other side without breaking, it is considered a convincing proof that she will make a good housewife. The firing of pistols is common in these provinces on festive occasions; and, sometimes for a week before the wedding, a bride is expected to kiss all the men who come to see her, in token of the regard which she shall henceforth feel for the sex of her husband; and, on the day of her marriage, the bridegroom's friends ride forward and present her with a white silk handkerchief, which she returns, and the messengers then gallop back to the rest of their party, amongst whom the kerchief is divided, and who, ranging themselves in a circle, partake of refreshments, amidst the discharge of fire-arms. On arriving at the bride's abode, the attendant maidens fasten an apple, encircled with flowers, to the top of the standard-bearer's lance; and, on reaching church, the bride is the last to alight, though she has the privilege of assisting her father-in-law to dismount.

The marriage ceremonies of the Tyrolese are more interesting, for they are evidently dictated by far truer sensibility. It is usual when an enamoured swain of this nation beseeches the sanction of his parents to his choice, for them to reply—"Go, earn thy wife. To be a good father, a man must be able to get bread for his children;" and the young man dutifully obeys the mandate—the operation of which frequently banishes him to distant countries, with merchandise to dispose of, or other commissions, entailing the expenditure of a long period of time, much trouble, and patience. If, after this trial, he persists in his constancy, the father and son array themselves in their best apparel, and with presents of honey-comb, laid on sweet-scented plants, fine fruits, and cakes, made by some beloved sister, they visit the future bride, to whom the father says, "God bless thee, lovely girl, who remindest me of the days of my youth. I have a son; he loves thee. Wilt thou make my declining years happy?" She modestly replies, and the lover is then introduced, and lays his gifts at the feet of his mother-in-law, when singing by the young maidens present, and a frugal repast follow; and in the evening the lover serenades the fair one for whom he has so long waited. Music forms an important item in the wedding-day festivities, on which occasion the schoolmaster addresses a complimentary speech to the bride, who afterwards delivers to her future spouse the ribbons for his garters, in token of submission. In church, before the priest pronounces the final benediction, the white-robed bride and gaily-decked bridegroom kneel to receive their parents' blessing; and after the marriage dinner, the head of the family offers up a solemn prayer for the happiness of the young couple, and, as the evening wears on, dancing begins, and the bride, in return for their congratulations, presents flowers to each of the young men; while the bridegroom, in like manner, gives different coloured ribbons to the fair maidens, who, in turn, have offered him their good wishes.

It is said, and it is greatly to her credit, that in no country are matches of interest less common than in Holland. When a maiden of the Netherlands has signed her consent to her lover's proposals, her apartment is decorated with garlands, and in country places a triumphal arch is erected before the house, and, for some days, the betrothed receive visits of congratulation every forenoon from friends and relatives, who are offered wines and liquors, which on these occasions are termed bride's tears, bottles of which, decked with white and

green ribbons, and square boxes of sweetmeats, are also sent round to all acquaintances, instead of bride-cakes. The marriage day ceremonies present no new features, unless it be the invariable presence of blanc-mange at the banquet, which is called "the bride's strengthener;" and at the conclusion of the ball the bridegroom is generally forced to promise the bribe of a second treat before he can obtain possession of the lady, which treat is given at the young couple's expense several days after the wedding.

The length of this paper warns us to draw to a conclusion, which we shall do by describing the Hebrew ceremonial of marriage; for what reader needs a recapitulation of the observances of a private English wedding, whose unpretending customs are not the less heartfelt, that they present no barbaric or sentimental, or degrading features, worthy of the pen of the historian? On the night preceding a Jewish marriage, the steward of the bridegroom sleeps with the latter, in order to prevent any evil spirit from having access to him, and when morning breaks, they both adjourn with other male friends to the house of the bride, and are ushered into a room where all the men of the family are assembled. Everyone bows his head to the east as he takes his seat, and a solemn pause of silence precedes the prayers and benedictions then offered up on behalf of the lovers; this little service ended, the bridegroom's steward bears the gifts of the wooer to the women's apartments, where he presents the usual set of presents to the bride—viz., two pair of shoes, one pair of hose, a silk pocket-handkerchief, and a prayer-book. She returns the compliment, by sending to the bridegroom an embroidered bag, for holding the Jewish symbols of faith, which are daily used by the male Hebrews; these are the Zepholim, or certain holy chapters written out on parchment, and leathern straps worn round the arms, with sacred words inscribed on them; she also gives him a Thalis or wrapper, to be used at prayers, and a white shirt or tunic, which he wears at his wedding feast, and once a year on the festival of the Reconciliation, and in which he is buried. When the interchanging of gifts is over, the blast of a trumpet is heard, and the bridegroom is conducted in procession to an apartment wherein is a canopy, beneath which he takes his place. Then the trumpet sounds again, and the bride enters in procession, and after walking round the room three times, to the blasts of the trumpet, she is placed beside the bridegroom, and the priest also stepping under the canopy, reads the marriage contract. The bridegroom puts a ring on the bride's finger, who is then closely enveloped in a thick veil, and is not allowed to be seen again until the following morning; a glass of wine is next brought in, which is consecrated by the priest, and by him delivered to the bridegroom, who drinks the wine, and the glass is placed under his heel, for a sign, that as it could no more be intact, so should his fidelity never be sundered. Another pause of solemn silence ensues, which is broken by loud joyful acclamations, while again the trumpet sounds; all present embrace the bride and bridegroom, and each other, and a lively banquet closes the wedding festival of the young Hebrews.*

* Some account of a Swedish marriage, whose rites possess the tenderness and poetical simplicity of the far-north, would not have been here omitted, were it not sacrilege to trespass on a scene which has been so exquisitely portrayed by Professor Longfellow, in the notes to his "Voices of the Night," and which must consequently be too familiar to English readers to need repetition here.

Poetry.—It has long been an easy thing for hundreds of men and women to write verses which have almost the air of poetry. Poets, we know, are rarities; but what tribes of poetasters there are! And if you compare the average verses now with the average of the last century, or even later, how excellent they seem! The poetical commonplaces of our day are of a higher mood. People write verses so correct and musical, so polished in diction, so picturesque and fanciful, that, if not actually *diamonds*, these verses are the very best of paste. It is the same in most things. Elegance has become democratised. The general standard is raised. In manners, speech, furniture, elegance, and literature, things are now commonplace which not long ago were exclusive. It is with poetry as with oak carving: the real work of labour wedded to art is possessed only by the few, but imitation of oak-carving by machinery is to be had cheap enough.

THE MUSIC OF OTHER DAYS.

"We shall be very happy here," said Louisa Burnet to her brother, as they sat down in a neat apartment, the furniture of which they had just been putting in order; "I only wish your room was as neatly furnished."

"As I shall be asleep during the most of the time spent in it," said her brother, "the furniture is a matter of little consequence. The room is every way comfortable."

"You must have your office neatly furnished."

"It is furnished as I desire it to be, except in regard to books."

"You will soon be able to purchase some books. I do not intend to spend another penny for any article of dress this season."

"I had rather go without books than have my sister experience the slightest want."

"You have made such a sacrifice for me, that I must and will deny myself for your sake."

"I shall not permit you to do so, my dear sister. I shall cherish my only earthly treasure just as carefully as I choose."

"I wish," said Louisa, with a tear in her eye, "that our poor mother could know how pleasantly her orphans are situated, and what prospects are before them."

"Perhaps she watches over us now as tenderly as when she tabernacled in the flesh. Her spirit may be present now."

A feeling of awe stole over the mind of the gentle girl. She closed her eyes and remained silent, while her brother gazed upon her beautiful countenance, and resolved that however the world might go with him, no thorns should lie in her pathway, if he could remove them, that no storm should beat upon her head, if he could shelter it.

"If," said Louisa, "the spirit of our departed mother be near us, what joy must it give her to see the son of her solicitude and prayers so tenderly guarding her daughter, and—" her full heart would not allow her to finish the sentence; she leaned her head on her brother's bosom, and wept tears of gratitude and joy.

"I trust our mother would approve what I have done; but I am promoting my own happiness as well as yours."

"You were ever the most self-sacrificing of beings, except my mother."

"Not half so much as yourself; but let us avoid a dispute, even upon such a question. Is there anything else that needs attention here? To-morrow, I wish to give myself heart and soul to the labours of my profession."

"There is nothing else for you to do. If anything occurs, I can attend to it without troubling you."

"How will you employ yourself during the long days?"

"I have the books which your kindness has furnished, and my sewing, and this beautiful landscape to look upon, and I shall have to watch the hour which will bring you to me."

Mrs. Hales came to the open door, to inform them that tea would soon be ready. A tear rose to her eye, as it fell upon the affectionate brother and sister. It was not unobserved by Louisa, who invited her to be seated.

"I must sit down with you a moment," said the widow; "for he reminds me of a dear son."

"Is he no longer living?" said Louisa.

"He was so kind and attentive," not seeming to notice the question, "that it was often said to me, after my husband's death, 'What a comfort you have in your son!' I had no more thought that he could ever leave me, than you have that your brother can desert you."

Louisa clung closer to her brother's hand, and made no remark. The words of the widow would imply that her son was a wanderer: she feared to ask her. The silence became painful: Burnet said, "Your son is not living?"

"He is not. He died among strangers: whether he ever was brought to see the error of his way, and to ask pardon, is known only to God. May you never know anything like the heartaches I have felt for that child. My bitter experience makes me feel anxious when I meet with the young and innocent; and my view of the dangers which lie in wait for them leads me to urge them in the language of Divine Wisdom, 'Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.' If I had not felt so much confidence in my son, if I had prayed for him more, perhaps he would not have fallen. Excuse me for obtruding

my troubles. I did not intend to speak of them when I sat down. I love to see young persons happy. I hope you will enjoy many happy hours under this roof. It has been to me the scene of many mercies."

She then invited them to walk down to tea. The sister leaned on the arm of her brother, and looked up to his face with an expression which told how entire was her confidence that he would ever be the faithful supporter and guide which he now was, and had pledged himself to the departed one to be.

The table was spread in an apartment which was shaded by the convolvulus, and sweet-scented honeysuckle; an air of perfect neatness pervaded the apartment. A spirit of subdued cheerfulness reigned in the little circle. They felt that there was sympathy between them. They felt that there were some quiet and peaceful spots even in this storm-swept world.

The father of the orphans died when Richard was six, and Louisa three years of age. The mother—a woman of energy, affection, and faith—though left with slender means, supplied the necessities of herself and children. The wants of the minds were not sacrificed to those of their bodies. The son received the advantages of a collegiate education, though at the cost of great self-denial and sacrifice. He was not insensible to those sacrifices, and resolved that they should not be made in vain. A most diligent attention to his studies secured him the highest standing in his class, and a steady and successful resistance of the temptations of a college life, gladdened the heart of his devoted mother. After completing his collegiate course, he engaged in teaching, pursuing, at the same time, the studies of the law. He had paid the debts contracted by his education, and was just prepared to enter upon his professional duties, when his mother was called away. O death, why dost thou delight to enter those families which, after long struggles are just prepared to live!

The brother and sister were now alone in the world, and were wholly destitute of pecuniary means. Louisa resolved that she would not be a burden upon her brother. The labours of a school, or even the drudgery of domestic service, she would willingly bear, sooner than interfere with his professional prospects. He was as firmly resolved that she should not lead a life of toil, and that she should not be separated from him. An eligible situation was promptly declined by him, because it would involve a separation. The arguments urged by him to induce a concurrence with his plans, failed to move her. She yielded to an appeal to her affection, and his entreaty that she would not leave him alone.

It was decided, after many consultations, that he should establish himself in the village of L——; where the prospects of success were far less promising than the hopes held out by his ardent affection to his confiding sister. Lodgings were engaged, and they removed thither. With some of the events of the first day of their residence, the reader is already acquainted.

Richard was not without his fears that his resources would prove inadequate to the supply of his sister's wants, but he carefully concealed them from her knowledge. To her inquiries respecting his success, he gave encouraging replies. "Why," thought he, "should her fair face be clouded with anxiety? Why should shadows fall upon her path?" It should not be: his should be the toil and care. Beautiful, oh brother, is thy fond affection! but far better were it that it be not exercised at the expense of truth.

. . . . . .

The summer flowers had displayed their beauty and exhaled their fragrance and departed; and a russet hue began to steal over the landscape, which was viewed, each pleasant evening, by Richard and Louisa, from the heights that overlooked the village. The sister leaned a little more heavily upon the arm of her brother as she ascended the eminence, and her cheek acquired additional transparency. There was something in her general form and carriage which attracted the attention even of the unobserving rustic, and produced a feeling that she was not long to be an inhabitant of earth.

The devoted tenderness of Richard for his sister won for him the respect even of those who fail in the lesser duties of affection, upon which so much of the happiness of life depends.

It did not, however, in the same proportion, promote his professional prospects. A share of the legal business of the place, perhaps as large as he could reasonably expect, found its way to his office; but the returns were not sufficient to meet his expenditure. This fact he deemed it necessary to conceal from his sister, at the frequent expense of truth.

Mrs. Hales, who loved him for his devotion to his sister, and loved that sister with almost a mother's love, was pained at the deception practised upon the unsuspecting girl. On a fitting occasion she reluctantly called his attention to his fault. "Would your mother," said she (she was well acquainted with their history), "approve of such a course towards one who confides in you with her whole heart?"

"She would not," was his reply; "but what can I do?"

"Tell her the exact truth, and see how nobly she will bear up under it. Give her the privilege of sympathising with you, and of feeling that she has your entire confidence."

"In her feeble state of health it would crush her. It is better far that she be kept in ignorance. It is a heavier load for me, but that I care not for, if she is not burthened."

"She cannot always be kept in ignorance, and when the discovery is made that she has been deceived, the pain will be far greater than a knowledge of what you are concealing can occasion."

"That discovery need not be made."

"It will be made. There is that in your manner which she will observe, and nothing but the true statement of the case will satisfy her. My young friend, permit her to share with you the burden which an all-wise Providence has laid upon you."

"It was by my urging that she consented to come here."

"No matter, confidence—permission to sympathise with those she loves, is all that the heart of woman asks for. I tremble for the happiness of that dear girl, and for your own. He that can resist the claim of duty, though it be in consequence of the pleadings of strong affection, may be led to neglect it from other causes."

"I am sorry, deeply sorry, that it is necessary for me to depart from the truth in any degree; but in my sister's state, the knowledge of my situation would crush her. It would not be safe to tell her the truth."

"It is never safe to do wrong."

"I beg you will say nothing to Louisa on the subject."

"Forgive me for interfering thus far—nothing but my strong affection for her could have induced me to do so. You may be assured I shall not allude to it again."

"Thank you. I doubt not your motives are of the kindest nature. I regret that inevitable circumstances forbid my following your advice. I hope soon to be relieved from the sad necessity."

"How have you been to-day?" said Richard, as he entered Louisa's room one evening, and stooped to bestow the kiss which she held up her lips to receive.

"Much as usual: I have been rather lonely, but that is of no consequence now that you have come; sit down near me: you look worn."

"I have been hard at work to-day."

"You have not to return to the office this evening?"

"It is not absolutely necessary that it should be so."

"Do not think of it then; stay with me and rest."

"I need a little exercise," said he, throwing his arms in the manner of one performing gymnastic exercises.

"After tea you must take a walk."

"And leave you still longer alone?"

"You will not be gone very long, and it is of more consequence that you should preserve your health, than that I should not be lonely; I will lie down and rest while you are gone, so that I can sit up with you till I wish to retire."

"You will be ready to go immediately after tea," said a young man, now their fellow-boarder, as they were seated at the table. Louisa turned to her brother with an inquiring look. The blood mounted to his temples, but she did not observe it.

"My sister insists on my taking a walk then, but we can despatch that business in a few moments. I can take the office in my way. You have the papers in readiness?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Hales saw the look of intelligence which passed between the young men, and was satisfied that something was going forward which was to be concealed from the knowledge of Louisa. Her confidence in the moral rectitude of young Hyde was by no means strong, and she had for some weeks marked, with pain, the influence he seemed to be gaining over the mind of Burnet. When they had gone, she followed the lone girl to her chamber, and sat, for several hours, by her side, conversing with her about her dear mother, skilfully suggesting those consolatory

supports of faith which it was probable she would shortly need in a higher degree than at present. When the evening was far spent, she was constrained to leave her, in order to attend to domestic duties.

Hour after hour passed, and Richard came not. She replenished the fire and trimmed the lamp, and watched for the pausing of every footstep. Her anxiety would have been most oppressive, but for the belief that his absence was occasioned by the necessary calls of business. The hour of twelve had passed. All sounds without had been hushed to silence, except the dreary sound of the winter blast through the leafless branches of the locusts which stood before the house. A footstep was heard; it paused. The street door was opened. He had come; his step was in the passage. In her impatience, she rose to meet him at the door of the apartment, but he entered his own room, which was an adjoining one, and closed the door. "He thinks I am asleep," thought Louisa, "and he will not disturb me. I will step to his door and bid him good night." She opened the door: Mrs. Hales was standing in the passage. "Do not," said she to Louisa, "stand in the cold; go back to your room, do."

This was said with an earnestness which led Louisa to suspect that her brother was ill. "I must see him before I sleep," said she, advancing to the door.

"Do go to your room, dear, and see him in the morning."

"He must be ill, or he would have looked in upon me, or would come out on hearing my voice. Brother!" rapping at his door.

There was no reply. She lifted the latch, and the brother stood before her, haggard and half unconscious of his condition, while the fumes of alcohol revealed the cause, and convinced Louisa of what no human testimony could have convinced her. She was supported to her room by her sympathising friend, who sat by her bedside till the gray of morning, making no attempt to hush her moanings. A furious storm then arose, and the snow and hail beat heavily against the windows, and tore the branches from the trees. The agitation of the elements was not greater than that which tore the soul of the guilty brother, now that the delirium was over, and the dread reality was fully revealed to his perception. He rose and went to his office. He did not appear at the breakfast table. An hour or two later, Louisa requested that he might be sent for. "Tell him," said she, "to come to me without delay, if he would not have me die." He came. There was no word or look of reproach. She took his hand and kissed it, and laid it upon her burning forehead, and closed her tearless eyes. He then could gaze upon her face. He saw traces of sorrow, such as carried agony to his soul. She soon became delirious, and the physician was called. His medicines failed to check the burning fever in her veins. Day after day, and night after night, Richard remained by her bedside, watching the rapid wearing away of life, and feeling that his conduct had been the cause. He was assisted by Mrs. Hales, whose heart was softened towards him, in consequence of the keenness of his anguish.

The crisis passed. The fever abated. Reason resumed her throne, but the extreme prostration of the patient gave but little hope that health would be restored. As she became able to converse in whispers, it was only to thank Richard for his kindness. One day when he had expressed a strong hope of her speedy recovery, she said, "My dear brother, you must not deceive yourself; I shall not be with you long."

Her slow and measured words seemed to carry conviction to his mind.

"And I shall ever have to reflect that I have been your murderer," said he, in a tone of bitter self-accusing.

"No, you are not to cherish such a thought. I have felt, for some time before this attack, that I should not live long. I never expect again to see the spring blossoms, or to hear the spring birds. I am not afraid to die. My chief, my only regret in leaving this world, is in leaving you alone, and," her lip quivered, "you know what I would say."

It was the first time she had alluded to the event of the night preceding her illness.

"If you and I were to live on earth a thousand years, the scenes of that night should never be repeated."

"Tell me—do not deceive your dying sister: was it the first and only fall?"

A terrible temptation is before thee, O young man! Yield not to it, even at the bidding of thy deep affection. Hold on to the truth, and there is hope for thee: yield, and the chain already thrown around thee shall be riveted.

With his eyes closed, for how could he look in hers and utter an untruth, he said, slowly, and as she thought, solemnly, "It was the first time; it was accidental, and yet I might have avoided it. I have been greatly to blame."

"Promise me; and remember the promise when I am lying in the grave, that you will never again suffer the cup to come near your lips."

"I promise."

Of what value was the promise from lips that could deceive so trusting a sister?

Time rolled on. The sun began to ascend higher in the heavens: the southern gales seemed to betoken the breath of spring: the fair girl still lingered with her friends. One day the air was so mild that the window was opened, and the breeze of heaven again stirred her locks.

"I should like to see another flower," said she; "I should like to be buried when the violets are fresh in the graveyard—but this is folly. I desire that our mother's God shall do with me as he sees fit. He will reward you for all your kindness to me. He only knows how kind, how very kind you have been to me."

"And He only knows how cruel I have been to you."

"Brother, I implore you never to make such a remark again. To-morrow, I will tell you how I wish you to dispose of my things, and what I wish you to do for yourself. I am exhausted now; I feel disposed to sleep."

Before he had closed the shutters, she was in a tranquil sleep, from which the fervent kiss impressed upon her forehead did not awaken her. He sat down before the fire. A strange sensation of fear oppressed him. He rose, from time to time, and went to the bedside. Louisa was in a deep, untroubled sleep. At length, sleep stole over him as he sat in his chair. It was disturbed by dreams of suffering inflicted on Louisa by his hand. A shriek, whether in reality, or in his dream, he knew not, awoke him. He rushed to her bedside; the deep sleep of repose had been followed by the deeper sleep of death. The breath had departed. The spirit had returned to God who gave it.

In the morning, Mrs. Hales found him sitting beside the cold form of Louisa. The conviction that he had murdered his sister, and that he was destined to be an outcast and a wanderer seemed fixed in his mind.

. . . . . .

The remains were borne to the church. Every one present except the solitary mourner was in tears. He sat gazing upon the pall, and did not change his position during the whole service. No tear fell from his eye as the coffin was lowered, and the sods fell upon it. Some who knew his kindness to her, were surprised; the observing saw that it was the tearless agony of despair.

He returned to his lodgings, and immediately commenced preparations for his departure. His attention was confined to articles belonging to himself. His hand was not laid upon a single article belonging to the departed one.

"Where are you going?" said Mrs. Hales, as she noticed his preparation.

"I know not. The mark of Cain is upon my brow."

"Do not leave me in my affliction," said she, weeping; for the loss of Louisa was to her as the loss of a daughter beloved.

"I cannot stay here. I have nothing more to live for."

"Live to do good."

"To do good to the indifferent and heartless, when I was false to her who was an angel, and loved me as man was never loved before! Do not hinder me. I must leave this place, or go mad."

Without bidding her farewell, he took his departure; very general surprise and regret were expressed by the inhabitants of the village. Subsequently, there were occasional rumours of a reckless course in the dissipation of London, but at length these ceased, and it was not known whether he was among the living or the dead.

Nearly a score of years had passed. Many of the elders of the village had been carried to their long home. Their children had come to manhood, and were bearing the burden and heat of the day.

It was a summer's evening, and a man whose clothing indicated poverty, and whose haggard features told of scenes of intemperance and vice, entered the village inn. It was the once respected, beloved Richard Burnet. No one recognised him. He sat in a corner of the bar-room, till, as the evening wore away, the inn-keeper advised him to pass along, as he had no accommo-

dations for such as he. He rose and went to the churchyard, and passed the night upon the turf that covered the ashes of his sister.

The next evening he stood in the street opposite the house of Mrs. Hales. He was gazing upwards at the windows of the chamber from which, nearly twenty years before, the beautiful and pure had been carried forth to return no more. He was recognised by Mrs. Hales, who still lived, enjoying a cheerful old age through the supporting influences of a Christian hope. She invited him to enter; he did so. To inquiries respecting himself, he gave no replies. He would listen while she spoke of his sister. Right skilfully did she appeal to his seared conscience through the love which still dwelt in his heart for the memory of Louisa. But there was no working of the countenance, no indication of feeling, unless it were that of dark despair. Suddenly rising, he said, "It is of no use; my heart will never feel again." Without any act of courtesy, he left the house, and passed on, as if about to leave the village. As he was passing a house in the outskirts of the village, the sound of music fell on his ear, and arrested his progress. He stood before the open window, while a young lady played and sung a song that his sister used often to sing to him when their mother was with them, and when nought but pure affections and high purposes had a place in his bosom. He leaned on his staff, and the tears ran down his cheeks. The music ceased, and the young lady came to the window. "Sing that again, if you would save a soul," said he. The young lady complied with the strange request. When the last note had struck his ear, he turned and walked hastily to Mrs. Hales. She met him at the door; his eyes were still wet with tears. "I have come," said he, "to ask leave to go to her chamber, to pray there."

Without speaking, she led the way to the chamber, and took from a drawer Louisa's Bible. "This was *her* Bible. That mark is just as she left it. That was the last place she read."

With a trembling hand he took the volume, and opened it at the place indicated by the mark. A passage on the page was marked by a pencil. With difficulty he read, "I say unto you that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." He was left alone in that chamber. He kneeled down, and prayed earnestly for the gift of repentance and for mercy. Many days were spent in that chamber in the reading of her Bible, in weeping, and in prayer. Fearful was the soul-struggle that was going on there. For a long time the issue was doubtful. Sometimes it seemed that the waves of despair must overwhelm him; but one day he came forth from that chamber with a smile upon his countenance. The change of appearance was scarcely less marked than that of the former dweller amid the tombs, when he was seen sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind.

He supplied the place of a son to the aged widow, and was the prop of her few remaining years. A life of uniform rectitude showed the thoroughness of the change in his moral character, and gave impressive weight to his oft-repeated warnings to the young, of the danger of suffering the claims of any affection, however pure, to interfere with the higher claims of conscience and the word of God.

THE GRATEFUL NEGRO.

Although not a day of our lives passes over that we have not many opportunities of proving our affection for those who are dear to us, by little acts of kindness, forbearance, and consideration, it is not often that we are called upon to give our friends such a painful testimony of our love as that referred to in the declaration of our Saviour, when he says, "Greater love hath no man than this—that a man lay down his life for his friend." But none of us now can tell what the future will bring forth, or what we may be called upon to do; and the following very striking instance of grateful attachment is a teaching instance of how unexpectedly we may at any moment be placed in circumstances which will fully test the sincerity and disinterestedness of our affection:—

The father of the late revered stipendiary magistrate of Liverpool became second mate on board a merchant-vessel bound for the West Indies when he was only seventeen years of age, and on one occasion, the ship being anchored at some miles' distance from Jamaica, he was sent in a small boat to execute some small commission on the island. The little skiff was still three miles from shore, when she suddenly turned over, and six people immediately found themselves struggling for life in the deep, rough waves, one of these persons being a negro called Quamina, to whom the second-mate had shown great kindness, and had taught to read. Both, unknown to each other, strove to reach a cask of fresh water, hoping it would enable them to keep themselves from sinking until another boat from the ship should put off to their assistance. Quamina was the first to reach it; but he had only just laid hold of it when he perceived that the second-mate was nearly exhausted; and seeing that he must perish before the boat could arrive, he pushed the little cask, too small to sustain more than one, within his friend's grasp, and, hastily bidding his benefactor farewell, the negro relinquished his own hold, and perished in the deep waters.

Our admiration is excited for both parties in this true incident; for the young second-mate, who conceived a disinterested friendship for the negro, had so unostentatiously given up his leisure-hours to bestow on him the valuable gift of knowledge; and still more for Quamina, whose love and gratitude, when he was thus placed all at once in circumstances alike overwhelming and distracting, forgot himself, and generously sacrificed his own life to save that of his kind friend.

GOOD TEMPER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguish'd birth,
Or thousands gained a year.
It lends the day a new delight—
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content;
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from heaven sent
For mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn—
It lulls you to repose;
A flower for peer and peasant born—
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away—
To snatch the brow from care;
Turns tears to smiles, makes dulness gay—
Spreads gladness everywhere;
And yet 'tis cheap as summer-dew,
That gems the lily's breast;
A talisman for love, as true
As ever man possessed.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud,
When threat'ning storm begins—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins:
As springs an arch across the tide,
Where waves conflicting foam—
So comes this seraph to our side,
This angel of our home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This charm, this bright divinity?—
Good temper—nothing more!
Good temper! 'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

ST. GILES'.

The sketches we have already given, and others which we may give, are not intended to be comic. It is no part of the writer's purpose to attempt to be funny, for what fun can there be in poverty and crime? If any expect slang, and highly-coloured pictures of low life, they will look in vain for them in these pages. A wise gladness and philosophic merriment will be all that is attempted; and if we succeed in directing attention to the poor of London—often more industrious and worthy as a class than we care to give them credit for—a step in advance will have been taken, which others, with better means than we, may do well to improve.

. . . . . .

Politest of readers, were you ever in St. Giles'? Didst ever, in idle mood, turn from the great thoroughfare of Oxford-street, and lose yourself in the mazes of Seven Dials? If a lady, of course, you will say "Impossible;" but if a gentleman—now don't deny it—and a resident in London, or even a visitor for a few week, you will equally, as a matter of course, have strolled into that miserable quarter lying midway between London proper and the West-end. For our present purpose it will be sufficient, however, to assume that you have merely a traditionary knowledge of this famous, or infamous—just according to the sense in which you use the words—locality. To St. Giles', then, having provided ourself with a thick pair of boots, and thrown a mackintosh cape over our arm—for it is always muddy, and very often rains there—and being, moreover, accompanied by a respectable individual who has taken office under the Metropolitan Police Commissioners,

THE PROFESSIONAL BEGGAR OF ST. GILES'.

and does duty in various styles of costume—we wend our way through Drury-lane, reeking of bad fish, worse fruit, old clothes, foul gutters, barbers' shops, and a questionable populace. Out into Broad-street—a wide, dirty, rambling, and neglected thoroughfare between Holborn and Tottenham-court-road—and leaving New Oxford-street to the right, we pause opposite the church of St. Giles'-in-the-Fields.

Before we enter the purlieus of the quarter traditionally said to be the favourite of the poor Irish in London, and now somewhat shorn of its foul proportions, consequent on improve-

ments in the neighbourhood, let us look around. Rising high up into the murky sky, the spire of the famous church, rebuilt by Henry Flitcroft in 1784, attracts our attention. In the yard around it, covered now with the rank luxurious vegetation which seems to thrive in foul air, or in equally foul vaults beneath the edifice, were buried—Richard Penderell, famous in history as the preserver of Charles the Second, after the battle of Worcester, and for which service his descendants still receive a pension from the country; (!) the witty Sir Roger L'Estrange (died 1704); the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury; the dramatic poet Shirley, who died in the year of the Great Fire; Andrew Marvell, who died in 1678; and the infamous Countess of Shrewsbury, who "held the horse of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, while he killed her husband in a duel."

St. Giles'-in-the-Fields—the old church was literally "in the fields"—bears the bad reputation, in spite of its stocks and its pound, its cage and its roundhouse, its whipping-post and its gallows—all of which pleasant appliances it boasted of possessing till the beginning of the present century—of having been twice robbed of its communion-plate, once in 1675, and lastly in 1804. The church itself was originally the chapel of the Hospital for Lepers, founded by Matilda, queen of Henry the First, in the year 1101. It was erected into a parish church by Henry the Eighth, after the dissolution of religious houses; and at the north wall was the place of public execution. Here suffered Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, in the reign of Henry the Fifth, and Babington with his accomplices in the time of Elizabeth.

But enough of the past. The novels and poems of the last and preceding centuries are as full of allusions to the infamous history of St. Giles' as are the works of the Jack Sheppard class of modern writers. Here dwelt the vicious Jonathan Wild. It was in St. Giles' that the scene of the immortal "Monsieur Tonson" was laid; and in Bowl-yard, "over against Dyot-street," the criminals took their last draught on their way to the "triple tree" of Tyburn. It is with the present of St. Giles' we have to do.

THE BEGGAR FAMILY OF WHITECHAPEL.

Whether it be owing to the influence of association, the dilapidated look of the houses, or the miserable appearance of the people one sees in some neighbourhoods in London, it certainly seems as if vice and foul weather were intimately

associated. This fact particularly strikes you in St. Giles'. A gloom appears to hang about the streets; an unhealthy odour is exhaled from the doorways; the gutters reek with filth; and a terrible look of discontent and wretchedness seems settled on the faces of its unwashed population. Poverty leers out of its numerous gin-palaces, and crime leans unabashed against its street-posts. Vice receives its first lessons in its mother's arms, and profligacy peeps from under brows not yet in teens. The thief and the receiver pass each other openly in the broad day, and nod familiarly to the policeman at the corner. It must be understood that in London and elsewhere a most perfect acquaintance exists between the protectors and the breakers of the law. It is only when a crime has been committed that the latter are in jeopardy; till then they are as free on the Queen's highway as you and I. Most charitable of readers, would you have it otherwise?

There is character in St. Giles'—peculiarity in the houses which line its streets, and distinguishing marks in the several ranks of its people. Cast your eye along the dusky pave. The majority of the doors, darkened every now and then by passers to and fro, lead to gin-shops—not taverns, but literally gin-shops, where the whole business is carried on for ready money, and the customers stand, one and all, to drink before the bar. And, that there should be no impediment in the way of the drunkard or the thief, you will notice that in the miserable shops which line the way are bought and sold every conceivable article of ornament, apparel, and household use. Nothing is too rich, and nothing too mean, for the dealers in stolen goods. In St. Giles' a market equally exists for the gold-watch picked from the pocket of a lord, and the tattered rags gathered from the dunghill and the sewer. Even the food sold here partakes of the squalid character of the place; and viands, the very sight of which makes the stomach of the visitor heave with disgust, are certain of finding customers in the grimy courts and alleys of St. Giles'.

The St. Giles' of daylight differs as materially, however, from the St. Giles' of the night season as does light from darkness. By day, it is simply a miserably low neighbourhood, abounding in old clothes' shops, marine stores, "dolly shops," bird-catchers, ballad-sellers, street-stalls, low public-houses, rags, filth, and squalid poverty; but by night who shall describe it? Many have ventured to gaze on its outer features; but no one man, except he be of the fraternity to which our friend of the "detective force" belongs, has ever ventured to sound the depths of its horrible iniquities; has ever dared to explore the inner life of its night-cellars, where sham cripples, begging-letter impostors, ballad-singers, vagrants, and lost women, congregate in unholy revelry; or sat in its thieves'-kitchens, where youths are elaborately educated in crime. If, as the poet says,

> "Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
> That to be hated needs but to be seen,"

one would think a single night in St. Giles' would save the intending felon; but it is to be feared that the context of that famous quotation is too often the consequence of a close inspection of the villanous orgies of St. Giles', and that many "embrace" the filthy siren without even the initiatory processes of "endurance" and "pity."

It must be understood, however, that we speak here only of the "back settlements" of St. Giles'; for this parish, like others, contains its goodly houses for the well-to-do and the industrious, and numbers at least half-a-dozen lords among its ratepayers. But these, of course, living in squares and open streets, know nothing, and care somewhat less, about the inhabitants and the doings of Seven Dials.

St. Giles' and Whitechapel—and what we have said of the character of the first will apply in many respects to the last — are the great rendezvous of professional beggars—people who would rather beg than work. Here, in dim cellars, where filth and darkness are next kin, are congregated whole hordes of such characters as the artist has depicted. Men without honour, women without virtue, children in whose little faces shine the premature cunning that grows out of such associations. Can it be that that wretched woman, tattered and worn and furrowed with sin, ever gambolled in green fields in her innocent girlhood? Oh, no! we shame humanity by thinking it. Look at her side for the portrait of what she was. They are types of each other—lost in youth, hardened and callous in womanhood, depraved and miserable in age. People like these never knew the comfort of a home, or, if they did, have long outlived the memory of it. The life of such women is told in a few sentences—is written in the pictures the artist has drawn. In either of the groups sketched by the graphic pencil of the artist there may be read the story of a life—poverty, deception, immorality, disease, callous wretchedness. Who would care to inquire further? Who dares lift the veil, and expose the inmost thoughts and habits of such as these? Not one of us, —that's certain. And yet why should we shrink back from the performance of so obvious a duty as the raising up helpers for these lost, degraded beings? It *is* a duty, ignore it as we will. How many of us dare look this evil in the face—dare follow the wanderers home—dare trace the polluted stream to its source? Can it be that the fair denizen of St. James' can feel the slightest interest in the welfare, or the ill-fare, of her miserable sister of St. Giles'. Senators are silent as to the occupations and condition of the very lowest grades of the people; and it is only when some popular author, who has purposely made himself acquainted with the facts, introduces his reader to the population of St. Giles', or Jacob's Island, that the world of well-to-do folk can be brought to believe it lives in the very midst of so foul a pestilence. Then for a little while—just while the novel is fresh, and the newspapers make extracts—its polite readers are anxious to learn something more of this pauper population, which gets its living none know how, and is quite unacquainted with the inside of a workhouse. Inquiries are made of visiting clergymen and city missionaries; blue-books are searched for statistics; magazine writers and penny-a-liners suddenly become important in virtue of their knowledge of low life; and schemes are set on foot and societies are formed, with lords and M.P.'s for committee-men, for the "amelioration of the condition of the poor," the building of school-houses, and the free distribution of Bibles. But before the second edition of the novel is announced the fervour has subsided; young ladies begin to feel rather disgusted with the sickly details they were at first so eager to listen to; gentlemen vote the statistics a bore; the prospectuses of the societies lie undistributed at the printer's, who ultimately uses them as waste-paper to pack parcels in; and the miserable victims of vice and want are left much as they were before—to themselves, with no sympathisers but the poor priest and the scripture-reader.

Do we who call ourselves "society"—we who are cognisant of the fact, that these denizens of the lowest haunts of Southwark, Whitechapel, and St. Giles', are bringing babes into the world only to be initiated into vices like their own—bear no part in the moral evil? Do we, who look calmly on and yet take no steps to stop the moral contagion and prevent the onward flow of that deadly stream—do we, too, not share the shame? Oh, proud of heart, and noble of lineage, who clothe yourselves in fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, look on this picture, and shudder at the results! But you care not for the vicious—why should you? Wrap yourselves in the apathy of your wealth, and wake not from the dream of your high station till fever, bred in the squalid, overcrowded courts and cellars of St. Giles'—fever bred of filthy dwellings and uncared-for people—swoops down upon the costly couches of St. James'! And you, oh, clever legislators and improvers of the city-ways! think for a moment, that for every haunt of crime uprooted to make room for splendid dwelling-places and wide open streets, the teeming cellars of poverty are only filled the fuller! In a great city crime and poverty are inevitable. For the unsteady of purpose and the weak in principle, temptation lurks in every street, and vice puts on her most attractive garb. But should the number of the vicious excuse the apathy of the good? No! Should the degree of shame prevent inquiry? No! Should the stolid ignorance of the crowd make feeble and of no avail the voice of education? No! Should the unthankfulness of the moral leper prevent our pouring the balm of pity and assistance into his wounds? No! Should the worse than indifference of the unbelieving close the hand and still the voice of charity and religion? Emphatically, No! We have grown serious. It is a serious subject, and we shall erewhile resum it.

JOHNSON JEX.—A STUDY FOR THE MILLION.

Lately, at Letheringsett, near Norwich, died a learned blacksmith, worthy of something more than provincial fame. Altogether this man, whose name was Jex, seems to have been an extraordinary character. A short account of his life and of his mechanical inventions will doubtless interest our readers, for *he* did not belong to the "crowd of those who are faithfully stamped like bank-notes, with the same marks, with the difference only of being worth more guineas or fewer." A single sentence may serve to give a comprehensive description of this remarkable man—he was pre-eminently "an original thinker." He took nothing for granted, but reasoned deeply upon every subject that presented itself for his consideration.

Johnson Jex was the son of William Jex, a blacksmith, and was born at Billingford, in this county, in or about the year 1788. In his boyhood he was sent to a day-school, but he has often been heard to say that although he was *sent* off to school for years, he never *went* three months in his life. He frequently walked to Foulsham instead, to look in at the shop window of Mr. Mayes, a watchmaker, who resided there. He did not even learn to read or write at school, but taught himself afterwards. His mechanical talent manifested itself at a very early age. When about five years old he was left alone in a room at his grandmother's, at Cley-next-the-Sea, and employed his time in taking a lock off a drawer with an old knife, "to see what was in it."

With regard to Jex's first experiment in clock-work, the following anecdote is related. When about twelve or thirteen years of age, a watchmaker went to his mother's house to clean her clock. Jex watched him while he took it in pieces, cleaned the works, and put them together again. No sooner had he left, than the boy determined to try whether he could not do the same. He at once went to work, and completed his task with all the skill and exactitude of an experienced hand. (He did not mention this circumstance till several years afterwards.) From that time he began to turn his attention to watch and clock making, and, *without having served an apprenticeship*, eventually attained great excellence in the art. When about thirteen years old he became acquainted with Mr. Mayes, of whom mention has already been made. Mr. Mayes' attention was first attracted towards Jex by frequently observing him look in at his window. He at length asked him what he wanted. Jex replied, "he wished to see *that thing*"—pointing to a newly-invented instrument for either clock or watch-making. Mr. Mayes showed it him, but did not allow him to touch it. Jex declared he "could make one like it," and he accordingly did so in about a month. Mr. Mayes was delighted with the talent and ingenuity displayed by the boy, and from that time took great pleasure in showing him anything connected with his business. At his death he left Jex a legacy of £50, as a proof of the high esteem he entertained for him.

In early life Jex was by no means robust in health, and he afterwards declared his belief that working at the bout-hammer, at the blacksmith's anvil, had been the means of strengthening his constitution and saving his life. Some particulars of Jex's early history are given in Young's "General View of the Agriculture of the County of Norfolk." We subjoin the following extract, written about the year 1802. "Under the head Implements, I must not conclude without mentioning a person of most extraordinary mechanical talents. Mr. Jex, a young blacksmith, at Billingford, at 16 years of age, having heard that there was such a machine as a way-measurer, he reflected by what machinery the result could be produced, and set to work to contrive one; the whole was his own invention. It was done, as might be expected, in a round-about way, a motion too accelerated, corrected by additional wheels, but throughout the complicity such accurate calculations were the basis of his work, that when finished and tried it was perfectly correct without alteration. His inventive talents are unquestionable. He has made a machine for cutting watch pinions, a depthening tool, a machine for cutting and finishing watch-wheel teeth, of his own invention, a clock-barrel and fusee engine, made without ever seeing anything of the kind. He made a clock, the teeth of the wheels cut with a hack saw, and the balance with a half-round file. He has made an electrical machine, and a powerful horse-shoe magnet. Upon being shown by Mr. Munnings a common barrow-drill, the delivery by a notched cylinder, he invented and wrought an absolute new delivery; a brass cylinder, with holes, having moveable plugs governed by springs which clean the holes or cups, throwing out the seed of any size with great accuracy; and not liking the application of the springs on the outside of the cylinder, reversed the whole, and in a second, now making, placed them most ingeniously within it. He has not yet failed in anything he has undertaken; he makes everything himself—he models and casts them in iron and brass, having a powerful wind-furnace of his own invention. It is melancholy to see such a genius employed in all the work of a common blacksmith. However, he is only 23 years of age, and I am mistaken greatly if he does not ere long move in a much higher sphere. This is not a country in which such talents can long lie buried; a mind so occupied has had no time for vicious habits; he is a very sober, honest young man, and bears an excellent character."

Unhappily for the interests of science, the talents which excited admiration at so early an age, and which expanded with the growth of years, were destined to remain for ever buried in obscurity. Shortly after Young's notice of him was written, Jex removed to Letheringsett, near Holt, where he worked as a common blacksmith till within the last thirty years. Since that time he has employed workmen in the practical part of his business, but he continued till his decease to live in the house adjoining the blacksmith's shop. His mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, was his companion until her death, which took place about twenty years ago. Since then Jex has led a life of complete solitude—*a scientific anchorite*. No monk, bound by the vows of his order, ever devoted himself more completely to the service of his church than did Jonathan Jex to the pursuit of science. For this he "lived, moved, and had his being." His thirst for knowledge of every kind was so great that no obstacles in the way of its attainment appeared insurmountable. His natural taste for mechanics led him to devote the greater part of his time to this branch of science; and some of his inventions were evidences of a splendid intellect conjoined with the power of severe and continuous application.

The first watch ever constructed by Jex was made after he had settled at Letheringsett, for his friend the Rev. T. Munnings, of Gorget, near Dereham. *Every part of this watch, including the silver face, and every tool employed in its construction, were of Jex's own making.* At Mr. Munning's request he engraved inside the watch these lines:—

> "I, Johnson Jex, a blacksmith bred,
> With some strange crankums in my head,
> And tools on which I could depend,
> By me invented for a friend.
> This time-piece made from end to end.
> If this your mind should still perplex,
> Behold my name—'tis Johnson Jex."

This watch was stolen by housebreakers, and the particular escapement adopted by Jex in its construction cannot now be ascertained. It is believed, however, to have resembled that known to watchmakers as the "*horizontal escapement*," as he actually made a "ruby cylinder" for this watch. This fact was mentioned to Arnold and Earnshaw, two celebrated London watchmakers. The former declared that a ruby cylinder could not be made out of the metropolis, and that only two or three Italians in London could make such a thing. Mr. Earnshaw said it might be *possible* to have a ruby cylinder made in the country, but it was not probable, and he expressed a great wish to see the "Village Blacksmith" who had achieved such a triumph of skill, offering at the same time to show him all possible attention. It was through the advice of Mr. Munnings that Jex once exhibited some agricultural implement of his own invention at the Holkham Sheep Shearing. Owing, however, either to its complicated structure or to some personal pique between Mr. Munnings and Mr Coke, its value was not appreciated. This so disgusted Jex that he declared he would never again bring his inventions before the public, and to this resolution he firmly adhered.

One of the greatest efforts of Jex's inventive powers was the construction of a gold chronometer, with what is technically termed a "*detached escapement*" and compensating balance, which was made long before he ever saw or heard of the "*de-*

tached escapement—the principle of which has since been so successfully applied by Arnold and Earnshaw. Jex turned the jewels himself, made the cases, the chain, the mainspring, and indeed every part of the watch except the dial. The very instruments with which he executed this wonderful piece of mechanism were of his own workmanship. It is only by watchmakers themselves that this triumph of skill can be adequately appreciated. *They* know that no single man is ever employed to make a complete chronometer, but that different parts of the mechanism are entrusted to different hands, and that many are employed upon a single watch. Several watchmakers refused to give credence to the statement when first told them, that Johnson Jex, a blacksmith, had made a chronometer by his own unassisted skill—more especially when informed that he had disdained to tread the beaten path, a servile imitator, but had applied an entirely new principle in its mechanism. The late Mr. Cozens, of London (whose name is familiar to most watchmakers), actually furnished Jex with the gold in its rough state, from which he manufactured the chronometer. It was made for the late Sir Jacob Astley. By a curious coincidence it afterwards fell into Mr. Cozens' hands, and was purchased as a curiosity by Mr. Blakely, of Norwich, in whose possession it still remains. Inside the case are engraved the words, "An original invention, by Johnson Jex." This chronometer was exhibited a few years ago at the Norwich Polytechnic.

Such was Jex's thirst for information, and such was his resolution to clear away every obstacle which impeded his progress, that, wishing to read some French works on Horology, he mastered, *unassisted*, the French language, when about 60 years of age! He then read the books in question, but found that they contained nothing that was new to him, he having become thoroughly acquainted with the subject by previous study of English authors.

Another of Jex's inventions was a LATHE of extraordinary power and ingenuity, which remained in his possession until his death. By means of this lathe he was enabled to cut the teeth of wheels mathematically correct into any number, even or odd, up to 2,000, by means of a dividing plate. He also constructed a lathe on a minute scale for turning diamonds, which is very complicated in its structure. He likewise invented an air-tight furnace door for his own greenhouse, so admirably constructed that the fire would keep lighted from Saturday night till Monday morning, thus obviating the necessity of his attending to it on the Sunday.

About ten years ago he invented a method of opening greenhouse windows for Mr. Cozens Hardy, by which means they can be set open at any required width, and so fastened that the wind has no power over them. The contrivance is *extremely simple*, and yet so effective that it deserves a patent, and ought to be *universally adopted*.

In addition to being a watchmaker, Jex was also an iron and brass founder, a glass blower, a maker of mathematical instruments, barometers, thermometers, gun barrels, air guns, &c. The latter he considered extremely unsafe, one of them having burst in his hand, after having been submitted to a severe proof. Jex understood electricity, galvanism, electro-magnetism, &c., and had a thorough knowledge of chemistry as far as the metals are concerned. He had in his workshop an electrical machine, which he once employed in a ludicrous way. He had been very much annoyed by a dog which kept constantly paying him visits, and was decidedly "more free than welcome." Jex resolved to cure the dog of its propensity, and accordingly charged his machine, and then baited the wire attached to it with a piece of meat. When next the dog appeared it eagerly seized the dainty morsel, but a severe shock in its nose so terrified the poor animal that it instantly took to its heels, and from that time forth was never seen in Jex's yard.

Amongst other sciences, Jex understood astronomy, and could calculate the time by the fixed stars. In taking astronomical observations, he was accustomed to make use of his own door-posts and a chimney opposite. His knowledge of astronomy, *as of everything else*, was SELF-ACQUIRED.

He made telescopes and *metallic reflectors*, which are universally acknowledged to be extremely difficult of construction. He puzzled his brains for some time on the question of "perpetual motion," but at length gave it up as unattainable.

We feel ourselves utterly incapable of doing justice to Jex as a man of science. It is probable that comparatively few of his successful experiments were ever made known to any other person; consequently many of his most important inventions have doubtless died with their author. It is melancholy to reflect upon such a waste of talent. He was often urged to a more suitable field for the exercise of his powers, but could never be induced to leave the secluded village in which he had fixed his home. He never visited London; and it is even believed that he was never out of the county which gave him birth. He had a great dislike to travelling, and never saw a railway train, although he lived within twelve miles of a station.

Some sixty years ago, when he was a mere boy, Jex first heard steam spoken of as a motive power of irresistible force. The boy thought its power was over-estimated, and resolved to test it by a most original experiment. He first partially filled a gun barrel with water, which he stopped up with a strong plug. He then put the barrel into the blacksmith's forge, and in process of time steam was generated, and the plug of course forced out. Jex needed no further experiment to prove the power of steam. He was a first-rate arithmetician, and could work very complicated calculations. His reasoning powers were of the finest order; nevertheless, paradoxical as it may appear, he was in some things extremely superstitious. For instance, he would never *begin* anything on a Saturday, and he used to say that therein he followed his mother's example. He was naturally a timid man, and excessively afraid of contagion: yet he lived in a state of filth which was almost sufficient of itself to generate disease. He never allowed a woman to enter his house for the sake of cleaning it, and his rooms consequently contained the accumulated dust of years. His disposition was shy and retiring, but whenever he met with any one whose tastes were similar to his own, he would converse for hours with the greatest delight upon any subject connected with the arts and sciences. He was a man of the strictest integrity, and of unimpeachable veracity. He was *entirely* destitute of the love of money, and sought out truth *for its own sake*, and with no view to any personal gain. Such an example is rare indeed in this grasping and selfish age. He was kind in his manner to the poor, and rarely sent a mendicant away without relief. He was naturally very humane, and of which the following is one proof. He used to keep bees, but could not endure the idea of being obliged to burn them in order to get the honey. He therefore invented a new kind of beehive, which entirely prevented the necessity of perpetrating what he considered to be an act of cruelty.

As a proof of the sterling uprightness of Jex's dealings, we must mention a highly characteristic incident. He was fond of music, and meeting with a second-hand barrel organ, purchased it for £6. When he got it home he fancied the price he had given was below its real value, and he therefore sent the person of whom he had bought it £2 additional. This may be thought by some too trivial a circumstance to be recorded here, but it will not by those who remember that very "extensive prospects may be seen through small openings." The character of J. Jex is one in which the moral philosopher may find ample scope for the exercise of his analytical powers. He was a "man of mark," whose giant intellect burst the barriers of opposing circumstances, and forced for itself a way into light and liberty. He reminds us forcibly of Burns' familiar lines—

> "'The *rank* is but the guinea's stamp,
> The *man's* the gowd for a' that."

Jex's personal appearance was prepossessing. He was about the average height, and well proportioned. He had a pleasing expression of countenance, and when engaged in conversation, a very animated one. His eye was bright and intelligent, and he had a *remarkably* fine head, a cast of which has been taken by Bianchi, a Norwich artist.

Johnson Jex was addicted to no vice whatever, but though strictly moral in all his actions, we fear he was not governed by the higher principles of religion. On this subject, however, it behoves us to be silent, remembering that his immortal spirit is in the hands of that Being who can alone discover the secret springs of action in that most wonderful of all mechanisms—*the human heart*.

Jex was hardly ever known to attend public worship. The

last sermon he heard was one preached many years ago, at Cromer, by the Rev. W. Brock, with whom he was personally acquainted. He listened with marked attention, and afterwards expressed himself highly delighted with the sermon.

In 1845, Jex had a stroke of paralysis, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered. His intellect gradually lost much of its original power, and the last year or two especially, a very marked alteration was perceptible. He was again attacked with paralysis in November last, and his death took place on the 5th of last month. His remains are interred in Letheringsett churchyard.

Thus lived and thus died Johnson Jex, whose history forcibly exemplifies the truth of Gray's lines—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

THE WORKMEN OF EUROPE.

M. Blanqui, the great French political economist, in an article on the Exhibition, expressed his regret that we had not an exhibition of workmen as well as of manufactures last year. The idea is a very good one—but unfortunately now it is an after thought. The time has gone by for its realisation. We can now have only a mental review of the workmen, whose wonders a whole world came to see. M. Blanqui attempts something of the kind. We abridge his sketch for the edification of our readers. He begins with the Englishman. The English workman, he says, is a being apart; having his manners, his habits, his vices, his virtues, his pride, his modes of working, and his amusements, peculiar to himself. His mirth and his gloom resemble no other. The miners, the spinners, the weavers, the builders, the stokers, all the workmen engaged in manufacture, have almost nothing in common with those employed in agriculture. The workmen engaged in manufacture all evidently identify themselves with the regularity of their machines, under the influence, I had almost said despotism, of the division of labour. They are compelled to go and to come, forward, and backward, like the machines *which employ them;* the machine commands and they obey. Their task is regulated with mathematical precision, and their arms make as many movements as the brake-wheels make revolutions. After some time the result is a species of automatic life, a frightful monotony, from which the workman only escapes in his leisure moments by strong and gross excitements, by intemperance, which leads to drunkenness, and this drunkenness itself is of a gloomy and savage nature.

The manufacturing system has likewise profoundly modified the character of the English workman. He lives less in the midst of his family, and belongs much more to his fellow-workmen than to his children. His existence has ceased to be domestic. From the commencement he enrolled in one of the thousands of societies which abound throughout the country, and which, if need be, easily assume the attitude of coalition. The workman's forum is the meeting-place of his trades' union; it is the club of which he forms part, the economic and industrial association to which he is affiliated. These associations are reckoned in England by thousands; they form veritable tribes, which have their regulations, their prejudices, their exigencies—nay, even their superstitions. The spinners and the printers of Manchester, the hosiers of Nottingham, the cutlers of Sheffield, the smiths of Wolverhampton, the potters of Burslem, the colliers of Newcastle, the ribbon weavers of Coventry, the cloth weavers of Leeds, form as many industrial armies, obeying the voice of their chiefs, each ranged under his own banner, and in reality distinguished by a kind of peculiar physiognomy easily recognisable.

The wives and children of these workmen generally follow the vocation of their husbands and fathers. They thus get inured to them at an early age, at least in those branches of industry which admit of the employment of women and children, and they at last acquire faults and physical and moral qualities which are really characteristic. Their costume never varies; a spinner, a mender, a collier, a smith, are always nearly dressed in the same manner, and even their hair, particularly amongst the women, is arranged according to their vocation with invariable regularity. Their minds, incessantly bent upon the same object, eventually acquire a gift of second sight, which often, without instruction, leads them to discover improvements of important details. It is seldom, however, that their thoughts travel beyond the regions of the factory and of material enjoyments, and it is a distinctive trait in their character, that none of them dream of making their fortune as politicians, neither does ambition penetrate their souls. They like labour for its own sake, and it is a great point of self-love with them to devote themselves to it conscientiously and perseveringly. There is a great deal of affinity between them and their machines. They have little initiative, of taste and ideas, and they are infinitely less artistical than ours.

The French workman is nearly in every respect the opposite of the English one. His dependance, proud and haughty, always resembles a concession, and he deems himself attached to a temporary yoke rather than to a permanent workshop. His exactness and his stability nowise partake of the English fatality and resignation; he would be ever ready to go, and to give notice, rather than to receive it. He is more gay, more lively, more talkative, more of a reasoner; and, since the contagion of politics has entered our manufactories, he has become imperious, cavilling, *important*, and rather occupies himself with the government of the state than that of his looms. Among many, business is looked upon as an affair of circumstance and of necessity; they occupy themselves with it because it is necessary to live, and hitherto politics have not yet discovered the secret of supplying masses of men with a livelihood without labour; but their minds are, in reality, elsewhere, and in quest of perpetual and undeniable amelioration.

The real French workman is the workman of art, and it must be said, whatever may be their faults, such are the Parisian workmen. There are excellent workmen throughout France; there are only perfect ones in Paris. Our weavers of cloth and our spinners of cotton resemble, in many respects, the English workmen of their categories; but the Lyonnese workman, the designer of Mulhouse, the operative manufacturer of shawls, he who makes the ribbons of St. Etienne, have always required to receive from Paris *the secret influence*, either by means of the design, or by the idea of the *order explained*, to reach perfection. Paris is like a large school of taste, which gives the tone and the colour. It is there, in fact, that are formed in innumerable schools of design, mostly gratuitous, these legions of ingrates, so intelligent and so able, who have acquired their talent in establishments maintained by governments which, every ten or fifteen years, they take so much pleasure in upsetting.

If you examine well, you will find in the provinces a host of remarkable special manufactures. Doubtless excellent guns are made at Chatellerault, and at St. Etienne; but it is in Paris alone that beautiful arms are made. Watchmaking is carried on very economically and very ingeniously in Franche-Comte; but it is in Paris that the finishing-stroke is put to these watches, and it is there only (I am only speaking of France) that they are worthy of their name. Good locks are unquestionably manufactured in Picardy, and which are not dear; but the great lockmakers—the masters of the art—are all in Paris. It is thence that all inspirations emanate. The Chamber of Commerce of that city is now engaged in printing a book which will be exceedingly curious, and which will clearly expain this economic phenomenon; it is a faithful statement of all the professions exercised in that great city, street by street, and, to some degree, man by man; an analysed register of that ingenious, intrepid, and capricious ant-hill called the workpeople of Paris.

There will appear, for the first time complete, the nomenclature of these ancient branches of industry, whose products, known under the name of Parisian articles, are spread over the entire world, and which know no rivals. Nowhere is such furniture made; nowhere are toys, bronzes, paper-hangings, tapestry, articles of fashion, umbrellas, ornaments, and those thousands of trifles which represent millions in value, produced better than in Paris. This vast industrial encyclopædia comprises entire streets of the capital, the streets St. Denis and St. Martin, the street of the Faubourg St. Antoine, the street Grenetat, the street Bourg l'Abbe, the two streets of the Temple, where more than one unknown genius produces master-pieces at wretched prices, and frequently imparts value to nameless materials—to lucifer-matches, for instance, which absorb, it will hardly be believed, the whole timber-yards. But the greater part of these branches of industry are nearly entirely domestic; they are carried out, like the works of the milliners and lacemakers, in circumscribed workshops, in which the most skilful mechanical resources frequently

secure the independence of the workman, who is paid by the piece, and who manufactures articles for which he has received or furnished the raw material according to the extent of his small capital. It is this mode of labour, common to the Parisian and the Lyonnese workman, which imparts to both a peculiar physiognomy amongst all the races of French and foreign workmen. London does not produce the immense variety of articles that are made at Paris. Mechanism governs everything, and individual labour does not strive to seize on that part of its domain in which all the marvels of our capital are produced, under the inspiration of the taste which distinguishes its artists. Sevres, the Gobelins, the Savonnerie, are the types of that brilliant school of decoration whose lustre has shone over the entire of French industry, to the eternal honour of those who have laid or strengthened their foundations.

The more I study the question of workmen employed in manufactures, the more I remain convinced that the true vocation of ours is to excel in those branches of industry which can do without protection, and live an independent life by inspiring themselves with the sacred fire of art. The English so thoroughly understand the French superiority in this respect, that for some time they have made unheard-of efforts to encourage, amongst the good workmen, the study of drawing, and the cultivation of the beautiful, so necessary to the useful. Wanting their own, they borrow our workmen, thus implicitly admitting that neither the progress of machinery nor the low price of freights, nor the abundance of capital, can compensate for the absence of taste, which is also a creator of value. Open the lists of the jury awards, and you will see how powerfully this peculiar French element of wealth has weighed in the balance; which has charmed the judges, after having excited the admiration of the entire world. The works of the Lyonnese will probably remain the most brilliant souvenir of this memorable struggle.

A third family of workmen has appeared with *eclat* on the great stage of the Universal Exhibition; these are the workmen of the German region, in which are comprised all those of Prussia, of Austria, and those of the other German states. They are less known, and have hitherto made less noise, than the French and the English, because they are less agglomerated, less compact. German manufacture, with the exception of that of some towns or valleys renowned for their industrial establishments, is, as it were, lost and drowned in the wave of rural populations, which are the predominating element of that portion of Europe. But the German workmen have just proved of what they are capable, and the world has beheld with admiration a host of products created by them, worthy to compete with those of the most advanced nations. The Imperial Printing-office of Vienna has obtained a council medal, whilst the National Printing-office of Paris has only obtained the prize one. The Prussian founders have covered themselves with immortal glory. The Austrian cabinetmakers have appeared to me likely to become more redoubtable rivals to those of the Faubourg St. Antoine than those of any other country in the world.

Hitherto, however, these skilful men have only been imitators in everything. The German workman invents little, but he copies marvellously well—not servilely, but by imparting to his works a peculiar stamp of *naivete*. They are less mechanical than the English, and less artistical than the French; but they rather incline to the French style, wanting, however, their elegance, which they sometimes happily replace by the natural and the simple, when they do not degenerate into mannerism. Their habits are, generally, tolerably temperate. The English eat; the Germans smoke intemperately, by day, by night, I had almost said at meal-times, in bed—it is frightful; and if this habit would persist in developing itself, Germany would become uninhabitable. One of my greatest apprehensions is to see the ruinous taste penetrate into our workshops, where it injures and stupefies the children, and causes amognst them more serious ravages than is generally believed. The German workman lives much more in the midst of his family than the other workmen of Europe; and although the absurd spirit of communism is at this moment infecting the German world beyond all conception, the old fundamental qualities which distinguish it will struggle a long time against the tendencies of the evil genius which has been introduced, it must be admitted, into Germany by the students and the universities. The German workman is patient and thoughtful; he has much more sensibility than the English workman; much less elegance than the French one. He likes to infuse sentiment into his works; and I might mention works in Bohemian glass, toys of Nuremberg, porcelain of Saxony, even printed calicoes and clocks, which bear strong evidences of this tendency, which might be called pastoral, if it did not frequently degenerate into the trivial and vulgar.

On the whole they are a race of men now very much advanced. They have gradually profited by the discoveries and processes of France and England, and, after having, for a long time, made common woollen cloths in Silesia, they now manufacture very fine ones at Aix-la-Chapelle. The abolition of barriers between German states, consequent on the establishment of the Zollverein, has contributed, in no trifling degree, to give to German industry an impulse which has not ceased to grow under the influence of the habits of order and economy of its manufacturing population, and by the aid of the numerous hydraulic movers spread over the whole surface of the country. Germany will not arrest its progress in so noble a path, and, notwithstanding the efforts which have been made to allure it to the beaten track of protection, it will complete its interior enfranchisement by the speedy conquest of freedom of commerce.

The Spanish workmen do not deserve the fourth rank in the great working family of Europe, judging only from the actual importance of the products which they have sent to the Exhibition; the Belgian and the Swiss would have the right to take precedence. But Belgium and Switzerland gravitate in the orbits of France and Germany, and their workmen, nearly equally distributed between agriculture and manufactures, are not so original as those of Spain. Spanish workmen are, more than is generally imagined, choice men, remarkable for vigour as well as suppleness, and nearly all of proverbial sobriety. I have been surprised on going through the manufactories of Catalonia, at the frugality of their habits, and their liveliness, and their admirable aptitude for labour. Their intelligence and activity are well calculated to surprise those who judge of Spain from the reputation of indolence and effeminacy enjoyed by its inhabitants. The Gallicians, the Basques, and the Asturians, are first-rate workmen; those of Andalusia not less so, and I have found in the province of Valencia, unjustly renowned for its idleness, workmen endowed with as great an energy and ingenuity as those engaged in our silk manufactures of Lyons and Avignon. The contagion of Socialism has not yet penetrated amongst these vigorous and poetic populations. They are, doubtless, much behindhand as regards education, and do not possess all the resources of machinery of the English workmen; neither are they endowed with the indefatigable and serious perseverance which characterise them; but they are eminently fitted for industrial pursuits, and the sacred light of ancient art which has shone in Spain is on the point of being rekindled amongst them. The two last expositions of Madrid, although very incomplete, have raised the most legitimate hopes in this respect. The Spanish workman is in the path of progress, since the fall of the regime which favoured idleness and recklessness in this country; as soon as the greater portion of the convents were transformed into factories, other manners commenced to prevail; and I know robust monks who have become excellent spinners.

Spanish industry cannot fail to revive, in conditions compatible with the country, thanks to the peculiar facilities which the workman is assured of finding in the mildness of the climate, the abundance of raw materials, and, above all, the richness of its mineral products. It will be long before Spain will have to dread the invasion of the doctrines which have perverted the moral sense of the other working populations of Europe. "The workman of that country," according to the expression of M. Ramon de la Sagra, "knows not yet to curse the hand that pays him; he accepts labour as a duty, never as a yoke; he obeys from conviction and from habit, and he preserves his pride and his integrity in the humblest station." Would I could say the same of the Italians; but there is no longer an Italy. Italy no longer belongs to herself, and does not know herself; and but for the vigour of Piedmont, which her recent misfortunes have not yet been able to cast down, and which carries in her bosom the destinies of the Peninsula, we should have to look to the past rather than glimpse at the future for the glory and prosperity of the Italian workman.

MISCELLANEA.

Iron Vessels in the Indian Seas.—An iron vessel, called the Three Bells, which has just arrived from Australia *via* Calcutta, furnishes a very satisfactory proof that the objection against the use of iron in the Indian Seas on account of the impossibility of preventing it from fouling can be effectually overcome. The Three Bells was coated with the protective paint which has lately been brought into use, and she has returned, it is said, without any barnacles and with less fouling than many coppered vessels coming off a voyage from Calcutta only. This vessel was built at Dumbarton for the Australian trade, but her first trip was to the St. Lawrence, on which occasion she made the passage from Quebec to Glasgow in 15 days and 11 hours. She is 730 tons, old measurement, and her hold is divided into five water tight compartments. Her time from Calcutta was 111 days.

Smoking and Paralysis.—A leading medical practitioner, at Brighton, has lately given a list of sixteen cases of paralysis, produced by smoking, which came under his own knowledge within the last six months. Then, the expense is ruinous. Many young men smoke eighteen cigars per diem, besides what they give to their friends. Not long ago, I heard an inveterate smoker, whose entire income could scarcely have amounted to three hundred a year, declare that his cigars alone cost him one hundred and fifty. He drew the long bow, of course; but if fifty was the truth, it was bad enough. A curious phase in the disease is the taste for short, dirty pipes, black with age, use, and abomination, which has crept in lately. Every third dandy you meet has one of these in his cheek. The cutty and the cigar hold divided reign. Several speculators, during the last year, traversed Ireland, buying up sackloads of these indigenous productions, which they sold again in London at an enormous premium. The peculiar aroma, so much coveted, is only to be met with in specimens of the *dhudeen*, which have passed through many mouths in successive generations, and have become family relics. Even in Boston, in the United States, in the land where, according to some naturalists, children are born with lighted cigars in their mouths, there is a law against smoking in the streets, and penalties inflicted on the offender. With all our respect for our transatlantic brethren, and their matchless energies, we scarcely expected to have received from them such a lesson in refined civilisation. The remarks of Cob, the water carrier, on this subject, in Ben Jonson's play, two hundred and fifty years ago, are as applicable in 1851, as if they were written the day before yesterday:—"By Gad's me, I marvel what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this same filthy, roguish tobacco! It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers. There were four died out of one house last week with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yesternight. One of them, they say, will never 'scape it. By the stocks, an' there were no wiser men than I, I'd have it present whipping, man or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco pipe. Why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it. It's little better than ratsbane or rosaker."

A Cumberland Dish.—Two calf-feet after having been well cleaned, are boiled for two hours, and then potatoes in quarters are added, with onions, pepper, and salt, letting them boil the usual time. When this is poured into a large dish, it will make a dinner for four persons, and will cost only eightpence. What is left will make a cold jelly for supper.

Indian Cave Temples.—These cave temples bear a very striking resemblance, as regards internal form and arrangement, to our own old Norman churches, having, like them, the threefold division into nave and aisles, as also what answers to the apsidal termination. Over the nave is a waggon vault, the aisles being formed with a flat roof. In the most ancient of these viharas and chaityas, we find but little ornament and no idolatrous statues, whereas, in the latter and, to us perhaps, the most interesting specimens, we see greater magnificence and artistic display, the walls and roofs being covered with frescoes, the pillars sculptured, and the interiors having a multitudinous array of statues, which, by the bye, are not confined to images of Buddha himself, but represent his followers of both sexes. These male and female saints were regarded with about the same amount of superstitious awe and foolish veneration as is accorded to the saints of some Christian calendars.

The Avocations of Mr. Barnum.—It is impossible to repress a feeling of astonishment at the activity and speculative enterprises of Mr. Barnum. The following are only a few of his employments:—He owns Iranistan, a sort of Moorish Palace, near Bridgeport, Connecticut, which cost about 150,000 dollars. There Mr. B. resides with his family, going down to New York by railroad in the morning, and returning before dark. He owns the American Museum in New York, and "Barnum's Travelling Menagerie," comprising upwards of one hundred and forty men and horses. He sent three ships to Ceylon and Borneo, in the Indian Ocean, to obtain wild animals. One was lost on her return. The next brought the huge elephant, &c. that composes this menagerie; and the third is on her way with a cargo of similarly rare curiosities. He had the Bateman children, and a dramatic company of St. James's Theatre in London—a body of not less than fifty persons employed by him. He has the Chinese Family, and their attendants, now at the Albert Gate, London, employing ten persons more. He is getting up an immense panorama of the World's Fair, having sent a corps of celebrated artists to London, for the purpose of sketching it on the spot. He is the General Manager and the active working Director of Phillips' Patent Fire Annihilator Company for the United States, and is driving, with his accustomed energy, that invention to a height of popularity. He is, and has been, for years, President of the Fairfield County (Conn.) Agricultural Society. He is President of the "Pequannock Bank," and regularly attends its preliminary meetings. He is an Odd-Fellow—a Son of Temperance—a "member of the Temperance Temple of Honour"—a Rechabite, and a popular temperance lecturer—assiduously attentive to all the duties appertaining to all these positions. Last of all, he is to be, it is said, the Governor of one of the States!

Newspapers in Omnibusses.—Within the last few days the conductors of the Islington omnibusses have introduced the use of the daily papers. A good sized bracket is placed against the top or end of the vehicle, in which these papers are placed, and a request is printed underneath that all passengers using the journals will, when done with them, replace them in the bracket, and also deposit a penny for the reading in a small box affixed above.

Wise Gaiety *v.* Foolish Gravity.—It was a saying of Paley that he who is not a fool half the time, is a fool the whole time. Robert Hall, who held a similar opinion, on being reproached by a very dull preacher with the exclamation—"How can a man who preaches like you talk in so trifling a manner?" replied, "There, brother, is the difference between us: you talk your nonsense in the pulpit—I talk mine out of it." The eminent Dr. Crotcht being in the midst of a frolic on one occasion, and seeing a dignified unbending countenance approaching, exclaimed, "Stop! we must be grave now! there is a fool coming!"

Duration of Life among the Clergy.—The following is an extract from the *Medical Times*:—"This paper was the first of a series of communications which Dr. Guy proposed addressing to the society on the duration of life among the members of the several professions. A preliminary inquiry into the subjects, based on the facts extracted from the obituaries of the 'Annual Register,' was brought under the notice of the British Association in September, 1846, and was subsequently published in the ninth volume of the 'Statistical Society.' In that essay it was shown that the clergy are longer lived than the members of other professions, though they do not live so long as the rural population of England, and not so long by several years as agricultural labourers. The facts contained in the present communication tended to confirm the results established in the former essay, by showing a very favourable duration among the clergy; but detailed comparisons of one profession with another were necessarily reserved till the completion of the contemplated series of papers. The essay was illustrated by several tables; among others, by tables comparing the clergy of cities and towns with those of rural places, the married with the single clergy, and the clergy of past times with those of the present day. It resulted from these tables, which were admitted to be based in some points, on too small a number of facts, that the clergy of rural districts had an advantage of more than two years over those in cities and towns, and the married of more than five years over the single. The duration of life among the clergy in the last three centuries appears to have been remarkably steady, with signs of recent improvement. The last table of the series contrasted the average age, at death, of popes, archbishops, bishops of the Established Church, and Romish saints. The popes, being appointed very late in life, attained the greatest mean age, exceeding that of the archbishops and bishops by about one year, the latter surviving the Romish saints by about two years. This abbreviation of life in the case of the saints of the Roman calendar may probably be attributed in part to celibacy, in part to the ascetic practices to which some of them were addicted."

SOUND ADVICE.—"Know," said Sir W. Raleigh to his son, "that flatterers are the worst kind of traitors, for they will strengthen thy imperfections, encourage thee in all evils, correct thee in nothing, but so shadow and paint thy follies and vices, as thou shalt never, by their will, discover good from evil, or vice from virtue. And because all men are apt to flatter themselves, to entertain the addition of other men's praises is most perilous. If thy friends be of better quality than thyself, thou mayest be sure of two things—first, that they will be more careful to keep thy counsel, because they have more to lose than thou hast; the second, they will esteem thee for thyself, and not for that which thou dost not possess."

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—A Swiss journal furnishes us with the following romantic tale of real life:—A married couple, who had for several years lived in a state of anti-conjugal harmony, determined to part, and made an appointment with each other to meet at a notary's to sign the deed of separation. To arrive at the office of the man of law they had to cross a lake, and, as it happened, they both embarked in the same boat. On their passage a storm arose, and the boat was upset. The husband, being a good swimmer, soon reached the shore in safety. On looking round to see the fate of his fellow-passengers, he distinguished his wife still struggling for her life, and in imminent danger. A feeling of his early affections returned to him, and plunging again into the water, he swam to her and succeeded in rescuing her. When she recovered her senses, and learned to whom she owed her life, she threw herself into his arms, and he embraced her with equal cordiality; they then vowed an oblivion of all their differences, and that they would live and die together.

BOOKS FOR THE FIRE.—Young readers—you, whose hearts are open, whose understandings are not yet hardened, and whose feelings are neither exhausted nor encrusted by the world, take from me a better rule than any professors of criticism will teach you! Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful, may after all be innocent, and that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others? and disposed you to relax in that self-government without which both the laws of God and man tell there can be no virtue, and consequently no happiness? Has it tended to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you have felt that such were the effects that it was intended to produce—throw the book in the fire, whatever name it may bear on the title page! Throw it in the fire, young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend: young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rosewood book-case.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN FOSTER wishes to know if we can recommend the National Emigration Association as a safe investment. We really must decline answering such questions. If you wish to emigrate, put by your money, and go out as an independent man, and then you can choose for yourself.

WILLIAM asks if the shape of a man's head is a true criterion of his mental faculties? Yes, but it does not follow from this that the pretensions of phrenology are true. There are certain general classifications about which there can be no doubt. The broad head of the man of business, the lofty forehead of the idealist, are true criterions of character. About the skull of the idiot or the savage there can be no mistake.

J. R. SOUTHTOWN.—We believe you can only get Drew's works now at the second-hand bookshops. We are not aware that they have been republished lately.

A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER says he is twenty-three, and finds his hair turning grey. He wants to know if the hair can be preserved from turning grey. We fear not; we know of no remedy. The hair of some men turns grey very early. As a general rule, the healthier a man is, and the healthier life he leads, the less likely is the hair to turn grey.

S. H. asks us what we think of the plan recommended by a contemporary, viz., to copy out from some standard writer 30 or 40 lines every morning, and forcing the memory to supply as many equivalent words as possible. We do not recommend the plan. You want to gain conversational power. That can only be got by practice. Get clear ideas upon conversational subjects; go into society and express those ideas. Practice makes perfect. You will learn to talk in time. If there are any intelligent women in your circle, learn to talk to them, and you will get—if it is to be got by you at all—the grace and the ease and the vivacity you want.

S. B.—Acts of Parliament take their title from the year in which they are passed. The instance you give—27 Hen. VIII. c. 25—means the twenty-seventh year of Henry VIII., the 25th chapter. You ask if the Queen can create a Lord Mayor?—Certainly not. Is the title conferred on mayors of cities?—Certainly not. We have only two Lord Mayors in England—their graces of London and of York.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.—We much question whether the coin you possess is a genuine one. At any rate we cannot tell its value without seeing it.

SYMPATHIZER.—The government inspector of coal mines can only inquire into accidents after they have happened. We fear these terrible disasters arise either from the cupidity of the masters or the recklessness of the men, and cannot be prevented by Government or Government-inspectors. Our attention has been called to this matter, for it has been our duty to attend inquests held on lives thus lost; and our opinion is, if men and masters are thus negligent, it is in vain that Government-inspectors inquire into such matters, and show how they may be remedied.

C. DASH.—If you want information respecting the American liners, you had better write to Tapscott and Co., Liverpool, emigration agents.

L. W. X.—The operation for restoring the nose is frequently performed. You had better call at one of the London hospitals, and learn the particulars there.

M. I. K.—We are not aware that Gibbon wrote anything beside his great work, the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." We cannot answer your other questions.

A CONSTANT READER wishes to know what is the precise meaning of the terms master and journeymen. In the dictionaries he will find a master defined to be one who has servants, and the same authorities declare a journeyman to be a hired workman. An artist working by the day or week on his employer's premises may be considered as a journeyman, but we don't think in common conversation such a title would be applied to him.

CASCA,—There is no index published with the "Illustrated Exhibitor." The covers for the volume are 1s. 9d., and may be had at our office or of any bookseller. THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND will make two half yearly volumes.

SAMUEL KONEY.—"Tacitus's Annals"—not Letters, as you write—and "Cæsar's Commentaries" are both translated into English, and may be had in many forms. We recommend you the translations which have been published by Mr. Bohn in his Classical Library.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We should be glad to oblige you and three of your friends, but we really do not know the form in which "Our Evenings" is published.

A. B. wishes to know if we can recommend him how to acquire information relative to emigration, more especially as to Australia, New Zealand, and America. A "Hand-book" will speedily be published at our office, that will contain all the information he wants.

C. A. S. writes: "Suppose I married a deceased wife's sister, who is a minor, and she also died in her minority, leaving a personal estate, who would become possessed of it?" Her nearest relative.

AN ACTRESS writes to us to know what is the best paint for the cheeks? We really are so little accustomed to paint ourselves, or to mix with ladies who do, that we really cannot answer her question. When we first read the question, we did not observe the signature, and were going to write in a very moral way upon the subject. However, we know actors and actresses must paint; if they did not, at a distance their faces would be hardly discernible; and so we do not censure our actress, but only regret that she must have recourse to a custom so destructive of all personal charms as the use of paint.

S. L. B.—We are not afraid of a controversy with you. We stated that at this time the real preacher is the press. You ask what then is a minister? Why a preacher too, and a power that has been a blessing to the world, and we trust will long remain so. We say that the pen reaches further and its impression abides longer than the living voice; and you then ask is it then of more importance? We beg respectfully to answer, yes. We repeat that the great masses of the people are neither chapel nor church-goers. We regret this; but if it be a fact, we are not to be blamed for stating it. The real cause of this is a matter of serious importance to Christian men. It may be the fault of the people. It may be the fault of the ministers. That is a question we do not care to discuss. The Rev. George Gilfillan tells us "the pulpit ought to expand and become less of an egg-cup and more of an arena." This language may be true or not. The question is one we cannot discuss in our pages.

M. M. P.—The master, if he promises to give up his apprentice's indentures, we presume is morally bound to do so. What the law may compel him to do is another thing, and one that we cannot undertake to declare.

A. C. wishes to know if he, when of age, is legally liable for a warrant of attorney he was foolish enough to put his name to when a minor. We believe not.

W. W.—The Supplementary Numbers of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND are published as usual, and may be had at our office, or by ordering them of any bookseller.

L. S. B.—It is true the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill is passed, but it does not follow that the bill must be carried out because it is passed. Parliament would have enough to do were it to see that all the laws it made were put into action. The attorney-general for the time being would have hard work of it.

E. RAY.—The Hamiltonian system is a system of teaching languages by getting the learner to begin not with the grammar, but with reading at once. Several Greek and Latin books in accordance with the system are published by Taylor and Walton, Gower-street. The system is named after the inventor. If you want a really good Latin Dictionary, you must get Riddle's.

ENQUIRER.—There is no work of the kind you mention. The time is too recent for the historian. The revolutions of 1848 and 9 have yet to be worked up into history. Publications have appeared on them individually, but not aiming to do more than narrate facts.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE
WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I., NO. 21.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LION HUNT IN SOUTH AMERICA.

To we home sportsmen, who content ourselves with the slight excitements of August and September, who think a few brace of grouse or partridge sufficient reward for a day's toil, or who follow the timid hare, the wily fox, and the dappled roe, with as much speed and art as though they were really worth the catching; we know little of the real pleasures of hunting. Little! we know positively nothing of the adventurous excitement of the chase when a lion is the game. To realise what we never saw is almost—nay, quite, impossible. An extract, therefore, from the accounts of one who has joined in these perilous sports may not be uninteresting. We quote a passage from "Stevenson's Residence in South America:"—

"At Villavicencio I was highly entertained in hunting a *Pagi*, or Chilian lion. On our arrival, the people were preparing to destroy this enemy to their cattle: several dogs were collected from the neighbouring farms, and some of the young men of the surrounding country were in hopes of taking him alive with their lassos, and of afterwards baiting him in the village for the diversion of the ladies; whilst others were desirous of signalising the prowess of their favourite dogs. All of them were determined to kill this ravenous brute, which had caused much damage, particularly among their horses.

"At four o'clock we left the village, more than twenty in number, each leading a dog, and having a chosen lasso on his arm, ready to throw at a moment's warning. About a mile from the village we separated, by different by-roads, into five or six parties, the men taking the dogs on their horses, to prevent the possibility of the scent being discovered by the lion. All noise was avoided; even the smoking of cigars was dispensed with, lest the smell should alarm their prey, and they should lose their sport. The party which I joined consisted of five individuals. After riding about four miles, we arrived at a small rivulet, where a young colt was tied to a tree, having been taken there for that purpose. We then retired about three hundred yards, and the colt being alone began to neigh, which had the desired effect; for before sunset, one of our party, placed in advance, let go his dog and whistled, at which signal three other dogs were loosed, and ran towards the place where the colt had been left. We immediately followed, and soon found the lion withhis back against a tree, defending himself against his adversaries.

On our appearance he seemed inclined to make a start, and attempt an escape. The lassos were immediately in motion, when four more dogs came up, and shortly afterwards their masters, who, hearing the noise, had ridden to the spot as fast as the woods would permit them. The poor brute seemed now to fear the increase of his enemies. However, he maintained his post, and killed three or four dogs, at which the owner of one of them became so enraged, that he threw his lasso round the neck of the lion, when the dogs, supposing the onset more secure, sprang on him, and he was soon overpowered, but so dreadfully wounded and torn, that it became necessary to put an end to his life. The length of this animal, from the nose to the root of the tail, was five feet four inches, and from the bottom of the foot to the top of the shoulder, thirty-one inches. Its head was round, and much like that of a cat, the upper lip being entire, and supplied with whiskers; the nose flat, the eyes large, of a brownish hue, but very much suffused with blood; the ears short and pointed. It had no mane. The neck, back, and sides, were of a dusky ash colour, with some yellowish spots; the belly of a dirty white; the hair on his buttocks long

A LION HUNT.

and shaggy. Each jaw was armed with four cutting, four canine, and sixteen grinding teeth; each of its fore-paws and hind-feet with five toes, and very strong talons.

"Four lassos, attached to the girths of the saddles of two horses, were fastened to the lion, which was thus dragged to the village, where we arrived about nine o'clock, and were received by the whole of the inhabitants with shouting and rejoicing. The remainder of the night was spent in dancing and carousing.

"The people informed me that the favourite food of the lion is horse-flesh; that, watching a good opportunity, it jumps upon the back of its prey, which it worries, tearing the flesh with one paw, whilst it secures its hold with the other; after sucking the blood it drags the carcase to some hiding-place, covers it with leaves, and returns when hungry to devour it. If it enter a place where horned cattle are kept, the bulls and cows immediately form a circle, and place the calves and young cattle in the centre; they then face their enemy boldly, and not unfrequently oblige him to retreat, on which the bulls follow him and often gore him to death. It would therefore appear to be more from fear than choice that he is attached to the flesh of horses. The animal is seldom known to attack a man; so timid is he of the human race, that he runs away at the appearance of a child, which may, perhaps, be accounted for from the abundance of cattle supplying him so easily with food, that he is seldom in want."

LECTURES TO WORKING MEN.

ON GLASS.

On Monday, February 9, a lecture on glass, of so interesting a character, as to render a report of it peculiarly suitable to our pages, was delivered at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn-street, by Dr. Lyon Playfair, C.B., F.R.S., professor of chemistry. In commencing his lecture, Dr. Playfair briefly alluded to the existence of the Museum of Practical Geology, and the valuable collection it contained of raw materials furnished by the mineral kingdom. Wishing that the benefit of this collection should be diffused as widely as possible, the Director, Sir H. De la Beche, had suggested, that in addition to the usual courses of lectures, daily given in the theatre of the Museum, for admittance to which a charge is made, it would be productive of much good if a course of lectures were occasionally given for the exclusive benefit of the working classes, and that too, at an hour which would suit their convenience. In accordance with this suggestion, the various professors attached to the Museum readily undertook to deliver a course of six lectures, on the evening of Monday, at eight o'clock. This was the first lecture of the course.

The lecturer then proceeded with his subject, which he divided into two parts. First: the composition of glass, or the materials of which it is formed; and secondly: some of the mechanical processes employed in making glass fit for ordinary uses. Glass is of great antiquity, and its origin is shrouded in obscurity. Various stories have been told as to its accidental discovery by sailors, who, whilst cooking their dinners on the banks of the river Belus, produced such a heat as to fuse the lumps of kali or soda (on which their cooking utensils were placed,) together with the sand of the shore, thus producing glass. This, however, is not probable, as the heat thus obtained would not have been sufficient for the purpose. That the Egyptians were well skilled in glass-making is evident from the beads found with mummies, the surfaces of which are glazed with true glass. The Romans were well supplied with vessels of glass, many of which have also been discovered in the excavated city of Pompeii; and the lecturer requested his audience to visit the Museum, and inspect, at their leisure, the interesting memorials of the glass manufacture of other days therein contained.

It was not until 1557 that glass was manufactured in England, and not until some time after, that its use became general. A steward of one of the Earls of Northumberland, of that period, requested the permission of his master to take the glass out of the windows of his town mansion, and fill them up with some common materials such as were ordinarily in use, lest by the time of his return from the country they should be shattered and destroyed by the wind and rain. This serves to show us what an inferior article the window glass of those days must have been.

In 1661, it was but little used in Scotland, its use being confined almost to the royal palaces. The advancement of chemical and mechanical science, however, soon led to improvements in the manufacture of glass.

What is glass? Glass exists under two distinct forms; the one crystalline, the other vitreous or glassy. The former may be compared to fine crystals of white sugar-candy. The latter to barley-sugar, in which glassy state the particles are not arranged in symmetrical form as in the crystalline state of sugar-candy. The basis of all glass is silica (flint or sand), infusible alone, and, therefore, requiring to be mixed with some material that will serve to melt it. The addition of lime will do this, but the glass thus produced will not be transparent; we must, therefore, have recourse to soda, if we wish a transparent glass, or to wood-ashes or potash.

The properties of glass are, that when silica is mixed with either of the above-named substances it melts, and assumes the consistence of a thick syrup, and in this state can be moulded and fashioned, by various means, into every conceivable variety of shape and form. Unlike two pieces of metal, those of glass adhere together, thus enabling it to be blown, rolled, or drawn out, and even spun into articles of furniture and dress. Certain desirable properties which glass should possess, are, freedom from colour, and the capability of resisting the action of hot and cold water. Chemical glass also must be capable of withstanding the action of acids and alkalies. That is the best glass which has the most silica in it; but then this is difficult and expensive to obtain, because of the high temperature required to form it. On the other hand, that is the worst glass, which contains too large a proportion of the flux or melting material, such glass being too readily acted upon. The great art of the manufacturer is to adjust the due relation of these constituents, so as to get the glass of the kind required for the particular purpose to which it is to be applied.

The sand used must be very pure. That obtained from Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight, St. Helens, in Lancashire, and Leighton Buzzard, in Bedfordshire, is considered the best; but our glassmakers send even to Australia and to America for this raw material.

The alkaline substances used must also be as pure as possible. When potash is fused with silica, the glass obtained has a dull tint, but possesses freedom from colour. Soda gives transparency to the glass made with it, but communicates a greenish colour. Lime, when pure, gives brilliancy and toughness to glass made with it—a glass less liable to break. If too large a proportion of lime be employed, the pots in which the materials are melted become injured.

Red lead, or oxide of lead, is employed in the preparation of flint glass. This material renders the glass very fusible. It also imparts great brilliancy; but at the same time a great degree of softness, if the proportion used be too large.

Saltpetre, oxide of manganese, arsenic, and other materials, are also used in the preparation of glass; but these are more accessories than necessary ingredients, and are usually added for the purpose of removing colour, and impurities of various kinds, from the glass.

The process of annealing, which all kinds of glass are made to undergo, consists in exposing the glass to a continuous but gradually decreasing temperature, for a period proportionate to the kind of glass, the size of the mass to be annealed, and the purpose to which it is intended to be applied. Were this process omitted, the glass would be totally unfit for use, on account of its extreme brittleness. The theory of this annealing process may thus be explained:—During the natural cooling of the glass, it is evident that the external layers or surface must grow hard first, and must thus tend to prevent the contraction which the internal portions of the glass would, if unrestrained, assume. There would thus be always a powerful strain between the inner and outer parts of the glass, which would result in a rupture and breaking of the glass on the application of very slight causes. The lecturer exhibited a striking instance of this in the case of a large drop of bottle-glass, which, from having been allowed to fall while in a fused

or melted state into cold water, had acquired a preternatural tendency to fracture. The moment the tail end of this globule of glass was broken off, the whole of the remainder fell to powder with a smart explosion. Had this globule of glass been annealed, the end might have been broken off, without affecting the other part.

Dr. Playfair then proceeded to point out the classification of glass, and the various recipes employed in the manufacture of the various kinds enumerated. These particulars are given in the accompanying diagrams, copied from those referred to by the lecturer.

CLASSIFICATION OF GLASS.

A. Window-glass (sheet, crown, coloured).
B. Painted window-glass.
C. Cast or plate-glass.
D. Bottle-glass.
E. Chemical (Bohemian).
F. Flint or crystal.
G. Optical.

VARIOUS RECIPES FOR GLASS.

Ingredients.	Bohemian.	Window.	
		French.	Common.
Quartzy Sand	100	100	120
Carbonate of Potash	32	—	60
Carbonate of Soda	—	—	—
Sulphate of Soda	—	35 to 40	—
Lime	17	30 to 35	—
Oxide of Lead	—	—	—
Oxide of Manganese	1	2	—
White Arsenic	3	—	1
Nitre	—	—	30
Charcoal or Coke	—	5	—
Cullet	—	0·5	—

Ingredients.	Flint.		Plate.	
	1.	2.	St. Gobain.	Another.
Quartzy Sand	120	100	300	720
Carbonate of Potash	40	36	—	—
Carbonate of Soda	—	—	100	450
Sulphate of Soda	—	—	—	—
Lime	—	—	43	80
Oxide of Lead	35	70	—	—
Oxide of Manganese	1½	—	—	—
White Arsenic	—	—	1	—
Nitre	13	—	—	25
Charcoal or Coke	—	0·5	300	425
Cullet	—	—	—	—

OPTICAL GLASS.

	Guinard.	Bontemps.
White sand	400	360
Carbonate of potash	160	..
Carbonate of soda	..	150
Carbonate of lime	..	84
Borax	20	..
Red lead	20	..
Peroxide of manganese	1	..
Arsenic	..	6

BOTTLE-GLASS.

	English.		Foreign.	
Lixiviated ashes	..	100	160	170
Kelp	40	90	30	40
Woodashes	30	40	30	40
Clay	80	100	80	100
Cullet	..	100	100	...

The lecturer next proceeded to describe the furnaces in which the pots or crucibles are placed, containing the materials of which the required kind of glass is formed. The pots or crucibles are formed of good Stourbridge clay mixed with the finely sifted powder of old worn-out pots. The manufacture of these pots requires great care, and they pass through the annealing process in order to render them uniform throughout, the better to sustain the heat to which they are to be exposed. Into these pots are placed the ingredients, and when the process of melting is finished, and the "metal," as the fluid-glass is termed, has become free from bubbles of carbonic acid gas arising from the potash, soda, &c., employed, the impurities floating on the surface are skimmed off, and the fluid compound is now ready to receive any shape that may be given to it.

The tools employed in the glass manufacture, next came under review, the fewness and simplicity of which are very striking. These tools are, the *blow-pipe* or *blowing-tube*, a simple hollow tube or pipe; the *ponty* or *pontil*, a solid rod of iron, with which the workman handles the glass whilst working it; the *pucellas*, a tool resembling a pair of sugar-tongs, and which is used to fashion and form the glass into the various shapes of which it is susceptible; the *shears* or *scissors*, which are used to cut and clip the glass whilst in its soft state; and lastly the *battledore*, a flat piece of iron, which serves to flatten the soft glass. These tools and a flat table of iron, or slab of iron on a wooden stand, technically called a "marver" (corruption of the French word *marbre*, a marble plate having originally been used,) constitutes the means in the hands of the workman, whereby he is enabled to present us with the almost endless variety of shape and form his plastic material is capable of assuming.

The mode of making the various kinds of glass next came under the notice of the lecturer.

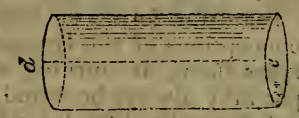
As we have recently given in the pages of "The Illustrated Exhibitor" a full account of many processes, especially of flint-glass making, illustrated with a large number of splendid engravings, we shall be the more brief under this part of the learned Professor's lecture, referring our readers to numbers 4 and 5 of that work for further information.

Manufacture of crown glass.—For this purpose the workman dips the end of his blowing-rod into the pot of melted glass, and having rubbed it on the "marver" until it acquires a cylindrical form, he then proceeds to take a further portion from the pot, and having first blown it into a pyriform or pear-shaped bulb he rapidly flings the bulb up into the air, and raising it above his head, blows it in an ascending direction. The natural result of this operation is a flattening of the pear-shaped bulb just blown, the part most distant from the blowing tube attachment sinking down in virtue of its own weight. Another workman now attaches the "ponty" to the other side, and the blowing-tube is detached by dropping water in the hot glass near its connection with that tool; the glass now attached to the ponty is then twirled round his head by the workman, by which means it expands and flies out, assuming, by continued treatment, the size required, when it is taken to the annealing furnace, and then cooled. The part to which the ponty was attached is that which we call the "bull's eye," and which necessarily exists in the centre of every sheet of crown-glass.

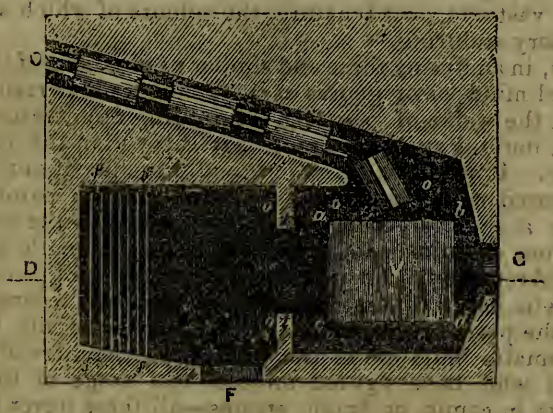
Manufacture of sheet-glass.—In this case the workman proceeds as before, but instead of attaching the ponty to the other side of the glass, by lowering rapidly the blowing-tube he makes the bubble of glass to assume a kind of heart-shaped form; he then causes the blowing-tube to describe a curved line by swinging it to and fro in a kind of pit, after the manner of the pendulum of a clock. From time to time, whilst this curved motion is taking place, the workman blows down into the bubble of pasty glass, and the result is, that, what with the force of the breath and the effect of the swinging, the glass bubble elongates, until it acquires a cylindrical shape, the bulb of glass being kept in continuous motion in order to prevent its shape from becoming irregular. When a cylinder of the desired size is obtained, its extremity is again heated, when the workman by blowing violently, causes the glass to burst, and thus an opening is made. The cylinder is now closed at one end, and open at the other; hence, inasmuch as it is desired to make it into a square plate, the other end must be opened also. To effect this, the cylinder, being laid horizontally, is surrounded at the point to be cut, with a string of fused glass, and this sudden application of heat immediately produces a fracture in the required direction. Sometimes the shears is employed to cut off the dome

of the cylinder in the first case. The following diagram gives a representation of each of the various forms successively assumed by the glass in the operations above-mentioned. The

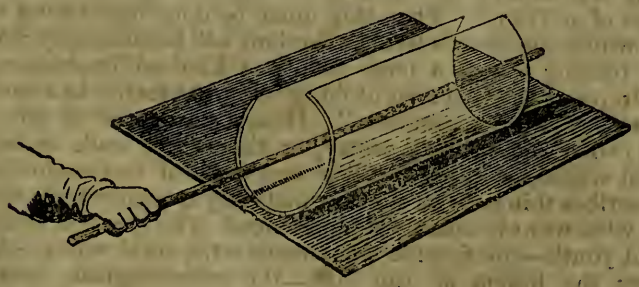
cylinder is converted into plate by the following method:—Being placed horizontally upon a table, a drop of water is drawn along the upper part of its surface, in a straight line, through its entire length, and a piece of red-hot iron being made rapidly to follow the water track, a fracture immediately results.



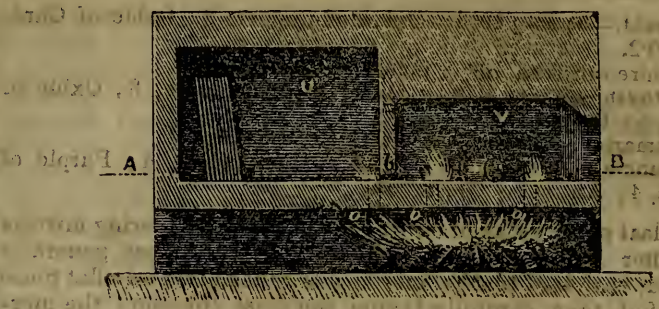
The cylinders are then, one after the other, placed in the aperture o of the furnace shown in the annexed diagram, and



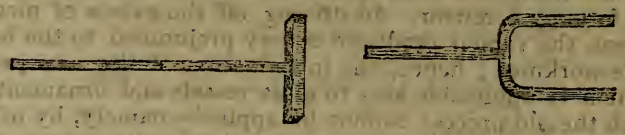
are gradually thrust forward on guide-rods as represented, into the hottest part of the furnace. As the cylinders reach the flattening table v, the workman lays hold of them with an iron rod, and places them on the table. This table is formed, either of cast iron, or of a thick slab of glass, covered with plaster of Paris to prevent adhesion. The cylinder being now quite soft, the workman readily converts it into a plate of glass, as shown in the accompanying diagram.



The annexed diagram shows another view of the furnace, v being the flattening table, which is the hottest part, whilst u is the annealing chamber, into which the plates are transferred from the flattening tube v. This annealing chamber is of a lower temperature than the other part of the furnace, from which it is separated by a slight brick-wall. For this purpose,



tools of the following shape are used. When the annealing



chamber is quite full, the temperature is gradually lowered, and the sheets of glass removed for use.

In this way, not only sheets of glass, but also flower-shades, clock-shades, goblets, vases, and an endless variety of glass articles are made.

The lecturer's description of the above process of making sheet-glass occupied so much time, that he was not able to go into the account of bottle-glass manufacture, and but briefly to mention the flint-glass and plate-glass manufacture. Bottle-glass will be treated of in a future lecture, and the subject of flint-glass will be found, as we before mentioned, fully explained in "The Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art."

The manufacture of plate or cast glass is performed by ladling the fluid contents of the pot into smaller pots, called *cuvettes;* and these, after having been heated, so that their contents may be as fluid as possible, are removed from the furnace by a particular apparatus, and swung over a flat table of bronze which has been previously heated; the fluid glass is then poured over the metal table, and subjected to the action of a powerful roller. A uniform sheet of plate-glass is thus obtained, in the same way as a sheet of lead or other metal. The plates of glass are then annealed, after which they are ground smooth, and, lastly, polished by means of colcothar, a substance formed by exposing sulphate of iron (copperas) to great heat.

The lecturer here noticed a discovery of borax which has recently been made in America—a discovery of great importance to the glass manufacturer, who, if the price of borax is reduced, will be able to avail himself of the use of this material to enable him to employ oxide of zinc (instead of lead)—an ingredient which gives great whiteness and brilliancy to the glass.

Dr. Playfair then touched on optical glass, the great improvements in the manufacture of which has been of great service in the construction of good microscopes and telescopes, thus leading us to a more intimate acquaintance with the wonders of creation.

The lecturer next instructed his auditory in the way of making imitation gems, some fine specimens of which he exhibited. The following is a full account of the preparation of the strass, which, being itself free from colour, is the base of the various gems, which are formed by the simple addition of the substances enumerated to the colourless strass.

STRASS OR PASTE.

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Rock Crystal	300	—
Sand	—	300
Red Lead	470	—
Carbonate of Lead	—	514
Potash	163	96
Borax	22	27
Arsenious Acid	1	1

ARTIFICIAL GEMS.

Topaz, No. I.—Strass, 1000; Purple of Cassius, 1; Antimony Glass, 40 parts.

Topaz, No. II.—Strass, 1000; Oxide of Iron, 10 parts.

Ruby.—Strass, 1000; Oxide of Manganese, 25.

Emerald.—Strass, 1000; Oxide of Copper, 8; Oxide of Chromium, 0·2.

Sapphire.—Strass, 1000; Oxide of Cobalt, 15.

Amethyst.—Strass, 1000; Oxide of Manganese, 8; Oxide of Cobalt, 5; Purple of Cassius, 0·2.

Aquamarine.—Strass, 1000; Oxide of Cobalt, 0·4.

Carbuncle.—Strass, 1000; Oxide of Manganese, 4; Purple of Cassius, 4; Antimony Glass, 500.

The last point touched on was the process of silvering mirrors and other kinds of glass. The method still most generally adopted, is that of placing mercury or quicksilver on a flat piece of tin-foil, then carefully laying the glass thereon: the mercury and the tin unite to form an amalgam or mixture, which attaches itself as a coating to the back surface of the glass—thus forming a mirror. In driving off the excess of mercury by heat, the vapour produced is very prejudicial to the health of the workmen; hence, the introduction of the new process—which is applicable also to glass vessels and ornaments, to which the old process cannot be applied—namely, by using a solution of silver in nitric acid, mixed with grape sugar or essential oil of cloves and cassia; by which means, pure *silver* (not quicksilver, as in the other case) is speedily deposited, of great brilliancy and beauty, and without the slightest injury to the health of the workman.*

Dr. Playfair concluded his lecture by referring to the valuable uses of glass—its application to our comforts and to the extension of our knowledge—and retired amidst the acclamations of the 500 working men, who thus gratefully acknowledged the intellectual treat afforded them.

* A detailed account of the new processes employed in silvering glass, will be given in "The Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art."

THE GENIUS OF YOUNG.

The Author of the "Night Thoughts."

The more the human mind contemplates the subject of poetry, the more deeply is it impressed with the might of its power and the immensity of its domain. Between poetry and the sister arts there may be an occasional comparison, but there can be little competition. For while it is common to them all to be conversant with the taste and the imagination, poetry alone lays hold of the whole circle of the mental faculties, and calls them each into its appropriate exercise. In Milton's "Paradise Lost" there are specimens of as sublime reasoning as was ever addressed to the human understanding, while the instances of beautiful imagery are as abundant as the finest imagination ever invented. The *Poet*, according to the original meaning of the word, is a *Creator* and a *Combiner*. He is the true architect of thought, who plans, arranges, constructs, adorns, and distributes into harmonious proportions. He "builds the lofty rhyme." To our own perception the dignity of genius never appears more imposing, unless we except those instances of extraordinary scientific ratiocination and invention, which have bowed the very heavens to the intellect of man, and laid bare their mighty mechanism, or seized, combined, and applied the elements of earth in such ways as can never cease to astonish us, however familiar we may become with their operations.

Great inventions and discoveries are counted by centuries, while poets of some kind appear from generation to generation, and not a few illustrious ones have from time to time adorned the world. It will be found, too, that the most *natural* poets have been the most successful, those who have touched the actual chords of emotion which the hand of the Creator has strung in the interior of man, or copied with a faithful pencil the ever-varying features of the external world. Human passions are so strange and strong, so various and vivid, that he who truly deals with them, he who in the progress of his imaginative creation departs not from the principle of verisimilitude as concerning the passions of the human soul, can never fail to arrest attention and secure admiration. Hence the perpetual triumphs of Shakspere, who wrote of man, to man, and for man to the end of time. Those rich flowers of his fancy were but incidentally scattered by the way. The grand march of his mind was through the interior of the soul of man. Other poets have been skilful and powerful in the delineation of particular passions, whether profound or impetuous, tender or terrible, gentle or cruel. Like the insect which spins its web out of its own bowels, they have woven together threads that have been painfully drawn out of their own hearts. Whatever the theme they have chosen, they have essentially described or illustrated the same set of passions. Whether they sing in the major or minor key, the character of the tunes was the same. Byron is always reproducing himself with his train of fiery passions, his pride, misanthropy, defiance of God and man, illicit love, vaulting ambition, self-torture, and destructiveness in general, relieved ever and anon by all that is beautiful in creative poesy. Moore, over whose birth, according to the doctrines of astrology, the planet Venus must have presided in solitary beauty, is forever melting away in the passion of a romantic, oriental love, while his lines flow like the music of a bird that just opens its mouth to let forth strains that seem all but involuntary. Campbell, amid all his elegant conception and polished execution, constantly betrays his love of liberty and hatred of despotism, and is never satisfied until by some single creation, like that of the ode, he can give vent to the smouldering fires of patriotism within his breast. Those spirit-stirring odes of his, if they do not, like the "Pleasures of Hope" and "Gertrude of Wyoming," prolong the pleasing enchantment of the mind in the perusal, do rouse all that is excitable in our bosoms. They are as perfect, as polished, as expressive as those beautiful forms of statuary, which have conveyed to us the conceptions of the Grecian mind, while in animation they surpass them, as burning words surpass the cold marble. Cowper may always be found communing with the sweet charities of domestic life, describing the most obvious and simple features of external nature, or marking with his gentle satire the follies of society, with an occasional strain against every form of oppression. The genius of Thompson spreads itself out over the whole panorama of Nature, giving us one vast and varied picture, the colours of which are found to be very enduring.

Now, in analysing these and similar productions of the muse-inspired mind, or of genius as it produces other results, whether in the walks of painting, sculpture, architecture, or the drama, nothing strikes us more agreeably than the element of *likeness*. It seems to be an original principle of our nature to be pleased with resemblances. The accurate painting of a flower, a shell, or even a vegetable esculent—the sculptured imitations of animals, either of the fierce or gentle class—the pictorial representation of the homeliest scenes of peasant life—the poetic delineations of life even in poor and coarse aspects, as in the pages of Goldsmith, Burns, and especially Crabbe—the dramatic imitation of the actions and manners of men and women who have figured on the real stage of the world, whether in comic or tragic strains—all these never fail to interest, and that in proportion to the perfection of the resemblance. But this is only one element of pleasure, however widely diffused. A celebrated critic, with perhaps too strong a tendency to generalisation, has said:—"The chief delight of poetry consists, not so much in what it directly supplies to the imagination, as in what it enables it to supply to itself; not in warming the heart by its passing brightness, but enkindling its own latent stores of light and heat; not in hurrying the fancy along by a foreign and accidental impulse, but in setting it in motion by touching its internal springs and principles of activity." Then this must be done by striking a note to which the heart's living affections will instinctively respond, by rousing one of a large family of kindred impressions, by "dropping the rich seed of fancy upon the fertile and sheltered places of the imagination." Hence the power of what may be called reminiscent poetry, or that which leads us back to past scenes, or in the fertility and truth of its imaginations so describes things to us that we instantly recognise their likeness to what we have ourselves experienced. The scenes of childhood and youth—the fireside enjoyments—the rural walks—the sail over the bosom of the lake—the mineralogical, botanical, piscatory, inventatory excursions—the wanderings among the sweet and solemn woodlands, vocal with the music of the heaven-taught warblers—the old school-house, and even the "old oaken bucket," in which we drew the sparkling waters from the deep fountain below—all these are animating themes, however minute, and we feel a kind of reverence for him who can reproduce them to our view.

The poetry of Young is not without its tenderness. How could it be otherwise when the spirit of affliction had so often troubled the fountain of feeling in his heart? The reading world is familiar with the apostrophe to the "Insatiate Archer," by whom the peace of the poet was "thrice slain." Hence the solemn tone which pervades most of his poetry. He seems to luxuriate in a kind of delicious melancholy, which gives a character and zest to the productions of his muse, and awakens our sympathy for one who has been so often placed in the furnace of affliction. His imagination, unlike that of Milton, which invites the light of Heaven's day into his soul, rather chooses the night for its creations, and solemnly invokes

"Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters, twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build Resolve,
Assist me! I will thank you in the grave."

With the whole strain of the poet's reflections, whatever be the theme, the solemnity and stilliness of night seem congenial. Hence there is a profoundness of contemplation, a seriousness of manner, a sublimity of thought and devotion, even a weight of instruction in his poems which deserve the highest commendation. The criticisms of Johnson in his "Lives of the Poets," on Edward Young, are unworthy the author and the subject. Indeed, either from indolence or indifference, Johnson was content to publish a meagre letter from Herbert Croft, instead of writing a full and satisfactory memoir, like those he bestowed on Pope and Dryden; a letter which is chiefly taken up in the indulgence of empty speculations, in settling trifling dates, or narrating unimportant circumstances, without the slightest attempt to do justice to this lofty genius, or to investigate the philosophy of his poetry.

Johnson does indeed say that "the Universal Passion is a very great performance," and bestows positive, though brief praise, on the "Night Thoughts." Here, indeed, he confesses there is "original poetry, variegated with deep reflection and striking allusions, a wilderness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and every odour." The style and sentiment of the "Night Thoughts" are peculiarly favourable to the use of blank verse, so that the poet exhibits judgment as well as genius in the composition of this work. Amid all the reverent emotions that seem to fill his soul, there is a boldness of thought, and a freedom of utterance which demonstrate that the flight of that genius is on a strong and sustained wing. Time, Life, Death, Immortality, with all their intrinsic grandeur, their mighty adjuncts and vast consequences, constitute the themes on which he dwells, and which kindle the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." If he be not so exact, he is always copious. If there be lines that might be excepted to, or amended, there is great power in the work as a whole, for in this "there is a magnificence like that ascribed to a Chinese plantation, the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity." If there be a failure in any portion of his works, it is in his "Last Judgment." Not that it does not breathe the spirit of genuine poetry in its conception; not that many of its details are not graphic, powerful, and striking, but that it is a subject to which neither painter nor poet can justly aspire. Inspiration itself barely touches it, and passes on to things more intelligible to man, more suitable for his investigation. It is sparing of description, and Young is the most descriptive of poets. Things gross, visible, tangible, audible, must necessarily be dwelt upon to set forth a purely spiritual process, quite different we may presume, from anything the imagination has conceived, or is capable of conceiving. The idea of limbs dangling in the air in pursuit of their fellow-limbs is deeply incongruous, and would be ludicrous, but for the solemnity of the theme and our respect for the intentions of the author. So the comparing the assembling of the atoms of the human body to the collection of bees into a swarm at the tinkling of a pan, has been justly censured by critics. Some of these descriptions present extreme cases of that rankness of metaphor, which is a characteristic of Young. Still, the poet is there, and the preacher is there, and it is impossible for a serious mind to study these strains without being deeply affected; as it would seem difficult for a thoughtless mind not to be made serious by the same study. They proceed from a devout and meditative soul, inclined to turn the ordinary affairs of life, and even domestic arrangements to a good account. Young had an alcove in his garden, with a bench so well painted in it that at a distance it seemed to be real, but upon a nearer approach the illusion was perceived, and this motto appeared: *Invisibilia non decipiunt. The things unseen do not deceive us.* Nor was he destitute of wit, for occasionally he indulged in an epigram keen and caustic, as when hearing of the ridicule the infidel Voltaire had cast upon Milton's allegorical personages of Death and Sin, he extemporises the following:—

"Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
Thou seem'st a Milton with his Death and Sin!"

Much of his poetry is, in fact, seriously epigrammatic. Strong, figurative, yet sententious and striking, it has fastened itself with a firm grasp on the readers of the English language, and while Dryden, of the same century, precedent in the race of fame, and Swift, nearly contemporaneous in birth with Young, are comparatively neglected, except by scholars, Young maintains his place among the living classics of the language, read, meditated, and admired. The truth is that, with all his turgescence and want of that simplicity which is the charm of some writers, he strikes deep into the soul of his fellow man, and we find, in fact, that what seems to be turgid is an element in his composition which, like the leaven that swells the staff of life, is making the food he presents us light, palatable, and suitable for the nourishment of our moral nature.

Swift observed that if Young in his satires had been more gay or more severe, they would have been more pleasing, because mankind are more inclined to be pleased with ill-nature and mirth than with solid sense and instruction. This may be true, but he would no longer have been Young. Doubtless there is a class of readers who would rather feast on the failings and follies of others than be delighted with their virtues. Such would be more gratified with the scorn and the venom of Byron's muse than the gentle inspirations of Cowper, or the serious strains of Young. But the fame founded on such a basis is evanescent. Doubtless the shade of that proud peer of the realm of poesy would gladly exchange all its earthly honours and posthumous fame for the consciousness in the world of retribution of never having written a line to impair the sense of virtue, or to invest vice with such enchantments as none but such a poet is capable of creating. Far different must be the feelings of him who, while he held the pen of composition in his hand, felt the weight of responsibility at his heart, and sent forth to an admiring world "no line which, dying, he would wish to blot," no sentiment which in the land of retribution he would wish to recal. It were preferable even to be subjected to the charge of being gloomy, were the heart made better by that sadness, than to jest at sacred things, and deride the hopes founded upon the sublime revelation from God to man.

The *contrasts* of Young constitute one secret of his impressive power. Thus:—

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
. . . .
An heir of glory, a frail child of dust,
Helpless, immortal, insect infinite.
A worm, a god—I tremble at myself!"

No man can attain to the true dignity of his nature without a long and patient introversion of the observing faculties. If "the proper study of mankind is man," the greatest proficiency is attained by studying ourselves, by descending into the interior chambers of the soul, and observing the operation of its complex machinery. Nobly does Young say—

"Man know thyself; all wisdom centres there.
To none man seems ignoble but to man!"

If Michael has fought our battles, and Raphael has sung our triumphs, and Gabriel has spread his wings from distant worlds to bring messages for the benefit of man, why should he live so far below his dignity?

Young followed in the track of Milton when he taught us to believe more firmly in the proximity of celestial spirits to the dwellings of humanity. In yielding our faith to such a theory, we are not merely led along by a poet's fancy; we are warranted by the authority of its inspired oracles themselves,

which speak of the "angels as ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation." A beautiful idea is that of the sacred interlinking of those heavenly ones with us poor visible pilgrims of earth. How often, when fainting in the wilderness, like the poor Egyptian mother, has the angel of hope appeared to revive our spirits, and point to some grateful fountain in the desert, unseen by us, because our eyes were dimmed with tears. And so, under the same kind Providence, we are taught that friendship is something more than "a name."

"Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene,
Resumes them to prepare us for the next.
All evils natural are moral goods,
All discipline indulgence, on the whole."

There is, in fact, in the poems of Young a mass of true philosophy, which, were it but drawn out in scholastic form, would constitute quite a volume of sound instruction on good ethical principles. The purity of his productions is most exemplary, considering the license indulged by his contemporaries, and the fact that the age of Anne had by no means freed itself from the pestiferous influence of the age of Charles II., the royal debauchee, who enthroned vice in his court, while he banished virtue to seek a refuge among the despised Puritans. Dryden himself sometimes dabbled in pollution, nor was Swift altogether free from the charge of pandering to the baser passions of the human heart. But the most bitter enemy of Young could never bring such an accusation against him.

How much domestic experiences—in fact, the general fortunes of a man's life—have to do with shaping and colouring his works as an author, it is not necessary to discuss. The connection is as important as it is undoubted; of this the history of authors is abundant proof. In his preface to "The Complaint," Young says that "the occasion of this poem is real, not fictitious, and the facts mentioned did naturally pour these moral reflections on the thought of the writer."

Much of the character and achievements of the executive portion of our race depend on the interior discipline of the mind, not alone the intellectual, but the moral discipline to which men are subjected. The true heroes in every department of exalted action have been thus tried in the crucible. Such names as have been given to a deathless fame will immediately suggest a train of trials, the history of which has been disclosed to the world. How great a portion has been endured in secret, we can only conjecture. Take two great names in England's literary history—Milton and Scott, for the latter was a thorough English loyalist, though a true Scotchman. What burdens those men carried through life! On genial tempers such discipline has the happiest effects. On the sullen and morose it descends like water on the rock. Many a tender thought, many a touching description, have we from our author, in consequence of the heart-crushing he experienced by his repeated bereavements.

Some authors have a peculiar faculty of dilating a sentiment until its spirit and vigour have almost evaporated. The thought may be original; it may be valuable; but they spread it out as a goldbeater expands gold leaf, until it becomes all but impalpable. Not so with Young. There will be found in his works a great amount of real bullion, weighty and valuable. Nor is he wanting in variety. For, although as his poetry falls upon the ear there may be a seeming sameness in it, there is, in fact, in the staple of it great diversity of thought, as well as richness of metaphor. There are poets who have had a finer ear for the harmony of numbers, and the impressive melody of well-chosen cadences, but who are deficient in that sustained vigour which characterises Young.

He has a peculiar versification, so much his own, that it would be recognised by the ear as soon as the face of a friend by the eye, on the repetition of a half-dozen lines, even if they had never before been read. He is no copyist, except from the book of nature and the heart of man. "He seems to have laid up," says Johnson, "no stores of thought or diction, but to owe all to the fortuitous suggestions of the present moment. Yet I have reason to believe that when once he had formed a new design, he then laboured it with very patient industry, and that he composed with great labour and frequent revisions. His verses are formed by no certain model."

His antithesis, which is perpetual, is not the polished and carefully balanced antithesis of Pope, but of Young, sudden, striking, weighty, and making a constant demand on exclamation points. Witness this bold succession of lines:—

"Is it in words to paint you, oh ye fallen?
Fall'n from the wings of reason and of hope!
Erect in stature, prone in appetite!
Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain!
Lovers of argument, averse to sense,
Boasters of liberty, fast bound in chains!
Lords of the wide creation, and the shame!
More *senseless* than the *irrationals* you scorn,
More base than those you rule, than those you pity!
Deepest in woe from means of boundless bliss;
Ye cursed by blessings infinite! because
Most highly favoured, most profoundly lost!
Ye motley mass of contradiction strong!"

A reader who should travel through the pages of Young at consecutive sittings, would feel that an overwhelming impression was made upon his mind. What it would definitely and distinctively be, it might be more difficult to say than what it would *not* be. It is certain the sense of the obligations of virtue would not be relaxed, the consciousness of immortality would not be enfeebled, the anticipations of the retributive period would not be impaired, nor the dignity or the destiny of man be diminished in their apparent importance.

His poetry is not only descriptive, but didactic, and that in a different sense from the didactics of Pope. It is a serious improvement on the ethical tone of that ambitious poet, for it reverently draws from a higher source the motives for obedience to the lessons it inculcates.

"In all his works," says Blair, "the marks of strong genius appear. His 'Universal Passion' possesses the full merit of that animated conciseness of style, and lively description of characters, which I mentioned as particularly requisite in satirical and didactic compositions. Though his wit may often be thought too sparkling, and his sentences too pointed, yet the vivacity of his fancy is so great as to entertain every reader. In the 'Night Thoughts,' there is much energy of expression; in the first three there are several pathetic passages, and scattered through them all happy images and allusions, as well as pious reflections occur."

If, as rhetoricians have pronounced, description be a good test of a poetical imagination, distinguishing an original from a second-rate genius, a creator from a copyist, then must Young claim and hold a high rank in the tuneful tribe. In him we have exemplified a poet of bold conceptions, and decided originality in his chosen style of composition, with an imagination inventive and luxuriant, indeed, if not "all compact," the very exaggerations of which, while evidential of genius, aim at the support of the principle of virtue, and the extinction of falsehood and hypocrisy; an imagination which, if it sometimes does violence to a delicate and fastidious taste, never offends our moral sense, or tinges with a blush the cheek of innocence.

His poetry is the effusion of a mind that held communion with sacred thoughts and solemn associations. In some parts it approaches even the dignity and grandeur of the epic, for that one thought which was enthroned in the mind of Milton, —"the vindication of the ways of God to men"—seems to have been regnant also in that of Young, and thus was his spirit ever kept in awe in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, having little of the fear of God before its eyes. It was an age of *freethinkers*, men who, in the plenitude of their vanity, boasted in that self-bestowed name. Young demanded of them to "look on truth unbroken and entire," on truth in the SYSTEM OF GOD.

"*Parts*, like half sentences, confound; the whole
Conveys the sense, and God is understood,
Who not in fragments writes to human race;
Read his whole volume, sceptic! *then* reply!
This, this is *thinking free*, a thought that grasps
Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour."

Let the reader peruse the dozen succeeding lines in Night VII., "The Complaint," and he will be struck with their power and sublimity. If, indeed, my criticism should allure him to the perusal or reperusal of the whole volume, I shall not have written in vain.

LORD GRANVILLE.

GRANVILLE GEORGE LEVESON GOWER, the present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the second Earl of Granville, was born in the year 1815, and consequently is of a far more juvenile age than the veteran statesman whom he has displaced. As Lord Leveson, his lordship had a short political career in the House of Commons, which terminated in 1846. His lordship has sustained various public characters, as Deputy-Lieutenant of North Shropshire, as Master of the Buckhounds to the Queen, as a Commissioner of Railways, and as Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The Great Exhibition was the means of bringing him more directly into public life. His active exertions as one of the Royal Commissioners did much for the advancement of that great and glorious undertaking. At the same time, his lordship took an active part in the business of the nation, he being one of the readiest and most pleasing speakers on the ministerial side in the House of Lords. But the events of the last few months have made his lordship more of a public character than ever. At the end of last year rumours of a split in the Cabinet became very common. The knowing ones said that Palmerston and Grey were on the worst possible terms, and that Grey was to be kicked out. Then other men, equally knowing, affirmed that the ministerial difficulty was the ballot. However, on the 23rd of December, the mystery was cleared up, and, to the immense astonishment of the public, it was stated publicly in the *Times* that Lord Palmerston had resigned office, and that Lord Granville had been nominated in his place. The wisdom or necessity of that step we care not to discuss now. Lord Palmerston's own expression of approval of the recent *coup d'etat* in France was a mistake, but one which was shared in by the Ministers as well. If he was faulty in this respect, so also was the Premier himself. We must suppose that the change has been made as much on personal as public grounds. We regret the change. The merit of Lord Palmerston was that he was pre-eminently a British Minister—that he watched over British interests—that he defended British rights. Of Lord Granville we may hope less, else why do the reactionary Governments of the continent rejoice in his elevation to office. This is a fact calculated to excite suspicion; so is another fact which has recently come out—viz., that his wife is a very firm Roman Catholic. Those who have read—and who has not?—Michelet's "Priests, Women, and Families," will regret that the Secretary for Foreign Affairs should have chosen a Roman Catholic as his wife.

LORD GRANVILLE GEORGE LEVESON GOWER.

In August, when the grand fetes took place at Paris to commemorate the Great Exhibition, Lord Granville made a speech which won for him great popularity. His lordship addressed the company in French, and throughout the whole of his exceedingly interesting address, delivered with great feeling and animation, was frequently interrupted by loud and long-con-

tinued applause. He said, "Monsieur le Préfet and gentlemen.—Permit me, in very indifferent French, but with heartfelt sincerity, to thank you, in the name of Prince Albert and of the Royal Commissioners, for the honour which you have just done them. As to me, gentlemen, the impressions of my youthful days, the bonds which I have since contracted, the remembrance which you have been pleased to preserve of him whose name I bear, and who devoted so many years in cementing the union between England and your lovely France, which he had learned to respect and to love as a second country of his own, all this, gentlemen, causes me to feel at the same time exultation and embarrassment at having the honour, so little merited by me, of being the organ of the Commissioners before this brilliant assemblage, at a fete of which the magnificence is only equalled by the cordiality of your reception. The desire had caused itself to be felt in England to attempt there one of those grand National Exhibitions which had so well succeeded in France, and which had been marked by such useful results. Prince Albert had thought that that idea could be enlarged and its advantages extended, if, at a moment, when all countries were drawn closer together by the progress of science and by the spread of education, they were invited to exhibit together their products so varied in character. It appeared to him that such an exhibition would serve to mark the progress of civilisation in its present state; and that, whilst it taught us to render thanks to the Creator of all things for the benefits with which He loaded us, it would also prove to us how much the common happiness could be increased by the union, not merely of individuals, but of nations. I am specially charged by Prince Albert, as well as by my colleagues on the Commission, to thank Prince Louis Napoleon and his Government for their most ready co-operation, for the sage and enlightened measures which they have adopted for the purpose of dissipating the prejudices which might still arise, and for the choice which they made of the persons who have aided in the execution of the plan with so much skill and conciliation. We never entertained the pretension of getting up an English exhibition of the industry of the world; but we considered it as an immense honour to be able to offer to other nations the means of displaying their own exhibitions as integral parts of that great work. Gentlemen, we have also to thank the French exhibitors for the splendour and elegance which they have imparted to the Exhibition by their products. They have more than confirmed their ancient reputation for the invention and good taste which prevail in the execution of their manufactured goods. I trust that the sacrifices of time and money which they have made, will not be altogether lost to them, even in a commercial point of view. I hope also that they will not feel any jealousy if we, on our side, profit in some degree by the lessons which they have given us. Our thanks are due, above all, to those men so distinguished in sciences, arts, and manufactures whom France sent over to us as members of the jury."

PAINTING ON THE CASKET PRESENTED TO LORD GRANVILLE BY LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Besides the portrait we have given of the new Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, we have added an engraving of an elegant casket of porcelain de Sevres, presented by the President of the French Republic to his lordship, in consequence of the urbanity displayed by him, as one of the Royal Commissioners during the Great Exhibition. The casket is of ebony, and is decorated with nine pictures representing scenes in the life of Rubens. In the one engraved, being the principal one, we have Rubens taking the portrait of Marie de Medicis in his picture of the apotheosis of Henry IV.

NORAH.—A STORY OF IRISH COURTSHIP.

Norah Cooney sat spinning in her mother's humble cabin. Since daybreak she had worked at the wheel with unresting fingers, but the song with which the girl was wont to beguile labour of its wearying sameness had not once in all those hours been heard in the little room, and the hum of the wheel was almost mournful without that pleasant accompaniment. But Norah had no heart to sing this day; though it was one of the very brightest and pleasantest, though the cabin was resplendent with sunlight, there was not a ray to cheer her darkened spirit—Norah's heart was almost breaking.

That very day a letter had come from Tim in America, urging his mother and sister, more importunately than ever, to hasten before autumn set in to that good land of his adoption—that land which, according to his representations, was literally overflowing with milk and honey. And Tim, the gallant, brave-hearted, industrious Tim, had added to his entreaties information which, of itself, was powerful to call a very thoughtful shade to the brow of mother and sister—Tim had married with a Yankee girl! The bride, too, sent word by Tim, that she begged her dear mother, and her sweet sister Norah, to come with all haste over the waters, where they would share one home for his sake who was so dear to them all.

Great as was her love for Ireland, Mrs. Cooney had now resolved to obey that call—she would emigrate. Norah had not finished reading the letter when the old woman expressed her determination, her readiness to go to that foreign land. The fact that Tim was prospering there, and that John, the eldest boy, had frequently written to tell all the glorious beauty of the strange land, of the "room and to spare," the work and the pay, now settled her mind on a point that had long been mooted by Norah and herself. John went, a married man, from the Emerald Isle, and as we said, was doing well—but his wife was a fiery sort of individual, and he himself was a different person, altogether, from Tim, the darling boy whom the mother and sister had seen depart from the ould home with so much sorrow. All the eldest son's persuasions, if urged to the day of doom, would never have induced them to break that tie of habit and natural love of country which bound them to the native land. But Tim's words were now like magic, and Mrs. Cooney said that another week should see them on the great ocean on their way to him.

There were some reasons why, having decided on emigration, there should have been more grief than joy and curiosity in Norah's heart.

As the day drew near its close, and the light of the setting sun streamed so gaily in at the window, the girl's sweet face grew sadder and more solemn, and more than once the tears, kept back all day, so blinded her eyes that she could scarcely see to go on with her work—yet she would not rest from the labour, so the tears were forced back—and once she tried to sing, but that was a feeble, unsuccessful effort, that even if it had not been interrupted by the opening of the cabin door, would of itself have soon died a natural death.

The individual about to enter the cabin paused as he opened the door, and preparatory to introducing his person, gave a single rap. It was Felix Lever, Norah knew, for this was the half-familiar, yet respectful mode of his entrance, always, to that cabin. Felix had been Tim Coony's intimate friend, and the only reason that they had not emigrated together, was the deep, passionate love of Lever's old grand-parents for their native land. In his ardent longing to emigrate, the young man had urged every reason for their seeking another home and a better living in the new world, but their attachment to the "ould place" was beyond the reach of argument. Felix might have talked on for ever to no purpose. The possibility of going without them and leaving the old people with no one to look after and care for them, never occurred to him; or if the thought did once intrude itself on his mind he banished it at once and for ever—resolving that he would always cleave to the parents of his dead mother, through poverty and hardship, to the end, whatever that might be.

After Tim departed, Felix had fully performed his duty to his neighbour, calling regularly every afternoon when he went home from the work to supper, to know if Widow Cooney stood in need of his help, or "*jist to see had they heard from Ameriky since the last.*"

The sight of this fine fellow, who had been just a brother to Norah since John, and more especially since Tim left, caused an involuntary explosion of all that grief which had been lying so heavily on her heart. Felix paused a moment, quite overcome with surprise at her distress. He had never heard her sob so piteously before—and he had seen her when she was in heavy sorrow too.

Seeing that she did not look upon him, the youth gathered courage, and thinking that he might in some way comfort, at least help her, if she needed aid, he went in and sat down beside Norah, and just as he was going to venture a word, she lifted up her head—her foot was gently beating again on the foot-board of the wheel, and her hands busied with the work.

The sudden and unexpected exercise of self-control so astonished Felix, that he quite forgot what he would have said, and there was nothing left for Norah but to speak—so she said, but it was with that desperate effort which most of us have made when we feel we must say something at a time when we would give almost the world for power to creep away in silence and unnoticed.

"I'm acting just like a fool; what did you stop to see me do it for?"

"I feared ye was sick, Nory; shall I go find yer mither now?" he answered, rising as if to go. He kept his eyes fixed on her so kindly, and withal with such a tender look of inquiry, as if he felt for her in her sorrow, whatever it was, that the girl felt compelled, as it were, to say—

"Stay, Felix, till I tell you, we're going to Ameriky, that's all."

The *that's all* was spoken with such a trembling, despairing tone, as told that it was the very climax of a stern fate.

"Och, don't be afther saying *thät!* don't be laaving ould Ireland—there be dark days enough without that happening, Norah."

After a silence of some seconds, he added—"Did you hear from Tim the day?"

"Yis, this mornin', an' mither *will* go. Tim's got married, Felix, to one o' thim Yankee girls."

"The spalpeen! will he be comin' over here with the like o' her?"

"No; we're going to thim, I said. Find out when the first vessel goes. We must go in that."

"An' laave this cabin, and the nice comfortable things that's bin yer own year in an' year out, iver an iver so long! Faith an' wasn't it for the ould folks I'd be afther going along wid ye, mavourneen. It's not worth much to live away from yees, anyhow."

She looked up so gladly when he said this, that Felix, who had never in his life dared to speak of marriage with the girl, dared to do it now. And never was a warmer, truer heart offered to young maiden than that laid before Norah Cooney in the self-same hour when the necessity of parting was upon them.

"Go, Norah, for ye must," he said; "but tell me afore ye do it, that ye'll take the thought o' me deep down in yer heart, where none o' thim foreigners will get at it. Give me the token that ye love me, an' that ye'll be thrue to me when ye get to that great new world over the sea. It's not much I am to ask the like of you, but I've a thrue love that's better nor the best cabin in Ireland with heaps of turf and potatoes! Jist say that ye'll keep me in mind till I come afther ye, Norah Cooney."

"I'll say it, Felix, an' I'll keep the oath—the Holy Virgin forget me if I forget. It's many an' many a time I'll think o' yees, an' the thought'll keep the home sickness away from me heart, which even me own maither, an' Tim that's so dear, couldn't keep off, darlint. When ye *can* come, ye will—it's enough, that—don't say no more."

They parted that night with smiles, for the bitterness of Norah's sorrow was gone; and, in a few days later, when Felix's hand clasped hers for the last time, they parted with smiles also—smiles which hid the gushing tears—smiles which, when they faded from the face, went down deeper into the natures of these two, to attend in their hearts the hope that each cherished there. Around that toilsome path which she knew she was to tread in the strange land, that distant land

to which they were hasting, a light was glowing that cast no shadow: in the new home which the widow and her daughter were seeking, a warmer fire than any ever made of peat, cast its ruddy light abroad—love! love! what an annihilator of time, and distance, and separation, and hardship it was to that Irish girl! what a cheerful, hope-inspiring friend it was to Felix Lever when he was parted from the dear object of his affections! it cheered him through all the trials which compassed him, and though he could not fight himself free from those trials, he combatted manfully with them, and kept his eyes fixed on the one bright point of the future. He was a fine fellow, that Felix Lever; industrious, religious, and cheerful, and kind always, and if ever poor mortal deserved a blessing, it was surely he.

Norah was a very pretty girl, indeed; and Tim, who clasped her so fondly in his great powerful arms when they met at last, was not slow in saying the same to her face—for Tim was a privileged mortal, he always said what was in his mind, and from boyhood he had been extravagantly fond of his sister. Since John and he had left Ireland she had grown very tall—red-cheeked and fair she always was, and her dark hair curled on her neck now as it used to when a child; but Norah was become a woman—experience and love, those mighty developers, had made her so, and neither the Yankee nor the Irish sister-in-law might compare with her in point of beauty.

A hearty welcome did the emigrants receive when at last arrived at their new home, and gladly was room made for the new comers in Tim's little cottage. This brother was not yet astonishingly rich in wordly goods, but his house was certainly an improvement on the cabin where he was born and bred—the neat habits which Mary, his wife, had brought from her father's farm-house, were such as made the most of all the worldly goods which he had been enabled to gather together and endow her with on their wedding-day; and so the cottage had a far more comfortable and pleasant set-off than the cabin had in its best days.

Norah was naturally swift and handy with her needle, and it was not necessary for her to go out to service, for through Tim's influence she found employment enough as a tailoress, among people of her own station, to keep her constantly busy. And Tim himself, who was in the summer-time a gardener, in the winter also became metamorphosed into the ninth part of a man, and plied his needle with a commendable diligence. As to the mother of all, it was arranged that she should spend her time between the two sons' families—of course, for Norah, Tim's house was a constant abiding place.

So were they settled, contendedly and comfortably in their new homes, and Norah turned to her toil with patience, looking forward to the time when Felix should come and make their household joy complete—he alone was wanting to perfect her happiness. There was nothing, she constantly assured him, for the poor to do, but to come to this good land where work and pay in abundance were to be had; and how he longed to obey her call, and how piously he hushed the longing in his filial piety, I need not say.

There was a cousin of Mrs. Tim Cooney, a young blacksmith, who lived in the same village with them. He was a shrewd, industrious man, who was bent on making money, which, in his wise prudence, he laid up; and never did any one look better than he when following his *picturesque* calling. All the girls in H—— thought so, and there was not one in his sphere of life who could not have summoned up a sufficiency of love for him to have warranted marriage any day he had chosen to ask for it. But the blacksmith had not fixed his heart on any of his own kin, nor lost his heart to any of his own country; Norah Cooney alone answered to his idea of perfect beauty and worth in woman. He had seen her often in his frequent visits at Tim's house, had been enchanted more than once by her touching song; nothing so lovely had he ever heard as her "Kathleen O'Moore." "The Exile of Erin" was invested with the very soul of music as it came from her lips. From listening to her songs, from watching her quiet ways, her gentleness, her care for the poor mother, her affection for Mrs. Tim, his cousin, for her womanliness in the performance of duty, it was, that Miles Brewer loved her, and thought what a jewel of a wife she would be. But Miles had no courage to tell her of it, and no incident turned up in his converse with Norah that would lead directly to the broaching of that subject. There was nothing left for him but to speak with Tim's wife about the matter, and, alas! for his hopes, they were completely knocked on the head by the asking. Think of such an answer as this being returned him when at last he broached the subject.

"It's too bad, Miles; but did'nt you know it aforehand? Norah left her heart behind her when she came from Ireland; she's engaged to marry some man there as soon as he can come to America."

"No! is that so? Some drunken brute of a Paddy, I'll be bound. Do, for pity's sake, break up the match, Mary. I *must* have her?

"What you must *not* do, Miles, is just this. I won't have you calling Tim's countrymen names. I've heard my husband often speak of Felix Lever, and he never would consent to the match if it wasn't a good one for that young angel, as one might call her."

"Now, forgive me, Mary! If all Irishers were like Timothy Cooney, I wouldn't have had reason for speaking so disrespectfully, but you know well enough what they are."

"It's all the fault of the Government," interrupted Mary.

"But about this I can't promise to do anything. 'Twouldn't be right at all, at all. You wouldn't want me to say anything to her, Miles, if you were in your senses; but what man in love ever was in his right mind?"

Miles turned away without answering his cousin, for his trouble was very sore. He did not really wish to make disturbance or mutiny in a pre-engaged heart, but I would not affirm that he did not curse his cruel luck over and over again, as he wended his way back to the forge. Fortune, however, had an idea of befriending Miles Brewer, even if fate did apparently set her face against him. Every month he prospered more and more, till he became quite the model money-maker of H——, and, as he lived in a democratic neighbourhood, people took a great deal of pride in proclaiming to each other that he began life and labour with scarcely a cent at command.

Three years passed away, and Felix and Norah were separated still, and not only so—there was little prospect of their ultimate reunion. The letters, which at first had been so frequent and regular in appearing, failed; during the last six months not a line had come. The lonesomeness and sorrow occasioned during the first two or three months by this silence of Felix, gave way at the close of the half year to a settled doubt of his truth. That he was living Norah knew, for emigrants from her native country in abundance had during three months testified to the fact; it was grief even for a moment to harbour such a thought, but even after that thought became a bitter and settled conviction, the young girl's natural courage and strong will enabled her to bear the grief of desertion with more firmness and calmness than a colder-hearted, weaker mortal could have shown. Blest would she have been, indeed, had one word of assurance come to her in those days, that accident, sickness, or poverty, had prevented his greeting; but, though the word and assurance came not, though her faith was shaken, though her love returned trembling and fearful to her heart, she had no reproaches, no tears, no boisterous sorrow for other eyes and ears: whatever she may have suffered was locked up within her own soul.

Believing that Norah was really deserted, and watching her calmness and indifference, Mary Cooney began to have her own thoughts as to the probabilities of her cousin's success, if he endeavoured at this time to make an impression on Norah's heart—and it was owing to her suggestions that Miles Brewer's visits to her house became quite an everyday affair. And certainly, whether she regarded him as a suitor or not, there was a great deal of cordial kindness in Norah's greeting to the blacksmith; there was nothing of the coquette about her, certainly, and the gentle-hearted maiden, perhaps, laid the charge of the long, long conversations she held with Miles, to an ordinary courtesy and friendliness; be that as it may, Miles and Miles' cousin thought that the way to her affections was now quite clear, and the lover went on with his building, and clung to his industrious habits.

The day came round when his house was finished; and his courage had arrived at the superlative degree, and that day saw the blacksmith, now a very frequent visitor at his cousin's, walking arm-in-arm with Mary, and Norah beside him, down the new street where his building stood in all its grand com-

pleteness. It was the finest shop and house in H——, decidedly. Miles was very proud of this building; he had expended a great deal of calculation and thought on its arrangements, as well as money in carrying these arrangements out; and very eagerly and eloquently did he expatiate to his fair listeners on the uses and capacities of the whole place. From one room to another he led them, until at last they paused, that is, Miles and Norah, for Mary now took the opportunity to disappear to a pretty balcony leading from an upper chamber, and there, for the first time in his life, Miles Brewer spoke of love to woman. It was a twilight fitting for the tale of constant and patient love he had to tell, a sweet June twilight, so soft and warm, that it alone was enough to subdue the heart; and that story of love could not fall idly on the ear of her who listened to it.

Miles had not counted vainly on the turn affairs had taken in his favour of late—he did not have to ask for naught. Norah listened with a clear conscience to his pleading, and feeling absolved from all prior obligation, answered him as he had prayed she would. So she walked arm-in-arm home with Miles Brewer, his betrothed—and there was great joy in the household that night when they saw how the blacksmith had at last won.

An early wedding-day was appointed, and the intervening time seemed to Norah to have taken wings, when she sat down alone in the cottage the evening preceding it, to make some trifling, final preparations. Miles' house was all set in order. Norah herself had helped in the furnishing; and she, with the intended husband, had arranged all the place till it looked quite "palace-like," as the mother said.

John's wife, who lived in C——, had heard a report respecting Norah's speedy marriage, and being opposed to the match, as she had been to Tim's also, and a free-spoken woman besides, she said so much, and caused such disturbance in the family, that Tim had forbidden her the house. John, of course, took his wife's part, and poor Norah, who had been almost convinced by Margaret that she *was* committing a vile and deadly sin in giving up all thought of Felix Lever, was not sorry that things had come to such a decided pass—for now she could settle with her own conscience, and compose her mind, which it was, indeed, very needful that she should do—and thus, with a prayer on her lip for poor Felix, she could listen composedly to the soft words of another.

It was while she sat alone in Tim's house, waiting and wondering how it could be that Miles and her mother, and Tim and Mary, could be so late in returning from the fair, which was held that day in a neighbouring town, that Margaret Cooney passed in the darkness to the window in the back of Tim's cottage, where, discovering that Norah was really, as a friend had told her, quite alone, she tapped at the door, and then, without any bidding, quietly walked in. Norah was vexed to see her in the village, so far from C——, at that unseasonable hour; she doubted not that her sister-in-law had come to attend the wedding, though in the full consciousness that she would be a most unwelcome guest; much surprised, therefore, was she when Margaret laid her hand on her arm, saying hurriedly and impatiently, "You must go with me."

"I don't know anything about your musts," said Norah, removing herself further from her sister-in-law.

"What if I've to tell you something about Felix Lever, that you've lied to so meanly? What if I tell ye he's livin' an' come over the great sea to this place, jist to see the girl who is gone an' proved false to him? What if I tell ye, Norah Cooney, that he's been at the death-door with the *feaver*, on' that he's down at my house this minit, an' that I've come here for nothing on earth but to hear what ye've got to say for yourself!"

"What! Margaret, that I don't believe ye—that's all!"

"Come along, thin, yourself, an' see. No! yer afraid to come! afraid to venture to yer own brother's house, 'cause that bothering Yankee has beguiled you; more's the pity! Come along, I say; don't be a fool outright! Oh! if ye could a' seen him cry when I tould him of yees! If ye'd heard him pray that I'd come this distance to fetch ye to him, maybe ye'd not stand there looking at me as if ye was a piece of stone, and not a bit more of heart in ye, I do believe."

"Now hush," said Norah—and her voice was more like a whisper coming from a ghost than anything else. "Tell me that ye'r speaking truth, and not intending to deceive me. Swear it to me by yer hope in the Virgin, and I'll go with ye to Felix an' it were to the other end of the earth."

"Yis—if it's the last words I iver speak in this world, Felix is down there in C—— with John now, an'—there! hear thim carts! I promised to go in 'em. We haven't a minit's time. Will ye go—or wont ye?—I must be off!"

Norah never paused a moment to think of the possible results of that night's excursion. Halting only a moment at a neighbour's to tell them whither she was going, that Miles and Tim might be at rest when they heard of it, ten minutes more found her in the cart with Margaret, and on the way to C——, a distance of only sixteen miles.

It seemed rather like a tribunal of justice than anything else (to both those women as they went their way) to which they were rapidly speeding—and Margaret's eye was as constantly fixed on her companion as though she had, indeed, the conduct of a prisoner in her charge.

. . . . . .

Before nine o'clock the next morning there was a great tumult in the house where John Cooney lived—a greater excitement prevailed there when Norah entered it in the night time, and fell fainting, and with a heart breaking almost with the weight of its recovered love, and sorrow, and repentance; wilder than when in that still hour poor Felix listened to her confession, and clasped her to his breast, and pleaded where no pleading was needed to convince, his sickness and poverty, and *his* trust in *her*.

Tim and Mary and Miles Brewer were there; fearful of much, they scarcely knew *what*, however, from the extraordinary circumstances of her nocturnal departure, they had started in the first morning train for C——, and there they were all gathered together, astonished, enraged, and far from speechless. The prosperous Miles was a striking contrast, indeed, to the poor, pale, ill-dressed, and almost despairing Irishman; he looked, too, handsomer now in his wrath than ever before; and noisily, and with a great and quite apparent consciousness of his superiority to the whole group, did he argue the point, that this was his marriage-day, and he'd not put up with such a low performance; Norah Cooney was his by promise, and his she should be.

They all talked, but to no purpose, till the brothers and Mary finally reasoned Miles into quiet, when Tim said,

"It's agreed now, ye'll all lave it with Norah. It's a bad business, we all know—and we're sorry it happened. Felix here is almost like a brother to us; and Miles Brewer is a man to be proud of for any woman in the land. But we'll lave it to her. This is your wedding-day, Norah Cooney—which man shall be your husband?"

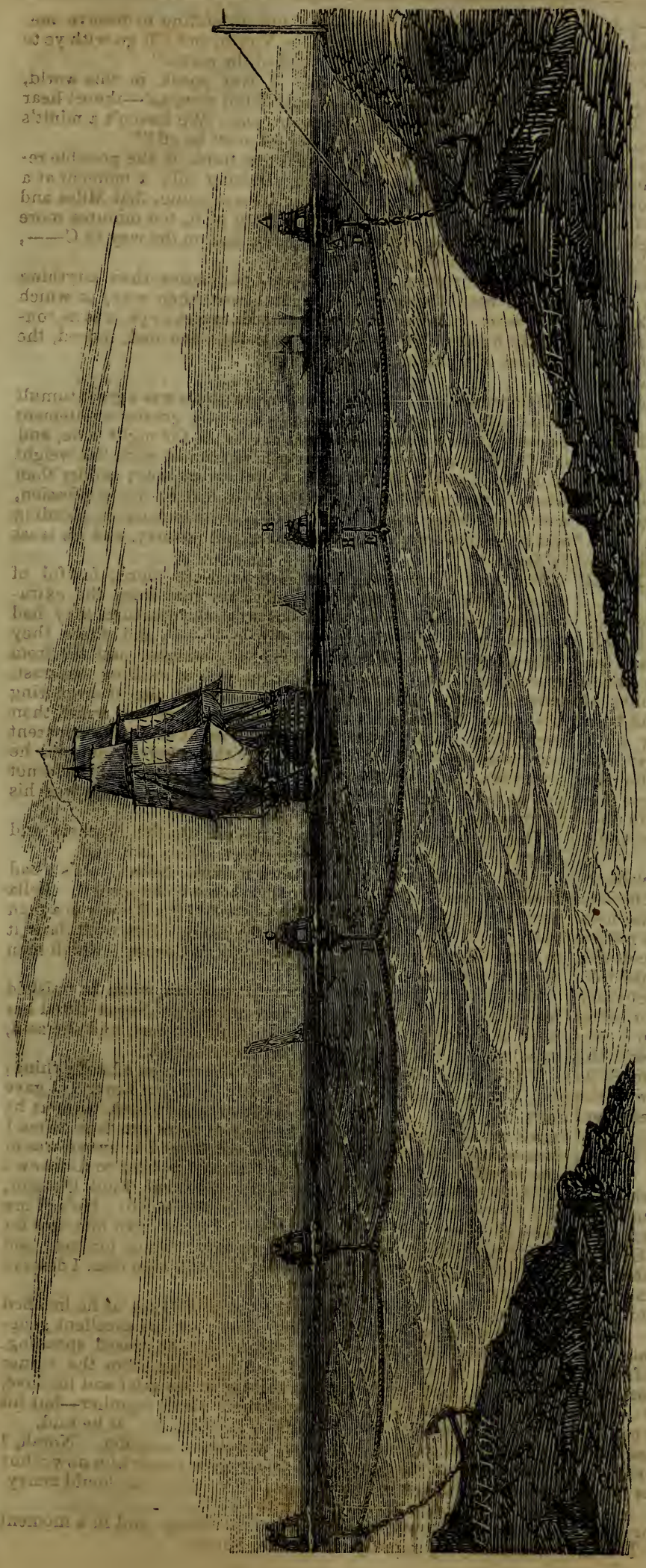
There was a deep silence in the little room, when he finished his speech; and it was many minutes before Norah lifted her head and spoke. But she had strength at last, and she said, so solemnly, that her hearers were awe-struck,

"If I'd died afore this day 't would have been a happy thing; but I'm punished for thinking falsely of Felix Lever. I gave him my heart. I had n't the right to take it back without he gave me the leave. Miles, I knew him from the time when I was a child; I promised myself to him afore I knew ye was in the world. Oh!—oh forgive me! I can't be false to him now! If he'd take me back to his heart, and thrue, kind thought, I'd be richer nor if I had all the gold in the world. He's of my own country; and, God forgive me! I'd not lave him now for any other, though ye would a' done great things for me; and you are a noble man, Miles Brewer, a better man than I deserve to marry."

A wild struggle went on in the heart of Miles as he listened to that low-spoken, solemn confession; but his excellent generosity conquered every other emotion as she ceased speaking. He came forward, then, and leading Felix from the corner where he stood, weak and irresolute in his grief and his love, to where Norah was, he joined their hands together—but his voice was not clear, nor were his eyes quite dry, as he said,

"God has joined—man shall not cleave asunder. Norah, I don't love you the less that I freely give you to him now; but you love him better than me—and it's right you should marry. Boy, I wish you a happy life with her."

He turned away as he finished speaking, and in a moment was hurrying rapidly from the house.



PROJECT FOR AN ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH FROM EUROPE TO AMERICA, BY M. DUMONT.

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH BETWEEN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

THREE hundred years ago there were no turnpike-roads in England, and the only mode of travelling expeditiously was the mode equestrian. London, in the reign of Elizabeth, was so badly paved and miserably lighted, that the favourite, and, indeed, only comfortable way of passing from the City to the West-End, was by the river, either by night or day. And thus the "silent highway" came to be, for years afterwards, the chief scene of metropolitan traffic. Even within the memory of living men the journey from London to Edinburgh was a matter of such serious import, as to occupy three days; and the voyage from England to New York was considered a quick one if accomplished in six months. Now, however, things have changed mightily; within the last twenty years steam has made itself potent, and the magnetic wire carries instantaneous messages from one end of the country to the other. The journey from the capital of England to that of Scotland is made between the rising and the setting of the sun, and the "trip to America" is considered rather slow if the steam-ship between Liverpool and New York is above ten days on the passage; nay, more than that, the English Channel has been, if not exactly bridged, at least made a medium of communication between our "tight little island" and the continent of Europe. We have already spoken at some length —*ante* pp. 70, 72—of the history of the Submarine Telegraph. Of its influence in producing a better understanding between nations, and solidifying the peace of Europe, there can be but little question. The gutta-percha-covered wire lying at the bottom of the sea is, as it were, the cordon of intelligence and the coil of enterprise, destined to carry forward the civilisation of all peoples.

The entire success of this first experiment has naturally caused many to speculate on the further extension of the telegraphic system; and thus we find that not only will England and Ireland be united by a submarine wire, but that it is proposed to carry a telegraphic wire across the Atlantic Ocean, even to the shores of the great American Continent itself.

The particulars of the proposition, which may be called great in more senses than one, are by no means complicated. The plan by which the Atlantic is to be spanned, and the old world united to the new, will be seen at once by a glance at the engraving. Having ascertained the best points on either side to which the telegraphic-wire could be attached, M. Dumont proposes that a rope similar to that between Calais and the South Foreland should be extended completely across the Atlantic Ocean. Instead, however, of letting the rope fall to the bottom of the sea, as is the case with the present Submarine Telegraph, he thinks that it should be suspended by buoys placed at certain determinate distances apart—say thirty feet—and not allowed to sink in the water more than forty feet at its lowest point of deflection. At that depth the water is ascertained to be perfectly still, whatever the state of the weather. This system of suspension will be perfectly understood by reference to the letters in the engraving. A, B, C, are the fixed buoys to which the rope is attached by means of the iron braces A D, B E, and C F. And in this way the telegraphic wires could be carried from buoy to buoy till the entire distance was accomplished.

The manner of constructing the rope is not essentially different from that already adopted—namely, that of a series of electric copper wires, insulated in gutta percha, prepared yarn, and

galvanised iron. In the long letter which M. Dumont, the projector of this grand scheme, addresses to the world through the medium of the *L'Illustration*, he enters fully into the particulars of his scheme, and shows how all objections may be met, and all difficulties of wind and tide may be overcome; and so great is his faith in the eventual success of his project, that he goes not only into the probabilities of the case, but actually attempts to show how such a plan would prove successful as a commercial speculation. He is a wise king who, before he goes to battle, sits down to count the cost.

Let us contemplate for an instant the effect of a Submarine Telegraph between London and New York. We have already heard how the speech of our gracious Queen can be put into the hands of the President of France within an hour of its delivery in the House of Lords. Fancy, then, a message from a merchant in the City traversing the breadth of England, Ireland, and the great Atlantic Ocean, and being delivered in words to his correspondent in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, in about the same time as one takes to eat his dinner, or walk half a dozen miles! The mind fails to comprehend the greatness of the undertaking, and we begin to despair of its accomplishment. But when we recollect that men have doubted the success of steamboats, and disbelieved in railroads; when we call to mind that some things we use daily in our houses and our shops—the watch, the clock, the gas-lamp, for instance—were puzzles and mysteries to those who lived before us; when we look around us and perceive that every day is bringing forth new discoveries in art and science—now a novel system of mnemonics; again, a special agency in physics; and then a discovery, which, in part, explains away the poetry of superstition and romance;*—when we count up all these, and compare them with the knowledge possessed by even the wisest of our forefathers, we begin to have faith in the realisation of a scheme which would be no less an epoch in history than the discovery of electricity itself.

* Odyle.—(See page 126.)

ABD-EL-KADER AN AUTHOR.

Abd-el-kader has become an author. The wild son of the desert, now that the sword has been wrested from his hand, has taken up the pen. It is no uncommon thing for the man of right strokes to be the man of powerful words. "Napoleon had words in him like Austerlitz battles." In compliance with the request of a French general, Abd-el-Kader has employed some of his time, in the captivity in which, to the shame of La belle France, he is still kept, in giving a very interesting account of the Arab horses of the desert, in which he describes the number of days they can march without fatigue, the distance they can accomplish in a day, their power of enduring hunger and thirst, the manner of breeding, feeding, and training them, together with other curious and interesting matter, of which the following is a specimen :—

"Although all the horses of Algeria are Arab by race, many have fallen from their nobility, because they have been too often employed to plough, to carry, and to draw burdens, and in such labours, which is a thing never done amongst the Arabs of old. On this point our Arabs say it is enough for a horse to walk on a ploughed field in order to lose all its merit; and they tell the following story. 'A man was riding on a thorough-bred horse. He was met by his enemy, who was also mounted on a noble courser. One pursued the other, and he who gave chase was distanced by him who fled. Despairing to overtake him, he cried, 'I ask you in the name of God, has your horse ever been at plough?' 'He has been at plough during four days.' 'Well! mine has never ploughed; and by the head of the prophet I am sure of catching you!' He then continued his chase. Towards the end of the day the flying man began to lose ground, and the pursuer to gain it; and at last he succeeded in combatting him whom he had at first despaired of overtaking. My own father, may God have pity on him, was accustomed to say, 'There has been no blessing on our land since we have made our horses beasts of burden and of the plough. Did not God make the horse for the course, the ox for the plough, and the camel to carry burdens? There is nothing to be gained in changing the ways of God!'"

SMILE UPON THE FALLEN.

Oh! smile upon the fallen!
It perhaps may heal a smart;
It may cause a flow of gladness
To warm the frozen heart;
And cause a gloom to change into
A smile of other years,
When everything was happiness,
And all unknown were tears.

Oh! smile upon the fallen!—
Think not, because 'tis so,
That in their hearts no feelings live,
No sweet affections flow;
Think not, because their deeds *were* dark,
Grim feelings haunt them still;
Remember thou repentance true
The darkest heart may fill.

Oh! smile upon the fallen!—
The heart that's suffer'd scorn,
Though crush'd, has tender impulses;
Though trampled on may own
Rare gems, as bright as ever lived
In hearts that ne'er have known
The pangs, the pains, the hopeless hours,
The fallen one may own.

Oh! smile upon the fallen!—
Look kindly in their face;
There are plenty who can frown on them,
But few the smiles they trace.
Why, then, should'st thou thy grim look add,
When thou a smile may'st use?
A smile which may into their hearts
A ray of hope infuse,

Oh! smile upon the fallen!—
Who knows but from above
The angels may be looking on
With smiles of happy love?
And then, perchance, the fallen one
May offer up a prayer
That Heaven may bless thee in thy plans,
And send thy life be fair.

Oh! smile upon the fallen!—
Remember drooping flowers
Do raise their heads when *suns* do smile,
Are nourished by kind showers.
Then, smile upon the fallen one!—
It perhaps may heal a smart;
It may cause a flow of gladness
To warm the frozen heart.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Freeholder and Commercial Advertiser, *a New Weekly Commercial, Political, Independent Paper, will be published every Monday evening, price* 4*d., or* 4*s.* 4*d. per quarter.—On Monday, March* 1, *will be commenced, as a Weekly Newspaper,* The Freeholder and Commercial Advertiser. *As its name indicates, it will, in the first place, be the Organ of the Great Freehold Land Movement. In addition to reporting progress, &c., its pages will be illustrated with engraved Plans of the Estates purchased by various Societies; a weekly list of the prices of rights for allotments; the improved value of allotments; the prices at which allotments have been sold on different estates; notices of Building, Life Insurance, and other Societies for the promotion and encouragement of provident habits, &c. But while these and similar topics will have due space—*

II.—The Freeholder and Commercial Advertiser *will form a complete guide as to the occupation of allotments, whether by sub-building, or for gardening, or other agricultural purposes.*

III.—As a Commercial *Paper, it will prove to be one of great importance and value to the trading community, not only as it will present a faithful record of the commercial operations of the previous week, but also reports of all the Monday's Markets up to the time of going to press.*

IV.—Although The Freeholder and Commercial Advertiser *will be the Organ of the Freehold Land Movement, it will be a first-rate general Newspaper, independent in principle, and will exert itself to the utmost to bring the Elective Franchise within the reach of every industrious and virtuous citizen.*

Order of any Newsvender The Freeholder and Commercial Advertiser.—*Office,* 335, *Strand.*

MISCELLANEA.

If history be philosophy teaching by example, the skilfully constructed fiction is no less so; nay, being more familiar and domestic, its lessons come more nearly home to the heart; and those who cannot entertain a sympathy for monarchs, heroes, and legislators, readily participate in all the woes and triumphs of individuals moving in their own sphere, and subject to the same casualties which they have themselves experienced. No wonder, then, that this species of literature is so popular.

Wellington at Waterloo.—Creevy was at Brussels during the battle of Waterloo. The suspense all that day was intolerable, the rumours were all unfavourable, and the non-appearance of our army in retreat on Brussels offered the only faint object of hope. Early the next morning Creevy went to see the Duke of Wellington, who had returned in the night. The duke rejected all congratulation, and said it was a dreadful business—thirty thousand men destroyed. It was a d——d near thing; Blucher and I thought we could do it, but it was a d——d near thing." Here was no vanity—no boasting.

It is astonishing how chilling the words of age fall upon the glowing enthusiasm of youth. As we go on through life, doubtless we gather all the same cold truths, but it is by degrees, not all at once, as when the freezing experience of many years is poured forth, like a sudden fall of snow, upon our hearts. Lucky, most lucky, it is that we cannot believe the lesson which the old would teach us, for certainly if we were as wise when we come into life as when we go out of it there would be nothing great and very little good done in the world; we mean that there would be no enthusiasm of wish or of endeavour.

Value of a Wig.—The following story is related of Count La Borde. When among the Arabs, he saw a very fine mare which he wished to purchase; while the bargain was going on (another was bargaining, he not speaking Arabic), hearing a talk, the Arabs thronged round and jostled him rather rudely. He drew his sword; as quick as his ready steel flashed, came forward the rummah and cobba of the Arabs; he was borne back by numbers; burning with rage he plucked his head dress (oh, shade of the unduteous son, his wig and all came too), and he cast it amidst the crowd. They fell back in terror from this man of wondrous make. "*Ya wallah*, the Kaffir has pulled his head off; God help us, God pardon us." This gave time to appease all anger; the Count replaced his wig, which had proved to him a better defence than the triple shield of Ajax, or the petrifying head of Medusa. Backshish, Back-hish, and all was forgotten.

Education begins with Life.—Before we are are aware, the foundations of the character are laid, and no subsequent instruction can remove or alter them. Linnæus was the son of a poor Swedish clergyman. His father had a little flower garden in which he cultivated all the flowers which his means or his taste could select. Into his flower-garden he introduced his little son from infancy, and this little garden undoubtedly created that taste in this child which afterwards made him the first botanist and naturalist of his age, if not of his race.

"Is that clean butter?" asked a grocer of a boy who had brought a quantity to market. "I should think it ought to be," replied the boy, "for mam and Sal were more than two hours picking the hairs out of it last night.'

Search after Happiness.—If you cannot be happy in one way be happy in another; and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humour are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man looking for his hat while it is on his head or in his hand.

The Newspaper Press.—There are ten daily papers published in London, of an aggregate circulation of 65,000, while in New York (only one-quarter its size) there are 15, with an aggregate circulation of 130,000. Of the New York papers 60,000 circulate in the city, the others being distributed over the country. Of the London papers, the vast bulk go into the country the first and second day. The secret of this immense disproportion between the newspaper consumption of the two cities lies in the simple fact, that, while of our ten daily papers nine are sold at 5d. each, of the fifteen New York, ten are sold at less than 2d.. and the others at 1d. or 1½d. An enormous disproportion also obtains between the journalism of the two countries taken at large, in number, price, and circulation. The virtual monopoly enjoyed by the *Times* (the representative of no class in society or politics) has no parallel in France or America, where every man reads the journal that assimilates to his opinions and tastes. The total number of stamps issued last year was —Metropolitan press, 47,219,679; provincial, 10,069,074; Wales, 641,252; Scotland, 6,674,892; Ireland, 6,050,354; total, 79,634,251, or, on an average, 2.9 copies for each person. The average of England and Wales separately is 3.7; for Scotland, 2.3; and for Ireland, 0.93, or not quite one for each person. If the support of the newspaper press be assumed as the test of intelligence, England would be the most intelligent, Scotland next, and Ireland least. This test, however, cannot be allowed. The cost expended on newspapers, reckoning each at 5d., is about £1,659,044 12s. 1d. in Great Britain. Of the London weekly papers, the cheap papers average 144,671; class papers (*Examiner, Economist, Spectator,* and *Leader*) 13,375; Church of England papers, 9.732; Wesleyan, 12,998; Dissenting, 11,473; Roman Catholic, 4,686; others not included under the above heads, 111,551: total, 308,446. Were the whole number to remain in London, every family would have its weekly paper. The cheap papers owe their immense circulation almost entirely to their cheapness, and they have fetched down the sale of their higher-priced and better-conducted rivals amazingly; thus the *Weekly Dispatch* printed 471,000 and the *Sunday Times* 257.000 fewer stamps in 1850 than in 1846. It is remarkable that the English Church and the several sections of Nonconformity should support collectively only eleven papers devoted to their interests, and, with one exception, it is barely supporting. At whatever department of the newspaper press we look, we find an amazing disparity between the number of papers circulated and the numerical state of the class they represent; and that disparity can be attributed only to the system of which the penny stamp appears to be the most obnoxious feature.

Fast Enough for a Shilling.—A gentleman from Leeds, when in London, recently asked a cabman how much he would charge for conveying him to a certain place. "Sixteenpence," was the reply. The gentleman knew that the proper charge was one shilling, and confident in the result of that knowledge, he stepped into the cab, telling the driver he would pay no more than the latter sum. With a look that plainly indicated that the genius of the whip thought his customer "no gentleman," he drove on his vehicle in the required direction, but at a pace so slow that the gentleman inside lost all patience, and putting his head out of the window, inquired whether he could not be driven faster. "Vy," said the cabman, slightly turning on his seat, and looking over his shoulder, "its fast enough for a shillin', I think, ain't it."

A Yankee Demosthenes.—A writer in the *New Englander*, describing the eloquence of one Rufus Choate, says:—"He would commence like an eagle soaring from his eyrie, and continue its onward and upward flight over the mountain-tops, up higher and higher still, and still higher, until he became the companion of the clouds. Often, when he finished a period in his happiest and most thrilling style, the listener would involuntarily look up to see if the thunderbolt he had launched from his lips had not perforated the roof of the hall!" What wonderful men and things does America produce!

Excessive Politeness.—A good story is told of a very polite sheriff, who came near being outdone by a person it was the line of his duty to hang. "Sir," said the gentleman, as the sheriff was carefully adjusting the rope, "really your attention deserves my thanks. In fact, I do not know of one I should rather have hang me." "Really," said the sheriff, "you are pleased to be complimentary. I do not know of another individual it would give me so much pleasure to hang."

Visibility of the Air.—An interesting paper of M. Andraud, the engineer, who is so well known to the public by his experiments with compressed air as a substitute for steam on railways, was presented at the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences. This paper is entitled by the author "Aeroscopie," or the visibility of the molecules of the air. M. Andraud proves that by a very simple contrivance the air is rendered visible. By taking a piece of card, coloured black, and piercing it in the centre with a fine needle, this interesting fact is established. If we look through this hole at the sky on a fine day, or at a strong lamp having a ground-glass, we see a multitude of little transparent globes moving in the midst of confused nebulosities. These little globes, some of which are more transparent than others, are molecules of air. Some of them are surrounded with a kind of halo. These latter, says M. Andraud, are the elements of oxygen, while others are the elements of azote. After continuing the observation for some time, we shall see small points detach themselves, and disappear in falling. These, says M. Andraud, are atoms of carbon. This phenomenon of vision, it is essential to remark, passes within the eye itself; the molecules of air which are observed are those which float in the liquid which occupies the anterior part of that organ. According to the author of this paper, the discovery is not interesting merely as a phenomenon, but may be applied to important purposes in medicine.

A GREAT MAN.—Every man is great as a man; for he who possesses the divine power of a soul is a great being, be his place in society what it may. He may be clothed in rags—may be occupied in the lowest business—may make no show—be scarcely known to exist—but yet he may be more truly great than those who are commonly so-called; for greatness consists of force of soul—that is, in the force of thought, in moral principle and love, and this may be found in the humblest condition. For the greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution—who resists the sorest temptations from within and without—who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully—who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and frowns—whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God, is most unfaltering.

KEEP COOL.—We are one of those who love a joyful face. If there is anything of which we may be prodigal, without cost or prejudice to ourselves, but with a great deal of benefit to others, it is of our smiles. Smiles are contagious, and so are their opposites, gloomy and unpleasant looks. Do try, each and every one, to carry a cheerful face. What if your path be beset with perplexities—don't fret. There's no use in fretting, though you are in debt, and business is dull, and the banks will not discount, and your friends can't lend. Getting vexed with yourself and everybody else won't help the matter—no, not a bit. If the girl you like gives you the mittens, or you have got married, and find yourself egregiously taken in, keep cool—fretting won't bring bring back the one, or make an angel of the other. If your trunk is lost in travelling, or some pickpocket relieves you of your superfluous bank-bills, take it easy—fretting won't afford any consolation for your troubles. Keep cool, then, and not be needlessly worried.

GOOD AND BAD NEWS.—Bad news weaken the action of the heart, oppress the lungs, destroy the appetite, stop the digestion, and partially suspend all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches, joy illuminates it: and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses great energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to excite. Powerful emotions often kill the body at a stroke. Cailo, Diagoras, and Sophocles, died of joy at the Grecian games. The news of a defeat killed Philip V. One of the Popes died of an emotion of the ludicrous on seeing his monkey robed in pontificals, and occupying the chair of state. Muley Moloc was carried upon the field of battle in the last stages of an incurable disease; upon seeing his army give way, he rallied his panic-stricken troops, rolled back the tide of battle, shouted victory, and died. The door-keeper of Congress expired on hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it had suddenly subsided. Lagrave, the young Parisian, died when he heard that the musical prize for which he had competed was adjudged to another. The case of Hill, in New York, is fresh in the memory of all; he was apprehended for theft, taken before the police, and, though in perfect health, mental agony forced the blood from his nostrils, and he was carried out dead.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A TEETOTAL STUDENT.—You will find what you want in Morewood's "History of Inebriating Liquors and Distillations."

J. P.—The History of England will not be published in THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, as there is already one written expressly for the "Working Man's Library." It is by Dr. Ferguson, and has already gained great praise and had an enormous sale.

THOMAS ASTBURY.—The FREEHOLDER newspaper will appear on the 1st of March, and be continued weekly. It will contain Monday's corn and other markets.

A CONSTANT READER.—Iceland belongs to Europe. It was known to Europe before America. It belongs to an European monarch. Its literature is European. It has nothing whatever to do with America.

X. Y. Z. says: "Having to write an essay upon the Persecuted Nonconformists and the Revolution of 1688, I shall feel obliged if you will advise me what books to read for the purpose." If X. Y. Z. has mixed up the two questions together, we think he has done wrong. One subject is enough at a time. The materials for both are plentiful enough. Neal's "History of the Puritans," Price's "History of Nonconformity," Hanbury's "Memorials of Independency," Miall's "Footsteps of our Forefathers," will all give him what he wants for his essay on the Persecuted Nonconformists. The other essay he must write after consulting Hallam, Macaulay, Mackintosh, and Professor Smythe's "Lecture's on Modern History," where he will get a reference to all that is worth reading on the subject.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE FIRST wishes to get rid of superfluous hairs. There is but one way—pluck them out.

J. L.—A landlord has no right to stop a footpath which has been in existence more than a hundred years. We are sorry your question was overlooked; but we must beg your patience, and that of the rest of our correspondents. They must give us time.

BENJAMIN LONG.—We can make no promise till we have seen the manuscript. You are aware the subject is of mere local interest, unless it be very pleasantly and powerfully handled; but we can say nothing about it until we have seen it.

B. B. asks the amount of scholarship necessary to render a young man eligible for the situation of banker's clerk? Very little, we imagine, beyond skill in arithmetic and the abillty to write a good hand.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—There is not the slightest prospect of discontinuing THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND. The volume will be completed in 26 parts, but the publication itself will go on as usual.

A GRATEFUL INQUIRER wants to know the process of naturalisation in France. We refer him to Lord Brougham. One thing is clear, that to be naturalised in France he must cease to be an English citizen. But, unless he has any particular reasons, we recommend him not to apply for naturalisation in France at present. Let him wait and see what Louis Napoleon is about.

A WORKING MAN.—You may purchase a camera obscura at any philosophical instrument maker's; but we cannot tell you the price, as you may get them at all prices.

AN ECONOMIST.—There are books published professing to show how a man may live in London on £50 a year; but you can find out for yourself how cheaply you can live far better than any book can.

A. Z. wishes to know the best guide to the continent of Europe. There is no one volume we can recommend. A. Z. must procure Murray's Guide-books. They may be depended upon. A. Z.'s next question is very difficult to answer. We really cannot name the *least* sum a person *must* spend in travelling over Europe. Travelling is an expensive pleasure, and the more money one has to spend when travelling, the more agreeable the journey is. In the north of Europe one may travel, we believe, more cheaply than elsewhere; but it is impossible to name a sum as the probable expense of a ramble through Europe. A. Z. must get Murray's Guide-books and form an estimate for himself.

T. M. S.—The best cure for warts is burning them off with caustic.

W. W.—You had better take the advice of some *respectable* solicitor; but mind what you are about, or you may be robbed right and left.

PHONE wants to know if he may use a shower-bath immediately after a warm bath? We say, Try. If it agrees with him, Phone will soon find it out.

M. M. M. wants to know what we pay contributors to our pages? We have no fixed scale of remuneration. Some contributions would be dear at any price.

A WORKING MAN.—THE FREEHOLDER AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER will be a family man's newspaper. It will not merely be the organ of the Freehold Land Movement. It will be popular in its tone and character. Everything relating to the people's progress will be given. It will aim to instruct, and elevate, and guide the million.

J. W. misunderstands the drift of our article on pernicious literature. Study by all means the lives of bad men as well as good. You may learn from the one as well as from the other. We only protest against putting into the hands of the young before their principles are established—when, in the language of the poet, they are wax to receive and marble to retain,—works holding up to admiration and imitation the vicious and depraved. This is very different to the knowledge of evil which necessity is laid upon us to acquire. J. W., we think, will see his mistake.

R. BUCHANAN.—Paine's gas is not portable.

A CONSTANT READER.—Forestalling, as an offence at common law, is described, in a statute of Edward VI., to be buying or contracting for any merchandise or victual coming the way to market, or dissuading persons from bringing their goods or provisions there, or persuading them to enhance the price when there. This offence was abolished by 7 and 8 Vic., c. 24, entitled "An act for abolishing the offences of forestalling, regulating, and engrossing, and for repealing certain offences passed in restraint of trade."

S. D.—We are not aware that there is any demand for plate-layers in Australia; but there is a great demand there for labour at this time, in consequence of the settlers abandoning their occupations and marching off to the "diggings."

T. W. asks what tartar on the teeth arises from? We take the answer from a medical work just published by Mr. Canton. He says: "From the want of proper attention to cleanliness, more especially in persons the secretions of whose mouths are in a vitiated condition, a smaller or larger proportion of the salts held in solution in the saliva, with other extraneous matter, such as, according to Maude and other microscopic observers, infusorial animalculæ and their skeletons, are deposited on the teeth, whether natural or artificial, and, when so precipitated, are commonly called tartar, or by some a salivary calculus, or secretion." Persons suffering from fever, or salivation, whether arising from constitutional causes or from the exhibition of medicines, and those whose digestive apparatus in any part is out of order, are peculiarly liable to this secretion; but it may be met with in all states of health and at all ages.

TEXTOR (Desborough).—The letters V.D.M. after the name of Matthew Henry, and other preachers, stand for *Verbum Dei Ministri*, Minister of the Word of God.

JOHN GREGORY.—The "dead languages" are languages that have ceased to be spoken, as Latin, &c. The Latin names of the months are as follow: Januarius, Februarius, Martius, Aprilis, Malus, Junius, Julius, Augustus, September, October, November, December.

J. S. (Frome) thinks there is no effectual remedy for the plague of bugs but using the bedstead itself as the most suitable *trap* for them, and taking it to pieces and cleansing it thoroughly two or three times in a season. He says that all lotions and ointments, however powerful, will only keep them from the bedstead for a short period, and that meantime they take refuge in the walls, &c.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE
WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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SKILL AND INDUSTRY.

UNITED, they are strong and powerful; divided, they are weak and powerless. The first may be defined as the head, and the last as the hands; the one invents, adapts, controls, improves, digests—the other carries into effect and operation. Twin sisters, as the artist has delineated them, they together do the work of the world; separated, they effect nothing. Skill without Industry is as a chained prisoner in an impenetrable tower; Industry without Skill is as a ship on a stormy sea, without a rudder or a hand to guide. Or they may be likened to a master and a servant—the one commands, the other obeys; or to an engine and its driver—one possessing power alone, and the other will to guide that power onwards whithersoever he pleases. Skill is the mainspring which, in its efforts to escape control, unwinds itself, and so sets the wheels of Industry in motion. Skill is the overseer, Industry the labourer; the one cannot act without the other, and neither are independent. Skill is the teacher, Industry the scholar; Skill is the maker, Industry the seller; Skill is the poet, Industry the workman; Skill is the brain, Industry the thews and muscles; Skill theorises, Industry practises; Skill is the monarch, and Industry his willing subject.

How, happy, then, is the condition of him in whom the qualities of skill and industry are united. But it must not be supposed that these inestimable gifts—better than genius, because more certain of appreciation, and more adaptable to the wants and wishes of mankind—are the property of any one class or section of men. Among the rich and educated, Skill takes the form of a statesman, a lawyer, a divine, a teacher, to whom Industry is the faithful handmaid; among other classes it comes in the guise of the workman anxious to understand and conquer the principles of his work, whatsoever it be. With these, Skill and Industry united, form honourable labour; and that labour, rightly directed, *is* honourable, there can be no question, be the workman whomsoever he may.

SKILL AND INDUSTRY.

A GROUP IN BRONZE, BY JOSEPH GAFFER, VIENNA.

> The rich, in his father, his friend, or himself,
> By head or by hand must have toiled;
> And the brow that is canopied over with pelf,
> By labour's own sweat has been soiled.

Let us illustrate our meaning by a little fable.

Once upon a time, there dwelt a poor man in the depths of a forest, who earned his bread by felling trees. And he worked very hard indeed, and it was only by great efforts that he was enabled to procure a subsistence for himself and his family. All day long, through the bright summer days, and in the midst of the cold dreary winter, the sound of his axe might be heard re-echoing through the solitary woods. And he was known to all the country round as Old Industry. His family was one of the most ancient in the world, and he could have traced his genealogy (if he had known anything of that noble science, which he did not) right back to Adam, the first worker. And so, from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age, he had gone on, just as his father had done before him, hewing down the giant trees of the forest, and by great labour dragging them to the edge of the river, on which, with much more labour, he contrived to launch them, so that they might float down to the distant town, where they were sold to make houses and ships. Now, it happened that one day, while Old Industry was thus employed, a young stranger, of fair and noble aspect, came into the wood, and stood and watched the labourer at his work. It rather disconcerted the old fellow at first to see the stranger looking on, especially as he came day after day and gazed curiously at his operations without conversing, or even so much as saying "God be with you" when he came or went. So the old man

took courage one fine morning, and civilly inquired the stranger's business, and whether he could do anything for him.

"I was thinking," said the young man, "that you take a great deal of unnecessary pains, and work much harder than you need."

"Ah, master," said the other, "how may that be? I work in the same way as my father and my father's father did before me."

"That's very likely, indeed," replied the stranger. "Is not yon the river, shining in the sunlight there, that you float your timber on?"

"Well, it is," replied the old man.

"Then why not make the tree fall towards the stream? You give yourself so much more trouble if it falls the other way."

"Well, now, I never thought of that," said the woodman. "To be sure; why not?"

"And why not cut a notch on the river side of the tree," continued the young man, "and when you have driven your axe half-way through the bole, tie a rope to the branches and pull it over? It would save you a deal of labour, depend upon it."

"Aye, surely," returned Industry; "why not? I never thought of that either. It would have saved me a world of work indeed, considering the scores of trees I have felled, man and boy, in my lifetime."

"And then, when you have got the old trunk down," the stranger went on, "why not, instead of dragging it slowly and painfully through the rough forest, make a path to the river's side, and push it onwards over rollers placed beneath it? It would not be half the trouble, believe me."

"Why, master, you are as good as a witch," said the old man; "what may your name be?"

"I am called Talent by my friends, and Tact by my enemies," replied the youth; "but my right name is Skill."

"And what may your trade be?" inquired Industry, beginning to feel greatly interested.

"Well, as to trade, I have none at present. I wish I had, for I could turn my hand to almost anything."

"No trade!" exclaimed the woodman; "oh, that's bad indeed; you ought to do something, a clever young fellow like you. Now, if I had such a chap as you with me——"

"You would not be troubled with me, I'm afraid," the young man said, with a smile.

"Indeed, but I would, though; only such a gentleman as you could not get on with an old fellow like me," replied the woodman, looking up from his work, and leaning on his hatchet.

"Would you like to try me?" said the youth.

"Would I like? Just you try *me*."

And so Industry and Skill entered into partnership.

Skill took the lead in their affairs, and Industry, working hard to assist him, they soon established a most successful trade. And you may be sure that they were not long content to obtain a living by felling trees. They built bridges across the stream, and ships to sail on its surface; they tunnelled the earth, so that the pure water might be carried to distant cities where none was; they dug and delved in secret places in the great forest, and brought from out the depths of the ground the hidden riches which had lain there undisturbed for ages; they cleared a space around their dwelling, and in a little while the waving corn grew cheerily where once a dismal swamp had been, on which the *ignis fatuus* danced through the long dreary nights of winter. They erected cottages, in which poor labourers soon came to live, and the cottages multiplied and grew into goodly houses, and shops, and factories, and the labourers came to be, at last, substantial, creditable citizens. They made themselves known in the world, and, where once the trees of the forest waved in the breeze, was reared a noble city with a noble river flowing round its walls. And they lived to a good old age, and saw their sons and daughters increase and multiply around them, eager to follow in the path their fathers had hewn out of the wilderness of nature, and thankful to God that they were allowed to replenish the earth and subdue it. And thus it is that ever since then men have recognised the rightful claims of Skill and Industry, till, at last, it has come to pass that the world has grown wiser and better, and the curse pronounced upon the children of Adam—that in the sweat of their faces they should earn bread—is turned, by the providence of God, into a blessing.

And the moral of our little fable—for every fable should have a moral appended, though it be ever so plain in the text itself—is this:—

"Push forward like men through all chances and changes,
Events *must* give way to the dominant will—
If we do but rely were High Power arranges,
We may yet live to see success wait on our skill.

"Never give up! it is wiser and better
Always to hope than once to despair;
Fling-off the load of foul Sloth's heavy fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care."

LECTURES TO WORKING MEN.

WHY FOSSILS ARE COLLECTED AND EXHIBITED, EXPLAINED.

On Monday, February 16, a lecture on Fossils was delivered at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn-street, by Edward Forbes, F.R.S., Professor of Natural History. The lecturer commenced by stating that one great object of the present lecture was to create a greater interest in the inspection of the fossil remains in this and other museums, and to lead his auditory to the study and collection of fossils as a source of information and advantage.

Fossils are the remains of creatures which lived and died in ages which have passed away. They are found in the various strata composing the earth, and each kind of strata contains certain fossil remains peculiar to that strata.

The lecturer then explained the various diagrams exhibited. The first of these showed the various strata of the earth, as they are found in Great Britain, the upper strata being that most recently formed, and from thence gradually passing successively to the strata of most ancient date at the bottom of the list.

EPOCHS. Historical.	Fossil Remains.
Post Tertiary	Bones and teeth of the mastodon, elephant, horse, and other mammalia.
Newer Tertiary: Glacial, Pliocene, Meiocene. *Older Tertiary:* Eocene.	Teeth and vertebræ of sharks, crabs, lobsters, and other crustaceæ; leaves, fruits, stems, masses of wood.
Newer Secondary: Cretaceous, Lower Green Sand, Wealden,	Marine plants, sponges, corals, fishes, reptiles, &c.
Older Secondary: Purbeck, Upper Oolite, Middle Oolite, Lower Oolite, Lias, Trias.	Ammonites, corals, shells, insects, reptiles, fishes, &c.
Newer Palæozoic: Permian, Carboniferous, Devonian.	Plants, trees, shells, zoophytes, &c.
Older Palæozoic: Upper Silurian, Middle Silurian, Lower Silurian,	Corals, trilobites, sword-fish, and mollusca.
Cambrian	Corals and shells.

(For the information of our readers, we have appended a second column to the professor's diagram, containing a notice of some kinds of fossil remains found in the various strata.)

The lecturer then pointed out the various animals as they occur as fossil remains, commencing with the higher class of animals, and descending to the lowest.

ANIMALS.

Vertebrata:	*Animals furnished with a back-bone.*
Mammalia,	Quadrupeds,
Aves,	Birds,
Reptilia,	Reptiles,
Pisces.	Fishes.
	Animals whose bodies are jointed, or composed of joints.
Articulata:	
Arachnida,	Spider tribe,
Insecta,	Insects,
Crustacea,	Shell fish,
Annellida.	Worms.
	Animals with soft bodies, destitute of bones.
Mollusca:	
Cephalapoda,	Cuttle-fish,
Gasteropoda,	Snail,
Acephala,	Scallop,
Bryozoa,	Thread-worms,
Radiata,	Star-fish,
Echinodermata,	Sea urchins,
Acalepha,	Sea nettles,
Protizoa,	Sponges.

(We have appended to this diagram the name of a *specimen* of each of these several classes.)

The next diagram referred to was that of plants, as given below. (To this we have also appended some further explanation.)

PLANTS.

Exogens: Augiosperma, Gymnosperma. } Plants which grow by the formation of fresh layers of wood from the centre to the circumference, such as the oak, and most European trees.

Endogens: Florideæ, Glumaceæ. } Plants which have neither bark nor pith, as the palm, and other tropical plants.

Acrogens.....Ferns of various kinds, &c.

Thallogens.....Fungi, or fungous plants, as mushrooms, &c.

To the question, "Why are fossils collected, and placed in museums?" Mr. Forbes replied—In order to serve as illustrations of the various strata of the earth, and to afford information relative to the mineral wealth therein contained.

Fossils have not always been considered as the remains of living bodies, and even at the present day there are some who look upon them as freaks of nature, formed of the mineral constituents of the earth, as if the earth possessed an inherent principle of vitality to mould and shape the particles of inanimate matter into the forms of living things. The progress of science has done much to remove such absurd notions, and we are now enabled to give conclusive evidence that fossils are the remains of creatures which lived in former periods of time. This is proved from the fact that fossil oysters, for instance, are not found all of one size in the same bed, but as exhibiting various periods of age and growth. We also can ascertain in some cases that they have suffered from disease, or been subjected to the attacks of other creatures, as in the perforations made in the shell of the fossil oyster by marine insects.

We find, on examining the cliff on the sea-shore, that it is made up of various strata, the one lying on the other. By observing the relation of one rock or strata to another, and examining the fossils therein contained, we are enabled to arrive at the knowledge of the relative ages of rocks. Thus if we meet with any particular strata in an island, and wish to determine the relative age of the strata, as compared with that of the mainland, we can do so by examination of the fossil remains it contains, since each formation or deposit was inhabited by certain kinds of animals adapted to the particular circumstances in which they were placed.

Then comes the practical value to be derived from a knowledge of the fossils found in different strata. Take, for instance, the case of coal. This mineral fuel, though obtained in our own country in great abundance, is found only in beds in one set of rocks or strata of the earth: these are the carboniferous. It has often occurred, that much money, time, and labour have been unprofitably expended, in digging and boring for coal in localities where no coal could possibly be found. There may have been indications of some particular rocks, resembling those found in connection with beds of coal, and this has sometimes led to the belief, that coal must be found beneath; but had the promoters of the search been conversant with, and carefully examined the fossils found in the strata in which they began their boring operations, they would have received from this source the most positive assurance which could have been afforded them, that no coal *could* be found, and thus have saved their money and their time.

The lecturer recommended his auditory to make themselves acquainted with the fossils of the different strata, as they might be placed at a future period in such a position as to turn such knowledge to useful account.

The method of arrangement of fossils in collections came next under review: one of these is termed *stratiographical*, or, according to the order of the various strata, as shown in the diagram, and according to which method the fossils in the Museum are arranged: the other arrangement is according to natural history.

Then came the subject of labelling the specimens, and of naming the various fossils. The lecturer here adverted to the remarks often made by visitors to Museums:—Why give those things Latin names? Why not call an oyster an oyster, and a pear a pear? The very numerous varieties of oysters and of other things would require, to be expressed in English, such roundabout terms, as to render it far more difficult to the student to remember these, than the short and expressive Latin terms adopted. There is also this advantage, that the collectors of fossils in all countries thus make use of one language, understood by all, and consequently the promotion of the science and its real value is considerably extended.

Mr. Forbes then referred to the mode of labelling the specimens in the Museum (which it must be remembered are *all* British). The plan adopted is as follows:—

SPECIMEN LABEL.

MAP 11.—Formation, London Clay.
LOCALITY.—Barton.
SPECIES.—Ostrea flabellula.
REFERENCE.—

"Map 11." has reference to the number of the square or division of the Ordnance Map, or Map of the Geological Survey of Great Britain. "Formation," to the strata in which the fossil was formed. "Locality," to the place where it was found. "Species," to the particular kind of Ostrea or Oyster, Ostrea being the *genus*, and *flabellula* the description of the particular sort, as distinguishing it from other kinds of fossil oysters. "Reference," indicates any particular work or treatise, in which an account of it may be found. The term, "London Clay," does not mean that this formation is peculiar to London, it may exist elsewhere, but wherever it is found, there will also be the same class of fossil remains as are found in the clay on which London stands.

Speaking further of the great value which Linnæus, the Swedish naturalist, had conferred on science, by introducing the mode of classification by *genus* and *species*, Mr. Forbes stated that there were no less than 100,000 plants, 70,000 living creatures, and 30,000 fossils known, and described by naturalists, each characterised by genus and species.

The lecturer concluded, amidst the applause of his audience, by enforcing on them the study and collection of fossils in their walks in the country, and trips down the river (at various parts of whose banks numerous interesting specimens might be obtained), not only with the view of reaping pecuniary advantage from the useful application of knowledge thus acquired, but also as a means of obtaining a deeper insight into the beauties and wonders of creation, and of tracing the perfection of the Creator as exhibited in all his works.

INCRUSTATIONS IN BOILERS.—We find, by an American paper, that in Louisville, where the water is strongly impregnated with lime, coal-tar is said to have been found to operate much better than any other agent yet experimented with in protecting boilers from corrosion by lime incrustations. The mode of application is as follows:—The boiler having been thoroughly cleaned, a pint of tar is poured inside; and, as the boiler is refilled with water, the thin film of tar which floats on the surface attaches itself to the interior. Afterwards, a pint of tar per week to a boiler of about 28 feet in length, is poured amongst the water to maintain the coating at first produced. By these means, the lime deposit adheres to the tar instead of the iron, and can be removed with little or no trouble.

AN AMERICAN HEROINE.

THERE are many incidents recorded in the history of the American Revolution, in which acts have been achieved, and courage of the most daring character displayed, by females, which would have done honour to the stronger sex; but in the life and character of the extraordinary woman before us, history is without parallel.

Like Joan d'Arc, we find an humble girl of seventeen inspired with an ardent patriotism and resolution to stand forth in the defence of her injured country, offering her services in the garb of a *continental soldier;* determined to aid in the struggle for freedom, or to perish a noble sacrifice in the attempt.

Deborah Sampson was born at Plympton, a small village in the county of Plymouth, Massachusetts, on the 17th of December, 1760. She was the granddaughter, by the maternal side, of William Bradford, for many years Governor of the Colony of Plymouth.

At the time of the marriage of Deborah Sampson's parents, her father was a respectable farmer; but through losses and misfortune he became so reduced as to be induced to make trial of a seafaring life, and having made one voyage to Europe which proved to be tolerably successful, he started on a second, but alas! it proved to be his last, the vessel was wrecked, and Mr. Sampson with several others were lost.

The mother of our heroine, by her industry and economical management, kept her family together as long as she was able, after her husband's decease; but sickness and other misfortunes obliged her to give the children into the hands of kind friends who had offered to take charge of them.

Deborah was only five years old when she was adopted into the family of a lady of the name of Fuller, who promised to take charge of her education.

She had not been more than three years in her new home, when, to her great sorrow, she lost her benefactress by the epidemic then raging, the small-pox. Her mother now removed her into the family of Mr. Jeremiah Thomas, of the same town. The lady of Mr. Thomas perceiving in Deborah a great propensity for reading and study, gave her every opportunity to indulge in it. She remained in that benevolent family until she attained her sixteenth year, when she was released from her indentures, and became her own mistress. She then engaged herself to work in the family of a farmer one half the time, in payment for her board and lodging, the remainder was spent in school.

In a very few months she was regarded as a prodigy, her proficiency being so rapid.

She was notorious for her frequent interrogatories relative to natural history, especially the cultivation of plants, which became conspicuous in her early years, and which, from the delicate effect it frequently has on many of the softer passions, induces us to notice it here. This appears to have been the case with her inquiring mind; she has often been heard to express her astonishment when she has found one of her companions most anxiously perusing some novel or romance formed on some love-story. She has often said that her mind was never more effectually impressed with the power, wisdom, and beneficence of Deity, than in the contemplation of his works. These traits, we may venture to affirm, are some of the primeval exertions of those endowments which are so peculiarly characteristic of rectitude and worth, the leading principles of life.

The operation of affairs in the colonies at this time began to wear a gloomy aspect, not only affecting the minds of men, but appearing most sensibly to interest the females. Deborah Sampson never passed a day without inquiring the state of affairs, and seemed to enter into those inquiries with a spirit of indignation and astonishment.

The distressed situation of the inhabitants of Massachusetts, and particularly those of Boston, after the passing of the Port Bill, can better be imagined than described. Deborah, though not an eye witness of this distress, was not insensible to it; her mother and sisters were residing there, and she was continually hearing of the unprovoked insults of the inhabitants by the enemy, and the probability of their soon being in a starving condition. These startling relations filled her patriotic soul with an enthusiasm which strengthened and increased with the progression of the war, and fixed in her mind the accomplishment of the object after which she aspired. She had frequent opportunities of viewing the American volunteers as they marched from one post to another; every time added additional stimulus to her determination; and the time had now arrived to carry into execution those plans which had long been maturing in her chivalric mind. During her residence at the farm, her employer permitted her to keep a few chickens, from which indulgence she had saved a few dollars.

She now determined with that small sum to purchase some material which she could convert into a suit of male attire; and accordingly procured some fustian, and when secure from observation made it up into clothing suitable for her purpose; as each article was finished she hid it in some secure place till the whole was accomplished.

She then made known to her employer that she was going where she could be better paid for her labour, and, tying her new apparel in a bundle, left the house to enter upon a new and to her a most hazardous enterprise.

On the morning of her departure from the farmhouse, she rose before the sun, and retiring to the shelter of the nearest wood, assumed the garb in which she dared the most dangerous exploits. She took her course towards Taunton, in hopes of meeting with some one who was going directly to head-quarters. She reached Taunton soon after six o'clock the same morning, and the first person she unwelcomely met was a near neighbour of her late employer. This was at first like an electric shock to her, but he passed on and did not recognise her. She proceeded on to Bellingham, knowing there was a recruiting party there, and engaged herself as a continental soldier during the war. The general muster-master was doubtless glad to enroll the name of a youth whose looks and mien promised to do honour to the cause in which he was engaged.

She entered her name as Robert Shurtliffe, and became one of a party who were ordered to Worcester, to join the company of Captain Thayer of the Uxbridge regiment, to which she then belonged.

The fair authoress relates an incident which occurred during her stay at Worcester, which will not be out of place in this memoir. She says:—"The regiment not being ready to depart, and Captain Thayer being much pleased with the appearance of his new recruit, gave him a home in his family. While in the house of Captain Thayer, a young girl, visiting his wife, was much in the society of the young soldier. Coquettish by nature, and perhaps priding herself on the conquest of the blooming recruit, she suffered her growing partiality to be perceived. Robert on his part felt a curiosity to learn by new experience how soon a maiden's fancy might be won; and had no scruples in paying attentions to one so volatile and fond of flirtation, with whom it was not probable the impression would be lasting. This little piece of romance gave some uneasiness to the worthy Mrs. Thayer, who could not help observing that the liking of her fair visitor for Robert was not fully reciprocated. She took an opportunity of remonstrating with the young soldier, and showed what unhappiness might be the consequence of such folly, and how unworthy it was of a brave man to trifle with the feelings of a girl. The caution was taken in good part, and it is not known whether the courtship was continued, though Robert received at parting some tokens of remembrance, which were treasured as relics in after years."

The company being ready they were ordered to West Point, to be detached into their proper companies and regiments. It fell to the lot of Robert to be in Captain Webb's company of light infantry, in Colonel Shephard's regiment, and in General Patterson's brigade. On the second day after their arrival they drew their accoutrements, which were a French fusee, a knapsack, a cartridge-box, and thirty cartridges. Her next business was to clean her piece, and to exercise once every morning in the drill, and at four o clock P.M., on the grand parade. Her garb was exchanged for a uniform peculiar to the infantry of those times; it consisted of a blue coat, lined with white, and white wings on the shoulders, and cords on the arms and pockets; a white waistcoat, breeches or overalls and stockings, with black straps about the knees; half-boots, a black velvet stock, and a cap, with a variegated cockade on one side, a plume tipped with red on the other, and a white sash about the crown.

The martial apparatus, exclusive of those in marches, was a gun and bayonet, a cartridge-box, with white belts. They did not remain long at West Point before they received orders to join another part of the army then lying at Harlæm near New York. As the infantry belonged to the rangers, a great part of their business was scouting; which they followed in places most likely of success.

After remaining at Harlæm but a few days, they were ordered to White Plains, where they, in turn, kept the lines, and had a number of small skirmishes; but nothing uncommon occurred at either of those places.

Early in July, Captain Webb's company being on scout in the morning, and headed by Ensign Town, came up with a party of Dutch cavalry from General Delancy's corps, then in Morrisiana. They were armed with carbines and broad-swords. The action commenced on their side. The Americans withstood two fires before they had orders to retaliate. The ground was warmly contested for a considerable time; at length the infantry were obliged to give way till a reinforcement arrived, when the enemy made a hasty retreat. Our fair soldier says she suffered more from the intense heat of the day than from the fear of being killed, although a soldier at her left hand was shot dead, and three others wounded near her. She escaped with two shots through her coat, and one through her cap.

During their stay at White Plains, Generals Washington and Rochambeau removed their main armies to the southward; and orders were soon received that the part remaining near New York should immediately repair to Williamsburgh, Virginia. They accordingly marched to the city of New York, and embarked in ships to Jamestown, where they landed and marched the short distance to Williamsburgh and joined the main troops. On the next morning after their arrival, General Washington reviewed the armies on parade, when general orders were read to the soldiers; after which General Washington, placing himself immediately in front of the ranks, said:—"If the enemy should be tempted to meet our army on its march, the general particularly enjoins the troops to place their principal reliance on the bayonet, that they may prove the vanity of the boast which the British make of their peculiar prowess in deciding battles by that weapon."

After which the American and French commanders each personally addressed their armies.

Our young soldier happened to stand within ten yards of General Washington when he made the above remarks, and in after years she has frequently remarked that, "he spoke with firm articulation and winning gestures; but his aspect and solemn mode of utterance affectingly bespoke the great weight that rested on his mind."

The soldiers were before mostly ignorant of the expedition upon which they were going, but from the information received by the affectionate addresses of their leaders, every countenance, even of many who had discovered a mutinising spirit, wore an agreeable aspect, and a mutual harmony and reverential acquiescence in the injunctions of their commanders, were reciprocated through the whole. The phalanx composed the advanced guards, and was commanded by the Marquis Lafayette. Our heroine was one of this company, and by reason of the absence of a non-commissioned officer she was appointed to supply his place. After these preliminaries had been adjusted, they took up their march toward York-Town. They came within two miles of it, about sunset, when Colonel Scammel, the officer of the day, brought word for the armies to halt at that point. The officers and soldiers were strictly enjoined to lie on their arms all night.

Such language (strange to say) seemed perfectly familiar to our fair soldier; it did not even excite in her a terror; although it was a prelude to imminent danger.

Anticipating no greater danger than she had before experienced, although she foreboded a great event, she acquiesced in the mandates of her officers with a calmness that might have surprised an experienced soldier.

Next morning after the roll-call, they were reviewed, and went through the quick motions of loading and firing blank cartridges and the exercise of the broad-sword. They formed in close column, displayed to the right and left, and formed again. The grand division then displayed, formed by platoon, and were ordered to march in the best order; which soon brought them in sight of the enemy's works. The next day Colonel Scammel, while reconnoitering, was mortally wounded, and taken prisoner, by a party of horse in ambuscade.

York-Town being now strongly invested by the allied armies, they began to form their lines and prepare their works; the French extending from the river above the town to a morass, where they were met by the Americans on the right, and their hard labours began.

For more than a week were they employed throwing up their works, sustaining frequent and heavy cannonading from the besieged.

This came near proving too much for a female not yet twenty years of age; but, being naturally ambitious, she was unwilling to submit, although her hands were in such blisters she could scarcely open or shut them. Many apparently able-bodied men complained of their inability, and were relieved; this, instead of being an example for her to follow, proved only an incentive to her exertions, and she was resolved to persevere as long as nature would sustain her efforts. On the ninth day they completed their entrenchments, when a fierce cannonade and bombardment commenced, which lasted all night without interruption. Next morning the French opened the redoubts and batteries on the left, and a tremendous roar of cannon and mortars continued that day without ceasing.

Our heroine had never before seen the main armies together; but now, brought into view of them, and led on to a general engagement, she describes the ground as actually trembling beneath her from the tremendous firing from both sides, which had been kept up for a day and a night. She describes the night scenes as solemn and sublime to the highest degree, perpetual sheets of fire and smoke belching as from a volcano, and towering to the skies.

Two bastion redoubts of the enemy having advanced two hundred yards on the left, which checked the progress of our forces, it was proposed to reduce them by storm; and to inspire emulation in the troops, the reduction of one was committed to the Americans and the other to the French.

A select corps was chosen, and the command given to Lafayette, with orders to manage as he thought best. Our heroine was one of those who marched to the assault with unloaded arms, but with fixed bayonets; with unexampled bravery attacking on all sides at once, which, after some resistance, the Americans were complete victors of the redoubts of the enemy. As they were leaving the fort, one of the soldiers clapped our heroine on the shoulder, exclaiming, "*My lad, you are somewhat disfigured behind!*" Not knowing what it meant, she at that moment took no notice of the remark till an opportunity presented, when she found the left skirt of her coat hanging by a string, which must have been the effect of a broad-sword, or a very close shot. Matters now appeared to be coming to a crisis, and nothing less than inevitable ruin, or an entire surrender awaited the British commander; he, however, on the 9th of October, after three weeks' storm, accepted the terms of capitulation.

Our young soldier was within sight, when the British commander presented his sword to the illustrious Washington; and in her relation of the scene has often remarked the magnanimity which Washington displayed through the whole of this trying scene. His country was saved! Thus was the grand pillar of war shattered to its base, and an ample foundation laid for the establishment of peace secured to a free people.

After a long and tedious march to the head of the Elk river, as well as a disagreeable voyage by sea, we find our heroine at her old quarters at West Point. On the arrival of the troops, a colonnade was ordered to be commenced, on which she worked against the most robust and expert soldier till the whole was finished. As soon as she found more leisure, she determined on writing to her mother, for at times she felt unhappy at the distress her long absence, or supposed death, must have caused her. The following is a verbatim copy of the letter now in existence.

"*May*, 1782.

"Dear Parent,—On the margin of one of those rivers which intersects and winds itself so beautifully majestic through a vast extent of country of the United States, is the present situation of your unworthy but constant and affec-

tionate daughter—I pretend not to justify or even palliate my clandestine elopement.

"In hopes of pacifying your mind, which I am sure must be afflicted beyond measure, I write you this scrawl. I am in a large but well-regulated family. My employment is agreeable, although it is somewhat different and more intense than it was at home; but I apprehend it is equally advantageous.

"I have become mistress of many useful lessons; though I have many more to learn. Be not troubled, therefore, about my present or future engagements, as I will endeavour to make that prudence my model, for which, I own, I am indebted to those who took the charge of my youth. Heaven grant that a speedy and lasting peace may constitute us a happy and independent nation; that I may once more return to the embraces of a parent whom I love.—Your affectionate daughter,

"Deborah Sampson."

The perusal of the above original letter will prove that Deborah Sampson was not without a mind superior to many she was obliged to make her associates; and that morality and virtue was the talisman under which she was to surmount the greatest difficulties. The business of war at all times is nothing less than devastation, rapine, and murder; and in the war of the Revolution these principles were never better exemplified. Hence the necessity of scouting, which was the common business of infantry, to which our heroine belonged.

A request was made by two sergeants and herself for leave of their captain to retaliate on some refugees and Tories for their outrageous insults to the inhabitants beyond their lines.

He replied:—"*You three dogs heve contrived a plan this night to be killed, and I have no men to lose.*" He, however, reluctantly consented, and they beat for volunteers. Nearly all the company turned out, but only twenty were permitted to go; near the close of the day they commenced their expedition. They passed a number of guards, and went as far as East Chester undiscovered, where they lay in ambush to watch the motions of those who might be on the plundering business. They quickly discovered that two parties had gone out; and whilst they were contriving how to entrap them, they watched two boys who had been sent for provisions to a private cellar prepared in the wood. One of them informed them that a party had just been at his mother's, and were gone to visit the *Yankees* who were guarding the lines. Concealing from them that they were Americans, they accompanied them to the cellar, or cave, which they found well stored with provisions, such as bacon, butter, cheese, crouts, and jars of honey. They made a delicious repast on the spot, and afterward filled their sacks with as much as they could carry.

Dividing into two parties of ten each, they sent out sentinels, and again ambushed in a place called in Dutch, *Vonhoite*. About four o'clock the following morning they had a sharp skirmish with some Tories, shots were sharply exchanged, but on approaching their enemy sufficiently near, they found horses alone—their riders had fled.

Our heroine mounted an excellent horse, and with her party pursued the enemy to the edge of a swamp; here they begged for quarter, and were let go. They soon came up with another party, about thirty in number, who seemed inclined to give them some trouble. Shots were exchanged for some few minutes, when one of our party was wounded, which made it necessary to retreat; at this moment the dauntless young soldier felt a severe blow just above her knee, and exclaimed to her comrades that she was wounded, but not very severely; but at the same instant she thought she felt something unusually warm trickling down her neck, and putting her hand to the place, found the blood gushing from the left side of her head freely. She said nothing, as she thought it no time to talk of wounds, unless mortal. Her boot, from the incision the ball had made, was filled with blood.

She told one of the sergeants that she was now so wounded she could ride no farther, and begged they would leave her in the woods where they were at that moment; to this her comrades would not listen, but took her before one of them on his horse. A thousand thoughts at once darted through her mind, as she had always thought that she would rather die than that her sex should be disclosed to the army.

They at length, after riding in this painful state for six miles, came to the French encampment, near what they called *Cron Pond*. She says it was to her like being carried to a place of execution. They were conducted by an officer of the guards to an old building, at that time bearing the name of hospital, in which were a number of invalids, whose very looks made her blood chill in her veins. The French surgeon came and prepared to dress her head, she said nothing of the other wound she had received, she requested the favour of more medicine than she needed for her head; and taking the opportunity, with a penknife and a needle, she extracted the ball, using the same precaution which the surgeon had for her head. She remained in the hovel for three weeks, and by strict attention both wounds were perfectly healed, one without the knowledge of any one but herself.

In the spring of 1783, peace began to be the general topic, and was actually announced by Congress. In the month of April, General Patterson selected her for his attendant and aid, as he had previously become acquainted with her heroism and fidelity, and on the 19th of the same month cessation from hostilities was proclaimed, and the honorary badge of distinction, as established by Washington, conferred on the brave soldiers, of which our heroine was one of the recipients. The general became daily more attached to his new attendant, and treated her more as an equal than a subordinate; her martial deportment, blended with the milder graces of her sex and youth, filled him with admiration. General Patterson, with a detachment of 1,500 men, was ordered to Philadelphia for the suppression of a mutiny among the American soldiers. Having some affairs of her general to arrange, she did not go till four days after, when she rode in company with four gentlemen through the Jerseys and part of Pennsylvania. In passing through one of the villages in Jersey, at the hotel where they were to remain for the night, there happened to be a ball, the young soldiers were invited to join the party, where the youthful appearance and good manners of our heroine made her the lion of the evening. Little did she think that her winning manners would that evening make a tender impression on one present, who would subsequently reveal to her the emotions she felt on her account. They were detained at this place two days on account of a duel between Lieut. Stone and Captain Hitchcock, when the latter was killed.

On their arrival in Philadelphia, she found the troops encamped on an eminence about half a mile from the city, where they had been despatched on account of an epidemic at that time raging there. She had not been here many days before she was selected as one of its victims, and removed to a place called a hospital, provided during the raging of this malady. Death itself could not have presented a more gloomy aspect; and to her it seemed not far distant, as multitudes were daily carried to their last home. She was placed in a room with two young officers of the same line, both of whom soon died, and left her alone to ponder over her wretched situation. Her disease seemed increasing, and at last she became so low, that the attendant, believing that she was dead, had summoned the sexton to perform the last office. At this moment one of the nurses coming in wetted her lips with cold water, which once more rallied the small remains of nature, and she gave signs of life. The nurse informed the physician that Robert was still alive; he approached her bed, and putting his hand into her bosom, was surprised to find an inner waistcoat tightly compressing her breasts. Ripping it up in haste, he was still more astonished, not only in finding life, but that Robert Shurtliffe was a female in the attire of a soldier. He had her removed immediately into the matron's apartment, and from that time to her recovery, treated her with all the care that art and experience could bestow. The amiable physician had the prudence to conceal this important discovery from every breast but the matron.

Our heroine slowly recovered and became a welcome guest in many wealthy families, still known only as a continental soldier. We must be permitted to digress for a moment to relate an incident without which this sketch would be bereft of one of its most attractive features. During their stay at the village in Jersey, and attendance at the ball before mentioned, our heroine became acquainted with a young lady from Baltimore, who was on a visit in that place. This lady was the daughter of a gentleman of wealth, and possessed considerable fortune in her own hands. At the ball our fair soldier was her partner in the dance, and it so happened that they met several times during the short stay of the soldiers. At first the young

lady attempted to check the impulse as the effect of a giddy passion, but at length suffered it to play about her heart unchided.

She followed the gallant young soldier to Philadelphia, and hearing he was then in the hospital, suffering from the epidemic then fatally raging there, she despatched a messenger with a basket containing some choice fruit, and the following letter:—

"Dear Sir,—Fraught with the feelings of a friend who is, doubtless beyond your conception, interested in your health and happiness, I take the liberty to address you with a frankness which nothing but the purest friendship and affection can palliate. Know, then, that the charms I first read in your countenance brought a passion into my bosom, for which I could not account. If it is from the thing called Love, I was before mostly ignorant of it, and strove to stifle the fugitive, though I confess that the indulgence was agreeable. But repeated interviews with you kindled into a flame I do not blush to own; and should it meet a generous return, I shall not reproach myself for its indulgence—I have long sought to hear your residence: and how painful is the news I this moment received, that you are sick, if alive, in the hospital.

"Your complicated nerves will not admit of writing; but inform the bearer if you are in want of anything that money can purchase to conduce to your comfort; if you recover, and think proper to inquire my name, I will give you an opportunity; but if death is to terminate your existence, then let your last senses be impressed with the reflection that you die not without one more friend, whose tears will bedew your funeral obsequies. "Adieu."

Some have been charmed, others surprised by love from an unsuspected source, but our heroine alone can describe the effect and perturbation such a declaration had on her mind; she humbly returned her gratitude, at the same time saying she was not at that moment in the want of anything with the exception of health.

In the evening she received a basket containing more choice fruit, a bouquet of fragrant flowers, and two guineas; the like favours were very frequently repeated during her illness. But she knew not in whose bosom this flame was glowing, or whose heart contained so much worth.

Her health now being nearly restored, she was at times exceedingly distressed, fearing that a discovery had been made during her sickness.

Every zephyr became an ill-fated omen, and every salutation a mandate to summon her to a retribution for her imposition on the male character. The physician, who had been so tender and kind to her during her severe indisposition, was now waiting an opportunity to divulge to her his suspicion of her sex. He often found her dejected; and as he guessed the cause, introduced lively conversation. He took an opportunity to introduce her to his daughters, who were much pleased at the attentions of gallantry of so handsome a young soldier, little suspecting that their gallant, on the strength of whose arm and sword they had depended, was a female.

After she had prepared to join the troops, the doctor, availing himself of a private conference, asked her if she had any particular confidant in the army? She replied, "Not one!" and trembling, she would have disclosed the secret; but seeing her confusion, he waived the conversation. After joining the troops, General Patterson, with two other officers, having occasion to visit Baltimore, took her with them.

On the next day after their arrival, she received a note requesting her company for a few moments at a certain place. Though confident she had before seen the writing, she could not conjecture from whom it came. Prompted by curiosity, she went to the house as directed by the note, and being conducted into an elegant drawing-room, was struck with admiration on finding alone a beautiful young lady of about seventeen years of age. After the usual compliments on both sides, the young lady very frankly but delicately confessed herself the author of the anonymous letter, and rehearsed her sentiments with that unreservedness which evinced the sincerity of her passion, and the elevation of her soul.

This confession was the strongest evidence that the young lady possessed all she had declared; her effusion flowed with that affability, prudence, and dignified grace which might have fired the breast of an anchorite—inanimate nature itself would have waked into life, and even the superstitious cowled friar might have revoked his vows of celibacy, and have flown to the embraces of an object exhibiting so many charms in her eloquence of love. Deborah remained in this school of philosophy for two days, promising to visit her young friend frequently. General Patterson and his brother officers, having some business with General Washington, proposed making a hasty visit to Mount Vernon, our heroine begged that she might accompany them, in order to give time for reflection on which way to act in this, to her, most trying affair, and next, as she used to say, to take the last look at the illustrious chief whom she so ardently loved. Having returned to Baltimore, she, according to promise, paid a visit to her attached friend, feeling as she thought, sufficient resolution to divest herself of the mask, or try in some way to divert a passion which she feared had too much involved the happiness of one of the choicest of her sex. After thanking her kind friend for her generous esteem, and many evasive apologies—that she was but a stripling soldier, that, had she inclination, indigence would forbid her settling in the world; the innocent girl replied, that sooner than a concession should take place with reluctance, she would forfeit every enjoyment which was only in her power to bestow. But she added, if want of interest was the only obstacle, she was quickly to be possessed of an ample fortune in her own right; and finally intimated her desire that she would not leave her. Touched with such a pathetic union of love and beauty, our fair soldier was thrown off her guard, and her feelings gave vent in a flood of tears. She told the lady she must go to the North to arrange some affairs, and apply for her discharge, and in a few months would return, when, if she could conduce to her happiness, she should be supremely happy. Thus parted two lovers, more *singular*, if not more *constant*, than perhaps ever distinguished the soil of America. Immediately after their separation, the young lady sent a messenger after our heroine with a present of twenty-five guineas, six linen shirts, and a watch, which is still in the possession of the descendants of this extraordinary female. The officers, with their attendant, Robert, had arrived in Philadelphia; the following day General Patterson sent for our young soldier to his apartment. He was alone; and calling her to him, thus gracefully addressed her:—"Since you have continued nearly three years in the service of your country, always vigilant and faithful, and, in many respects, distinguished yourself from your fellows, I would only ask—does that martial attire which now glitters on your body conceal a female's form?" She was overwhelmed by the interrogatory, and fell on her knees before him; the good man raised her up, and pressing her to his bosom, presented her with a letter, saying, "Here is your discharge, obtained the other day at Mount Vernon from our beloved father, the illustrious Washington; and here is a sum of money to defray your expenses to your family; your unrivalled achievements deserve ample compensation; return to your friends, and assume that garb which you laid aside to aid in the struggles of your country."

The young soldier stood before him suffused in tears, but earnestly requested, as a pledge of her virtue, that strict inquiry should be made of those with whom she had been a messmate. This was accordingly done, which proved perfectly satisfactory to her officers, who, with the men, were thunderstruck at such information.

Thus ended the military life of Deborah Sampson, the continental soldier of seventy-six.

Her mother being still living, she returned to her home as an asylum from the calumny which necessarily would follow such a singular life, and to assume a course of life which only could be an ornament to her sex. Shortly after her return she commenced teaching school, which continued for four years, when she subsequently married Benjamin Gannett, a respectable farmer of Sharon, Massachusetts, by whom she had three children. She lived to a great age, her husband, who outlived her, obtained a pension during the remainder of his life, by an act of Congress, entitled "An act granting half pay to widows or orphans, where their husbands or fathers served in the war of the Revolution."

No pains have been spared to place these historical facts in their proper light; they have been compiled from Congressional documents, and other equally authentic sources.

ST. JAMES'S.

THE *habitués* of St. James', albeit the adjoining parish to St. Giles', are a distinct race; a purer, brighter, finer, and, withal, a richer kind of human clay; a porcelain highly decorated with gold and colours, and not to be confounded for an instant with the ordinary earthenware of common mortals. Look on and admire, oh connoisseurs in thorough-bred humanity. Is it not a beautiful sight to see, caracolling in Rotten-row, or treading, with "stately step and slow," the pavement of Pall-mall, those beautiful specimens of refined and delicate womankind which grace the London season—a short four months, from April to July? And yet, oh philosophic observer, they are of the self-same dust as yon shivering wretch upon the highway-side, who pleads in rags and self-abasement for the wherewithal to feed his miserable babes at home. There's something in the thought that silk-and-satin-clad woman cannot bear to entertain; but it is none the less true, for all that.

St. James's! A host of images rise up at the words; and for a moment we indulge our wandering fancy. For more than two hundred years the chosen residence of the aristocracy, the path we traverse, has peculiar claims on our regard—for here monarch and senator, prelate and poet, lady fair and warrior brave, have lived and made merry and died. Change upon change. Dynasties flourish and decay, and the outward face of the quarter loses all likeness of what it was; and yet is St. James's still the same—still gay and glorious as of yore.

ST. JAMES'S.—COMING FROM CHURCH.

The palace, as a matter of course, is a prominent object in the thoughts of all wanderers about St. James's, though no part of the original edifice—once an hospital dedicated to St. James, and converted into a manor by Harry the Eighth—remains, except the ugly, patched old red brick gateway facing the street, and a part of the building now called the Chapel Royal. Yes, just one other relic in the initials H. A., engraven on the chimney-piece of the old presence-chamber—Henry and the ill-fated Anne Boleyn. This palace, with various alterations and improvements, buildings up and pullings-down, has been the London residence of our sovereigns from the reign of William III. to that of Victoria. The first monarch was driven hither by the fire in Whitehall, which destroyed the whole of that palace, except Inigo Jones's Banquetting-house; and her Majesty left St. James's to inhabit Buckingham Palace, a building which has ever since been declared unfit for the residence of a married sovereign. That the expensive pile, erected by the "finest gentleman in Europe," is *not*—spite of recent additions—fitted to fulfil all the purposes of a palace, may or may not be true; at any rate, the Queen's Drawing-rooms are still held in St. James's, Buckingham Palace possessing no suite of rooms large enough for such purposes.

The old palace is sacred to many memories. Within its walls died Mary the Catholic, and Henry Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I. Here was born the "merry monarch," and in a room in the palace the unhappy and misguided Charles I. took leave of his children—two of whom afterwards ascended the throne—on the day before his execution. The last night of his life he passed here, and in the morning walked bare-headed through the park, guarded and gazed upon, to the scaffold at Whitehall. In this house was born the old pretender, son of James II. and Mary of Modena, conveyed, it is said, in a warming-pan to her Majesty's bed-chamber. The Princess, afterwards Queen Anne, declared that St. James's Palace was much "the properest place to act such a cheat in." To the readers of the secret history of the English Court, many curious, and some not most delicate, revelations may be sought in the annals of St. James's. Enough for the present in the above. Queen Caroline, wife of George II., died here. Within these walls the royal profligate, George Augustus Frederick, first saw the light, and danced, a pretty chubby boy, upon his mother's knee!

ST. JAMES'S.—THE BEADLE OF THE PARISH.

In St. James's Chapel—the Chapel Royal, on the right from the entrance—service is performed daily, at eight in the morning and at noon—by the choristers and Queen's chaplains. This has been the private chapel of the palace from the reign

of Anne to Victoria, and in it have been celebrated no fewer than four royal weddings, besides that of the great Sir Christopher Wren, whose marriage to his second wife, Jane Fitzwilliam, is stated in the register to have taken place on the 24th of February, 1676.

In the park at the back—originally the private grounds of the palace, but now recognised as the people's property, inalienable for ever—royalty once disported daily; and in the "Mall," the gravel walk from Constitution-hill to Spring-gardens, we have preserved the memories of Charles II., whose favorite recreation was carried on there, and Nell Gwynne, whose garden overlooked the spot where her royal lover used to amuse himself with his dogs, and feed the ducks in the water. The "Mall," however, where Charles played at the once fashionable game to which it owes its designation, is now Pall Mall.

St. James'-street, St. James'-square, and St. James'-place, have changed vastly in appearance, but not much in character, from the time of the second Charles. If it boasted its great men and its fine houses then, it has no lack of either now. We walk down St. James'-street, a street of palaces, and think of Waller and Pope, who resided here. We glance at St. James'-square, and muse of the time when Johnson and Savage walked round it for want of a lodging, brimful of patriotism, and resolved to "stand by their country." Our steps lead within sight of the houses in St. James'-place, the backs of them looking into the park, and, thinking of Addison (who lived here in 1700), remember that we have a living poet in Samuel Rogers, who lives there still—one who is not only a poet, but a rich man, a banker, and a connoisseur. His house overlooks the park; you may know it by the pink-curtained verandahs.

We pause a moment in our walk as we think of these things; and we are gazing curiously at a couple of old gentlemen who stand at the windows of the Conservative Club-house, when our thoughts are suddenly brought back to the present by a smart cold splash on our dexter cheek. It comes from the wheel of Lady Fitzcarbuncle's carriage, as it dashes homeward from the *chef d'œuvre* of Wren, the church of St. James', Piccadilly. We are in the world again, and fully awake to the passing scene. Out pour the throng of well-dressed worshippers from church porch and chapel-royal, "miserable sinners" in satin, and lace, and broadcloth, and fine linen; in richly-appointed vehicles, or on foot, with a man-servant behind to carry the books, just as our artist has depicted them.

Where are the poor? They show no face in the gay street among the proud and wealthy, but shrink back to their dim, fireless hovels, or stand aloof and gaze, quite unthought of by they who, half an hour ago, knelt down and prayed that the Great Father might defend and pity the widow and the orphan, might "comfort and help the weak-hearted, and raise up them that fall;" might provide for the desolate and oppressed, and "succour, help, and comfort, all that are in danger, necessity, and tribulation."

Do we say that there are none among all that crowd who have open hands and charitable hearts? God forbid! But we do say—and it is the shame of our time that it can be truly said—that, in spite of our numerous charities, and our hospitals like palaces, private benevolence, the goodness which seeks out want; the perseverance which becomes acquainted with the homes and condition of the poor; the large-hearted charity which is not afraid of the opinion of the world, is rarely to be found among the habitués of St. James'. It is no part of our purpose to enlist the feelings of the poor against the rich, many of whom are charitable to a fault, and credulous beyond conception, but rather to suggest a hope that the higher classes may be made better acquainted with the condition of the *very* poor.

The poor? Oh, my friends, the poor are most carefully driven out of the way by the frown of the great man, the beadle. The greatest man (in his own estimation) in the greatest—that is, the richest and the proudest—parish in London, is the beadle. The beadle of St. James'! No wonder the little boys run away as they see him, staff in hand, coming out of the churchyard. We have a kind of awe of him ourself, he is so great and important a personage.

The winter's sun is shining brightly, and the clear air is very dry and cheerful. The houses have a quiet, comfortable look, and the shops are close shut up. From where we stand we watch the carriages as they dash by, and the pedestrians, as they saunter homewards. It is a fine sight. No hurry and bustle as on other days;—all is quiet, orderly, subdued gaiety. No policemen, no poor, no traffickers in the streets. No poor? Yes, one old sweeper, standing, with expectant hand, by the highway-crossing; but the weather is too dry for folks to think of him.

A couple of hours, and the short winter sun has set, and lights begin to stream from behind red damask-curtains, and night comes on. Few pedestrians are seen in the streets, and the silence is only broken now and then by the rattle of distant wheels. The club-houses windows shine out upon the road in broad patches of light; one after another the street lamps are illuminated; loud knocks at the doors reverberate through the air; a policeman or two stand at the corners, and night sets in—night, like a pall that falls on beds of down and curtained wealth, and hides from sight and banishes from remembrance unhealthy hovels and naked wretchedness. A few brick walls and darkening streets alone divide them. Do the words of comfort spoken from a thousand pulpits, the words of blessing and of hope, carry the same meaning to all hearers and all hearts? or do not the Psalmist's words become perverted, to some understandings,—He hath filled the rich with good things, and the hungry he hath sent empty away? How suggestive is the thought.

BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI'S OPINION OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

(*From "The Biography of Lord George Bentinck."*)

Nature had combined in Sir Robert Peel many admirable parts. In him a physical frame incapable of fatigue was united to an understanding equally vigorous and flexible. He was gifted with the faculty of method in the highest degree, and with great powers of application, which were sustained by a prodigious memory, while he communicated his acquisitions with clear and fluent elocution. Such a man, under any circumstances, and in any sphere of life, would probably have become remarkable. Ordained from his youth to be busied with the affairs of a great empire, such a man, after long years of observation, practice, and perpetual discipline, would have become what Sir Robert Peel was in the latter portion of his life—a transcendant administrator of public business, and a matchless master of debate in a popular assembly. In the course of time the method which was natural to Sir Robert Peel had matured into a habit of such expertness, that no one in the dispatch of affairs ever adapted the means more fitly to the end. His original flexibility had ripened into consummate tact; his memory had accumulated such stores of political information, that he could bring luminously together all that was necessary to establish or illustrate a subject; while in the House of Commons he was equally eminent in exposition and in reply—in the first, distinguished by his arrangement, his clearness, and his completeness; in the second, ready, ingenious, and adroit, prompt in detecting the weak points of his adversary, and dexterous in extricating himself from an embarrassing position.

Thus gifted and thus accomplished, Sir Robert Peel had a great deficiency; he was without imagination. Wanting imagination, he wanted prescience. No one was more sagacious when dealing with the circumstances before him—no one penetrated the present with more acuteness and accuracy. His judgment was faultless, provided he had not to deal with the future. Thus it happened through his long career, that, while he was always looked upon as the most prudent and safest of leaders, he ever, after a protracted display of admirable tactics, concluded his campaign by surrendering at discretion. He was so adroit that he could prolong resistance even beyond its term; but so little foreseeing, that often, in the very triumph of his manœuvres, he found himself in an untenable position. And so it came to pass that Roman Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, and the abrogation of our commercial system, were all carried in haste or in passion, and without conditions or mitigatory arrangements.

. . . . . .

As an orator, Sir Robert Peel had, perhaps, the most available talent that has ever been brought to bear in the House of Commons. We have mentioned that both in exposition and in reply he was equally eminent. His statements were perspicuous, com-

plete, and dignified; when he combated the objections or criticised the propositions of an opponent, he was adroit and acute; no speaker ever sustained a process of argumentation in public assembly more lucidly, and none as debaters have united in so conspicuous a degree prudence with promptness. In the higher efforts of oratory he was not successful. His vocabulary was ample and never mean; but it was neither rich nor rare. His speeches will afford no sentiment of surpassing grandeur or beauty that will linger in the ears of coming generations. He embalmed no great political truth in immortal words. His flights were ponderous; he soared with the wing of a vulture rather than the plume of an eagle, and his perorations, when most elaborate, were most unwieldy. In pathos he was quite deficient; when he attempted to touch the tender passions, it was painful. His face became distorted, like that of a woman who wants to cry, but cannot succeed. Orators certainly should not shed tears; but there are moments when, as the Italians say, the voice should weep. The taste of Sir Robert Peel was highly cultivated, but it was no originally fine; he had no wit, but he had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and an abundant vein of genuine humour. Notwithstanding his artificial reserve, he had a hearty and merry laugh, and sometimes his mirth was uncontrollable. He was gifted with an admirable organ—perhaps the finest that has been heard in the house in our day, unless we except the thrilling tones of O'Connell. Sir Robert Peel also modulated his voice with great skill. His enunciation was very clear, though somewhat marred by provincialisms. His great deficiency was want of nature, which made him often appear, even with a good cause, more plausible than persuasive, and more specious than convincing. He may be said to have gradually introduced a new style to the House of Commons, which was suited to the age in which he chiefly flourished, and to the novel elements of the assembly which he had to guide. He had to deal with greater details than his predecessors, and he had in many instances to address those who were deficient in previous knowledge. Something of the lecture, therefore, entered into his displays. This style may be called the didactic.

Sir Robert Peel was a very good-looking man. He was tall, and though of late years he had become portly, had to the last a comely presence. Thirty years ago, when he was young and lithe, with curling brown hair, he had a very radiant expression of countenance. His brow was very distinguished, not so much for its intellectual development, although that was of a very high order, as for its remarkably frank expression, so different from his character in life. The expression of the brow might even be said to amount to beauty. The rest of the features did not, however, sustain this impression. The eye was not good; it was sly, and he had an awkward habit of looking askance. He had the fatal defect, also, of a long upper lip, and his mouth was compressed.

One cannot say of Sir Robert Peel, notwithstanding his unrivalled powers of despatching affairs, that he was the greatest minister that this country ever produced, because, twice placed at the helm, and on the second occasion with the Court and Parliameet equally devoted to him, he never could maintain himself in power. Nor, notwithstanding his consummate Parliamentary tactics, can he be described as the greatest party leader that ever flourished among us, for he contrived to destroy the most compact, powerful, and devoted party, that ever followed the British statesman. Certainly, notwithstanding his great sway in debate, we cannot recognise him as our greatest orator, for in many of the supreme qualities of oratory he was singularly deficient. But what he really was, and what posterity will acknowledge him to have been, is the greatest member of Parliament that ever lived.

Peace to his ashes! His name will often be appealed to in the scene which he loved so well, and never without homage even by his opponents.

This estimate, observes a contemporary, is not essentially unfair, but it is far from being perfect or complete. The intellectual and personal qualities of the great departed are dealt with, on the whole, in a fair spirit, but his high-minded devotion to the rights and interests of the people are utterly overlooked. The writer adds—

"The one grand quality omitted by Disraeli, is the moral courage and self-devotion of the great minister. What Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli have called perfidy, we should designate as lofty and patriotic heroism. The biographer somewhere states that Sir Robert Peel was a man being constantly educated. It is true; and every step of his education was marked by rise in the position and the prospects of his country and his countrymen. He had the devotion and the grandeur of mind to avow his errors, and to act upon his new convictions. He did this at the most cruel sacrifice. For this he broke up old ties and old friendships, which it must have wrung his heart to sunder. For this he placidly submitted to the humiliation of confessing error, and to the insults of those who, like Mr. Disraeli, could conceive no higher motive for a minister changing his sentiments than the bullying of out-of-doors importunity, or the mere idle fickleness of a wanton temperament. Sir Robert Peel had his own reward in his own breast. Thoroughly a man of the day, as Mr. Disraeli calls him, he saw with supernatural clearness what must be in his day—what ought to be—what would be. He saw, when they actually came before him, in all their distinctness, the good and the evil; and to the good he cleaved with a strong power of will, and a mighty disregard of party prejudice and party intrigues—even of old association, and those habitual trains of thought so difficult to break—which proclaimed the very sublimity of self-sacrifice. Many of the members of the House of Commons did not understand Sir Robert Peel, and they raised a cuckoo cry of 'traitor,' round the Minister. But his self-sacrifice was understood by the people. It penetrated deep into the masses. It was discussed and acknowledged in the 'humble homes of those who earned their bread by the sweat of their brow,' and suddenly Sir R. Peel became invested with a degree of deep and hearty popularity founded upon gratitude, of which few or no examples are to be found in our history. It was when the fatal catastrophe arrived which removed him from us, that a striking visible token of this sentiment, amounting almost to affection, was given. Sir Robert lay in Whitehall, and the rumour was noised abroad that the injury was dangerous—mortal. From that time forth till all was over, in the day and in the night, a sad and silent crowd kept watch near where he lay. They were poor men and women. They were always going and coming, yet always there. We watched them at midnight and at noon. They whispered the bulletin to each other, and spoke softly of the great spirit about to pass away. There were many in tears. Mr. Disraeli, going and returning from the house, must have seen this gathering. Did it read no lesson to him? Was he not struck with the truth that no army which ever guarded a palace was half so grand, so touching, or so significant a spectacle as the group of poor people performing that solemn voluntary vigil?"

I CANNOT DO IT.

"I cannot do it," is a phrase,
Which none to diligence inclined
Adopt—and palpably displays
A want of energy of mind.
You cannot do it? Yes, you can!
The secret to success lies here—
"First prudently concoct your plan,
Then resolutely PERSEVERE!"

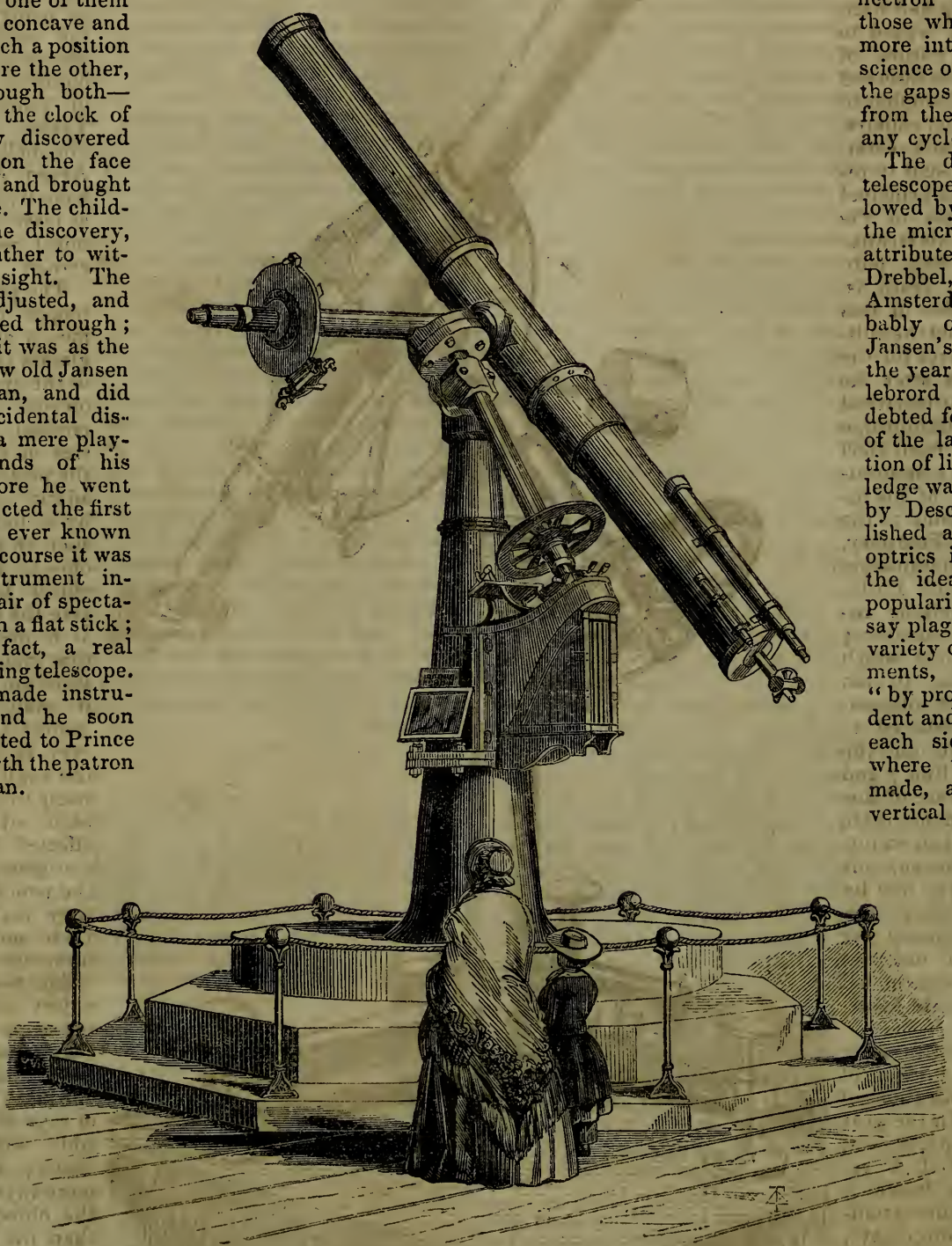
Try, earnestly and promptly try,—
As yet you know not half your skill;
Unnumbered difficulties fly
Before a bold determined will—
Like clouds before the swelling breeze,
Driven onward till they disappear.
Seize, energetically seize,
Each favouring moment—PERSEVERE!

Thus will the wonders you'll achieve,
Ere long your very self surprise;
The coward words—"I cannot"—leave:
Ah! many a bright hope buried lies
Entombed in the unworthy grave
Which they have dug for genius here!
Resolve, then, not to be the slave
Of cowardice, but PERSEVERE!

Your motto "Onward!" dig, delve, try—
Turn the uncultivated soil,
Learn every hindrance to defy,
And victory shall reward your toil.
The pitiful, ignoble strain,
"I cannot do it," hence forbear;
And know whoever would obtain
A deathless name, must PERSEVERE!

THE TELESCOPE.

More than two hundred and fifty years ago the children of Zechariah Jansen, a poor spectacle-maker, were amusing themselves in their father's shop at Middleburgh, an ancient town in Holland. Now the children of the poor in the sixteenth century were as badly, if not worse off for playthings, than they are now; and so it is no wonder that the young Jansens, for want of anything better, amused themselves with the spectacle-glasses from their father's shopboard. And thus it happened that one day, while they were spying through the glasses at the objects outside the house, one of them chanced to put a concave and convex lens in such a position—holding one before the other, so as to look through both—that, on gazing at the clock of the church, they discovered that the figures on the face were made larger and brought nearer than before. The children, pleased at the discovery, called their old father to witness the strange sight. The glasses were re-adjusted, and the old man looked through; and sure enough it was as the children said. Now old Jansen was a shrewd man, and did not allow the accidental discovery to remain a mere plaything in the hands of his children, for, before he went to bed, he constructed the first telescope that was ever known in the world;—of course it was a very rude instrument indeed—merely a pair of spectacle-glasses fixed on a flat stick; but it was, in fact, a real dioptric, or refracting telescope. A more neatly-made instrument of this kind he soon afterwards presented to Prince Maurice, henceforth the patron of the poor optician.



LARGE ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPE, INVENTED AND MANUFACTURED BY MR. A. ROSS, FEATHERSTONE-BUILDINGS, HOLBORN.

The accidental discovery of the instrumentwhich was destined in after ages to add so much to the knowledge and pleasure of mankind, soon became known to the scientific in Europe, and, before the birth of the seventeenth century—for the occurrence related happened about the year 1590, — Galileo, Kelper, Bacon, and other philosophers, commenced those investigations in astronomy which Descartes, Hook, Leibnitz, Newton, Herschell, Arago, and others, carried forward with such success, that not only was a regular system of starry-worlds developed, but new planets, stars, and comets revealed to the astonished gaze of the scientific. And not to the scientific alone was the telescope, thus fortuitously discovered, of immense utility, for by its aid the navigator was enabled to pursue his voyage with greater certainty, and a great field of amusement and instruction opened to the people.

It has often been remarked in the history of science, that what severe and painful study and investigation had failed to accomplish, has been effected by apparent accident. Boyle, Bacon, Dee, and Digges, invented instruments by which minute objects were made to appear nearer; yet it remained, as we have seen, for the children of a poor optician to discover the telescope.

To pursue the history of the telescope, and trace the improvements made in its construction as each explorer marked its deficiencies and capabilities, would occupy too much space. We may, however, run rapidly over the principal facts in connection with it, leaving those who would become more intimate with the science of optics to fill up the gaps in our narrative from the pages of almost any cyclopædia.

The discovery of the telescope was soon followed by the invention of the microscope, which is attributed to Cornelius Drebbel, of Alkmaer, near Amsterdam, who had probably obtained one of Jansen's telescopes about the year 1600. To Willebrord Snell we are indebted for our knowledge of the laws of the refraction of light, which knowledge was much improved by Descartes, who published a treatise on Dioptrics in 1637, in which the ideas of Snell were popularised — some even say plagiarised. After a variety of delicate experiments, Snell found that "by prolonging the incident and refracted rays on each side of the point where the refraction is made, and drawing any vertical line, the parts of the two rays comprised between the above point and this vertical line, always preserve a constant ratio to each other, whatever the obliquitymay be." In 1663 the celebrated James Gregory published still further discoveries in optical science, in which he gave some hints which led to the after invention of the reflecting telescope. In the same year appeared Mr. Boyle's "Experiments and Considerations on Colours," a work "full of curious and useful remarks on the then unexplained doctrine of colours." The discovery of the phenomena called the inflection, or bending from the straight line of light, is due to Grimaldi and Hooke, about 1665—72, both philosophers probably making independent discoveries. In 1669 Dr. Barrow gave to the world his *lectiones opticæ*, or lectures on light; and in 1682 the celebrated German philosopher, Leibnitz, published a work on the "principles of optics, catoptrics (reflex vision, as in a

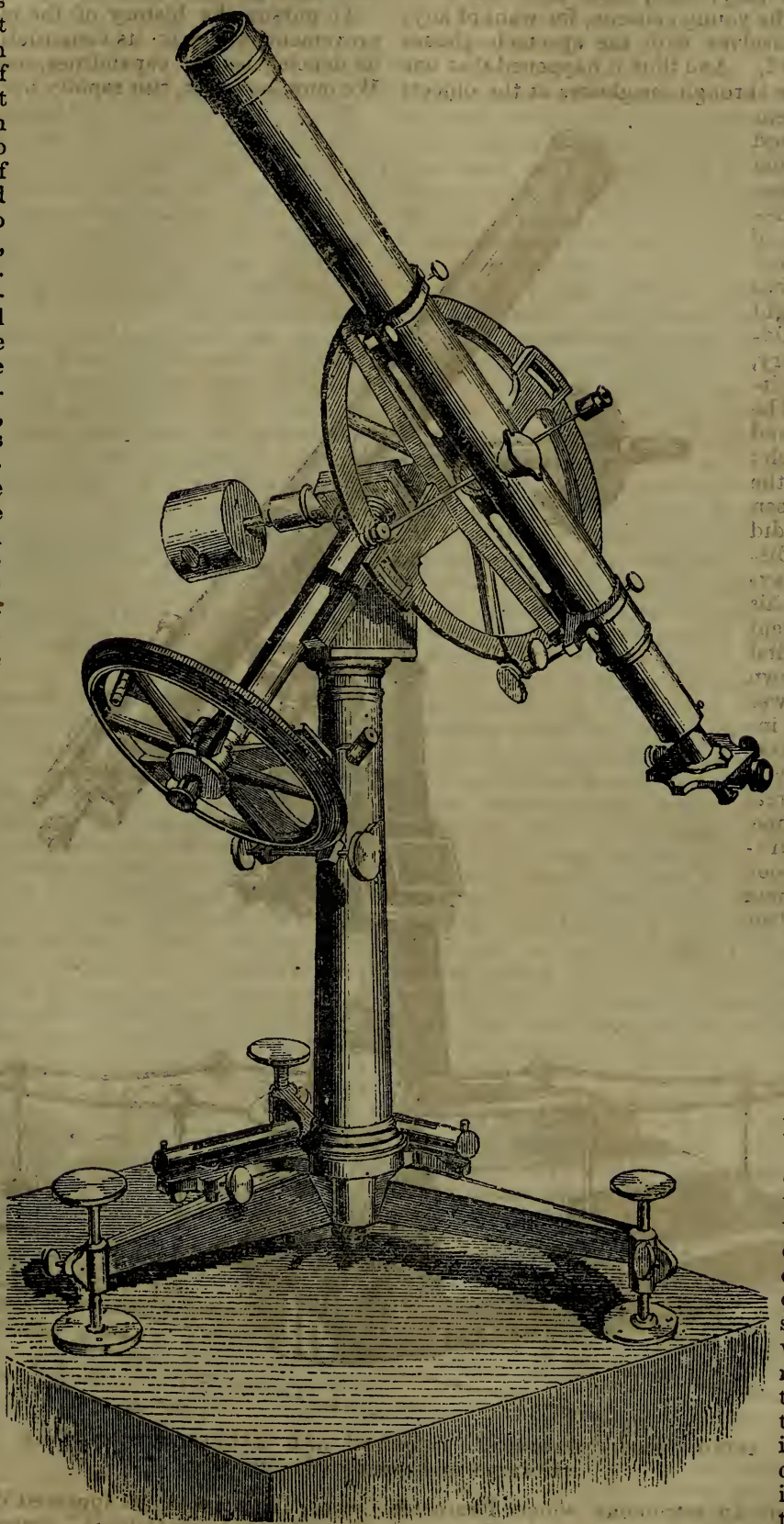
mirror), and dioptrics;" a work in which the discoveries and speculations of those who had written before him are compared, analysed, and explained.

But we come now to speak of the greatest hero of them all. We have seen that, previously to the time of Newton, the properties of light which had been discovered related principally to its reflexibility, its refrangibility, and the heat which it occasioned when concentrated in the foci of lenses and mirrors, but that scarcely anything had been ascertained with regard to the immediate nature of light itself. It was reserved for our great philosopher to anatomise light and colours, and reveal this grand secret. It has been too usual to refer the date of his principal optical discoveries to the year 1704, when his treatise on optics was first published; but the truth is, that his discoveries in this science constituted the subject of his lectures for the first three years after he obtained the mathematical professorship at Cambridge—that is to say, from 1669 to 1672; that he communicated a synopsis of his interesting discoveries to the Royal Society in February, 1672; that the publication of his letter in the Philosophical Transactions involved him in a controversy with some foreigners, which was so repugnant to his modest and quiet disposition, that he resolved to publish no more on the subject for some time; and that, in consequence of this resolution (so honourable to his feelings, and so unfortunate for science), his book on optics was laid by for more than *thirty years* after it was prepared for publication, and did not make its appearance till 1704, the year above specified.*

Newton's theories gave to the world new ideas of the uses and applications of the telescope. In the year 1670 he constructed and publicly described a reflecting telescope, in which the errors and inconvenience of the coloured rays, and the unequal refraction of light, were first obviated. From his discourses and writings may be traced nearly all subsequent discoveries and improvements of the telescope; and to his energy and perseverance is due almost all that we know of the nature of light.

From the after writings and discoveries of the philosophers Hadley, Short, Bouguer, Dr. Brewster, Dolland, Count Rumford, Wollaston, and Maskelyne, not to mention the profound disquisition of living writers, the world has at last come to a knowledge of the principles of optics—a knowledge more important than our limited space will allow us to enlarge on.

We have thus seen that the latter end of the sixteenth century was the era which gave to the world a power of viewing other worlds which God has hung up in the skies, and which, but for that power, would be, to our unassisted vision, but so many bright specks in the heavens. But for the discovery made by Jansen's children, in the little town of Middleburgh, Galileo, Tycho Brahe, Newton, Hershell, and Professors Arago and Airy would have lived almost in vain, at least as far as astronomical researches are concerned.



ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPE BY MESSRS. MERTZ AND SON, OF MUNICH.

The principle of all telescopes is just this:—By means of a combination of glasses (lenses), the power of the eye to discern distant objects distinctly is increased, by so much as the size of the instrument and the perfection of the lenses admit. All that is effected by a telescope is to form such an image of a distant object, by means of the object lens, and then to give the eye such assistance as is necessary for viewing that image as near as possible, so that the angle of it shall subtend (extend under) at the eye, and be very large compared with the angle which the object itself would subtend in the same situation. This is effected by means of the eye-glass, which refracts the pencils of rays, so that they may be brought to their several foci by the humours of the eye.

The reason why a distant object viewed through a telescope is more distinct than if seen by the naked eye is, that the pupil of the eye takes in a larger number of rays of light than is possible with the unassisted vision; in fact, as many more rays in proportion as the object-glass is larger than the pupil of the eye itself. The object in this case appears as brilliant as if the eye were as large as the object-glass of the instrument. In this paragraph we merely re-state, in somewhat plainer terms, the facts contained in the last. The magnifying power of the lenses used in the telescope may be augmented to a considerable degree, because the focal length of the object-glass, with respect to that of the eye-glass, may be greatly increased. The larger glass is termed the object-glass, and is placed at the end of the instrument furthest from the eye.

* Encyclopædia Metropolitana.

Every visitor to the Great Exhibition will have noticed the large equatorial telescope which stood in the western central avenue. It, together with great improvements and excellence in the other optical instruments, exhibited by Mr. A. Ross, obtained the Council Medal. We give a view, and subjoin a description of this instrument, as furnished by the inventor.

"This instrument is supported on a round cast-iron pillar, 10 feet 9 inches high, the base forming part of the height, is extended to the diameter of 9 feet; the diameter of the bottom of the pillar is 2 feet 3 inches, and that of the top 1 foot. The pillar is in two portions, the joint being 4 feet 6 inches from the bottom of the base. These are fastened together by eight screw-bolts and nuts passing through flanges 3 inches aside from the shafts of the pillar. This joint is to obtain an approximate meridianal adjustment. The polar-axis, of cast-iron, is 6 inches diameter, and 5 feet long; and the flange by which it is connected to the declination-axis is 18 inches diameter. The inner, or male declination-axis, is 3 feet 6 inches between its bearings, and the outer, or hollow-axis, is 7 inches diameter, both of cast-iron. The inner-axis and its flange is attached, and forms one casting with the central hollow-cylinder, to the flanges of which the corresponding gun-metal flanges of the telescope tube (which is of copper) are bolted. The fittings of the declination-axis are cylindrical, and it is secured from falling out by a steel ring 4 inches long, fastened by cross pins on to the male-axis. There is a counter-sunk cavity in the outer-axis to receive this, and a second counter-sunk cavity of larger diameter to receive a steel plate, which is fastened by eight steel screws against the end of the steel collar. This plate serves to adjust the end shake of the axis. The declination-circle is 2 feet 8 inches diameter, and regulated by an endless screw having an eccentric lever for gearing; also a bevel-gearing at each end of the screw for Hook's-joint adjusting-rods. There are two other radial arms, with clamp-screws, for securely fixing the telescope to the circle after the verniers are set to the reading by means of the endless screw. The upper part of the polar-axis fits into a coupling-block having a hemispherical bottom. This is supported by an angular projection from the top of the pillar, having a corresponding nearly hemispherical cavity. The whole is bound together by bolts and nuts, which pass freely through holes in the block, having spherical faces, which bear in corresponding cavities in their washers. The other end of the polar-axis terminates in a hemisphere of hardened steel, which bears in a corresponding hardened steel die which is attached to dove-tail slides, having motions in rectangular directions. These are supported by a very strong bracket projecting from the main pillar. The dove-tail slides are employed in the final adjustment of the polar-axis, both to the meridian and latitude. The diameter of the hour-circle is 2 feet 3 inches, and is arranged on Professor Airy's plan, which avoids computation in directing the telescope to a star. The moving-power is a weight. The train of wheels is regulated by a Simens's governor—the ball being suspended by four springs, as recommended by Professor Airy. The object-glass has been wrought by a system which accurately prescribes the radii of curvature of the lenses, and ensures the perfection of the spherical surfaces, the result of the process being determinate with reference to the construction and manipulatory processes."

Telescopes of a superior description to those in ordinary use were also exhibited by Messrs. Mertz and Sons, of Munich, of one of which we also present an engraving and description (page 349).

It is well known that the instruments of the Optical Institute in Munich, manufactured under the direction of Messrs. Mertz and Sons—formerly Utzschneider and Fraunhofer—have been supplied to almost every observatory in Europe. Two instruments of unusual excellence were exhibited by them in the Great Exhibition of all Nations—a small refractor and a microscope. The former is also furnished with a telescope for the discovery of comets, having an object-glass of six inches in diameter, and which, notwithstanding its small focus, gives a clear and distinct reflection of an object at a large magnifying power. On this account it must be appreciated as a most excellent work of art.

The mechanism of the instrument is explained by the accompanying engraving. The oblique axle is regulated according to the angle of latitude, and is therefore parallel with the earth's axis: the circle attached to it gives the right ascension of the star which is visible in the telescope, while the upper circle—placed at right angles to it—gives its declination. The angle between the two oblique axles cannot, in this instrument, be varied beyond 30 degrees, and consequently this instrument can only be used between the 30th and the 60th degree of longitude. The workmanship and execution of this instrument is remarkable. Of the microscope we may say that it is a model of optical and mechanical excellence, and that it has a magnifying power of 1800.

The high name which the Munich Optical Institute has gained is certainly not groundless; their giant telescopes at Pulkowa, Newcambridge, Bogenhausen, and Cincinnatti—at Dorpal, Kiew, Kasan, Berlin, and Washington—have done immense service; not to mention the innumerable small refractors of England, Germany, Holland, Russia, Italy, North America, and even the Cape of Good Hope. The institute is now occupied in completing an object-glass of more than fourteen inches diameter.

From the foregoing brief account of the history and construction of the telescope, it is hoped that an insight will be gained by many which will lead them to further research. It is obviously out of our power to treat of the science of optics—a science which must be studied by aid of diagrams and much practical knowledge—in a short paper like this. Enough if we have added a single fact to our reader's knowledge of that noble instrument which

> Searches the sunbeam, pierces the depths of earth,
> And reads the unwritten charters of the sky.

THE DOG AND DEER OF THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

The attachment of dogs to particular bodies of men, and their love of music, has often been noticed. The following particulars of a Newfoundland dog and a couple of deer which followed the fortunes of the band of the 79th regiment of Highlanders will not be uninteresting. The introduction to the regiment of this noble animal, for noble and generous in his nature the Newfoundland dog assuredly is—was characteristic of the attachment displayed by the canine race to the soldiery, and especially to the band. He first belonged to Lieut. Keith Maitland of the 79th, who presented him to a gentleman in Quebec, who thought he would get harness for him, and teach him to draw a sleigh; the dog, however, did not like this sort of work, and returned to the quarters of the band, and no threats or inducements would cause him to leave them. So determined was the animal to remain with the band, that if a civilian came into the band-room, he would fly at him, thinking, doubtless, they might purpose to take him away. Fortunately, the gentleman never inquired for him. The Cape Barracks are, like Stirling Castle, built on a height. If any of the soldiers happened to be out, and got tipsy, the dog, "Cameron," used to attend that individual in preference to all others, and manifest every anxiety to get him into barracks—pulling him by the sleeve, and so on. When it chanced that a soldier fell among the deep snow, the dog redoubled his exertions to get him home. He makes a round of the Castle daily, very often twice—in the forenoon and afternoon; calls at the gate, the guard-room, the sentinels, &c., doubtless to see that all is right, and they are attending to duty; and, apparently satisfied with his inspection, returns to his own quarters in the band-room. As may be supposed, he is a regular frequenter of the cook-house, where he is generally regaled with a bone from the cooks, who are all fond of "Cameron." He prefers the quarters and the company of the band, and seems to take delight in the music. When the band stops, he very often lies down like a lion, in their front. A handsome collar is, we understand, now preparing at Edinburgh for "Cameron," the regimental dog of the 79th Highlanders, with a suitable inscription.

Two stags have, at separate times, been attached to the regiment, and both them and the dog preferred the company of the band. The first deer was presented by Colonel Hardinge, of the Royal Engineers, to the officers, about the year 1842, at Gibraltar. It remained with the regiment only for about six

or eight months. In this short time it became much attached to the soldiers, but sometimes caused a good deal of trouble as it used to eat, or at least destroy, the men's belts when they chanced to leave them out. Notwithstanding this, he was a great favourite with the men; and on a field-day, such as the celebration of Her Majesty's birth-day, his antlers were dressed up with green ribbands—the facings of the regiment—and it was interesting to see with what pride he tossed his antlers, and marched with the band to the martial music.

One day a Spaniard came up, and having very probably never seen an animal of the same kind before, he displayed some evidences of fear or amazement and ran off, when the stag gave him chase. As he ran, he was heard to call out lustily, "for any sake to save him from the Highlandman's goat!" The stag used always to take his place in front of the band, along with the drum-major. One morning, to the grief of the whole regiment, he was found with his throat cut, among the rocks at Windmill Hill, Gibraltar, in 1843. The Governor, it seems, had another deer, and it was thought they had fought, and that the antler of his adversary had penetrated the throat of their favourite.

The second deer was, in the year 1844, also presented by Colonel Hardinge to the officers, and like its predecessor, gave early evidences of its decided partiality for the head of the Regiment, and on all occasions marched with the band, and attended them in quarters. He used to carry on amusing pranks with the civilians, especially with the vigorous and swarthy Moors, to the amusement of the soldiery. He was generally fed by the Light Company, chiefly on beans, and for two of the men in that company he showed great partiality, so much so that he would run after them, and follow to the voice. He remained with the regiment in Gibraltar for about eighteen or twenty months. His death was also of an unexpected and tragical kind. A retired serjeant, who held the situation of key-serjeant or locker-up, who kept the gates, &c., was in the habit of going round with an escort, whose muskets were generally loaded. Early, one morning, as he went his usual round with the escort, at Lamport Ditch, Gibraltar, the deer, probably enough in amusement, attacked them, and the serjeant, with but little of the spirit of the soldier in him, ordered the beautiful animal to be shot, which was reluctantly, but with the promptness of military discipline, carried into execution. It is said the serjeant was soon thereafter reduced, and that he ultimately lost his situation of key-keeper. The Hon. Colonel Maule, the officers, and indeed the whole regiment, deeply regretted the death of the animal, which, although a great favourite, fell, as we have related, by the arms of its kind friends and benefactors.

The race of the Newfoundland dog is peculiarly famed for sagacity, and the one who is to have the regimental collar put on him in Stirling Castle, is as great a favourite, and promises to be a worthy representative, in the gallant 79th, of the attached and beautiful animals who have gone before him. Nor can it be forgotten that both the dog and the deer are most appropriate types of, and attendants on, a Highland regiment—the one a free inhabitant of the mountain rangers in the Highlands, swift of foot, and at all times alive against a surprise; yet, when brought to bay evincing the most unbending courage. The other, scorning fatigue, affectionate, sagacious, whose fidelity cannot be bribed, and whose determined bravery is such that he will die in defence of his master. All of these qualities, we need scarcely add, have been exemplified in the aggregate by our Highland regiments; and in looking on the dog and the deer, we are irrisistibly reminded of the heather hills and the fidelity and courage of our soldiers.

HUMAN AFFAIRS.—"There is no unmixed good in human affairs," says the historian Alison; "the best principles, if pushed to excess, degenerate into fatal vices. Generosity is nearly allied to extravagance—charity itself may lead to ruin—the sternness of justice is but one step removed from the severity of oppression. It is the same in the political world: the tranquillity of despotism resembles the stagnation of the Dead Sea; the fever of innovation, the tempests of the ocean. It would seem as if, at particular periods, from causes inscrutable to human wisdom, a universal frenzy seizes mankind; reason, experience, prudence, are alike blinded; and the very classes who are to perish in the storm are the first to raise its fury.

VISIONS OF THE NIGHT.

Gentle slumber's sweet oblivion
Softly stealeth o'er each sense;
Darksome cares and daily labours,
For awhile, are banished hence;—
To the lands of dreams I wander,
Bathed in bounteous floods of light,
And my centred being revels
'Mid the visions of the night.

Back again to joyous childhood,
With one gladsome leap I bound,
And the peals of merry laughter
Thro' the ringing woods resound:
Childish playmates are about me,
No whit altered in my sight;
Childish games have lost their folly,
In the visions of the night.

Or perchance the old companions,
Who were found in youthful years,
Pour afresh their fond assurance
In my all too willing ears.
Early loves and early friendships
Turn their "sunny sides" to light,
And their *shadows* dare not venture
In the visions of the night.

Or the group that forms "our household,'
Glideth noiseless thro' my dreams,
Shedding radiance all unwonted,
Murm'ring love in very streams!
Frozen lips have found an utt'rance—
Earnest eyes are beaming bright,
While the secret heart revealeth,
In the visions of the night.

Waking life is *too* prudential—
Too reserved in word and deed,
Trusting *not* that honest accents
To all honest issues lead;
But believe me, 'twere more happy,
If with souls attuned aright,
We would drop the veil of *seeming*,
As in visions of the night.

But the breezy morning cometh,
With her thousand wakeful songs,
And I lend the hand of labour,
Which to working-life belongs.
May each action be as earnest,
And each tone as true and right,
And reflect as bright a halo,
As these visions of the night!

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE FREEHOLDER AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER, *a New Weekly Commercial, Political, Independent Paper, will be published every Monday evening, price 4d., or 4s. 4d. per quarter.—On Monday, March 1, will be commenced, as a Weekly Newspaper,* THE FREEHOLDER AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER. *As its name indicates, it will, in the first place, be the Organ of the Great Freehold Land Movement. In addition to reporting progress, &c., its pages will be illustrated with engraved Plans of the Estates purchased by various Societies; a weekly list of the prices of rights for allotments; the improved value of allotments; the prices at which allotments have been sold on different estates; notices of Building, Life Insurance, and other Societies for the promotion and encouragement of provident habits, &c. But while these and similar topics will have due space—*

II.—THE FREEHOLDER AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER *will form a complete guide as to the occupation of allotments, whether by sub-building, or for gardening, or other agricultural purposes.*

III.—As a Commercial *Paper, it will prove to be one of great importance and value to the trading community, not only as it will present a faithful record of the commercial operations of the previous week, but also reports of all the Monday's Markets up to the time of going to press.*

IV.—Although THE FREEHOLDER AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER *will be the Organ of the Freehold Land Movement, it will be a first-rate general Newspaper, independent in principle, and will exert itself to the utmost to bring the Elective Franchise within the reach of every industrious and virtuous citizen.*

Order of any Newsvender.—Office, 335, Strand.

MISCELLANEA.

THE Chinese have a saying, that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue cannot be brought back again by a coach and six horses.

BAIN'S ELECTRIC CLOCK.—Few contrivances can be more remarkable than Bain's electric clock. It has no weight, no spring, no escapement, no winding-up apparatus nor necessity for being wound up, no agency within itself for putting or keeping the hands in motion. The invisible power which actuates it is outside the clock—outside the house, even, in which the clock is contained. In a garden or other piece of ground is dug a hole four or five feet deep; into this hole is thrown a layer of coke, then a layer of earth, and then a few zinc plates. A feeble but constant galvanic current is generated by the contact of the earth with the coke below it and the zinc above it, without the aid of any other battery; and this current is conveyed in doors by copper wires. The wires form a coil round a magnet; and the electro-magnet thus formed is made to constitute the bob of the pendulum of the clock. Delicate and beautiful mechanism enables electric apparatus to give a vibratory motion to the pendulum, and the pendulum in its turn to give motion to the two hands of a clock. The only "winding-up" required by this extraordinary clock is a feed of zinc to the earth battery when it shall have become oxidised by long use; but one of the clocks has been already known to go three or four years without any such winding-up. This is not "perpetual motion," certainly, but it is a most instructive approximation towards it.

SABBATH AT ALL TIMES.—By different nations every day in the week is set apart for public worship; Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptains, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews. Add to this the fact of the diurnal revolution of the earth, giving every variation of longitude a different hour, and it becomes apparent that every moment is Sunday somewhere.

OUGHT TO BE ENCOURAGED.—An American paper says—"We are anxious to collect the autographs of all our subscribers, and therefore request all, whether in city or country, to enclose the amount due in a letter, with their several signatures."

OUTWARD BEAUTY.—"I cannot understand," says Frederica Bremer, the popular Swedish writer, "the importance which certain people set upon outward beauty or plainness. I am of opinion that all true education—such, at least, as has a religious foundation—must infuse a noble calm, a wholesome coldness and indifference, or whatever people may call it, towards such-like outward gifts, or the want of them. And who has not experience of how little consequence they are, in fact, for the weal or woe of life? Who has not experience of how, on nearer acquaintance, plainness becomes beautiful, and beauty loses its charm, exactly according to the quality of the heart and mind? And from this cause I am also of opinion that the want of outward beauty never disquiets a noble nature, or will be regarded as a misfortune. It never can prevent people from being amiable and beloved in the highest degree, and we have daily proof of this."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A WORKING MAN is desirous of obtaining a daguerreotype portrait of a dear friend, and asks us to teach him how the process is conducted. We refer him to an interesting article on photography which appeared in No. 7 of "THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART." Our correspondent goes on to ask—What is the cause of metal rusting? What is the cause of decomposition? Why does one thing have a particular smell that another has not? If it is owing to the particular gases which are generated? If the same smell will be produced if those gases are brought together by any other means? If not, why not? What is the cause of a human body beginning to decompose as soon as it is dead? Really, our correspondent must have pity on us; seven crooked little things asking questions in one letter is really too bad.

C O. wants to know how a young man from Wales is to get a situation in a London counting-house. He would not be likely to succeed without some good introduction, and the salary would very much depend on his own capability. With regard to the second query, we cannot undertake to give medical advice.

R. H. asks what is the proper method of obtaining a patent—how is an invention to be registered—and what is the expense attending each process. The expense is enormous. There are five and thirty stages to be gone through before you can get your patent. You begin with the Queen on the throne, and end with the Deputy Chaffwax—costing nearly one hundred pounds of sterling English money. This is surely no very great encouragement to the inventive genius of our country. If R. H. is in earnest, he must prepare a petition to the Queen; and add to that a declaration which must be made before a Master in Chancery.

J. WIGNALL, JUN.—"Robertson on Life Assurance;" London, Simpkin and Marshall. Price 3s. 6d.

A MANKSMAN.—The Isle of Man is most probably the "Mona" described by Cæsar as being in the middle passage between Britain and Ireland. It is called, in the language of its ancient inhabitants, "Ellan Vannin"—the Isle of Man. The word "Mona" is supposed to have been originally "Mon"—isolated or lonely—Cæsar having given it its Latin termination. The origin of the present arms of the island—three legs proper, united at their thighs, and clothed and spurred—is somewhat uncertain; but the account that the inhabitants themselves give of it is, that, being situated between the three countries of England, Scotland, and Ireland, it has an equal right to protection from each. The legs being armed denote *self-defence*, and their position *speed*. But it may also be observed that, whichever way you turn them, two of the legs present themselves in a kneeling position, and the third as in the act to kick; the *vis* of which is, that, while the island implored protection, she was also able to defend herself. The motto is an Iambic Dimeter—'*Quocunque Jeceris Stabit*"—"Whichever way you throw it, it will stand." It appears extremely well suited to the style and intention of the arms, as, in whatever way you transpose the three words, their meaning is the same; for, view the legs in any position you may, you cannot alter the attitude of the whole. The occult meaning of the arms is that of a brave man struggling with fate—the attitude implying humility, energy, and fortitude; and the emblem being remarkably significant when this country consisted of three independent kingdoms. The arms and motto are still used on the coin of the island.

S. G.—Is the Sabbath kept with that propriety and strictness in the United States as it is in England?—Yes.

PERRY is anxious to acquire a knowledge of short-hand, and asks us to recommend the best system that we know of.—He cannot do better than practice phonography: for simplicity, accuracy, and completeness we think it far beyond all other methods. A very good little book on short-hand is published by Odell, Princes-street, Cavendish-square, at 1s. The Latin grammar you mention, though not quite equal to Arnold's, is a very good one.

ONE OF OUR READERS is assured that, as far as we know, the manufacture of wax-flowers is not injurious to the health.

A COUNTRY FRIEND had better obtain Nugent's French Dictionary. It may be obtained for about 1s. 6d.

H. HARBORD.—The third volume of the History of Ireland will be published on the first of March. This answer will also inform Grantham Giddey.

W. K. T.—To the first question we can give no reply, as we are not parties to the patentee's secret. Sperm oil is obtained from the blubber of the spermaceti whale. The Supplementary number of the Working Man's Friend is still published in its old form.

A LABOURING MAN will see by the answer to H. Harbord that it is our intention to publish a third volume of the History of Ireland. We thank him sincerely for his good wishes.

J. C.—No; we think not. But a water company is not obliged to supply you unless it chooses.

A FARMER'S SON is recommended to try again.

A STAFFORDSHIRE STONE NOBBLER'S wish shall be attended to.

A CONSTANT READER.—Try a strong solution of lime water.

J. W. should read Paley's Evidences, and Doddridge's Commentaries on the New Testament.

W. W. M.—The better method would probably be to make the scholar so far acquainted with his own language as to be able to read without stopping to spell the words, before you attempt to teach him the principles of punctuation.

JOHN TRADDELL is thanked; his valuable suggestions shall be borne in mind.

T. H.—1. For want of means. 2. Age and unsoundness of body. 3. The matter is under consideration. 4. The "Illustrated Exhibitor" *will* form half-yearly volumes.

WILLIAM MARCH puts a case to us which would better form a "case" for counsel.

ALGEBRA was invented, it is supposed, by the Arabians, and by the Moors and Saracens was introduced into Spain, whence it came to England, and that before the Greek writer, Diophanes, published his system, which appeared about the year 800 of the Christian era. The science may be defined as a general method of computation by certain signs and symbols, and is divided into two kinds—viz, *numeral* and *literal*. *Numeral algebra* is that wherein all the given quantities are represented by *numbers*, and only the unknown quantity expressed by some *letter* or other *symbol*. *Literal algebra* is that wherein all the quantities, known as well as unknown, are expressed by letters of the alphabet.

J. HOLT.—There is no way of accounting for the fact. People grow grey sooner or later, just as they die at different ages.

G. F. HEWHEN.—Shell-lac dissolved in naptha.

SOUTH SAXON.—Apply to Mr. Wyld, geographer to the Admiralty, Charing-cross; or you may get a cheap one at Bradshaw's, Fleet-street.

A GRATEFUL INQUIRER should read Dr. Lardner on the Steam Engine. The second question is answered above; and, to the last, we believe that no fees are required. Naturalisation is to be acquired by residence and good conduct.

JUNIUS BRUTUS.—"THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND" and "THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR" are each published in half-yearly volumes.—

EMMA is anxious to know the meaning and pronunciation of the phrase "vis-a-vis." It is a term in dancing, and is used to signify the opposite partners in a quadrille. It is pronounced *rese-à-ve*, and means literally "face to face."

E.C.—Members of Parliament pay all the taxes to which their position as gentlemen entitles them. Their only and great privilege is freedom from arrest during session.

A SUBSCRIBER wishes to be informed how he is to reduce tortoiseshell to a liquid, and make the shavings into a solid piece. Heat and great pressure in moulds are the principal medium in the manufacture of tortoiseshell. The bones or plates are separated from the back of the turtle (*Chelonia Nubricator*) by heat, and afterwards flattened, smoothed, and united at their edges by the same means: fragments and fibres are also united by pressure into a solid mass.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I., No. 23.] SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MALT AND HOPS.

BACCHANALIAN SHIELD.—M. KRAUSZ, OF RODACH, GERMANY.

If a magistrate were asked to say, in three words, what brought the greatest number of persons before him, his answer would be "Malt and Hops;" if a doctor were requested to inform us what causes the majority of diseases among his patients, he, too, would reply, "Malt and Hops;" or, if he were as conscientious as he is clever, he would, probably, use the word "alcohol" instead; and if the undertaker really acknowledged his best friends, in a worldly point of view, he would hang a

personification of malt and hops over his chimney piece. Malt and hops, most potent of good fellows in the estimation of some, are, to the comprehension of others, a pair of red-nosed, noisy, rattle-pated, swaggering sots, whose room is better than their company. Which is the better conclusion?

The Germans have the character of being a thoughtful, meditative people, much given to tobacco and philosophy. Generally, they are sober people too; but among them, more especially among the young and the inexperienced, the student and the man of the world, there are not a few inveterate beer-drinkers and wine-bibbers. The word beer is the same in their language as in ours. With them, therefore, as with us, there are songs and pictures—noisy, table-thumping, uproarious, chorus-exciting songs, and jolly, highly-coloured pictures—in praise of the delights of tippling. Thus, too, they as well as we have the terms "rosy wine," "sparkling nectar," "good-bodied stout," "fine pale ales," and a hundred others, no doubt familiar to our readers, in which the drinking practices of mankind are excused, if not actually approved; and thus society has come to countenance a vice more destructive in its consequences than it is willing to admit.

In the great Exhibition of all Nations, there appeared, among other curious things from Germany, the cast of a shield representing a bacchanal—called in the catalogue, Gambrinus—and the effects of drinking. Now, as the effects of intemperance are, unfortunately, not confined to any one country, we thought a good purpose might be served by giving a representation of this drunkard's shield. Let us examine it. In the centre, standing beneath a kind of archway, which may be considered as the entrance to the beer cellar, is the deity of strong drink, the personified representation of malt and hops. He is represented as a lusty fellow, with a long beard and a protuberant belly, showing that beer at least fattens if it does not strengthen the drinker. His head is crowned with hop leaves; in his right hand he bears a foaming glass, and in his left a little hop pole, round which the tendrils of the plant are clinging. Beneath him is the copper wherein the ingredients of the beer are boiled together, the steam from the chimney of which rises upwards, and conceals the lower part of the bacchanal. Just above the copper, on the right-hand side, we see the demon of Despair squeezing the oil of madness into the drunkard's cup, while opposite to him is the little god of Mischief exulting in the success of the other's endeavours. On the front of the copper itself a pair of figures are engraved, the one representing Folly bestriding a broomstick, and the other Senility bearing a withered branch upon his shoulder. The arms of the beer drinker are, as they should be, at the top of the shield. They consist of a mash tub proper, surmounted by a barrel and pail. The supporters are a goat and a barking dog, the emblems of lust, irritability and danger. Between the feet of the animals appears the crest of the sot, a sick cat with a bruised face!

The pictures round the shield are intended to show the effects of beer drinking. On the left-hand side we have a peasant vainly endeavouring to persuade a maiden to accept his love, and offering a full pot of the liquor as a further inducement in his behalf. But the maiden is putting out her hand towards the fatal draught as if she wished to banish it for ever from her sight. He who would win her heart must have better claims than those.

On the other side we have a company of workmen making merry at the alehouse. The centre figure sits astride a beer-barrel, and trolls forth a roaring drinking song, in which the others join in chorus—the song of fools.

Out of the tavern I've just stepped to-night:
Street! you are caught in a very bad plight:
Right hand and left hand are both out of place—
Street, you are drunk, 'tis a very clear case.

Moon, 'tis a very queer figure you cut:
One eye is staring, while t'other is shut.
Tipsy, I see; and you're greatly to blame;
Old as you are 'tis a horrible shame.

Then the street lamps, what a scandalous sight!
None of them soberly standing upright;
Rocking and staggering: why, on my word,
Each of the lamps is as drunk as a lord.

All is confusion: now isn't it odd?
Nothing is sober that I see abroad.
Sure it were rash with this crew to remain:
Better not go to the tavern again.

In contrast to this roystering company, we have below them, in the next department, a fresh-coloured youth, who is bidding adieu for ever to the alehouse and its foul delights. He is setting out, staff in hand, upon the pilgrimage of life, and begins his journey with a good resolution. On the other side of the shield we see the old publican with the empty beer-vessels beside him, sleeping off the effects of their too potent contents—a picture of time wasted and talents misapplied. That there should be wanting no incentive to drink, the aid of music is called in, and to the sound of fife and fiddle the poor slaves of intemperance drink away their senses; till, at the close of the "glorious evening," they quarrel and fight, as seen in the last compartment of the shield.

Around the whole composition there is a border of hop blossoms and leaves intertwined, with the broad leaves of the tobacco plant in the centre, emblems of sensuality and stupidity.

This is the German view of malt and hops, and a tolerably correct one it is. But there is also an English one, which is so like and so true, that we are tempted to quote it. The lines are to be found in the fourth book of Cowper's "Task."

Pass where we may, through city or through town,
Village, or hamlet, of this merry land,
Though lean and beggar'd, ev'ry twentieth pace
Conducts th' unguarded nose to such a whiff
Of stale debauch, forth-issuing from the styes,
That Law has licens'd, as makes Temp'rance reel.
There sit, involv'd and lost in curling clouds
Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,
The lackey, and the groom: the craftsman there
Takes a Lethean leave of all his toil;
Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,
And he that kneads the dough; all loud alike,
All learned, and all drunk! The fiddle screams
Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wail'd
It's wasted tones and harmony unheard:
Fierce the dispute whate'er the theme; while she,
Fell Discord, arbitress of such debate,
Perch'd on the signpost, holds with even hand
Her undecisive scales. In this she lays
A weight of ignorance; in that, of pride;
And smiles delighted with the eternal poise.
Dire is the frequent curse, and its twin sound,
The cheek-distending oath, not to be prais'd
As ornamental, musical, polite,
Like those, which modern senators employ,
Whose oath is rhet'ric, and who swear for fame!
Behold the schools, in which plebeian minds
Once simple are initiated in arts,
Which some may practise with politer grace,
But none with readier skill!—'tis here they learn
The road, that leads from competence and peace
To indigence and rapine; till at last
Society, grown weary of the load,
Shakes her encumber'd lap, and casts them out.
But censure profits little: vain th' attempt
To advertise in verse a public pest,
That like the filth, with which the peasant feeds
His hungry acres, stinks, and is of use.

"Ah!" says the politician, "but does not the State share in the profits of all this tippling? Does not the government give a sort of tacit approval to the freaks of the drunkard?" Of course it does. Hear what the poet says—

Th' excise is fatten'd with the rich result
Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks,
For ever dribbling out their base contents,
Touch'd by the Midas finger of the state,
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.

You silly elves: the more you drink, the more money will there be for statesmen to bribe electors, and subsidise petty foreign states, and reward favourites and relations with.

Drink, and be mad then; 'tis your country bids!
Gloriously drunk obey th' important call!
Her cause demands th' assistance of your throats;—
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.

We have said that the above lines are true. So they are

but perhaps we speak too generally. The sixty years that have passed away since Cowper wrote them have seen arising in the world a new power—a great and wonderful principle—a truth acknowledged from throne to cell—the power and principle of strict sobriety. But to return to the words at the head of our paper—

Are Malt and Hops, in the shape of beer or ale, good or necessary to the health or comfort of the people? We believe not, and we will give our reasons for believing so.

We spoke of a magistrate's experience as tending to prove that drunkenness is the prolific parent of crime. Who doubts it, let him give us his attention for a little space. "Wine," says Caleb Stukely, in *Blackwood's Magazine*—and by wine, we believe, he meant all intoxicating liquors, including malt and hops, as a matter of course—"wine, whose praises are clamorously rung around the festive board, and whose virtues supply the song with brilliant thoughts and ardent syllables, what need of eloquence and verse to sound thy fame, whilst murder and seduction bear ghastly witness to thy potency!" Is there a greater crime than these? Name it, and drunkenness shall claim it for a child!" The novelist is no magistrate, but he appears to have been an excellent judge. Again, Chief-Justice Maule, addressing James Ford, who was convicted of murder at Chester in 1843, says—"Your offence—*like most of those we have met with in this court*—was brought on by excess and intemperance." Mr. Wontner, the governor of Newgate, declared that, out of every hundred prisoners confined in that gloomy prison, ninety-nine committed their crimes whilst under the influence of drink. Sir Matthew Hale has given it as his decided opinion, that "if the murders, robberies, riots, adulteries, and other enormities, were divided into five portions, four of them would be found to be the result of excessive drinking." The celebrated Judge Erskine, when sentencing a gentleman to six months' hard labour for a crime committed during intoxication, declared that ninety-nine cases out of every hundred arose from the same hateful cause. Judge Pattison, addressing the grand jury at the Norwich assizes, said, "If it were not for strong drink, you and I would have nothing to do;" and Justice Coleridge, at Oxford, remarked that no single case had been brought before him of a prisoner charged with the commission of offences, but what the love of liquor has had to do with it, in one way or other. Baron Alderson, when addressing the grand jury at the York assizes in 1844; Judge Wightman, in his address to the jury at Liverpool, in 1846; the Hon. A. Alison, sheriff of Lanarkshire; Mr. Sheriff Bell, of Glasgow—have all and severally declared that they were satisfied that nine-tenths of all the crimes committed in this country were referrible to the influence of intoxicating drinks. And so we might multiply evidences from the mouths of the highest personages in the realm.

But to take another class of witnesses against the drinking practices of Great Britain. Dr. Buchan, a most undoubted authority, declares that "malt liquors render the blood sizy and unfit for circulation." Think of that, ye fat beer-bibbers! He goes on to say, that there are "few great beer-drinkers who are not phthisical (that is, wasting by disease), brought on by the glutinous and indigestible nature of strong ale. Those who drink ardent spirits or wine, run still greater hazard; as these liquors inflame the blood and tear the tender vessels of the lungs to pieces." Dr. Beddoes says that vinous liquor—that is, all kinds of fermented and intoxicating drink—acts as a two-edged sword. By its first operation it promotes indigestion, and its second depends on its change into vinegar; which change, wine, however genuine, always undergoes in the stomach. Dr. John Pye Smith gives it as his firm conviction that alcoholic liquors, instead of imparting strength and vigour, as many foolishly suppose, only urge and stimulate to a more rapid and vehement outlay of power, just as spurring or whipping a horse does not increase his capability of working. Dr. Garnet declares that the idea of wine or spirituous liquors assisting digestion is false, and that pure water is the only drink necessary for man or beast. Dr. Cheyne, Dr. Rush, Dr. M'Nish, and numerous medical men in the United States, state as the result of their extensive experience, that spirituous liquors are unnecessary, hurtful, and dangerous to the system: that the use of them produces diseases in the body to which there had appeared no previous tendency; that the drinkers of malt liquors are especially liable to apoplexy and palsy, and sudden death; that danger lurks in every cup, and death is concealed in the bottom of every tankard; that instead of invigorating the system, the use of alcohol—take it under whatever name we may—disguise its effects as artfully and as carefully as we may—excuse ourselves as cleverly as ever we may—assists, nay, even promotes, the great majority of diseases to which mankind are subject; and that in numerous instances it is the sole and only cause of premature old age, idiotcy, madness, and death!

These are very serious opinions, and we do not well to neglect their warnings.

Take another phase of the subject. The lovers of malt and hops are fond of saying that beer and ale are good for the health and spirits. Are they? Let us glance at a few of the vile things they use to *improve* these favourite beverages. The brewers themselves admit the existence of various drugs and nauseous ingredients in their beer, the offices of which are to produce the necessary intoxicating qualities. In one pot of "heavy," most worthy and jolly swilltub, you can have a taste of capsicum pepper, coculus-indicus (*poison*), liquorice juice, sulphate of iron (*copperas, poison*), salt of steel, nux vomica (poison for rats); opium (*poison*), green vitriol (*poison*), alum, tobacco-water and salt, which are severally used to give a false appearance of age, smartness, colour, bitterness, pungency, or a fine head to the delicious draught. "Ah! but," says the lover of malt and hops, "I will take the regular home-brewed instead—the real old English October—I'm fond of old customs, and like to see in the kitchen of the labourer nothing better than the good old fare of our forefathers; the flitch of bacon, the barrel of flour, the home-made bread, and the cask of strong ale." "Be careful, my friend, lest the cask of strong ale do not swallow up all the rest," we think we hear some staunch abstainer exclaim. But, if even you drink "home-brewed," and brew it yourself, using nothing but fine malt and hops, still you cannot prove that you derive any good from the draught. It does not impart strength, because it injures the digestive organs; it does not quench the thirst, as water does, because it induces you to drink when you are *not* thirsty; it does not improve the health or appearance, but produces undue corpulency, which is a disease, and a dulness of mind, which finds gratification only in sensual indulgences. Drink your draught of "home-brewed," my friend, after this, and be happy over it if you can!

Taking a lower standard still, the mere money value of temperance, see, oh staunch disciples of John Barleycorn, how heavily you tax yourselves that you may emulate the hog in its grossness, and the goat in its sensuality. You actually paid, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty, no less a sum than £424,702 3s. as a duty to Government on hops alone. You wasted no fewer than 43,107 acres of rich land in that one year in the cultivation of 48,537,669 lbs. of this useless weed. You consumed, or rather destroyed, in the making of sixteen million, eight hundred and forty six thousand barrels of beer, good corn enough to feed a nation—to wit, forty one millions, five hundred thousand bushels of malt. Oh! ye unconscionable tipplers.

Did it do you any good—all this guzzling and swilling? Did the beer you drank, besides the 2,900,000 gallons of rum, and the 1,800,000 gallons of brandy and the 25,850,000 gallons of gin, whisky, and other British compounds, which you poured, all hot and fiery, down your throats—improve your health, make your homes more comfortable, quench your thirst, or fill your pockets? Ask yourselves that, when you go next to the White Swan or the Jolly Beggars, and it strikes us forcibly you will pause before you spend your customary sixpence. Did all this drinking improve your health? "Well," say you, "I dont see that it did me much harm." Did it not? You are wrong, my friend, just a little wrong in your estimate of yourself, as you may see by the facts and figures prepared for your especial benefit. Facts and figures, my friend; there is no getting over them.

"*If there be anything in the usages of society calculated to destroy life, the most powerful is certainly the immoderate use of strong drink.*" These words form the conclusion to which Mr. Neison, the actuary to a well-known assurance office, and the author of a work called "Vital Statistics," has come to, after having made various strict and minute inquiries into the ratio of mortality among the different classes of society. He gives the

average length of life, after the commencement of intemperate habits,

Among Beer-drinkers	. . . .	21·7 years
„ Spirit-drinkers	. . . .	16·7 „
„ Drinkers of both	. . . .	16·1 „

Therefore, drink away; you have only one-and-twenty years to live, at most.

But our author goes further than that; for he shows the average duration of life among different classes of persons fter they have commenced a course of intemperance.

Among Mechanics, working, and labouring men	.	18 years
„ Traders, dealers, and merchants	.	17 „
„ Professional men and gentlemen	.	15 „
„ Females	.	14 „

"These curious and remarkable results," Mr. Neison goes on to say, "exhibit a rate of mortality for which the most careful observers will be generally unprepared. When intemperate lives are occasionally accepted by life-offices, the rates of premium charged by them fall greatly short of what would be indicated by the figures; and it is to be feared that a careful examination of their experience must show that the arbitrary mode by which such peculiar risks have been estimated has led them into unprofitable speculations. Throughout the whole range of the inquiry, it will be seen that the rate of mortality is frightfully high, and unequalled by the results of any other series of observations made on any class of the population of this country. Sanitary agitators have frequently excited alarm about the wholesale havoc in human life going on in the badly-conditioned districts of some of our large cities; but no collection of facts ever brought under attention has shown so appalling a waste of life as is exhibited in the tables I have given."

THE HOME OF THE PARLOUR TIPPLER.

See, now, that you pay for this indulgence not only by disease and poverty, but that it actually shortens your lives oh, devotees of Bacchus! Is it not a serious thing to think that for every sovereign you spend in spirits, you pay fourteen shillings to the state; and that for every twenty shillings you lay out in tobacco, sixteen of them go to support the revenue. Put away the filthy weed, and the filthier glass, my friend, and you will save the tax.

The money spent in strong drink, the sacrifices to the shrine of Malt and Hops—what will it not buy? Just calculate what a penny a-day will do for you. For a penny a-day you may insure your life for the sum of sixty pounds—a sum which would not leave your wife dependent on the parish were you taken away from her; a penny a-day will provide for the little boy, now dancing on its mother's knee, a little fortune by the time he is twenty-one—fifty pounds to go into business with; a penny a-day will induce you to save more, and when you find that you can do as well without your glass and your pint, you will begin to think that you can do without

THE HOME OF THE BEER-SHOP SOT.

any at all; and so you will become a respectable member of society. Listen to a little story recently told by the Rev. J. B. Owen, in the Town-hall, Birmingham.

"A working man in the north of England married a factory girl. After their wedding, both of them went to work, and the wife stipulated that out of her earnings she should have a pint of ale daily. The husband consented, and consequently she had her pint—he, his quarts. The anniversary of the marriage-day arrived, and John, looking ruefully at his wife, exclaimed, 'If it were not that I hav'nt a penny in the world, lass, we'd have a holiday, and go to yon village to see my mother.' 'Would'st like to go John,' she replied, 'then I'll stand treat.' She put her hand up the chimney, and from beneath a loose brick drew forth an old stocking, from which she poured three hundred and sixty-five three-pences, the sum reserved for her daily pint of ale. They had their holiday, and the husband, touched with his wife's conduct, declared that as she had not had her ale he would never touch that beverage again. They began to save, and took a small shop, which grew into a large one. In its turn this expanded into a factory, the factory became doubled and trebled, and people began to talk of this man's carriage, and his country house; and he rode in his carriage at last, the honoured Mayor of one of our principal manufacturing boroughs.

Now, there is an example for you; go thou and do likewise. My friends, let us be serious; let us look the evil in the face like men. During the present century, there has been spent in intoxicating liquors almost as much money as would have paid the National Debt twice over. In this good city of London there are 180,000 gin drinkers, who spend annually upwards of three millions of money in that one kind of liquid fire. The gin-shops, as you all know, are greater in number than the bakers or the grocers. Make up your minds, and

put the money that you waste in drink into your own pockets, instead of into the of these publican or the state. Look round among your acquaintance. We will presume that you are a sober man yourself. Well, you are a sober man only in part; put away the temptation altogether; and when you have earned a right to be critical—look round, as we said, among your acquaintance, and see what havoc strong drink is doing.

Take a peep into your late friend Robert A. B. C.'s bedroom, as he goes into it half drunk, very late at night, or very early in the morning, as the case may be. The artist has attempted to delineate such a home as your friend, the parlour tippler has. Bob is a capital companion, a jolly fellow, a "regular brick;" at least his companions all say so. He sings a good song, can make a neat speech, dresses well, and smokes the most undeniable Havanas. Bob is an acquisition to the tavern parlour, and is on terms of intimacy with the landlord—there's no getting on at all without Bob. But is he a good husband, or a good father, or a good man? If he were he would not leave his poor wife and sick child alone all the long winter evenings, while he makes merry in a pothouse. Faugh! How the fellow stinks of stale ale and tobacco. Cut his acquaintance, my friend, as soon as you can, and don't return his nod in the street till he reforms altogether. Such companions will do you no good, take my word for it. From respectability to poverty, from moderation to sottishness, from the parlour to the taproom, from virtue to vice, from temperance to drunkenness is but a step. How narrow the step and how small the space between the state of the parlour tippler and the beer-shop sot. Be careful how you make it.

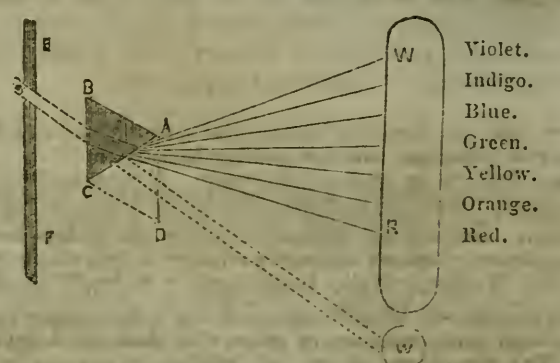
LECTURES TO WORKING MEN.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

On Monday, February 23rd, Mr. Robert Hunt, Professor of Natural Philosophy, delivered a lecture on this interesting subject at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street. The lecturer commenced with expressions of regret that the term Photography did not accurately express the true nature of the art he was about to illustrate. Photography means, *writing or delineating by light*—a term which would be applicable if the whole of a ray of light acted to produce the effect; but as the researches of science have shown that only one part of the sun's ray is called into action in the exercise of the art, it would have been preferable to have employed the term heliography—*written or delineated by the sun*—as given to this art by M. Niepce. Custom has, however, sanctioned the employment of the term photography, which is, therefore, used to denote the subject of the present lecture.

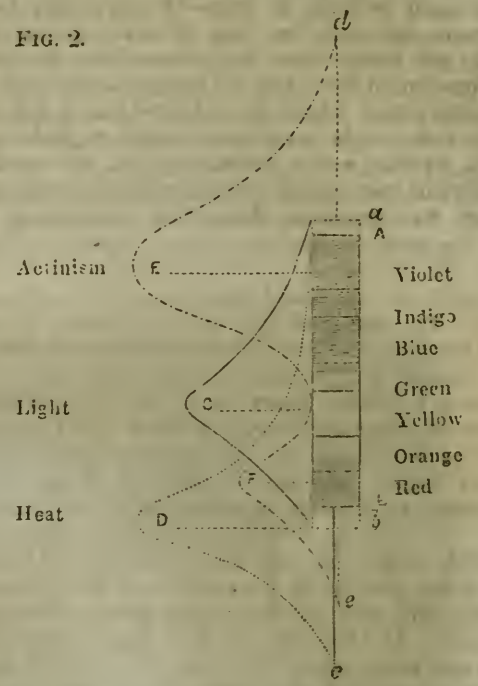
Mr. Hunt then proceeded to describe the solar spectrum—the discovery of Sir I. Newton, who found that when a ray of white or colourless light was made to pass through a prism of glass, it became decomposed or divided into seven colours, which are more distinctly perceptible if we place the prism in a hole in the window-shutter of a darkened room, and receive the impression of the spectrum produced on a sheet of white paper placed in the room. The following diagram shows the ray of light entering the room, and which, but for the refracting or bending power of the prism would pass direct to the spot w without suffering any alteration, but which, in passing through the prism, becomes decomposed into the seven so called prismatic colours. Further researches led to the establishment of two

Fig. 1.



other colours; the one, called the extreme red, represented by *b* at the extremity of the red ray in the next diagram, the other,

Fig. 2.



shown at the upper part of the violet ray, called the lavender. Sir David Brewster has, however, most satisfactorily shown that there exist in reality only three prismatic colours, blue, yellow, and red—these producing, by combination with one another, the violet, indigo, orange, and green—as secondary colours. By means of the above diagrams the lecturer proceeded to point out wherein consisted the difference of effect observable in various parts of the spectrum. It is found by means of a thermometer, that the heat we get from the sun resides in the lower or red portion of the spectrum, as is indicated by the dotted curved lines at D—the greatest amount of heat being found in the extreme red. We also find that the light obtained from the sun has its seat spread over the curved lines from C, but that its chief point is in the yellow colour, as above shown. Lastly we find, that, by placing a piece of paper, moistened with a preparation, such as a salt of silver, readily affected by the sun's rays, that the part of the spectrum which has most influence in producing chemical changes or effects is comprised in the lines proceeding from E—the greatest change being effected at the violet colour; the piece of prepared paper turning quite black at this point, whilst at the yellow part of the spectrum it remains unchanged and unacted upon. It will thus be seen that in the exercise of the art of photography, we have to do chiefly with that part of the solar spectrum which produces chemical changes, or, in contra-distinction to heat and light, *actinism*.* We also see that the results of photography are effected not by light, or the luminous principle of the solar ray, but of the other principle associated with light and heat in those rays.

It was in the year 1556, that chloride of silver, or horn silver as it was then called, was first observed to be blackened by exposure to the sun's rays, and other peculiar influences which the alchymists noticed led them to fancy that the subtle element Light was one of the most important agents in giving to nature her infinite variety of form. They thus considered that "gold differed from silver in nothing but in having the globules of the mercury, whereof it consists, penetrated through and through, and being more fully saturated with the sulphurous principle, or the rays of light." It was reserved for Scheele, a native of Stralsund, in Swedish Pomerania, to analyse the action and study the influences of the differently coloured rays of light. He discovered that the chloride of silver spread on paper was speedily darkened in the blue rays, whilst the red rays produced but very little or no change. M. Berard, Sir H. Englefield, and others, made some further researches on the subject, but it was Mr. Wedgwood, the celebrated porcelain manufacturer, who first turned the discovery to any practical account. Mr. Wedgwood wished to take copies of painted windows in

* Derived from the Greek word, *actin*, a ray.

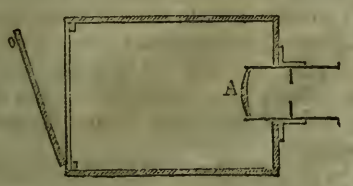
churches, &c., and for this purpose he made use of white paper, or white leather, moistened with a solution of nitrate of silver. By placing paper so prepared against a window—the subject of which he wished to have a copy—he succeeded in obtaining a perfect representation, but the reverse of the original, as regards light and shade—the light parts of the window allowing of the free passage of the light, which produced a darkened effect on the prepared paper, whilst the coloured parts, not allowing of the passage of the light so readily, appeared light in the copy taken. This, in fact, was a negative proof, as we should now term it. Notwithstanding that Wedgwood had secured the able assistance of Sir Humphrey Davy, he could make no further progress in the matter. The copy of a painting, or the profile, immediately after being taken, was obliged to be kept in a dark place, and could only be looked upon by stealth, as it were, or by candle-light. The reason of this will be evident, when we consider that what light had once done it could again effect, and the exposure of one of Wedgwood's pictures to daylight, would have been to produce a further alteration of the light parts of the picture—the whole ultimately becoming black. All attempts made at that time to fix or protect the picture from the action of solar light entirely failed, and the failures of these two eminent men discouraged all further experiments at that time (1802) in England.

In 1814, M. Niepce, of Chalons-sur-Saone, in France, commenced his investigations on the subject of the chemical agency of light, with the view of fixing the images obtained by the camera obscura. In 1824, M. Daguerre began a series of experiments, with the same object in view. In 1829, Messrs. Niepce and Daguerre agreed to work together on the subject, each communicating to the other the results hitherto obtained by them. M. Niepce died in 1833, when his son joined Daguerre in his investigations. The result of these researches was, that M. Daguerre discovered, in 1838-9, the method of taking sun pictures on metallic plates, and of so fixing them that they might be exposed to the light of day without undergoing any alteration.

In 1834, Mr. Henry Fox Talbot began some experiments, with the view of rendering the images of the camera obscura permanent; and on the 31st of January, 1839, six months prior to the publication of M. Daguerre's process, Mr. Talbot communicated to the Royal Society, a method of taking sun pictures on paper, with the mode of preparing the paper, and fixing the pictures obtained. Some of the pictures first obtained by Mr. Talbot were then exhibited by the lecturer.

The learned professor then proceeded to speak of the camera obscura, the darkened chamber or box—the invention of Baptista Porta. The simplest form of camera that can be used, is a common cigar-box, blackened in the inside, with which, and a spectacle-glass for a lens, the lecturer stated he had himself taken a great number of pictures. The annexed engraving represents the camera in its simplest form; it is merely a common box,

Fig. 3.



painted black in the inside, having a glass lens placed in a hole cut in the front part—the hinder part being placed on hinges, to allow of its falling back to receive the prepared paper, glass, or metal plate, to be acted upon. The light proceeding from any external object, in passing through the lens, gives a faithful representation of that object on the back of the camera. Some of these cameras are made of mahogany and other expensive materials, but this is not requisite, serving only for ornament, not for real utility. A very good lens may be purchased for a few shillings at any respectable optician's. *Achromatic* lenses are the best, as by the use of these we are enabled to obtain pictures free from the coloured rays or fringes which are apt to show themselves in pictures taken with a common lens. The term *achromatic* means free from colour; and this kind of lens is made by combining together, as the lecturer showed, two different glass lenses—as for instance, one of crown glass, and another of flint glass, whereby the coloured rays (as shown in the diagram of the spectrum), formed on the passage of light through one lens, are again united, or brought back to form the original white or colourless light, by being made to pass through a second lens of a suitable kind.

The annexed diagrams exhibit one of these highly-finished cameras, so constructed, that it may be taken to pieces and packed up with all the necessary articles used (such as prepared paper, glass plates, &c.), in a leathern case, thus forming a very portable photographic apparatus, which the traveller may take with him on his journey, and employ in delineating the scenery or other objects of interest he may meet with.

Fig. 4.

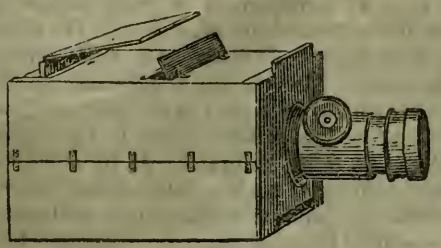
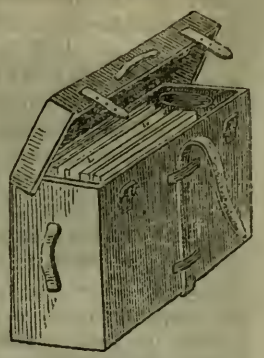


Fig. 5.



Landscapes, drawings of plants, sketches of machinery, portraits, &c. &c., may readily be taken by means of this simple instrument, the fixing of which is neither difficult nor expensive.

The lecturer then proceeded to give some explanation of the mode of preparing the paper for photographic purposes, impressing, once for all, on the attention of his auditory, the necessity of paying particular care to the greatest cleanliness in all photographic experiments. The method first employed was that of dipping a piece of paper in a solution of common salt, and afterwards in a solution of nitrate of silver, by which means a chemical decomposition or change took place, as represented in the annexed diagram, resulting in the formation on the surface of the paper of a layer or film of chloride of silver:—

Common Salt, or Chloride of Sodium.

Nitrate of Soda. } { Chloride of Silver.

Nitrate of Silver.

the chlorine of the common salt leaving the soda with which it was united, and joins itself to the silver, forming chloride of silver—the nitric acid, with which the silver was united, entering into combination with soda, forming nitrate of soda.

We now find that iodide of silver is better for purposes of photography than chloride of silver. This is obtained by first washing one side of the paper with a solution of nitrate of silver, and when dry applying a solution of iodide of potassium.* By this means a chemical decomposition takes place, as in the former instance, except that in this case iodide of silver and nitrate of potash are the results obtained. As the nitrate of potash is very soluble in water, it is readily removable by pouring water over the paper; the iodide of silver being insoluble, remains on the surface of the paper. By the subsequent employment of a mixture containing gallic acid (obtained from gall nuts), nitrate of silver, and acetic acid, the paper becomes so sensitive to the action of light, that if it be placed in the camera, and the light from any external object be permitted to enter the box through the lens, a correct representation of the object will be obtained. As the picture, although impressed on the paper, requires to be brought out distinctly, the paper, on its removal from the camera, is washed with a mixture of the same kind as that last mentioned, after which it is washed first in distilled water, and then in a solution of hyposulphite of soda, by which means any portions of

(*Continued in page* 361).

* We give the names by which these materials are called in ordinary commercial language, and our readers will have no difficulty in obtaining them, if they ask for them as thus named. If we say, for instance, *acetic acid*, acetic acid, and not vinegar, must be asked for. Some of the preparations used have more than one name; as, for instance, sulphate of iron is more commonly known as copperas; but if our readers were to ask for copperas they would get an *impure* sulphate of iron, which would not answer their purpose so well. It would not be at all worth while to enter into any account of the mode of making the preparations used in photographical experiments, as our readers will get them cheaper and purer than they could make them, at any respectable chemist's or optician's, whose business it is to prepare and sell these articles.

PRIMARY INSTRUCTION.

TOLOSA'S METHOD.

All who have anything to do with the teaching of the young, must have experienced great difficulty in fixing the attention of the pupils for any length of time on the subject before them. It requires considerable effort and long training to enable even adults to concentrate their faculties and bring them to bear upon one point; and it is well known that he who can do this readily has comparatively but little difficulty in mastering any department of knowledge. But in the young the mental as well as physical constitution being much weaker, and the resolution less powerful, the thoughts have a natural tendency to rove from point to point without dwelling long upon any. The teacher's duty is to combat, and if possible overcome this tendency.

INSTRUCTION IN A FAMILY BY TOLOSA'S SYSTEM.

Various plans have been devised from time to time to aid him in his task. St. Jerome, nearly fifteen hundred years ago, suggested the employment of moveable letters, made of wood or ivory, for teaching children to read. M. Tolosa has adopted his idea, and carried it out into practice, with, of course, many improvements. The use of moveable letters is, of course, nothing new in these days of printing; but he has gone farther, and proposes to impart instruction by means of them, not in spelling only, but in grammar, arithmetic, geography, &c.

The case, which M. Tolosa calls the "Spelling Compositor," is at the same time a book, and a printing press on a small scale. All the letters of the alphabet, the points, Arabic numerals, &c., are distinctly inscribed on small blocks of wood, which can be fixed at pleasure in the compartments formed by parallel divisions running across a large board, or upon the divisions themselves, by means of small mortises. In this way any combinations of letters may of course be made. Our first engraving represents a school receiving instruction upon M. Tolosa's plan. The desks are placed so, that three boys may sit abreast, but of course the number may in all cases be regulated to suit circumstances. The middle place is occupied in each by a monitor, who superintends the operations of his two companions. Every boy has before him a Spelling Compositor, and the master has one of large dimensions placed in a conspicuous position against the wall of the room. He arranges the letters one by one, forming syllables and words, and the pupils perform the same process on the board before them. To do this properly, not only closely fixes their attention upon the words and the letters which form them, but requires a considerable amount of dexterity and promptness. The other engraving exhibits the same mode of instruction as it may be pursued in a family.

By this method, the ennui which was in a great measure inseparable from the old modes of instruction, is completely removed. The child's tact, attention, and perception, are brought into complete activity. He sees, understands, and acts. And this is not all. Everything which can instil into the infant ideas of order, of geometrical magnitude, must be productive of useful results.

If experience should justify the expectations which are formed of this system, there is no doubt that it will wonderfully simplify the process of primary instruction, and will doubtless come into extensive use all over Europe.

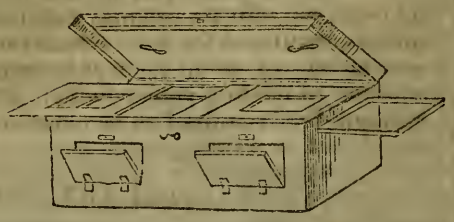
(*Continuation of Photography from page* 359.)

the iodide of silver which have not been acted upon are removed (as their remaining would prove injurious), and the picture is now fixed, and capable of remaining unaffected by any subsequent exposure to the light. The picture thus obtained is, in fact, formed of pure silver in a very fine state of division. It is a negative representation of the object (the shades and lights reversed), from which thousands of positive pictures, or pictures resembling nature, may be taken; thus resembling the copperplate of the engraver, from whence, when once engraved, any number of pictures may be taken.

The lecturer then spoke of the method of obtaining daguerreotypes, or photographic pictures, on silvered plates of copper. As a description of this process has been given in the *Illustrated Exhibitor* we shall not say more respecting it here,

except to notice the use of bromine as an accelerating or quickening agent in the process. The metal plate is exposed *first* to the action of the vapour of iodine, and *afterwards* to that of bromine, by which means a bromo-iodide of silver is formed on the surface of the plate. For this purpose boxes having two cells or divisions are used, the one containing iodine, the other bromine, as shown in the accompanying engraving. The learned professor next explained the collodion and albumen processes, which we are particularly noticed in the *Illustrated Exhibitor* (No. 7), we, therefore, shall not dwell on them here. He then exhibited some collodion pictures, which were taken *instantaneously*, and which we found, on close inspection after the lecture, to be very superior specimens of photographic art.

Fig. 6.



There is one point which we must not forget to mention, the more so, as it will appear very strange to the great majority of our readers; it is the circumstance that it is not the brightest and clearest sunshine which is most favourable to photographic experiments. Mr. Hunt stated, that in England the months of March, April, and May, are usually far more favourable to these operations than June, July, and August. In tropical climes, where a brilliant sun is giving the utmost degree of illumination to all surrounding objects, all photographic preparations are acted upon more slowly than in the climate of England, where the light is less intense. As a re- markable instance of this fact, a circumstance may be mentioned, which is curiously illustrative of the power of light to interfere with actinism. A gentleman well acquainted with the daguerreotype process, took with him to the city of Mexico all the necessary apparatus and chemicals, expecting, under the bright light and cloudless skies of that elimate, to produce pictures of superior excellence. Failure upon failure was the result, and although every care was used, and every precaution adopted, it was not until the rainy season set in that he could secure a good daguerreotype of any of the buildings of that southern city.

When the daguerreotype was discovered ,the celebrated French philosopher, Arago, expressed his regret that the scientific men who, at the time of Napoleon's invasion of Egypt, collected so much valuable information respecting that ancient country, had not been then in possession of the ready means which photography would in the present day have afforded them, of taking copies of inscriptions, pictures of ruined temples, pyramids, &c., drawn by the pencil of Nature herself. The expression of these regrets led the Government of France to send out competent persons, supplied with every photographic requisite, to effect those desirable objects; and not only was Egypt, but also Central America, explored for this purpose. So great, however, was the interfering action of the clear light of the sun in these countries, that the expeditions proved almost entirely failures.

If two engravings be taken, the subjects of which it is desired to copy, by means of photography, and a piece of *yellow* glass be placed between the prepared paper and one of the engravings, and a piece of *blue* glass between the other engraving and the paper, it will be found that the copy obtained by the latter is very far superior to the other; thus proving that it is not the principle of *light* residing in the *yellow* ray, but that of *actinism*, or the chemical principle in the *blue* ray, which is the photographic agent.

The learned professor next spoke of the various modifications of the photographic art, such as the cyanotype, chrysotype, &c. In the cyanotype the paper is first moistened with solution of tartrate of iron, and afterwards with prussiate of potash, in which case a blue coloured ground is obtained. In the chrysotype a solution of tartrate of iron is also first used, and afterwards a solution chlofo-ride of gold.

The amphitype pictures obtained by Mr. Talbot were next noticed; these pictures possess the property of appearing as negative pictures, if backed with white paper, and of positive when backed with a black substance.

Mr. Hunt then briefly referred to the very important applications of photography now made to the registering of magnetical, thermometrical, and barometrical observations; but it would be impossible for us to do justice to this important subject without illustrations. We shall, therefore, give in the *Illustrated Exhibitor* a full account, with illustrations, of the instruments used in the Greenwich Observatory, for this purpose. Suffice it, for the present, to state that, by means of photography, the sun is made to register correct accounts of those magnetic disturbances, which he himself produces, in relation to our earth. The height of the mercury in the barometer and thermometer, at all times of the day and night, are also accurately registered by the same means.

A TIGER HUNT.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF CAPTAIN MUNDAY.

"At four P.M. (so late an hour that few of us expected any sport) Lord Combermere and nine others of our party, mounted elephants, and taking twenty pad elephants to beat the covert, and carry the guides and the game, proceeded towards the swamp pointed out as the lurking-place of the buffalo-devouring monster.

"The jungle was in no places very high, there being but few trees, and a fine thick covert of grass and rushes. Everything was favourable for the sport. Few of us, however, expecting to find a tiger, another man and myself dismounted from our elephants, to get a shot at a florikan, a bird of the bustard tribe, which we killed. It afterwards proved that there were two tigers within a hundred paces of the spot where we were walking. We beat for half an hour steadily in line, and I was just beginning to yawn in despair, when my elephant suddenly raised his trunk, and trumpeted several times, which my Mahout (elephant driver) informed me was a sure sign that there was a tiger somewhere 'between the wind and our nobility.' The formidable line of thirty elephants, therefore, brought up their left shoulders, and beat slowly on to windward.

"We had gone about three hundred yards in this direction, and had entered a swampy part of the jungle, when suddenly the long wished for 'Tallyho!' saluted our ears, and a shot from Capt. M. confirmed the sporting *eureka!* The tiger answered he shot with a loud roar, and boldly charged the line of elephants. Then occurred the most ridiculous but most provoking scene possible. Every elephant, except Lord Combermere's, (which was a known staunch one) turned tail, in spite of all the blows and imprecations heartily bestowed upon them by the mahouts. One, less expeditious in his retreat than the others, was overtaken by the tiger, and severely torn in the hind leg; while another, even more alarmed, we could distinguish flying over the plain, till he quite sunk below the horizon. The tiger, in the meanwhile, advanced to attack his lordship's elephant, but, being wounded in the loins by Capt. M.'s shot, failed in his spring, and shrunk back among the rushes. My elephant was one of the first of the run-aways to return to action; and when I ran up alongside of Lord Combermere (whose heroic animal had stood like a rock), he was quite *hors du combat*, having fired all his broadside. I handed him a gun, and we poured a volley of four barrels upon the tiger, who attempting again to charge, fell from weakness. Several shots more were expended upon him before he dropped dead; upon which we gave a good hearty 'whoo! whoop!' and stowed him upon a pad elephant. As Lord Combermere had for some minutes alone sustained the attack of the tiger, a three-quarters grown male, the *spolia opima* were duly awarded to him.

"Having loaded and re-formed line, we again advanced, and after beating for half an hour, I saw the grass gently moved about one hundred yards in front of me; and soon after, a large tiger reared his head and shoulders above the jungle, as if to reconnoitre us. I tally-ho'd, and the whole line rushed forward. On arriving at the spot, two tigers broke covert, and cantered quietly across an open space of ground. Several shots were fired, one of which slightly touched the largest of them, how immediately turned round, and roaring furiously and lashing his tail, came bounding towards us; but, apparently alarmed by the formidable line of elephants, he suddenly stopped short, and turned into the jungle again, followed by us at full speed. Those who had the fastest elephants had now the best of the

sport, and when he turned to fight (which he soon did), only three of us were up. As soon as he faced about, he attempted to spring on Capt. M.'s elephant, but was stopped by a shot in the chest. Two or three more shots brought him on his knees, and the noble beast fell dead in a last attempt to charge. He was a full-grown male, and a very fine animal. Near the spot where we found him, were discovered the well-picked remains of a buffalo.

"One of the sportsmen had, in the meantime, kept the smaller tiger in view, and we soon followed to the spot to which he had been marked. It was a thick marshy covert of broad flag leaves, and we had to beat through it twice, and were beginning to think of giving it up as the light was waning, when Captain P's. elephant, which was lagging in the rear, suddenly uttered a shrill cry, and came rushing out of the swamp, with the tiger hanging by his teeth to the upper part of its tail! Captain P's. situation was perplexing enough, his elephant making the most violent efforts to shake off his back-biting foe, and himself unable to use his gun, for fear of shooting the unfortunate Coolie, who, frightened out of his wits, was standing behind the howdah, with his feet in the crupper, within six inches of the tiger's head. We soon flew to his aid, and quickly shot the tiger, who, however, did not quit his gripe until he had received eight balls; when he dropped off the poor elephant's mangled tail quite dead. The elephant only survived ten days, but it was shrewdly suspected that his more mortal wounds were inflicted by some of the sportsmen who were over-zealous to rid him of his troublesome hanger-on.

"Thus in about two hours, and within sight of camp, we found and slew three tigers, a piece of good fortune rarely to be met with in these modern times, when the spread of cultivation, and the zeal of English sportsmen, have almost exterminated the breed of these animals. Four other sportsmen of our party returned to camp this evening, having been out for four days in a different direction, they only killed one tiger, but he was an immense beast, and was shot on the head of Colonel F's. elephant, which he wounded severely. This is considered the acme of tiger-shooting.'"

IMPROVEMENTS IN ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHS.

A PATENT has been enrolled by Pierre Armond Lecomte de Fontainemoreau, of Finsbury and Paris, of an improvement in electric telegraphs. The invention sought to be secured consists in the application to electric telegraphic apparatus of a key-board, similar to that of a pianoforte, in conjunction with a toothed cylinder combined with a ratchet-wheel and levers, put in motion by keys or hammers, by means of which it is merely requisite to place the finger upon a series of keys, on which signs, letters or numbers are written, to effect the transmission of intelligence. The arrangements of mechanism for carrying the invention into effect are as follows:—Beneath the key-board is set a cylinder or axis, from which projects a series of radial rods, equal in number to the keys, and set in a helical line around the cylinder, for the purpose of enabling each of the rods, during the rotation of the shaft, to be stopped by a catch attached to the particular key lowered. The lowering of any one of the keys is caused to take effect on a horizontal bar, also placed underneath the key-board (which is so arranged as to rise to its former position when the key is released from pressure,) which bar, in its descent, liberates a ratchet, which gears into a ratchet wheel on the rotating shaft, and thus allows the shaft (which is set in motion by clockwork) to revolve until a second rod, corresponding with the key which has been lowered, meets the stop on that key. On the lowering of another key a similar effect is produced, and the shaft is turned through an angle proportioned to the length of the arc of the helix between the two keys which successively stopped its motion; so that if the cylinder is provided with an electric interrupter which opens and closes the circuit every time one of the teeth of the rachet-wheel passes through, the effect produced will be identical with that produced by the rotation of a dial provided with as many signals as there are keys in this apparatus, but with increased advantage. The rotation of the cylinder being uniform, and regulated to the greatest speed that the efficient working of the receiving apparatus will permit, a communication once established between the receiver and transmitter continues to subsist, independently of any irregularity in touching the keys, provided time be given for the hand of the dial to run over its divisions. The clockwork for setting the cylinder in motion must be wound up from time to time, but its use may be altogether dispensed with, and spring substituted for it, on which the bar, actuated by the keys, may be caused to take effect so as to produce on the ratchet-wheel a propelling power which should slightly exceed the average force required to be exerted.

LITERARY NOTICES.

WITH the present WORKING MAN'S FRIEND is issued the last number of the MONTHLY SUPPLEMENTS. To a certain extent, the two volumes devoted to the "Literature of Working Men" have been well received by the general public; and, considered in reference to their influence in developing the literary talent of many who would otherwise have had no medium for the publication of their thoughts, the design may be considered to have been highly successful. That the pleasant relations subsisting between the Editor and his friends, however, should in nowise be diminished, it is proposed that occasional articles from working men shall be inserted in the FRIEND, and that the Exercises for Ingenuity shall be continued monthly, as before, with, it is hoped, fresh vigour, and more originality than ever. To this end we invite the cordial co-operation of our subscribers.—March 6th, 1851.

JOHN CASSELL'S SYSTEM OF NATIONAL EDUCATION, which he proposes to establish without asking for any special Act of Parliament. The only assistance he intends to seek from the Legislature is, the repeal of the iniquitous and obnoxious tax upon the medium through which he proposes to convey his system of Education to the people, namely, *Paper*. On Saturday, April 3, John Cassell's System of National Education will be inaugurated by the publication of *the first number of the* POPULAR EDUCATOR, in sixteen pages of double crown quarto, price ONE PENNY. The whole system will be developed through the medium of *Weekly Numbers*, one penny each, or in Monthly Parts, 5d. or 6d. each, according to the number of weeks in each month. This System of National Education will include English Grammar, French, German, and Latin; Mathematics, Geometry, Arithmetic, and Algebra; Astronomy, Geography, Geology, Natural History, Botany, Physiology, Chemistry, Mechanics, History, Biography, Political Economy, Music, &c. &c. Every section of the system will be explained in the most clear and comprehensive manner, and, where it is necessary, illustrated with suitable diagrams. The whole will be written in a style sufficiently familiar to be perfectly understood by any child or youth who has merely learned to read, and which will at the same time interest and instruct both parents and children, and tend to promote universal education upon sound principles, and by an expeditious method. Teachers and writers of first-rate attainments are engaged to develop John Cassell's system of National Education, under the editorship of Professor WALLACE, A.M., of the University of Glasgow, Collegiate Tutor at the University of London, and author of various popular and scientific works. THE POPULAR EDUCATOR can be ordered through any bookseller.

THE FREEHOLDER AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER, a New Weekly Commercial, Political, Independent Paper, is published every Monday evening, price 4d., or 4s. 4d. per quarter. As its name indicates, it will, in the first place, be the Organ of the Great Freehold Land Movement. In addition to reporting progress, &c., its pages will be illustrated with engraved Plans of the Estates purchased by various Societies; a weekly list of the prices of rights for allotments; the improved value of allotments; the prices at which allotments have been sold on different estates; notices of Building, Life Insurance, and other Societies for the promotion and encouragement of provident habits, &c. But while these and similar topics will have due space—

II.—THE FREEHOLDER AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER will form a complete guide as to the occupation of allotments, whether by sub-building, or for gardening, or other agricultural purposes.

III.—As a Commercial Paper, it will prove to be one of great importance and value to the trading community, not only as it will present a faithful record of the commercial operations of the previous week, but also reports of all the Monday's markets up to the time of going to press.

IV.—Although THE FREEHOLDER AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER will be the Organ of the Freehold Land Movement, it will be a first-rate general Newspaper, independent in principle, and will exert itself to the utmost to bring the Elective Franchise within the reach of every industrious and virtuous citizen.

Order of any Newsvender.—Office, 335, Strand.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

EXTRACT FROM THE NOTES OF A TRAVELLER.

The view of the shore from the anchorage was charming. Toward the south, as far as the eye could reach, a verdant plain was spread out before me, whose shores were washed by the ocean; and to the north-west the land rose gradually toward the interior, until far inland the snow-capped summits of Mounaloa and Mounakea reached an elevation of nearly sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Along the shore the cocoa-nut tree waved its feathery branches to the refreshing trade-wind, and the thatched roofs of the village of Hilo peeped here and there from among the deep foliage in which they were imbedded, while just beyond the landscape was occasionally studded with fields of the coffee-plant and waving sugar-cane.

I landed upon the beach opposite the town, in the mouth of a beautiful little stream, called Waia-loa, which, rising a short distance from the coast, supplies the royal fish-ponds, and then empties into the bay. No sooner had I set foot on shore, than I was surrounded by a crowd of natives, some of whom were leading very good-looking horses, which they pressed me to hire. I declined the offers of several, who, in half-English, half-Kanaka, asked me to give their steeds a trial. Some of my companions, however, who were desirous of testing their mettle, mounted forthwith, and set out toward the village at full speed. But they did not go far before they found their beasts were given to the vile practices of stumbling, shying, and balking; several were thrown before they had advanced more than a few hundred yards, but their fall being upon the sandy beach, they escaped without injury.

I was much diverted with the costumes of the natives who followed me in my walk. Some were entirely naked, with the exception of the "maro;" some had on only a shirt, or a piece of tapa cloth, covering the back and breast, and extending down as far as the knees; others a jacket or straw hat as the sole article of dress. Proceeding along the beach, I soon arrived at the mouth of another little stream, called Wai-Kama, which I crossed in a canoe that was very civilly offered to me by one of the natives; after which, a short walk brought me to the edge of the village.

Hilo contains about eight or nine hundred inhabitants, but as the houses are much scattered and surrounded by a dense tropical vegetation, the dwellings, for the most part, are hidden from the view entirely, or their thatched roofs only are seen peeping up from their verdant nests. This peculiarity, together with the quietude that reigns around, gives a rural air to the place, which is quite inviting to one who has been long subjected to the confinement and monotony of a life on board ship. Indeed, the waving branches of the trees, and the rustling of the green leaves, stirred by the refreshing sea-breeze, together with the perfume of sweet-scented flowers that filled the air, produced in me sensations indescribably pleasing—sensations that no one can realise who has not been long sent abfrom these natural companions of man's existence.

Strolling through the village and surrounding country, I passed many very pleasant days in visiting the habitations of the natives, and witnessing their primitive mode of life. Their houses are constructed after a very simple method. A square spot is cleared and marked out of the size requisite for the building; then rough posts, formed out of saplings, are placed in the ground, a short distance from each other; around this, and upon the top of these, rafters are secured. The frame as it thus stands is then thatched with the leaf of the pandanus-tree, the sugar-cane, and fern. The cane and fern are used for the roof, and the pandanus-leaf for the sides. A door in front, and one in the rear, afford light and air to the occupants, the purely native-houses having no windows. One-third of the interior is occupied by a rough staging, about a foot and a half high, covered with several layers of mats, and screened off by a curtain of tapa cloth, or calico. This is the common bed for the whole family.

Their household utensils are as simple as their houses. Calabashes of different shapes and sizes supply the place of iron and crockery-ware, so that their tubs, bowls, pitchers, plates, &c., may be said to grow upon the same vine. They require no utensils for their simple cookery, for this is prepared by a baking process under heated stones. The principal articles of their diet consist of fish and the root of the taro. The first, before cooking, is enveloped in several layers of large leaves, well secured at each end; and the last is simply baked and eaten as the potato, or, after baking, is mashed up, kneaded out, and mixed with water, in a large calabash, until it becomes of the consistency of mush. In this state it is called "Poi," and is the national dish of the country.

To see the avidity with which this is consumed, one would suppose it to be the most palatable food in existence. It was quite diverting to behold a half-dozen or a dozen natives gathered round a large calabash of this article, and to witness with what surprising rapidity each one in his turn would dip two fingers of the right hand into the vessel, and convey a large portion to his mouth, which was held wide open for its reception. To give a zest to this repast, a little salt fish, or salt water, is usually at hand, of which each occasionally partakes.

Wherever I went I was greeted with smiling faces, and received the national salutation of "Aloha," or welcome; and I scarcely ever remember to have passed a house without having been invited to enter. I almost invariably found the family to be very numerous, in proportion to the size of the domicile. They were generally quite unoccupied, some lolling about the mat floor, others fast asleep under a piece of tapa cloth. As soon as I was seated, the female part of the household, with the natural curiosity of the sex, usually approached to scrutinize the dress and appearance of the "Karhouri," or stranger. They would examine me from head to foot with the utmost particularity, every now and then exclaiming, "Maiki!" pretty, when they noticed anything which met with their approbation.

The young girls, though a little dark, were often quite handsome, and usually very interesting. Their glossy raven hair, falling unconfined upon the shoulders, and frequently curling in natural ringlets; their dark lustrous eyes, as soft as a gazelle's, and full of expression; their teeth of matchless whiteness and regularity, embellished faces that appeared only to know how to smile. And the villanous dress which civilisation has placed upon their backs, consisting of a single loose gown, unconfined at the waist, could not altogether hide their fine figures and well turned limbs, which they appeared very fond of displaying to the best advantage. But the charms of these island beauties last only for a short period; a few years after puberty, the sylph-like form of the girl changes to the gross *embonpoint* of the woman, and the features become coarse and masculine.

Indolence appears to be the besetting sin of the natives. Their wants being few, they have no motive for exertion, and hence the greater part of their time is passed in listless idleness. And not until their wants, either real or artificial, are more numerous, and it requires exertion to satisfy them, will civilisation make much progress, and intelligence be propagated to any extent among these islanders; for labour appears to be the natural stimulus to the energies of man—the first link, as it were, in the chain which advances him in the scale of being.

At the edge of the village is the beautiful little river Wai-Rouka, which, descending rapidly over its rocky bed, through wild and picturesque mountain-passes, forms two beautiful cascades just before it empties itself into the ocean. The stream above and below these cascades is the common bathing-place for the whole village. From early dawn until evening, it is thronged with swimmers of both sexes, and of all ages and sizes, some of whom are seen sporting like so many porpoises in their natural element, some diving from cliffs twenty or thirty feet high, while others are reclining upon the rocks and basking themselves in the broiling-hot sun.

But the greatest diversion here, especially among the young girls, was to plunge into the stream above, and allow themselves to be swept down by the rapids over the cascade. Whether this preference was caused by a species of savage coquetry, arising from a desire to display their sylph-like forms to the best advantage, I will not pretend to say; but certainly these island beauties, as free from the incumbrance of dress as was their mother Eve before the fall, appeared to be highly pleased when they attracted particular attention.

I often passed an idle hour sitting upon the banks of Wai-Rouka, witnessing the graceful movements of these Naiads,

as they fearlessly sprang into the stream, were swept down over the rocks by the boiling rapids with the speed of a race-horse, until arriving at the edge of the cascade they were launched off into the white foam; then plunged into the calm deep basin below, and, still visible, sank down, down through the crystal waters, until suddenly rising again to the surface, they shook the diamond shower from their flowing tresses, swam toward the the precipitous rocky walls that shut in the stream on each side, nimbly clambered up their side, and joyously returned to perform the same feat over again.

Wai-Rouka, arising in the snow-capped summit of Mounakea, is beautifully picturesque along its whole length. Gathering volume as it descends in its rapid course toward the lowlands, it is seen rushing through deep ravines, boiling over rocky beds, spreading out into placid basins, and tumbling over huge precipices, until it empties itself into the ocean. Its most celebrated fall, 'Ka-wai-anue-nue,' or the Rainbow-Cascade, so called from the numerous rainbows formed in its spray, is about two miles from the village. Here two broad sheets of water, separated a few feet by a verdant knoll, tumble over a precipice of one hundred feet, and joining quickly in their descent, spread out into one sheet of silvery foam, which falls into a calm basin below, surrounded by lofty banks which are covered by the rudest and most luxuriant vegetation. From this elevated spot there is a fine view of the village and bay, as well as of three extinct craters, just back of the former, which are now clothed in verdure, and present the appearance of three regularly-formed colossal mounds, placed in a row.

The ancient custom of eating raw fish is still continued in this island; nor is it confined only to the lower class of people. I had an opportunity of being an eye-witness to this, for while strolling out one evening a short distance from the village, I was caught in a heavy shower of rain, and took refuge in a chief's house, near at hand. Here I found a party consisting of about twenty individuals, squatted upon the mat floor, and feasting upon raw shrimp and 'poi,' which was served up in calabashes, as is the usual custom. As I entered the house, the governor of the island was about taking leave, doubtless well filled with the delicious repast. Dogs are also eaten, and considered a great delicacy.

During my stay I was invited to a dinner, after the native fashion, given by Mr. P——, an American, who has resided for many years upon this island, and whose kindness to strangers is only equalled by his hospitality. The dinner was given at his country-house, a few miles from the village, and was served up under the umbrageous boughs of a grove of bread-fruit trees. Every article was prepared *a la* 'Kanaka;' that is, first enveloped in leaves, and then baked among heated stones, covered up with earth. Our fare consisted of fish, pig, chickens, turkeys, etc., etc.; but the most curious dish of all was a baked dog! No vulgar cur, I assure the reader, but of a species peculiar to the island, which are reared with the delicacy of an infant, and fed upon 'poi,' until considered in good condition for eating. I must say that the idea of eating dog was somewhat revolting to me at first, but seeing others partake with great relish, my curiosity got t' e better of my stomach, and as I thought in all probability it might be the only opportunity I would ever have of tasting such a delicacy, I soon had a goodly slice smoking on my plate. 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte,' for I soon found doggy very tender, very juicy, and most delightfully cooked.

Before closing my remarks on Hawaii, I cannot refrain from mentioning the names of the Rev. Mr. Coan and the Rev. Mr. Lyman, American missionaries, from whom I, as well as my associates, received the kindest attention during our stay. It was a beautiful sight to behold these voluntary exiles from their native land, far removed from the turmoil of the busy world, its vanity and ambition, devoting themselves body and mind to the spreading of the religion of the cross among these poor islanders. Although their abodes were humble, they were nevertheless the scene of contentment and happiness. Their wives share with them their exile, and lighten the dull monotony of their changeless life, and smiling children are rising up around them, who perhaps in some future day will be ready to carry out the good work their fathers have commenced. Mr. Coan is the pastor of Hilo, and has likewise several parishes in the interior under his charge, all of which he visits at stated periods, performing the journey on foot, which is not a light task in this climate.

Mr. Lyman devotes his attention principally to a native school, where about fifty boys are instructed in the usual branches of a common education, and are taught to relinquish their old habits, and conform to the usages of civilized life. The latter circumstance is calculated to be of more benefit to the cause of civilization than at first might be supposed. Constrained by example and precept at an early age to conform to the customs and usages of enlightened nations, these youths form habits which are carried with them when they have finished their studies, and return to their homes, in different parts of the island, where they become nuclei of light to those around them, diffusing their knowledge more or less according to the influence they are capable of exerting in their spheres.

The day appointed for our departure from Hilo having arrived, we were all obliged to be on board at an early hour, and our ship was immediately placed under sailing orders, which in a man-of-war completely severs all communication with the shore. The wind, however, did not prove favourable on that day for clearing the mouth of the harbour, at the entrance of which is a large shoal. The day after it still continued in the same quarter, and for seven successive days thereafter we were obliged to do penance on board ship, in sight of the charming scenes where we had been revelling for several weeks.

Some of the gentler sex took pity on our imprisonment, and swam off to pay us a visit of condolence. As they were not permitted to come on board, they played around us for several hours, delighting the crew with their easy and graceful movements through the water, and the dexterity which they showed in diving for buttons or pieces of money. If any article was thrown overboard, they darted after it with such rapidity that they always got beneath it in its descent through the water, and invariably caught it in their two hands, held out close together for its reception. Some time afterwards I learned that when these poor girls returned on shore they were arrested and imprisoned in the calaboose. Their kindheartedness toward the 'Karhouries' had induced them to break one of Kamehameha's laws, which prohibits women from visiting ships, unless by special permission from the authorities.

On the eighth day of our detention, the wind came out fair, and at seven o'clock in the evening we lifted our anchor, and stood for Lahaina, island of Maui. All the following day we skirted along the north-eastern coast of Hawaii, near enough to have a fine view of its picturesque scenery, embellished with numerous silvery cascades, foaming over its precipitous cliffs, and tumbling into the ocean. Many of these cascades had a fall of several hundred feet, and one of them, which possessed the greatest volume of water, was judged to be at least eight hundred feet in height.

On the morning of the second day after our departure, we entered the 'Pailola' passage, between the islands of Maui and Molakai, and at meridian came to anchor off the town of Lahaina, which is upon the first-named island. Lahaina, a town of about three thousand inhabitants, is situated at the foot of a range of mountains, which, rising gradually from south to north, reach an elevation of six thousand feet above the level of the sea. The northern part of the range is broken by gorges of several hundred feet in depth, with nearly perpendicular walls. These mountains are quite destitute of vegetation, and if they were not in some measure relieved by the verdure of the gardens in the town, and the cocoa groves along the shore, the place would present a truly desolate appearance. I was only enabled to take a glimpse at Lahaina, for our stay was so short that I could make but one trip to the shore.

I visited the royal palace, the residence of his Hawiian Majesty before the removal of the court to Honolulu. This is an extensive building, in the form of a parallelogram, surrounded with balconies, and constructed out of a species of coral rock, a very handsome and durable building material. The American mission church also attracted my attention. This is beautifully situated on the border of the royal fish-pond, approached on one side through a lofty cocoa-nut grove, and surrounded by fine umbrageous trees. This edifice appeared entirely out of place in this spot; in fact it looked so American, that it occurred to me that if by some magic power it could be wafted over sea and land, and set down in one of

our country villages, no one would be able to tell it from a *bona-fide* Yankee meeting-house.

Lahaina is a great resort for whalers at certain seasons of the year, for the purpose of refreshment. Vegetables are quite abundant, and the Irish potato is cultivated in great perfection on the highlands of this island. The latter is of the greatest service to the whaler in his long voyages, for while his potatoes hold out he has no fear of the scurvy.

Leaving Lahaina at an early hour in the afternoon, on the morning of the next day we came to anchor off Honolulu. This town is situated on a plain about nine miles in length, composed of alluvial soil resting upon a stratum of lava. At the back of the town, and about two miles from the beach, runs a chain of lofty mountains, broken at one part by a deep gorge called the valley of Nuannu.

The whole face of the country shows the effect of volcanic agency; and although no living volcanoes have existed on this island since the memory of man, several extinct craters are still visible. Among these, Punchbowl Hill, at the back of the town, upon the summit of which a small fort is erected, and Diamond Hill to the eastward, are the most striking, as they still retain all the characteristics of living craters, so far as their form is concerned.

Honolulu has about nine thousand inhabitants, among whom there are about seven hundred foreign residents, principally English and American. The houses of the foreigners are mostly built of wood; some few, however, are constructed of coral rock, which is procured from a shoal at the entrance of the harbour. This building material has come into use within a few years, and is now used for all substantial edifices, such as stores, warehouses, and public buildings. The native population use the grass house, as in Hilo, but with many additions and improvements, borrowed from the whites.

The principal hotel in the place having no accommodations for lodging, I was obliged to rent a native house during my stay. I found this kind of domicile exceedingly cool and agreeable in that warm climate, for the thatched walls did not altogether prevent the air from circulating through the apartment, and in the stillness of the night the music of the breeze sighing through the thatched walls sounded pleasantly to the ear.

My next-door neighbour, with whom I soon formed an acquaintance, was a colonel in Kamehameha the Third's army. For a gentleman occupying so high a station, he led a somewhat singular life. His principal occupation was to sit at his door, squatted upon a mat, with nothing on save a loose robe of yellow pongee silk, until toward evening, when he would retire for a short time to the house, and reappear arrayed in a civilised garb, mount his horse, and gallop off on a ride. Upon his return, coat, pantaloons, shirt, shoes, stockings, &c., &c., were immediately laid aside for the yellow silk robe, and he would again resume his seat at the door until it was time to retire for the night. During my stay I did not observe that he varied this monotonous mode of life in the least, with the exception, perhaps, that once or twice he preferred to take his seat for a few hours under a tree near his house, instead of at the door, which was his favourite position.

The European and American society here is excellent. The stranger is received with the open arms of hospitality, and treated with the utmost kindness and attention during his stay. Dinner parties, evening parties, and pic-nics, fill up every idle hour.

Riding is a very favourite amusement among the ladies, and scarcely an afternoon passes that you do not see several equestrian troops sallying forth to enjoy a gallop in the country. The Pali is the favourite ride, and if the stranger has a fair "cicerone" for his companion, this will probably be the first place he visits. Leaving the town, in a few moments he enters the lovely valley of Nuannu, blooming with the freshness of spring, and shut in on either side by lofty and precipitous mountain walls. Nuannu is formed by a break in the chain of mountains running parallel with the coast, and is about half a mile wide at its entrance, and seven miles long, passing transversely from the southern to the northern side of the chain, and contracting gradually until it terminates abruptly in a precipice of more than a thousand feet in depth.

The view from this spot is truly sublime. Above on either side tower the peaks of the mountain to an elevation of fifteen hundred feet, and far, far below, the eye rests upon a verdant plain, whose shores are washed by the ocean. The beholder might dwell for hours upon this scene with increasing delight, were it not for the strong wind that rushes through the narrow pass, with almost sufficient force to knock one down. The Pali, independently of its scenery, is celebrated as having been the scene of an awful tragedy in 1795.

Kamehameha of Hawaii, subsequently Kamehameha the First, surprised Kalamikupule, king of this island, and his followers, near the entrance of the valley, made a charge upon them, and drove them toward its termination. Kalamikupule and many of his party were slain, and the remainder, rather than surrender to the enemy, threw themselves off the precipice and were dashed to pieces below. This action was the decisive blow which placed Kamehameha in possession of the whole group of islands, which afterward in honour of him took the name of Hawaiian.

Scarcely a party makes a visit to the Pali without encountering one or two showers by the way, for the clouds hanging over the summits of the mountain peaks disperse their forces to the valley very frequently during the day, But these showers are so light and so much a matter of course to the residents of the place, that they appear to be rather a source of enjoyment than inconvenience; for they freshen the air, lay the dust, and produce a succession of the most brilliant rainbows I have ever beheld.

Equestrian exercise is a very favourite amusement of the inhabitants of this island, both male and female. Saturday is the great riding day, when every available horse in the town is brought into requisition. The riding-dress of the females is exceedingly picturesque: it consists of one of those bewitching little Panama hats, tastefully trimmed with ribbons and flowers, and jauntily set on one side of the head; a gay-coloured dress, and long scarlet cloth used as a skirt, which is wound round the waist and falls down in graceful folds so as to conceal the feet. They ride astraddle, sit their horses exceedingly well, and appear to be perfectly fearless from the manner in which they dash along. The favourite ride is over a level road to the eastward of the town; and from four o'clock in the afternoon until sundown, this is thronged with parties numbering from fifteen to twenty each, flying along in the most break-neck style imaginable.

His Majesty Kamehameha the Third being absent on a visit to the island of Hawaii, his consort, Queen Kalama, honoured our ship with a visit. As she came alongside, the yards were manned, and in a few moments after her reception on deck a royal salute was fired. The queen, at the time of her marriage, is said to have been the handsomest woman in the Hawaiian group, and she is even yet a remarkably fine-looking person. She was dressed in the European fashion, and her toilet, without being gaudy, was exceedingly elegant, and arranged with much taste. Her suite consisted of John Young, premier, a tall and remarkably fine-looking young man; Kehuanoa, governor of Oahu; Paki, chamberlain, a man of colossal stature; all of whom were in full-dress military uniforms; also R. C. Wyllie, minister of foreign relations, a Scotchman by birth; and Mrs. Judd, wife of Dr. Judd, minister of finance. Many of the principal people of the place, both natives and foreigners, visited the ship on this occasion, and the deck presented quite a gay scene.

After her majesty had made the tour of the ship, she was invited to partake of a handsome collation, and soon after the band struck up a quadrille, and the quarter-deck was brought into requisition as a "salle de dance."

In about two hours her majesty took leave, apparently highly delighted with her visit, and soon after the remainder of the company followed her example.

Almost every writer who has visited these islands has given some account of the American missionary establishment. Unhappily, their remarks have often savoured of harshness, and blame has been bestowed where praise was justly due. It is not my intention here to go over a field so thoroughly gleaned by others, for my visit to the islands was too limited, and my time too much engrossed by other matters, to look into the subject deeply. I would remark, however, that although extraordinary success may not have crowned the labours of the missionaries here, their success has been as great, if not greater, than it has been in other parts of the world. The difficulties they have to encounter are manifold; and one of the greatest of these, in my opinion, is the bad example shown to the islanders by the depraved population which commerce and adventure are constantly bringing to their shores.

MISCELLANEA.

Distribution of Seeds.—Perhaps no part of the economy of nature is more wonderful than the provident care evinced in the preservation of seeds against the destructive influences with which they are likely to come into contact. The provision for their distribution is scarcely less admirable:—"Not only are the winds and the waters and animals put in requisition and unconsciously employed in the operation of sowing and planting, but the seeds themselves are endowed, in many cases, with certain mechanical properties which aid their dispersion. Thus, the awn of an ear of barley is so sensible to moisture, that it lengthens in damp, and shortens in dry weather; and by this alternate extension and contraction, aided by the short and thick-set prickles by which it is serried, it will, in the course of a few mornings, drag away the seed to which it is attached to some distance from its present stalk. Thus, again, the seeds of the thistle and dandelion have a species of downy wings attached to them, by means of which they float through the air, and are carried by the wind to great lengths. And thus, too, the pods of the broom and furze are furnished with an elastic spring, which, on being acted on by the head, forcibly ejects the seed, and with a considerable report, to a distance from the spot. 'Who,' says Sir J. E. Smith, 'has not listened, in a calm and sunny day, to the crackling of furze-bushes, caused by the explosion of these little elastic pods, or watched the down of innumerable seeds floating on the summer breeze, till they are overtaken by a shower, which, moistening their wings, stops their further flight, and at the same time accomplishes its final purpose by immediately promoting the germination of each seed in the moist earth? How little are children aware, as they blow away the seeds of the dandelion, or stick burs in sport upon each other's clothes, that they are fulfilling one of the great ends in nature?' The ocean itself serves to waft the larger kinds of seeds from their native soil to far distant shores. While in ordinary cases, also, plants drop and disperse their seed in dry weather only—which is just the kind of weather most favourable to its success, for the seed, according to the farmer's adage, 'loves a dry bed'—there are some plants, natives of arid deserts, which act according to a different economy. Thus, the cup of one plant of the desert has springs to close in dry weather, and to open only in the coming of moisture. Thus, also, the seed-vessel of the rose of Jericho is rolled by the winds along the wilderness until it meets with a moist spot, and then, and not till then, it opens and parts with its seed. How wonderful is all this arrangement and contrivance. Here is not the footprint of blind chance, but the finger of God."

A million of blades of grass makes a meadow, and millions of grains of sand make a mountain; the ocean is made up of drops of water, and life of minutes.

Do it and be Done with it.—There is a very sensible German custom—concentrating the coughing and nose-blowing during the service-time at church. The clergyman stops at different periods of his discourse, steps back from the pulpit, stands and blows his nose. The entire congregation imitate his example, and disturb the service at no other time.

The Labours of a Conscientious M.P.—In the "Life of Edward Baines," late M.P. for Leeds, occurs the following report of a week's occupation, which will afford some idea of what an honourable member must undergo who conscientiously intends to do his duty to his constituents—a duty which obliges him to read all the blue books, and hear all the arguments submitted to his attention:—*Monday.* Rose at six, much refreshed by two successive good nights' rest. Read parliamentary papers and reports till eight; from the hour of post till half-past eleven, corresponded with constituents; at twelve attended the House to present petitions, but, standing low on the ballot-list, had not been called when the House adjourned at three. Attended committees till four; House resumed at five; debate continued till nearly midnight; real business then began; continued till three in the morning, when the House adjourned. Walked home by morning twilight; pined a little after domestic comfort; soon forgot all cares, public and private, in sleep.—*Tuesday.* Rose at seven; read over petitions to be printed that day; resumed correspondence after the arrival of the post with ten letters. Attended the House at half-past eleven. In luck—name drawn out of the jar early—got on petitions; afterwards attended committee till three. House resumed at five; sat till two o'clock next morning.—*Wednesday.* Rose at seven; attended to correspondence till twelve; walked till two; applied at the Board of Trade for information respecting the repeal of duties, and at the War-office for a soldier's discharge. Attended the House at five; sat till half-past eleven.—*Thursday.* Rose at half-past six; resumed perusal of Poor-law reports—quite overwhelming. (A bill should be introduced to enable members to read and think by steam-power.) Attended the morning sitting; from thence to two committees. The House met again at five; sat till half-past one o'clock in the morning.—*Friday.* Resumed perusal of documents at eight; attended committee from twelve to four. The House sat at five; continued the sitting till three the next morning; a great deal of business done after midnight.—*Saturday.* Employed this day in bringing up arrears of correspondence, in taking exercise, and in reading and pondering over the copious parliamentary bill of fare for the next week.

A Parallel.—"About half a century ago," says Sir F. B. Head, in his "Faggot of French Sticks," "there lived in a country village in England, as maid-servant, a pleasing-looking young woman, of such delicate sensibilities, that, to use her own expression, 'she couldn't abear to see a mouse killed.' She married the butcher. At about the same period Napoleon, who cared no more for the effusion of human blood than the stormy petrel cares for the salt spray of the Atlantic Ocean, determined, from similar sensibilities, to cleanse Paris from the blood of bullocks, sheep, pigs, and quadrupeds of all sorts, by suppressing every description of slaughter-house within the city, and by constructing in lieu thereof, beyond the walls, four great public *abbatoirs*, besides smaller places of execution for pigs, and also for horses.

Visible Rotation of the Earth.—Exceedingly interesting are the new experiments about the earth's rotation; but it is said that a little more brandy in your water than usual will cause the rotation of the earth to be distinctly visible.

Syrian Hospitality.—The Hon. F. Walpole, in his "Travels in the East," gives many illustrations of the national hospitality of the Arab tribes:—"Among the good qualities of the Arab," says he, "which name I apply to all the inhabitants of Arabictan, hospitality is universal; all may come, eat and drink, and be welcome. This is everywhere the case; of such as they have, all, even the lowest, are not invited, but have a right to partake. A poor man starts on a long journey; he takes a little bread in his breast; in the evening he arrives at a village. He is fed with what they have; he lodges as they lodge—in any house he chooses to enter. On the morrow he goes his way, with a fresh store of bread for the day's use. This is a fine quality, and one to which we must allow its due merit. The Scriptures relate of men of the town inviting to their houses the stranger they found lying in the gate or in the street. Such with us would be a strange case; not so in the East, where it would be but natural. During my stay at Latakia, where I resided four or five months, it was my endeavour in all things to live as a native, which I did by letting everything take its course. A stranger would come and pass a night; his donkey or horse was tethered in the yard: he sat, related stories, told the news of the place, and slept on the mats in the public reception room. In the morning, before daylight, he was on his way. The Ansayrii villagers would do the same, but these all considered themselves especially belonging to me."

Arsenic Eaters.—A letter from Vienna contains the following singular statement:—"A poisoning case at Cilli has procured the publication of some interesting facts respecting the arsenic eaters of Lower Austria and Styria. In both these provinces it appears to be a custom among the peasantry to consume every morning a small portion of the deadly poison, in the same manner as the eastern world consumes opium. Dr. Tschudi, the well-known traveller, publishes an account of several cases which have come to his knowledge. The habit does not seem to be so pernicious in its results as that of opium eating. It is commenced by taking a very small dose, say somewhat less than half a grain, every morning, which is gradually increased to two or three grains. The case of a hale old farmer is mentioned, whose morning whet of arsenic reached the incredible quantity of four grains. The effect it produces is very curious. The arsenic eaters grow fat and ruddy—so much so, that the practice is adopted by lovers of both sexes, in order to please their sweethearts. It relieves the lungs and head very much, also, when mounting steep hills and entering into a more rarified atmosphere."

The Chinese Barbarians.—Every boy in England is taught to believe that the Chinese consider him a little "barbarian." The belief may be said to grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength. They who go to Canton go out with that impression—they who return bring it back. The term usually exasperates the man to whom it is addressed. More than once it has provoked active hostility. Mr. P. P. Thoms, however, contends that the whole thing is a mistake—that the Chinese describe us by no such word. He declares that the word *man*, which Gutzlaff and Morrison translate "barbarian," means simply "southern merchant."

ATLANTIC SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—There seems nothing really impracticable in such an undertaking. We have been assured that the same two gentlemen who first suggested and commenced this enterprise have expressed to some of our eminent engineers and capitalists their conviction of the feasibility of establishing a single line of communication between this country and America for a less sum than was paid for making a single mile of the expensive portion of the Great Western Railway. The proposition was first to extend it to Ireland—thence to the south-west coast, the nearest point for the American continent, and where the bold rocky coast offers depths that secure its safety from anchors, and thence to the nearest point on the American coast, considerably under 2,000 miles. Choosing the months of summer, and an experienced American and English captain, accustomed to the track, such a line, it was averred, might with very simple machinery be paid out night and day, with perfect safety, at the ordinary speed of the steamer. The vast importance of such an object is not to be weighed against a sum of £100,000, which, we are assured, would more than accomplish it if a single wire were only to be employed. The successful completion of one line would of course be speedily followed by that of others. This once accomplished, the extension of the line across the American continent to the Pacific would follow certainly, and we should have the astounding fact of a communication from the shores of the Pacific, crossing America and the Atlantic, and touching our shores in an instant of time.

GEORGE WHITFIELD.—Of English preachers Whitfield was by far the first. Many have surpassed him as sermon-makers, but none have approached him as a pulpit orator. His influence was the same, whether addressing the most learned or the rudest auditory. Garrick used to weep and tremble at his bursts of passion, and even the cold Hume said he was worth walking twenty miles to hear. But the greatest proof of his power is, that he could gather and keep around in awed silence the whole rabble of Bartholomew Fair. For a time in England he was decried and abused, cariacured by Hogarth, and ridiculed by Foote; but he soon lived down such hostility, by the nobility and blamelessness of his character, as well as by the wonderful effect of his eloquence and zeal. Since Cowper's worthy panegyric of him, as has been the case with Bunyan also, men of taste and learning have forborne to speak of the great Methodist preacher otherwise than with admiration and praise.

EQUALITY.—"Lor, sir, them as torks about hequality don't no nothing about it," said the driver. "'Spose we were al equal at this here minute—why, we should be jest like old Rhodes's cows a grazing; why, we should all on us get a good feed; and jest as we'd done, some precious thief or other would quietly drop in and milk us!"

HISTORY OF THE PENNY.—According to Camden and Spelman, the ancient English penny was the first silver coin struck in England, and the only one current among our Saxon ancestors. In the time of Ethelred, it was equal in weight to threepence. Till the time of King Edward I. the penny was so deeply indented that it might easily be broken, and parted, on occasion, into two parts—these were called half-pence; or into four—these were called four-things, or farthings.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDWIN PLANT and others wish to know from what source they can obtain the best information relative to New Zealand and other fields of emigration. We shall shortly publish a little work which will contain the information required.

G. W. wishes to be informed whether an apprentice is free to leave his master when he has arrived at 21 years of age. This is rather a nice question. Apprenticeship being a mutual contract between a master and an infant (in law this word signifies a person under 21), it appears to us, though we have no legal authority for our opinion, that such agreement is no longer binding after the apprentice has arrived at his majority. If the *man*, however, acquiesce tacitly in the act of the *enfant*, he cannot afterwards withdraw from the contract till the period of his apprenticeship has expired. Indentures are determinable by the consent of all parties, and by the bankruptcy or death of the master; except where the widow carries on the business. The master may chastise, but cannot discharge his apprentice without the consent of the latter. If an apprentice, whose premium does not exceed £10, run away from his master, he may be compelled (20 Geo. II, c. 19), to serve beyond his term for the time he absented himself, or make suitable satisfaction, or be imprisoned three months. Apprenticeship in England is generally for seven years; in Scotland and Ireland two or three years is considered sufficient to teach a lad the most difficult trades.

All genuine cocoa is dietetic; but the kind that suits some constitutions is not fitted for others. Buy the nibs, crush them with a rolling pin, and simmer for six or eight hours.

A SCOTCHMAN has wrought at farm work, and wishes to obtain a situation in or about a printing office. He would stand but a poor chance, as the printers are very jealous of the introduction of any who have not served an apprenticeship to the trade. In the large establishments in London they would not work with a "non-unionist." We do not know the origin of the name of Sinclair.

A READER is informed that in the First Volume of the ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR there are not fewer than a dozen views of the Crystal Palace.

J. D. S. is desirous of procuring a work on the art of Letter Writing, with a number of forms for writing to relations, friends, &c. &c. Now, J. D. S. writes a very sensible letter to us, and we should advise him and all who are desirous of forming a good style, to read attentively such books as the Rambler, Spectator, Chesterfield's Letters to his Son, and the Correspondence of Pope and his friends. Proper study of these would enable him to write with ease and perspicuity. If, however, he wishes to be informed as to the proper way of addressing letters to strangers, &c., he may buy a "Complete Letter Writer" for a shilling. The best of such books is now publishing by Charles Knight.

CATO'S stomach is out of order, or he would not feel the symptoms he describes. He had better apply to a physician.

J. W. is informed that we shall shortly publish a serial work, devoted to Grammar, Geography, History, and the essentials of a good education.

T. P.—The celebrated discovery, by Oersted, that a magnetic or compass needle may, through the agency of a voltaic current, be invested with an artificial polarity, gave rise to the Electric Telegraph of Professor Wheatstone and Mr. Cooke, who patented their first invention in 1837. The first telegraphic line on which the electric wire was laid was the Blackwall Railway; the second from London to West Drayton, and the third from London to Portsmouth. In Germany, in the same year, Dr. Steinheil constructed an electric telegraph between Munich and Bogenhausen; in America also in 1837, Professor Morse invented an instrument capable of registering certain results on paper by means of electricity; and various improvements being afterwards made, the telegraph between Baltimore and Philadelphia was the result. In 1837, Mr. Davy, of London, obtained a patent for an electric telegraph; in 1840, Professor Wheatstone patented his electro-magnetic telegraph; in the same year, Mr. Bain patented a clock set in motion by electricity, and in 1842 propounded his plan for working telegraphs; in 1843, Mr. Cooke specified his patent for the mode of insulating the electric wires by suspending them in the air upon posts, or standards of wood or iron; and in 1846, the Electric Telegraph Company was formed, by which the last improvements in the science have been adopted. A modification of Messrs. Wheatstone and Cooke's telegraph is used on nearly all British lines of railway, except the Great Western.

W. W.—We should imagine there would be no difficulty in the case. In London it is quite common.

A WORKING MAN cannot get into the Excise or any other government employment without the interest of members of Parliament or other influential persons. Persons under 30 are eligible.

We really cannot undertake to interpret dreams.

BUDA.—The battle of Waterloo was fought on the 18th of June, 1815. The question as to "What constitutes a man?" is one which would occupy a page, at least, to answer.

ELLEN, who thinks that ladies are not so industrious as they used to be, may glean something from the following. A lady of Cambridge took the trouble to count the number of stitches she put in her husband's shirt. Here they are: stitching the collar, four rows, 3,000; sewing the ends, 500; sewing on the collar and gathering to the neck, 1,204; button holes and sewing on buttons, 150; stitching wristbands, 1,228; sewing the ends, 68; button holes, 148; hemming the slits, 264; making the front, with the holes for the studs, 4,653; gathering the sleeves, 840; setting on wristbands, 1,468; stitching shoulder straps, three rows each, 1,880; hemming the neck, 390; sewing the sleeves, 2,554; setting in sleeves and gussets, 3,050; taping the sleeves, 1,526; sewing the seams, 1,848; setting side gussets, 424; hemming the bottom, 1,101; in all no fewer than 26,299 stitches in a plain shirt.

J. B.—Apply to the Colonial Office. A letter addressed to the secretary will elicit the information you require.

J. C.—Cleaning an oil picture is rather a "ticklish job;" and in taking off the varnish you may also take off the surface of the paint, and leave a raw unfinished glaring effect behind, by no means like what the artist intended. Even professional picture cleaners occasionally do great damage to valuable paintings. Try the effect of rubbing a small portion with your finger, and sponging afterwards with soap and water.

RICHARD HART wishes us to give our opinion on no fewer than eight several subjects;—Electro-biology, Electricity, the Pedometer, the quantity of rain that fell during the last astronomical year, the origin of the term "Allfired" which he has read in an American publication, the botanical name for Monkshood, and what is the best cure for a bad breath. To all of these we can spare time to reply to only the last two: "Aconitum Napellus" and "a clean stomach and clean teeth." We would advise Richard Hart to read more and write less.

W. W. should apply to an attorney. Property of various kinds is often left unclaimed for years. If it consist of stock,—that is, money in the funds,—there is a register of unclaimed dividends kept in the Bank of England, which may be examined for a small fee.

T. W. wishes to know how he may get a child admitted into Banerof's School at Mile End. The presentations to this school are in the gift of the Drapers' Company; the interest of a freeman of that company is therefore indispensably necessary—preference being given to the children of persons connected with the drapery trade. The St. Ann's Society School is open to the children of civilians. Procure a prospectus of the Secretary, Charlotte-treet, Mansion House.

J. BARROW asks several questions as to the income and expenditure of Great Britain since the Revolution of 1688, for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of the National Debt at various periods from that to the present date. We cannot afford space for a full detail, but we may state that in 1688 the National Debt was about £600,000; in 1700, it was near 16,000,000; in 1750, upwards of £72,000,000; in 1800, it had increased to £451,699,919; in 1816, its highest point, £865,000 000; and in 1850, the National Debt had *dwindled down* to about £800,000,000; the *annual* interest of which is *merely* TWENTY-EIGHT MILLIONS sterling.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE
WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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CHARITY.

"—Home
Is the loved retreat of peace and plenty;
Where, supporting and supported,
Polished friends and dear relations
Meet and mingle into bliss."

So sang Thomson, the poet of the Seasons, and we all acknowledge the truth of the description. If we look back on the memories of our lives, does not the picture of Home stand out in bold relief from among all the cares and sorrows with which we may have been encompassed? There, amid the friends with whom we have lived in familiar intercourse; there, surrounded by influences which make alike the palace and the cottage holy ground; there, encompassed by the tender ties of love and duty—may we find the truest sympathies and the most enduring faith. Who shall pretend to calculate the worth and beauty of that love which teaches the child to lisp its first accents of goodness and virtue? who shall sound the depths of that whole-heart remembrance which brings the wanderer back after years of absence and ill blood?

"There is in every human heart,
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of love and truth might grow,
And flowers of generous virtue blow."

Home! there is, perhaps, no word in the English language to which we respond more warmly. In far-off lands—amid the solitudes of ice-bound wastes or in the depths of torrid forests—you chance to meet a countryman; you clasp his hand and call him Brother, for you can talk together of home and mingle sweet memories of youth in your discourse. Images of that quiet cottage in the village or that dusky house in the great city rise up in the mind, and the heart is softened by the remembrance—softened and chastened too. The rough hard man, whom the world has so severely handled, has become a child again in spirit, and the light of love is upon his heart, shining calmly and still through the twilight of a thousand softening recollections. In the homes of the virtuous Charity has her abiding place. Not that kind of charity which seeks reward for well doing; which boasts of its good-

A MEDALLION IN BRONZE, BY MOHRING, OF BERLIN, AFTER TEICK.

ness, and loves to see its name in subscription lists in morning newspapers,—but that which "vaunteth not itself." That charity only is true which follows the doctrines of Him who once upon a mountain taught the people—"to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keep ourselves unspotted from the world."

It is in the power of few of us to practise that largeness of charity which redresses the injured; relieves the distressed, cherishes the forlorn, and comforts the suffering, because few of us have the necessary means of fortune; but it is in the power of every one of us to beget in himself that favourable disposition of mind which prompts us to be tender of others' feelings; to be careful not to offend; to adjust our manners to that of those with whom we have to do, and to "provoke one another to love and good works:" a charity like this is independent of all mere pecuniary aids, and is above all money calculations. The kind word spoken in season; the gentle voice; the sympathising glance; the "drop of cold water given in the name of the Lord," are so far from valueless, that of themselves they form the essence and spirit of true charity. Money and gifts are not the most efficacious forms of charity, unless accompanied by the spirit that "suffereth long and is kind;" that "knoweth no evil," and breatheth no reproach, and is "kindly affectioned one towards another in brotherly love."

Many more arguments in favour of this good, great, and desirable virtue, will suggest themselves to the reader on examining the picture. Here we see a matron surrounded by the objects of her charity. On one side is the maiden she has rescued from sickness and almost death; on the other, with his face turned lovingly towards her, is a youth whom she regards affectionately; while by her side and at her feet young children play in the confidence and innocence of their hearts.

The original, by Mr. Mohring, of Berlin, was exhibited in the Crystal Palace.

What higher virtue than this—the charity which blesses he who gives and he who receives? what nobler exercise of the faculties with which we are endowed, than to strew the path of pain with flowers, and help the weary on their wearisome pilgrimage through life?

"Full oft from what mankind deplore,
Advantages arise;
Good often will from evil flow,
Mercy oft comes in garb of woe
The Christian to restore.

"Blessings which daily we receive
Too oft are viewed with thankless eyes
But if withdrawn or veiled, we grieve;
And learn at last, when lost, their value high to prize."

LETTERS FROM CALCUTTA.—No. VI.*

Of all the cities that I have hitherto visited, I have found Calcutta the most difficult to form such an intimate acquaintance with as to enable me to give a description of it; not because its plan is one of great intricacy, or that it contains any unusual variety of features, but because it is impossible to walk in the streets at any hour, or to ride in an open carriage during the day. As the health of horses suffers as much from the climate as that of human beings, it behoves us to take great care of them, and as nothing can compensate for the loss of the evening drive on the plain, no one will risk it for the sake of "perusing the city;" and thus many persons may reside for years in Calcutta without knowing more of it than may be seen on their way to church, or to visit a friend, and this little is but a peep through the closed venetians of a carriage. But this is no great loss: as far as the native city is concerned the streets, with some few exceptions, are narrow and dirty, with but little of an oriental character. There are no handsome shops, and every window is closed with green venetians to exclude the blazing sun. There is neither pavement nor pitching, but a thick covering of red sandy dust, rising in clouds if the least breeze prevails, and where sidewalks should be are open gutters, which though kept tolerably clean by the street sweepers, are still anything but agreeable either to sight or smell; add to this, that the streets are encumbered with a swarming native population, not remarkably decent in their habits, and accustomed to wash, shave, cook, smoke, and sleep in the open air, and you will see that a walk in search of the picturesque, if once taken, would scarcely be repeated.

The approach to Calcutta is extremely imposing, and the general appearance of the European part of the town fully justifies the appellation of the city of palaces. It seems at first a mass of large mansions fit for the abodes of princes; pillars and balustrades, arches and porticos, everywhere meet the eye, all gleaming white in the sunshine, and interspersed with the rich green foliage of magnificent trees. The stranger having come up the river in the steamer till within sight of the city, will transfer himself to a covered boat, or Beauleah as it is here called, and will be landed perhaps at the Prinsep's Ghaut, a structure in itself so handsome as to give him no mean idea of the place of his destination. Broad flights of steps, guarded by lions carved in stone, lead from the river's edge to a succession of pillars and cool colonnades, the shade of which he will find extremely welcome while he waits for his baggage, or listens to the intolerable clamour of a hundred half naked coolies ready to pounce on his luggage or hustle him into a Palkee. Through the arches, he will look on a broad green plain, equal to Hyde-park in extent and beauty, crossed by several broad roads and dotted with large evergreen trees. Immediately before him is the impregnable fortress of Fort William, covering an immense space of ground, but the rows of cannon whose murderous mouths gape on him would scarcely offend even a member of the Peace Society, as they have long been used only to salute some important personage, or to announce the arrival of the mails from Europe. The mydaun or plain is bordered on the side opposite the river by the handsome mansions of Chowringhee. The west end of Calcutta presents very much the same appearance as Park-lane, or the houses in the Green-park, except that each stands alone in the midst of what is here called a compound, *i.e.*, a court-yard and garden, which is laid out with flowering shrubs and trees, and has always a number of low flat-roofed offices for the accommodation of the native servants. At the head of the plain, and commanding a view of its entire extent, stands the residence of the Governor-General, with its dome and statue of Britannia, and its four arch gateways surmounted by the sphynx and the British lion. The rows of handsome buildings which surround it on three sides are called Government-place. To the east and west are the Esplanade, with the Town-hall, the courts of law, the Treasury, and other government buildings. Passing Spence's Hotel, said to be the best in Asia, and the old cathedral, and proceeding through Council-house-street, we shall enter Tank-square, called by the natives Loll Diggee, in the centre of which is an immense tank or reservoir of water, its borders being planted with tropical plants and trees. The broad gravel walk round is neatly kept, and but for the intolerable heat would be an inviting promenade. At one corner of this square lies the site of the famous Black Hole, in which, during our early struggles for dominion, 146 Englishmen were imprisoned, only 22 being found in the morning to have survived the want of air and space, painful in all countries, but doubly destructive in this burning clime. The room has long since disappeared. On one side of this square stands a handsome range of houses called Writer's-buildings, formerly the residence of the young civilians who came out as embryo magistrates. On the other side is the old government house, now converted into a kind of bazaar, or emporium of all kinds of European goods, and a favourite resort of the ladies. Everything is extremely dear, the rupee passing for the shilling; a miserable crushed and faded bonnet which in some London bye-lane would perhaps be marked 10 shillings, being here priced 15 and 20 rupees; but we have no choice between the Exchange-hall and the French milliners, whose prices are still more exorbitant.

Most of the houses in this immediate vicinity are very spacious, with lofty rooms and wide verandahs, and were formerly occupied by the merchant princes, who, as far as they now exist, have taken flight to the various beautiful suburbs with which Calcutta abounds; though many of the government officers and principal professional men still reside here. They

* Letter No. V. appeared in p. 300 of this volume.

are all flat-roofed and without chimneys, fires being scarcely needed in the city.

Several important streets lead out of Government-place; of these the principal are Court-house-street, where are the chief jewellers' and confectioners' establishments,—Cassitollah, full of furniture and coach-building workshops, and of shoe-making establishments, all of which are kept by Chinese, who are very clever in these arts. Dhurmtollah is another of these great thoroughfares, and would be a handsome street but for the bazaars which in all their filthiness occupy a great part of it. At the entrance are, on the one side, a handsome mosque built by a son of the celebrated Tippoo Sultan, and on the other a Roman Catholic church, and about half a mile further on is the principal chapel of the London Missionary Society. Continuing a little further on in this street, we shall come into the Circular-road, which is nearly six miles in length, and incloses the city on all sides, except that which is bounded by the river. It is a broad and picturesque road, on the borders of the jungle, shaded by cocoa, plantain, and other tropical trees, with here and there a large mansion interspersed amid the clustering native huts. Here we shall pass a large Mohammedan cemetery, distinguished by the sculptured turban and crescent on the crowded tombs. Further on is the Protestant burial ground, which ten years ago was enlarged and supposed to have been made sufficient for the wants of the community for many years to come, but is already full, so great are the ravages of death here. We shall also pass the Baptist Mission press and chapel. Numbers of mosques and tombs meet the eye in every direction, which add greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene, though they are painful evidences of the unchristian condition of the people. Immediately outside this road is the great Mahratta ditch, which was the old fortification of the city. This is the boundary of Calcutta, and the inhabitants of the city are frequently styled the people of the Ditch. Having passed the roads leading to the military stations of Barrackpore and Damdum, we shall cross one of the many suspension bridges which are thrown across the canal which unites the city with the great Salt Lake lying to the eastward, and may return to the point from whence we started by the Strand-road, running close along the river, or the Chitpore-road parallel with it, and which perhaps is more amusing, as it leads us through the principal bazaars of the native town.

In making such a circuit as I have described, nothing would strike you so much as the denseness of the population; each bye-lane pours out its swarms as from a hive, and every principal street has the semblance of containing a gathering mob. You would imagine that everybody was out of doors; yet, if you look into the huts and shops, you will see nothing but the black faces and gleaming eyes of groups squatting round a hookah, the constant companion of both sexes and of all ages; or stretched at full length on the ground. These crowds have not the least idea of getting out of the way before a carriage, and they will suffer the horses' heads to touch them ere they will turn aside; and this, notwithstanding the screams of the syce or groom, who is continually shouting to them in Hindustani, "Ai! right hand fellow—ai! bullock fellow—ai! dirt fellow"—and so on, according to their position or occupation. The Hindoos are all fatalists, and the fact that so few accidents occur must be ascribed to their good fortune, and to the carefulness of the drivers.

The appearance of the people is very striking to a stranger's eye. You will see every shade of colour, from black to yellow; and every variety of clothing, from the scanty waist cloth of the cooley or porter, to the flowing muslins of the fat baboo, a name given indiscriminately to every one above the rank of a mechanic. Children, even as old as six or seven years, are generally quite naked; and, during the hot weather, the taste of the labouring classes seems to lead them to cover the head very carefully, and let the rest of the person take its chance. Women of the lower orders, (and only such are seen in the streets) wear only one long piece of cloth, which is fastened round the waists, and brought up across the breast and over the head, thus enveloping the whole form. It is frequently of bright colours, and sometimes gracefully arranged; but in general nothing can be more unpleasing than the appearance of these degraded creatures, especially when they are old.

This part of the town contains many Hindoo temples and large mansions inhabited by the great Hindoo families, each of which has an idol's house attached, and situated on one side of the usual central court. It is impossible to pass through the native town without feeling as St. Paul did at Athens, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry—especially during any of their festivals, when they carry their gods in procession, with frantic leaping and shouting, and the deafening clash of drums and cymbals. But we must hasten on, for the sun is getting too high for safety, and if the noise and crowd have not wearied you, the abominable odours of these undrained and filthy streets will make you rejoice to turn into Tank-square once more, and hail with delight the spires and domes of the European town. As for *purity*, however, the drainage of Calcutta is so bad that no one would desire to linger in any part of it; and the Board of Health would probably discover sufficient cause for the abounding of disease, apart from the climate.

After the first novelty has worn off, the streets of Calcutta are by no means agreeable. As I have said before, there are no inviting shop-windows, and no pleasant faces peeping from those dull-looking venetians; no European's walk, and no ladies are ever seen, in them. There is nothing but dust and dirt—creaking bullock carts, and palanquins which glide noiselessly along on the shoulders of the bare-footed and savage-looking bearers, and from their colour and shape give the idea of large coffins, while we shall look in vain for the gay panels and liveries of the English carriage—those used by business men being as ugly as they are convenient, and all, even when really handsome in shape, are painted of a dark colour. The custom of the natives to wash both their persons and their clothes in the public thoroughfares, and at all hours of the day, is another very disagreeable feature. Nor must I omit to mention the myriads of kites and carrion crows for ever cawing and squealing and searching in the gutters for offal; nor the adjutant bird, the gigantic crane—of which there are always a few on the bank of the river and the garden of the government house. During the season of the rains they arrive in great numbers, and perched on the loftiest buildings may be mistaken for ornamental urns. Some of these birds are five feet high; the smaller variety yields the beautiful marabout feather.

There are, in Calcutta, a few statues of former governors, and there is a handsome column on the upper part of the plain, erected in honour of General Ochterloney, who signalised himself in the Nepaul war. Of churches there are, within the limits of the ditch, six Episcopalian; six Roman Catholic; one Armenian; one Greek; two Independent and two Baptist chapels.

To the public schools and colleges, I can only refer at present for want of space, leaving the notice they merit to a future letter.

LECTURES TO WORKING MEN.

THE UTILITY OF GEOLOGICAL MAPS.

On Monday evening, March 1, Professor Ramsay delivered a highly-instructive lecture on the Utility of Geological Maps, at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn-street—being the fourth of the course of lectures now in progress of delivery at that institution.

We must first inform our readers, that there has for some time past been in course of preparation a most complete map of the geological condition of this country, from actual survey made by competent individuals, who are still engaged in the work; the expenses of the survey being paid by a grant of money annually voted from the public purse by the House of Commons—a grant respecting the utility of which there can be no differences of opinion.

The object of the learned professor's lecture was to show the great practical value derivable from such a map, by means of which we are enabled to obtain correct information regarding the great sources of our national wealth, coal, iron, and other mineral productions.

Our report of the lecture will necessarily be a brief one, as it would be impossible for us to follow the lecturer

throughout, without reference to the splendid collection of coloured diagrams illustrative of the geological strata of various sections of our islands; and a lengthy report will not be needed, inasmuch as the pith of the whole subject resides in a very small compass. We will, therefore, first give a copy of one of the diagrams, illustrative of the succession of geological strata occurring in Great Britain, and having named some of those parts of the country where certain of these strata may be found, proceed to point out the useful results to be obtained from the construction of correct geological maps.

SUCCESSION OF STRATA.

Pleiocene	New Red Sandstone
Crag	Permian
Eocene Freshwater	Coal
London Clay	Millstone Grit
Chalk	Mountain Limestone
Upper Greensand	Old Red Sandstone
Gault	Devonian
Lower Greensand	Killas
Wealden	Ludlow Rocks
Portland Stone	Silurian
Kinmeridge Clay	Wenlock Rocks
Coral Rag	Caradoc Sandstone
Oxford Clay	Llandeilo Flags
Bath Oolite	Cambrian
Inferior Oolite	Hirnant Limestone
Lias	Metamorphic
Keuper	Granitic

Beginning with the strata at the top of the list, and which are of the most recent formation, we find these deposits occurring in the Isle of Wight and the adjacent counties of Hampshire and Dorsetshire; they appear in the metropolis and in its vicinity—the valley of the Thames, comprising the entire county of Middlesex, with portions of Essex, Kent, Surrey, and Sussex; they reappear in the crag of Norfolk and Suffolk, and are traced in Yorkshire, and in part of Scotland. The chalk succeeds, occupying portions of Sussex, Surrey, Kent, Hants, Dorset, Wilts; and dipping under the valley of the Thames, occurs north of London, in the counties of Hertford, Bedford, Buckingham, Oxford, Norfolk, Lincoln, and York. The local deposits of the weald fill up the interval between the chalk hills of Surrey and Sussex, known as the North and South Downs, and appear, to a slight extent, in Wiltshire. The oolite system follows, and commencing with the Isle of Portland, pursues a devious and winding course through the heart of England, from our south-eastern to our north-western shores; proceeding through the counties of Dorset, Wilts, Berks, Gloucester, Oxford, Rutland, Northampton, Lincoln, and York, where it terminates in the vicinity of Scarborough. The lias succeeds in order, and commencing at Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, follows a similar and uneven course, in the same direction, through the counties of Dorset, Wilts, Berks, Somerset, Gloucester, Warwick, Leicester, Nottingham, and Lincoln, into Yorkshire, where it is traced to the sea-coast, and the cliffs of Redcar, near the mouth of the Tees. The new red sandstone, the succeeding member in the series, commencing in the vicinity of Exeter, and pursuing a similar direction through the midland districts, traverses the counties of Devon, Somerset, Warwick, Stafford, Nottingham, Lancashire, Cheshire, and Cumberland, where it gives place to slaty rocks of older date. The magnesian limestone, an associate deposit, is developed from the Trent to the Tyne, in the counties of Nottingham, Shropshire, York, Westmoreland, and Durham. The coal formation, the next in the sequence, follows no regular course, but is distributed in local areas, called basins from their forms. The principal, commencing with the south, are those of Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, North and South Wales, Worcestershire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland, and in Scotland, those of the Forth and Clyde, with others in various parts of Ireland. The old red sandstone is developed in Devonshire, Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, and Shropshire; and in Caithness, Cromarty, and other parts of Scotland. The silurian, the succeeding term in the order, occurs in Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Staffordshire, Herefordshire, Shropshire, Radnorshire, Montgomeryshire, Caermarthenshire, Breconshire, Pembrokeshire, and Monmouthshire.

The Cambrian and Cumbrian systems consist of masses of subcrystaline and slaty rocks, developed in the county of Cumberland and in Wales, and the mica-schist, gneiss, and granite formations occur in the Highlands and western isles of Scotland, and in Ireland; the whole series forming, with one or two trifling omissions, a complete epitome of the physical geography of the whole earth, and in the comparatively limited extent of a few hundred miles, comprising such deposits, and bestowing such blessings as in other and less favoured regions are only to be met with spread over extensive continents and much larger areas of the surface of the earth.

A reference to a geological map will serve to show that different strata, as well as different minerals, are found not in each, but in different districts. Thus—Staffordshire, for instance, possesses beds of coal and iron, and the island of Portland abounds in the valuable limestone named after it; but there is neither coal nor iron in Portland, nor Portland stone in Staffordshire.

Each of these various strata is distinctly characterised by the presence of certain species of fossil remains, which lived and died on that particular strata; and the presence of these fossils is the surest indication we possess of the peculiar nature and character of each strata.

The lecturer pointed out that these strata were of two kinds; the one formed by the action of fire, and thence termed igneous; the other by deposits of earthy substances carried into the beds of seas of fresh-water lakes by the various streams running into them, and which strata, by the action of natural phenomena, become either elevated or depressed, as the case may be.

One of the most important uses of a geological map, is to guide us safely in our search for coal and other mineral treasures, and thus prevent the great loss both of time and money which sometimes occurs from our want of that information which the study of geology and such maps are calculated to afford us.

Some of our coal-fields are beginning to be exhausted—as, for instance, in Staffordshire, and it becomes a matter of great national importance to know where fresh search should be made, with any probability of success, for this valuable mineral production. Thus, for instance, there often occur in the coal districts what are termed *faults*, or dislocations, which interrupt the continuity of a bed of coal. The strata, which once were continuous, become dislocated or displaced, either by the subsidence or falling down of the strata on one side of the fault, or their elevation on the other. These interruptions are sources of considerable difficulty, and often suddenly deprive the miner of the treasure of coal which he has found. An accurate geological survey of the strata is the best guide to direct us where and at what particular points to sink the shafts, so as to get at the coal contained in the strata which have been dislocated by the occurrence of these faults.

So also with regard to the "dip" of strata; a man may be aware that coal has been found on his neighbour's estate, and he may, therefore, expecting to find some of this useful fuel on his own property, set about digging for it without success, and at a great outlay. It may be that the dip goes away from his estate, or that, though the coal does actually pass under his land, he does not sink his shaft at the right spot.*

The Northampton folks once thought that they had got hold of a valuable bed of coal, and a company was formed, and a large expenditure of money made to no purpose. They had found some shale which bore resemblance to the shale of coal measures; but had they examined the fossils brought up from the lias strata in which they were boring, they would have known that the coal, if any, was far too deep below the surface to be worked with profit at the point where they were sinking. Of course no coal was found; so the sharp adventurers, after expending £30,000, finding that the gold was going and the coal not forthcoming, hit on the roguish scheme of *putting some real coal down the shaft*, which, when drawn up, was paraded through the town with colours flying and bands of music playing. The shares rose to a premium—the speculators sold out—and the bubble burst.

To prevent such disappointments and waste of money and of time, one of the surest means is that of constructing geological maps from accurate survey of the various strata of which each particular district is formed.

* This "dip" of the strata may be illustrated by taking a common basin and drawing a line from any part of the edge down one side of the basin, and up the other. In this case the edges represent the "dip," and the line the course of the strata. It would be of no use to look for coal *outside* the basin, however near the "dip;" nor would it pay to sink through the distance represented by the middle of the basin to get at the coal beneath.

THE CHANCELLOR DE L'HOPITAL DURING THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

The Chancellor dé l'Hôpital was one of the finest characters to be met with in French history. He for a long time filled the office of Chancellor under Catherine de Medicis during one of the darkest periods of her government, and, although himself a sincere Catholic, he endeavoured by his wise counsels to moderate the furious bigotry of the queen against the Huguenots. His efforts were, however, in the long run, unsuccessful; and when it was found that he could not be gained over so as to take part in the execution of the infamous design of the guises, he was in 1569 dismissed from the chancellorship. "I am," said he, in writing to the queen soon after, "more than sixty-five years old; I have a son-in-law and five small children dependent upon me for support; my house is falling into ruins; and if your majesty does not assist me, I must endure with patience for the few years I have to live."

When the massacre of St. Bartholomew took place, he was living in retirement at the Chateau of Vignay, in the environs of Etampes, with all his family around him, except Madame Herlant de l'Hôpital who was in Paris. The populace of the town, suspecting him of favouring the Huguenots, surrounded his house, and hung a great number of his tenantry. His servants were arming themselves and making preparations to defend the chateau, but he would not hear of it. On the contrary, he gave orders to open the great gate and admit the mob, lest the other should not prove large enough; and calmly said, that if his last hour was come, he was prepared to meet his fate with courage and resignation. While his family were in this state of dreadful suspense, their alarm was still further increased by seeing a small troop of cavalry approaching in the distance, for such was the dreadful state of the times that it was impossible to say whether they would prove friends or enemies. But, on their arrival, it turned out that they had been sent by the queen specially for the defence of the chateau.

Our engraving is taken from a painting exhibited by M. Decaisne, in 1850, at the Palais National in Paris, and was the object of general admiration. The silent and calm heroism of the old man; the agonized despair of the women and children; the excited anxiety of his son-in-law; and the compassion of the domestics are depicted with wonderful truth.

THOMAS MOORE.

A BRIGHT star has fallen from the glorious constellation of genius which shone with such brilliancy when George III. was king. Of those who, forty years ago, poured out such a glittering tide of song—Byron and Southey, Wordsworth and Campbell, Coleridge and Scott, Tom Moore and Rogers, only the last remains among us. Thomas Moore, the author of the Irish Melodies, died at his cottage at Slopperton, near Devizes, in Wiltshire, on Thursday, the 26th day of February, 1852, in the 72nd year of his age.

For nearly sixty years has Thomas Moore been before the world as a poet. He was born on the 28th of May, 1780, in Angier-street, Dublin, where his father, a strict Roman Catholic, carried on a grocery and spirit business. As a child, young Moore is said to have been remarkable for personal beauty, but his appearance in after life hardly carried out the promise of his infancy. He was short, with a rather heavy, expressive, but not handsome face, which, however, lightened up wonderfully when engaged in animated conversation, or singing his own ballad poetry. He was educated at Dublin, and one of his first noted peculiarities was a fondness and a talent for private theatricals. The act of Parliament having opened the University to Roman Catholics in 1793, the young poet immediately availed himself of his opportunity. The year following his admission, while still a child, he wrote and published a paraphrase of "Anacreon's Fifth Ode," and then proceeded to the translation of other odes by the same poet, for which he vainly hoped the university board might deem him "deserving of some honour or reward." Disappointed in his expectation, he nevertheless continued his task, and occupied himself in improving his verses and illustrating them by learned annotations, until he reached his 19th year, when he quitted Ireland for the first time, and set out for London "with the two not very congenial objects of keeping his terms in the Middle Temple and publishing by subscription his translation of Anacreon." The translation duly appeared in 1800. It was dedicated to George IV., then Prince of Wales, who, we may remark, received no further honour at the poet's hands.

The Anacreontic paraphrases—for they were little more—so took the public taste, however, that they were speedily followed by other and still more attractive verses. In the days of the Prince Regent it was not unusual to reward poets with official posts. Thomas Moore had therefore the misfortune to obtain the patronage of the government of the day—a government he had already shown his willingness to serve by the publication of several political squibs and pamphlets. In 1803 he was appointed Registrar to the Court of Admiralty at Bermuda, a singularly inappropriate situation for a man whose imaginative mind was imbued with classic lore and poetical romance. It has been an enlightened custom to reward literary genius by such cruel contrivances! Theodore Hook in his youth went to the Mauritius, under government auspices, and when he died in his age, government seized upon his rags to compensate itself for the natural results of its own unjustifiable folly. Moore accepted the post, went out to the islands, took a glance at them, appointed a deputy, made a rapid tour through the United States, and came home again.

The effect of the voyage was to subdue the admiration with which he had previously regarded "American institutions," and the publication in 1806 of two volumes of "Odes and Epistles." The well-known "Canadian Boat Song" owes its origin to this tour. In his passage down the St. Lawrence, Moore jotted down in pencil, upon a fly leaf of a volume he was then reading, both the notes and a few of the words of the original song by which his own boat glee had been suggested. The volume was given at parting to a fellow-traveller as a keepsake. Years afterwards the book found its way back to its former owner, who, to his great surprise, discovered that the *music* of this celebrated glee was actually as much his own as the words. In the original note to the song the reader is informed "that the words were written to an air which the boatmen sang to us frequently." Extraordinary as it may appear, the air had never been heard at all until Moore presented it for all time to the lovers of plaintive song and romantic imagery.

Two years after the publication of the sketches descriptive of the poet's travels, the world was taken by storm by the "Works of the late Thomas Little," a gentleman "who gave much of his time to the study of the amatory writers." There is reason to believe that Moore heartily repented ever having written these poems, which are of a character scarcely to be defended. In fact, Moore himself, in one of his prefaces, which contain, as it were, the history of his life, acknowledges them to have been "the depravity of an imagination which had become the slave of the senses." Thomas Little is little read by the present generation.

Soon afterwards, a savage review in the *Edinburgh*, of a republication of "Juvenile Songs," &c., led to the celebrated rencontre between Moore and Jeffrey, at Hampstead, when the great critic, as Byron asserted, stood valiantly up—

> "When Little's leadless pistol met his eye
> And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by."

The affair was ultimately made up, mainly through the intervention of Mr. Rogers; and at his house Moore shortly afterwards made his first acquaintance with Byron and Campbell. The long and affectionate intimacy between the subject of this sketch and the author of "Childe Harold," which resulted from the meeting, we need not more than allude to. Moore about this time married. His wife was a Miss Dyke, a lady of strong sense and character, as well as great beauty and amiability. The last survivor of their offspring is unhappily no more.

The publication of "The Irish Melodies" commenced in 1807, and, continued at intervals, was concluded in 1834. They have been translated into Latin, Italian, French, and Russian, and are familiar as proverbs amongst the fellow-countrymen of the poet, and indeed wherever English is understood and music loved. A lengthened criticism of these admirable songs—now sparkling—now plaintive—here glowing with fervour—there laden with pathos—all teeming with exuberant illustration—is scarcely needed here. It is difficult for the critic to refer to them in too high a tone of panegyric. It may be true that force and dignity are wanting to some of those lyrics, that occasionally fancy labours until art becomes too evident in strained and frigid similes, that ornament at times overlays sentiment until nature pants beneath the glittering encumbrance; but it is equally certain that universal literature does not present a lovelier and more affecting tribute to a nation's minstrelsy than is found in "The Irish Melodies" of Thomas Moore. The love of country that pervades and inspires his theme, his simple tenderness of feeling, that at once strikes the heart as instantly to melt it, his facility of creation, linked with the glad appreciation of all that is beautiful in nature—the grace, the elegance, the sensibility, the ingenuity, that are never absent—the astonishing and thoroughly successful adaptation of sense to sound, of sweetest poetry to thrilling music—are claims to admiration which the most prosaic of his species will find it impossible to resist or gainsay.

His great success determined Moore to attempt a poem of the dimensions which Sir Walter Scott has declared to be "the regular poetic standard;" and in 1812 he determined to write an Indian poem. Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, accompanied the poet to the Messrs. Longman, and through his intervention the great sum of 3,000 guineas was settled as the price of the poem, not one line of which was as yet written. Moore then retired to Mayfield Cottage, a desolate but beautiful place in Derbyshire, and after a long and hard struggle with a coquettish muse, forth—after a three years' retirement—came "Lalla Rookh." Its success was immense; the poem ran rapidly through several editions, and Moore's fame stood upon a higher and surer pedestal than ever. The bright fancy and immense command of imagery of the poet were now at their climax. The tales were the triumph of poetic beauty, but not a few old judges stigmatised their taste by preferring Fadladeen and his criticisms, even to the Fireworshippers, or the tribulations of the Peri. We need hardly say that the judgment of these tough old critics has now a far greater number of adherents than it once commanded.

In the autumn of 1817 Moore visited Paris with Mr. Rogers, and arranged the materials for his celebrated "Fudge Family," a satire written on the plan of the "New Bath Guide." Its popularity was almost equal to that of Lalla Rookh, and the

poet was everywhere received with the greatest favour. In 1819 he went abroad with Lord John Russell, and visited Lord Byron in Venice. He had made the acquaintance of the "poet among lords" in 1812, as we have seen, just after Byron had written his "Childe Harold;" and the meeting in Venice served to cement a friendship, which, already warm, lasted till death divided them.

Returning from Rome, Moore took up his abode in Paris, in which capital he resided until the year 1822. The conduct of the deputy in Bermuda had thrown the poet into difficulties, and until he could struggle out of them, a return to England was incompatible with safety. There were not wanting friends to run to the rescue, but Moore honourably undertook to provide for his own misfortunes. Declining all offers of help, he took heart, and resolutely set to work for his deliverance. After much negotiation, the claims of the American merchants against him were brought down from 6,000 guineas to 1,000. Towards this reduced amount the friends of the offending deputy subscribed £300. The balance (£750), was deposited "by a dear and distinguished friend" of the principal in the hands of a banker, to be in readiness for the final "settlement of the demand." A few months after the settlement was effected, Moore received £1,000 for his "Loves of the Angels," and £500 for the "Fables of the Holy Alliance." With half of these united sums he discharged his obligation to his benefactor.

Great poets are, for the most part, masters of prose. In 1827, Moore appeared before the public as the author of a prose romance. The "Epicurean," intended originally to be written in verse, retains the essential beauty of a poem. It reproduces the feeling and fancy of "Lalla Rookh," its soft and glowing colouring, and all its erudition. The spirit is borne along in the perusal with a soothing, dreamy, fascinating motion, yet is sustained throughout by lofty, wholesome, and consolatory thought. In the "Epicurean" Moore made amends for the levities of his youth, and for once the fancy of the poet was sublimed by the moral and religious aspirations of the teacher. Love had ceased to be mere gallantry. It is here the noblest, purest, best of human passions. The discontent of the Athenian philosopher—his uneasy longing after immortality—his communion with the devoted Alethe, more angelic in her nature than the angels of the poet—her Christian martyrdom—his own death, are all described with masterly skill and with the finest perception of moral and artistic beauty. If the eye of the sensualist is too palpably evident in many of Moore's metrical compositions, it is altogether invisible in the ethical romance which is consecrated to piety alone. Seldom has meek religion presented herself in a more enchanting guise.

In 1825, previously to the publication of his "Epicurean," Moore wrote a "Life of Sheridan;" in 1830 he issued his "Notices of the Life of Lord Byron," and in the following year the "Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," in all the biographies maintaining his well-earned position. In his "Life of Sheridan" he did not shrink from the difficulties of his task. To borrow the language of a critic of the time, "he did not hide the truth under too deep a veil, neither did he blazon it forth." With regard to his "Life of Lord Byron" much might be said. The memoirs entrusted to Moore for publication were sold to Mr. Murray for £2000; but the relatives of the lord, fearful of too great exposures, induced Moore to stop their issue. It is to be regretted that he listened to the persuasions of those who were actuated rather by a sense of their own importance than by any regard for the dead poet. Moore recalled the manuscript and destroyed it, though he had to borrow from Messrs. Longman the money with which to repay Mr. Murray. There were, and are to this day, many opinions as to the moral right which Moore or the relatives of Byron had to take the step they did.

The History of Ireland, published in "Lardner's Cyclopædia," and occasional political squibs—the last of which, referring to the Anti-Corn-law League, appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*—were the final works of the great bard.

For many years in the enjoyment of a pension conferred upon him by his political friends, Moore quietly resided in his cottage near Devizes, in Wiltshire, from which he occasionally emerged to find a glad and hearty welcome among the best-born and most highly gifted of his countrymen. During such temporary separations from home it was the habit of the poet to correspond daily with his wife. The letters written at these times, and abounding with interest, are preserved, to be incorporated, we trust, in the diary of his life, upon which Moore, as lately as 1847, was busily engaged, and which even then had made great progress. Mrs. Moore survives her husband, but his four children have preceded him to the grave. His eldest son died in Algiers, in the French military service. His second son, John Russell Moore, the godson of the late Premier, died, it is believed, in India. For many months before his own decease the health of the poet was in a declining state; and his dissolution, when it came at last, was not unexpected by his immediate friends. Peace be to his manes.

To enter into a critical disquisition of his merits as a poet, would be beside our purpose. "Within his sphere," says a recent writer, "he is unapproachable. He has little in common with the stormy passion of Byron; the philosophical grandeur of Coleridge is unknown to him; the muse of Scott and his own are scarcely kindred cousins; his productions have as little of the dreamy and mystical splendour of Shelley as they are allied to the elaborate and rather fatiguing epics of Southey; but within the circle of his own uncontested dominion he has poured forth strains as exquisite as any fancy ever clothed in sparkling verse to delight the jocund heart of man. The mind of Moore, from the moment that he took pen in hand, may be said to have been always in a state of pleasure. He has written satires as well as songs, and dealt with themes both sacred and profane: he has described the loves of angels and the holy piety of erring mortals; but, whatever the employment, one condition of feeling is always manifest. Most musical, most happy was his genius, and music and joyousness are careering in almost every syllable that he spoke. If what we have said be true, it is not difficult to ascertain the appropriate place of Thomas Moore among the worthies of his time. The poet of the Fancy, not of the Imagination—now delighting by ingenious creations, now astonishing by daring imagery, now melting by simple tenderness, and now winning every heart by the sheer utterance of soft melody—there is more of enchantment than of power in his verse, and less of the dignity of his vocation visible in his march than of positive pleasurable emotion. Of all the passions of the human heart, Moore has been chiefly, if not exclusively, engaged in delineating the passion of love. Other poets have recurred at intervals to the subject which he never quits; but, much as the author of 'Lalla Rookh' has dallied with the heart's paramount passion, he has never ventured into its most solemn depths, or busied himself with its loftiest emanations. More contemplative, but less brilliant and excited spirits, have found entrance to the mysteries to which, from first to last, he had neither ability, nor temper, nor force of will to penetrate."

Strictures have been made on the moral tendency of several of Moore's poems. It is certain that he has said much to encourage the hatred of the Irish towards "the cold-hearted Saxon," and to urge them on to "flesh every Irish sword to the hilt." It is a fact, also, that his Anacreontic effusions have done much to keep alive the fatal drinking customs of our country. It is to be lamented that in writings of such exquisite beauty as those of Byron, Shelley, Moore, and others, there should be found passages calculated to excite and foster some of the worst passions and feelings of our nature. On this subject the late Bishop Porteus remarks, "The contagion of a licentious publication, especially if it be in a popular and captivating shape, knows no bounds; it flies to the remotest corners of the earth; it wings its way into the cottage of the peasant and the shop of the mechanic; it falls into the hands of all ages, ranks and conditions."

Length of the Day.—That the day is longer or shorter as you go north or south of the equator, is a familiar fact to our readers. Off Cape Horn, fifty-six degrees south latitude, the days in mid-winter are about nine hours long. The longest day in London is sixteen and a half; at Hamburgh, seventeen hours; at St. Petersburgh, the longest day has eighteen hours, and the shortest five; at Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest two hours and a half; at Spitzbergen, the longest day is three months and a half.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

Many years ago a young man was walking home from his place of business, when he met with a little adventure. He was a quiet, well-dressed youth, with something of a gentle sadness in his manner that was far from disagreeable. And his habits were so regular that his landlady used to prepare his tea punctually at seven o'clock every evening; just as the muffin was ready there came his knock at the door, as regularly as clockwork; indeed, rather more regularly than the widowed lodging-house keeper's clock, which required a good deal of looking to and some nice calculation before the truth could be fully arrived at. But on this evening the tea was made, and got cold on the hob, and the muffin dried almost to a cinder before the fire, and the good old lady began to be in great fear for the safety of her regular lodger. Hours passed away; the young gentleman's slippers lay so long, soles upwards, on the fender, that they were nearly baked; nine, ten, eleven, twelve, struck out from the old eight-day clock in a dark corner of the stairs, and no young gentleman found his way to Paradise-row, Pentonville; and the landlady at last went to bed in great trepidation, and left her door partly open, that she might wake up at his first knock, for our regular young lodger from the city was far too regular to require a latch-key. The landlady went to bed and fell into an uneasy sleep, and woke at

intervals and listened; but no young gentleman came home that night. And when he did come in the morning, his eyes were bloodshot, and his clothes were soiled with travel; and he was, moreover, accompanied by a man somewhat older than himself, at whose face and appearance the good old landlady looked somewhat curiously—not to say suspiciously.

No words of explanation were asked or offered; for there was that in the faces of the two that effectually awed the

garrulous old lady into silence. The lodger led his guest to his own apartment on the first floor, which both entered. Breakfast was ordered, and in course of time it came and was despatched—not an ordinary breakfast, with just an egg or two and a cup of coffee, but a real substantial meal, with grilled chops and ham, and cold beef and brown bread and butter. Of course, the landlady was immensely curious to know what all this might mean; but as no conversation passed between them while she was by, her curiosity was by no means allayed. Indeed, it was only excited the more, as she noticed how voraciously the stranger eat of the various viands on the table—now a chop and a great gulp of coffee; then an immense slice of cold beef with a piece of bread to

match; and again a rasher of hot ham, large enough for two. It was very strange. And she noticed too, that the appetite was all on one side of the table; and that the lodger—whom we will call Joseph Praed—sat quite quietly in his easy chair, balancing a cup of coffee in his hand, and watching the other as he eat and drank. A smile came every now and then on Joseph's face, which otherwise was sad and gloomy; but the landlady was so accustomed to her young lodger's silent moods that she durst not question him at such times. At length the breakfast drew to a close, and the stranger lifted up the corner of the tablecloth to wipe his mouth, raised his head and encountered the eyes of the old lady fixed upon him. The mutual glance was instantaneous, and the landlady withdrew in evident confusion, closing the door behind her.

"I should know that woman anywhere," says the stranger, in a harsh voice, and dropping his eyes upon the ground; "it won't do to stay here."

The other made no reply, but looked towards the door, and nodded slightly. Meanwhile the landlady, who had heard the observation of the stranger, went noisily down stairs, but presently crept stealthily back again with the maid servant. "Look there," she whispered to the girl, and pointed to the keyhole; "do you think that you would know that man again?"

The girl stooped down to the orifice and put her eye to it; not for the first time that morning; but scarcely had she been a moment in that position, when the bell from within was violently pulled. Mistress and servant started back aghast; but quickly recovering their presence of mind, crept down stairs again. "Do you go up this time, Hannah, and take a good look at this horrid man: there can't be no good in sich goins on, I'm sure."

But by the time the maid got up stairs, both the young men had vanished, and she heard the key turn in the lock of the lodger's bedroom.

It was certainly curious—very curious. "For Mr. Joseph

to go and stay out all night, and then come in in the morning lookin' as aggard as a ghost, and bringing back with him such a wild vagabond-lookin' feller, with his face all covered with hair, and nothing but rags on his back. Don't you think, Hannah, we better send for the p'lice?"

"I'll tell you what, ma'am," replied the maid, who was unwilling to annoy the young lodger who had given her so many presents, and always spoke so kindly to her—"I'll tell you what; hadn't we better wait a little, an' see what they do by-an'-by?"

But little time, however, was left for cogitation, for the bell rang violently again, and Hannah going up hurriedly, heard a strange voice inside call out, "Hot water!"

All that day the two women passed quietly up and down stairs, and wondered greatly to themselves what it all meant. It need scarcely be said, that all manner of guesses were made, and all kinds of strange suggestions were hazarded; and that not one of them approached the truth. Dinner-time passed, and tea-time and supper, but no further summons to the bedroom. And in spite of the most persevering peeping and inveterate listening at the key-hole, they remained still in a state of the most disagreeable suspense and uncertainty. At length, while they were both in the kitchen, thinking whether this mystery would ever be cleared up, Mr. Joseph's bell rung. The landlady hastened up with as much speed as her rheumatism would allow.

She entered the room, which was neat and clean as usual—everything in its proper place; and there was Joseph sitting on the side of the bed, but *the stranger was gone.*

"Mrs. Clark!" said Joseph, in his usual voice, and without paying the slightest attention to her scared look and pale cheek; "I wish you would get me a little supper—soup, or gruel, or something of that sort; I'm tired."

"And so you must be, sir, up all night;" began the garrulous old woman. "Why, what's happened?"

The young man looked up at his landlady. Their eyes met, and there was such a sad and meaning expression in his quiet features that she forebore all further questions.

* * * * * *

Six months passed away, and Joseph went and came as usual—the same quiet, unobtrusive, self-denying fellow—and no word or hint escaped the pair of the doings of that night. The widow, however, could not help cogitating and speculating, in her own way, on the curious affair. She never talked about it to anybody, and actually discharged Hannah for mentioning the circumstance after being told not. From half-past nine to seven, the house was one great puzzle to the landlady, and from seven to half-past nine was she burning for its solution. But she dared never ask the lodger, which only made the matter a thousand times worse. She thought, too, that he was getting thinner, and lived less expensively of late;—in fact, she was positive of the last, for he gave up eggs for breakfast, saying that they disagreed with him. He smiled less often too, and seldom cared to enter into conversation with her when she waited on him at teatime, but would set up late at night reading. But she knew that he took less pleasure in his book than he used to do, for the "Westminster" and "Blackwood" would often go back to the library with only half an article cut through.

"He's got somethin' on his mind, I'm certain," the widow would say to herself. "I know it's all along o' that black-bearded, dirty fellow. I wonder who he was?"

And for once the old lady was right; Joseph *had* something on his mind which he could'nt keep there; and as he had no friend in the world to whom to communicate his thoughts—the clerks were too young and thoughtless, and the fellows at the club too full of their own affairs to care about his;—so one quiet evening in autumn, when the full moon was shining right into the room, he called his landlady up stairs.

"Sit down, Mrs. Clark," said Joseph.

And Mrs. Clark did sit down, and folded her silk dress as if she had determined to listen with all her might.

"You recollect the morning when I brought Ha ——, a stranger—to my lodgings; and, after entertaining him and dressing him in a suit of my own clothes, I quietly let him out at the front door at night—"

"Well, now!" began the widow, "I often wondered how you managed—"

"To let him out?—Exactly. Well, I *did* let him out; and, now, as I knew you would sympathise with me,—and, as I don't like to hazard my reputation even with a ——"

He would have said "lodging-house-keeper," but she stopped him with —— "No, in course, pretty dear!"

Joseph passed his hand across his brow—for the widow's simple words brought back old times. "Well, Mrs. Clark," he continued, "if you feel inclined to listen to a sad story, I'll tell you one."

The widow settled herself more comfortably in her chair, and looked towards her lodger; but as he was sitting with his back to the window, and there were no candles in the room, she could only just discern the outline of his face and figure, while the harvest moon shone full on hers.

"Ten years ago, when I first came to live in this house, Mrs. Clark, you were not the mistress of it—"

The old lady assented with a nod.

"At that time, I think I was the happiest fellow in the world. It is the old story with a difference. I fell in love, and was beloved again. I need not tell you, who are old enough to be my mother; and I sometimes think I trace a faint glance of her kind face in yours—that, that—"

"In course, in course; and you made preparations to marry? Just as I did myself."

"Alas! it was not to be. Another came from far across the sea, and snatched the flower from my grasp."

"And you?"

"Became the thing you see. I did not break my heart, for I loved that other almost as well as I did her. And in course of time the wound upon my spirits began to heal, and I made friends with people who liked my quiet manners, and were kind enough to bear with my odd ways."

"Odd ways! I'm sure if they only knew you——"

"As well as you do, Mrs. Clark. Of course, of course; but everybody don't. Well, as I said, I was beginning to look upon the world as not quite so bad as I had once thought it; when, one night—it was a cold miserable night, in the very depth of winter—I shall never forget it—as I was coming out of the office door, a stranger darted out from a corner, and placed his hand upon my shoulder. I'm not nervous, but I felt, as the clammy fingers touched my cheek in passing, as if cold death were on my face. The stranger did not waste much time in salutation, but putting his cheek close to mine, whispered three words into my ear."

The widow became intensely interested, but did not speak.

"I felt as if a dagger pierced my side, and for a moment I could scarcely stand.

"'I have not seen them for ten days," said the ragged messenger; "but if you wish to look upon her face before she dies, come on.'

"I needed little other pressing, so I followed my strange conductor. On the way he told me that which I had feared for many a dreary day. Oh! I can never bring myself to describe the scenes of vice and infamy we two passed through. Streets with tottering houses, and cellars ankle deep in filth, we pushed our way into, my guide bearing about him a sort of talisman which bore us harmless through them all. St. Giles's, Whitechapel, Drury-lane, Clerkenwell, Smithfield, Westminster—we searched them all, a cab taking us as quickly as possible from place to place. In the lowest haunts of vice—among the thieves and beggars of the cheapest lodging-houses, and in the most horrible cellars, filled with men and women and children who looked more demon-like than human—through dark and noisome ways, where it was only broad enough for one to pass—among the ruins of whole streets pulled down, and dwellings of the very poor laid low and desolate—in stinking alleys, at whose lower ends the river flowed on dark and drearily—in the sinks and sewers of iniquity we sought, and sought in vain. They we looked for were not there.

"It was by this time getting almost morning; but our search was not yet over. 'I only know of one more place they'd be likely to stop at,' said my guide, 'and that's the Mint.'

"'On Tower-hill?' I asked.

"The man looked at me, and almost smiled. And then,

whispering to the cabman, we were presently rattling over London-bridge. Arrived on the Southwark side, our further passage was barred by the preparation for opening the Greenwich Railway, which was just then finished.

"'I think, gentlemen,' said the cabman, 'if you would pass under one of the arches of the rail, and come out on t'other side, I could manage to meet you at the entrance of the market.'

"'Ah!' said my conductor; 'a good thought, cabby!'

"With that I followed the strange man down Tooley-street, and towards the railway. Then I asked myself, for the first time—was the story I had listened to all true? Could it be that one who had been bred in luxury had fallen so low as to be sought where we had looked? And I presently called up all kinds of tales of assassination and robbery in low places at night. But still I followed the strange man. Followed him through all manner of strange dark passages and unknown ways. Now past the porch of a church where groups of ragged mendicants were huddled together for warmth, and where the little light there was only served to make the picture more grotesque and hideous; now along streets in which the workmen at the sewers had left wide chasms and dangerous heaps of rubbish in the midst; now through a narrow gateway where we had to pick our careful way among decaying filth and oozing ponds of slimy mud, and where all beyond was dim and indistinct. At last we paused among the debris of what appeared a mason's work-yard. A sudden darkening of the little light of dawn made me aware that a roof was above us. I looked up—we were under one of the arches of the railway. A moment more, and we had passed through the swarm of struggling wretches lying there, all huddled together for warmth—too poor to hire a bed even in the miserable lodging-houses we had visited."

Joseph and the widow involuntarily shifted their seats, so that the face of the young man was for a moment turned towards the moon. She saw that the hot tears ran down his cheeks, but did not interrupt him.

"As I said, I passed through the crowded arch, and should have followed my guide, when a deep groaning sigh close beside me made me suddenly look round. It struck upon my ear with a sort of pang; and, gazing downwards, I became aware that there were yet other wretched objects outside the actual archway. A little removed from the throng, and leaning in various postures against the wall of a dilapidated building, I saw a mass of miserable creatures, as they seemed to me, asleep. I hesitated a moment, and then stooped down to examine them more closely. O God! I found them there—there in the midst of a pestiferous group of dozing beggars—he sitting on the ground with his head bent upon his chest. I knew him at once, though ten long years of vice and want had bronzed his cheek and paled his brow. But 'where was she?' I could not have named her name to him at that moment for the whole world.

"'There!' said he, pointing to a half-naked form beside him, whose arms were thrown above her head as if to rest, and whose long matted hair was floating down a face and neck as fair as ever.

"I stooped a moment to the ground: I looked into that face so lovely once, and yet so fair: I put my arms around her to raise her head. Oh! why disturb so soft a slumber? I took her in my arms and carried her without the arch into the dim struggling light. In the rapture of the moment, I was forgetful of her husband's presence—for he had by this time risen to his feet—and gazing fondly on those lips I had so often kissed, I pressed them once again to mine. From those dear lips a struggling sigh broke upward, mingled with froth and blood; and oh, Great Heaven, she fell back from my arms a corpse upon the ground!"

The tears no longer hidden, flowed down those wasted cheeks, and Joseph Praed was not ashamed to show his deep emotion before that aged woman.

"And he?" said she, at length.

"He it was you saw. He had been a wild, reckless gambler in foreign parts, and had dissipated all his wife's and his own fortune. At last he fell. Why need we talk any more about it?"

Mrs. Clark saw that he had a secret of his own he did not wish to reveal. She, too, had a secret which she kept to herself. During the narration, she had "put this and that together," as she said long afterwards, "and arrived at a conclusion."

* * * * *

In a little churchyard in Kent, there is a mound of earth with flowers and sweet herbs in blossom constantly around it. Two gentle hearts are at rest within that grave. And on the little headstone are these words, and none others—

"In life divided, but in death united."

"And so," said Mrs. Clark to herself, when she came home from his funeral—Mrs. Clark is a very old woman now—"they two were BROTHERS. And my poor Joseph, so good and gentle as he was, actually spent all the money he was worth to send the wagabond of a forger out of England, and away from justice. Well, it's a curious world we live in."

THE POWER OF THE SUN'S RAYS.*

HEAT and light are derived from the sun, and we have attempted to show that not only are the phenomena of these two principles different, but that they can scarcely, in the present condition of our knowledge, be regarded as modified manifestations of *one* superior power. Associated with these two remarkable elements, others may exist in the solar rays. Electrical phenomena are certainly developed by both heat and light, and peculiar changes are produced by a short exposure to sunshine. Electricity may be merely *excited* by the solar rays, or it may flow like light from the sun. Chemical action may be only due to the disturbance of some diffused principle; or it may be directly owing to some agency which is radiated at once from the sun.

A sun ray is a magical thing: we connect it in our fancy with the most ethereal of possible creations. Yet in its action on matter it produces colour; it separates the particles of solid masses farther from each other, and it breaks up some of the strongest forces of chemical affinity. To modern science is entirely due the knowledge we have gained of the marvellous powers of the sunbeam; and it has rendered us familiar with phenomena, to which the incantation scenes of the Cornelius Agrippas of the dark ages were but ill-contrived delusions, and their magic mirrors poor instruments in comparison with the silver tablets of the photographic artist.

In the dark ages, or rather as the earliest gleams of the bright morning of industrious research were dispelling the mists of that phantom-peopled period, it was observed, for the first time, that the sun's rays turned a white compound black. Man must have witnessed, long before, that curious change which is constantly taking place in all vegetable colours: some darkening by exposure to sunlight, while others are bleached by the solar rays. Yet those phenomena excited no attention, and the world knew nothing of the mighty changes which were constantly taking place around them. The alchemists — sublime pictures of credulous humanity—toiling in the smoke of their secret laboratories, waiting and watching for every change which could be produced by fire, or by their "royal waters," caught the first faint ray of an opening truth; and their wild fancy that light could change silver into gold, if they but succeeded in getting its subtle beams to interpenetrate the metal, was the clue afforded to the empirical philosopher to guide him through a more than Cretan labyrinth.

The first fact recorded upon this point was, that horn silver blackened when exposed to the light. Without doubt many anxious thoughts were given by these alchemists to that fact. Here was, as it appeared, a mixing up of light and matter, and behold the striking change. It was a step towards the realisation of their dreams. Alas! poor visionaries! in pursuing an ideality they lost the reality which was within their grasp.

Truth comes slowly upon man, and long it is before these angel visits are acknowledged by humanity. The world clings to its errors, and avoids the truth, lest its light should betray their miserable follies.

* From the "Poetry of Science; or, Studies of the Physical Phenomena of Nature." By Robert Hunt, Keeper of the Mining Records at the Museum of Practical Geology, Piccadilly.

At length a man of genius announced that "*No substance can be exposed to the sun's rays without undergoing a chemical change;*" but his words fell idly upon the ear. His friends looked upon his light-produced pictures as curious matters; they preserved them in their cabinets of curiosities: but the truth which he enunciated was soon forgotten. Howbeit these words were recorded, and it is due to the solitary experimentalist of Châlons on the Saône, to couple the name of Niepce with the discovery of a fact which is scarcely second to the development of the great law of universal gravitation. But an examination awaits us, which, for its novelty, has more charms than most branches of science, and which, for the extensive views it opens to the inquirer, has an interest in nowise inferior to any other physical investigation.

The prismatic spectrum affords us the means of examining the conditions of the solar rays with great facility. In bending the ray of white light out of its path, by means of a triangular piece of glass, we divide it in a remarkable manner. We learn that heat is less refracted by the glass than the other powers; we find the maximum point of the calorific rays but slightly thrown out of the right line, which the solar pencil would have taken, had it not been interrupted by the prism; and the thermic action is found to diminish with much regularity on either side of this line. We discover that the luminous power is subject to greater refraction, and that its maximum lies considerably above that of heat; and that, in like manner, on each side the light diminishes, producing orange, red, and crimson colours below the maximum point, and green, blue, and violet above it. Again, we find that the radiations which produce chemical change are more refrangible than either of the others, and the maximum of this power is found at the point where light rapidly diminishes, and where scarcely any heat can be detected, it extends in full activity, above its maximum, to a considerable distance, where no trace of light can be discovered, and below that point, until light, appearing to act as an interfering agent, quenches its peculiar properties. These are strong evidences that light and actinism—as this principle has been named—are not identical: and we may separate them most easily and effectually from each other. Certain glasses, stained dark blue, with oxide of cobalt, admit scarcely any light; but they offer no interruption to the passage of actinism; on the contrary, a yellow glass or a yellow fluid, which does not sensibly reduce the intensity of any one colour of the chromatic band of luminous rays, completely cuts off this chemical principle, whatever it may be. In addition to these, there are other results which we shall have to describe, which prove that, although associated in the solar beam, light and actinism are in constant antagonism.

When Daguerre first published his great discovery, the European public regarded his metal tablets with feelings of wonder; we have grown accustomed to the beautiful phenomena of this art, and we have become acquainted with a number of no less beautiful processes on paper, all of which, if studied aright, must convince the most superficial thinker that a world of wonder lies a little beyond our knowledge, but within the reach of industrious and patient research. Photography is the name by which the art of sun-painting will be for ever known. We regard this as unfortunate, conveying as it does a false idea, — the pictures not being *light-drawn*. Could we adopt the name given by Niepce to the process, the difficulty would be avoided, since Heliography involves no hypothesis, and strictly tells the undeniable fact, that our pictures are *sun-drawn*.

By whatever name we determine to convey our ideas of these phenomena, it is certain that they involve a series of effects which are of the highest interest to every lover of nature, and of the utmost importance to the artist and the amateur. By easy manipulation we are now enabled to give permanence to the charming pictures which are produced by means of that pleasing invention of Baptista Porta, the *Camera Obscura*. Any image, which being refracted by the lens of this instrument, falls upon the table in its dark chamber, may be secured with its most delicate gradations of shadows, upon either a metallic or a paper tablet.

Thus we are enabled to preserve the lineaments of those who have benefited their race by their genius or their bravery. By the agency of these very rays which give life and brilliancy to the laughing eye and the roseate cheek, we can at once correctly trace the outline of the features we admire, and fill in those shadowy details which give the picture the charm of *vraisemblance*. The admirer of nature may copy her arrangements with strict fidelity. Every undulation of the landscape, every projecting rock or beetling tor, each sinuous river, and the spreading plains over which are scattered the homes of honest industry and domestic peace, intermingled with the towers or spires of those humble temples in which simple-hearted piety delights to kneel—these, all of these, may, by the sunbeam which illuminates the whole, be faithfully pencilled upon our chemical preparations.

To the traveller how valuable is the process! The characteristic vegetation of distant lands, and the remains of hoar antiquity, speaking to the present of the past, and recording the histories of races which have fleeted away, may be alike secured to instruct "home-keeping wits," by the assistance of this beautiful art.

SECOND SIGHT.

I AM not over credulous, nor much given to believe in marvels of any kind. In these go-a-head days of science—mental and physical—ghostly appearances and other psychological wonders, which never challenged a doubt in the minds of our forefathers, have but few believers. I do not, however, so far commit myself to the scepticism of the age as to disbelieve, absolutely, everything which I cannot understand or account for. Supernatural phenomena, I am weak enough to reason, *may* be real and true, though above my comprehension. Still, I owe it to myself to say that, in such matters, as in everything else, I make evidence a condition of belief. In the instance of "second sight" which I am about to relate I have a personal knowledge of the individuals concerned, and in the character of the man whose experience the reader is to peruse a sufficient guarantee of its truth. Were it not for these facts, I should either meet the statements with unqualified disbelief, or endeavour, as the fashion is, to explain away the phenomena by some convenient optical theory. With this much of a preface, then, "*a nos moutons.*"

In Ireland—the home and birth-place of so many supernatural and lengendary wonders—and in the heart of an amphitheatre of hills in the north-west of Tyrone, is the little village of Castle-connor. It consists of a single street, fortified ("to keep out the devil," as an inhabitant would say) at its respective extremities by a Roman Catholic chapel and a Presbyterian meeting-house. Close by the burial-ground of the latter, runs a narrow but deep stream, called the *Faughan*. It is spanned by a single arch, whose dilapidated condition would excite just and urgent convictions of the necessity of repairs in this more matter-of-fact country, where human life is rather more highly valued, and where grand jury presentments are more faithfully executed. Practical conservatism, however, constitutes the social economy of Castle-connor. The "oldest inhabitant" cannot have the faintest memory of improvements of any sort. "The ould ways are the best," is the creed of its population, Papist and Presbyterian; changes, except such as time works, are, therefore, unknown. Three generations of worshippers have come and gone since the chapel was whitewashed or the meeting-house painted.

These facts, however, in the social history of the village, though characteristic and suggestive, claim only an incidental mention in this sketch. Still they are, in a sense, necessary to its completeness. Castle-connor has a monthly fair, which is chiefly attended by some of the wildest specimens of humanity which Tyrone, Donegal, and Fermanagh can produce. At these monthly gatherings, booth dances, elopements, and faction-fights, which in most other parts of Ireland are happily becoming things of the past, yet flourish in their pristine glory. Personal quarrels are thrown as contributions towards the getting-up of the general *melée*, in which the individual combatants satisfy their honour and pugnacious tastes by hitting a head wherever it can be found. On something of a similar principle, "attachments" are extemporised, an immediate run-away takes place, and marriage follows, with a rapidity and an utter absence of fore-thought, which in this

less mercurial climate we cannot easily understand. Such, nevertheless, is the social condition of the region I am describing, even in this go-a-head age of submarine telegraphs, railroads, "long ranges," balloons, and needle-guns. The case of "second-sight," however, which I am about to narrate had no connexion with any of the periodic fights or love matches which I have mentioned.

About an English mile from Castle-connor, lived, five years ago, a family called O'Neil. It consisted of the father and mother, two daughters, and a son. Some quarter of a mile distant, resided a second son, who had married, and, at the time I write of, held a small farm of his own. Through mismanagement and neglect, however, resulting from the drunken habits of its owner, it yielded but little, and himself and his family were thrown mainly upon his father for their support. His days were spent in lounging idly about home, and his evenings and nights, for the most part, were passed in the company of others like himself, in a sheebeen-house in Castle-connor. Persuasions, threatenings, and all other means likely to influence him were tried in vain for his reformation. The priest threatened him with the thunders of excommunication, and the land agent with ejectment from his farm; but with no better result than a temporary suspension of his besetting practice, for which he subsequently repaid himself amply. All efforts to win him from this fixed habit of drunkenness were at length abandoned, and he nightly trod the bye-path along the banks of the Faughan, which led from his dwelling to the sheebeen-house, in a state which fully justified the fears of his relatives, that his body would some morning be found in the stream. Nevertheless, he generally managed to reach his home in safety before midnight at the latest. One fair-night, however, the usual hour of his return had long passed, and he was still absent. After waiting anxiously till long after midnight, his wife, fearing the worst, went to the house of her father-in-law, thinking that he might have stopped there on his way home. On rousing up the inmates, their alarm was almost equal to her own. A man servant was speedily despatched to Castle-connor in search of the absent man; but he returned without having been able to discover more than that he had left his usual resort shortly after midnight, and had not since been seen or heard of. Their worst fears now seemed justified. The father, however, endeavoured to quiet their alarm, and insisted on the other inmates of the family returning to bed, whilst he and the man servant renewed the search. This they did by separating and taking each one of the two ways which led from the house to the village. The servant went round by the road, and the father by the bye-path along the Faughan. The anxious family had returned to bed, but not to rest, to await the result of this second search, and the unmarried son, whom I have already mentioned, was lying picturing to himself the discovery of his brother's body in the river next morning. Suddenly, however, these melancholy imaginings were interrupted by a scene still more terrible. A soft, subdued light all at once sprung up, gradually increasing in extent and brightness, till the bedroom became filled with a radiance which made every object distinctly visible. The dim outlines of a landscape were next painted on this groundwork of light, gradually becoming, as it had done, fuller and clearer, till a picture, complete in all its details, of the country between his home and Castle-connor, was presented to his view. Every hill, and ditch, and hedge, now was visible as in the clearest sunlight. Each came forward on the scene, like the successive phases in a dissolving view. The startled witness of the phenomenon at first thought that it was some optical illusion, created by the reverie which it had interrupted. He rubbed his eyes, closed them, then rubbed them again; but still the scene was vividly before him. Being an intelligent man, and the reverse of superstitious, he clung to the notion that it was a mere illusion which would soon pass away. In this, however, he was disappointed. At the end of several minutes the startling picture remained unchanged. As a last effort to shut it out from his view, he buried his head beneath the bed-clothes, but the supernatural panorama still continued visible. Every feature in the landscape seemed even more distinct than its original at noon-day. About one-third of an Irish mile from Castle-connor, the Faughan is hid from view from O'Neil's house, for a distance of some hundred yards, by a hill, after winding round the base of which it again becomes visible, and runs nearly in a straight line for more than a mile. As the young man now lay half inclined to admit that there must be something "unearthly" in the matter, he observed a figure emerging from behind the hill, and approaching by the pathway along the banks of the river. As it came gradually nearer, he recognised *his father*, first by his gait, and next by his dress, both of which he could clearly distinguish in the strong light of the vision. On came the figure of his father, increasing in size and distinctness, till the knotted thorn-stick which he carried became easily recognisable too. The anxious son now watched the strange scene with painfully increasing interest; and, though he had found open or closed eyes the same as regarded its perception, he hardly winked, lest some movement or other incident should escape his observation. He had overcome the slight sensation of fear which had previously affected him, and now earnestly gazed at the figure, as if intuitively certain that it was to form the chief point of interest and importance in the scene. A few moments proved the justness of this expectation. His father seemed to approach home at his usual pace, till he reached a narrow foot-stick which spanned the mouth of a dyke that emptied itself at that point into the Faughan. In crossing it, the terrified son saw the figure stumble, and, after an attempt to regain its balance, fall over into the river. It sunk, but soon after rose to the surface, and clutched violently at the brushwood which grew along the water's edge. For a moment the effort seemed successful; but the twig which it had grasped gave way, and the figure fell back into the stream. A second time it rose to view, plunging far out into the river, as if making the last struggle for life, but in vain. The water soon closed over it, and a few bubbles rose over the spot where the death-agony had ended. The horror-stricken son waited for nothing more, but hastily jumped out of bed, dressed himself, and, without telling any of the family what he had witnessed, left the house to seek for his father. On the street he met the man-servant, who had found the missing brother lying drunk and asleep on the road to Castle-connor, and conveyed him to his own house, where he then was. The man knew nothing of his master. They had separated, as I have mentioned, to make the search by both ways to the village, and he had seen nothing of him since. The son then mentioned the fearful vision which I have described, and stated the fears which it had inspired. The terrified listener, who had performed countless crossings and other pious movements during the brief narration, proposed that the river should at once be dragged, on the strength of what had occurred; but it was agreed that they should both go to Castle-connor by the road, and there seek for the father. It was daybreak by the time they reached the village. The old man had been in several houses during the night in search of his missing son, but nothing farther was known of him. The man-servant was sent back to see if he had reached home in the meantime, but his return with a negative answer now seriously aroused fears that an accident had in reality occurred. Guided by young O'Neil, a party of men went to the foot-stick on the bank of the Faughan. *At the identical spot seen in the vision, the grass was found flattened down, as if by the recent pressure of some heavy body, and in a few minutes the agonised son, with his own hand, dragged up the corpse of his father from the river.*

These are facts which I know to be true, and I challenge the scientific or philosophical sceptic to explain them away if he can. I have said that I am not much given to believe in wonders of any kind; but here are phenomena of actual occurrence, which I cannot account for on any principles which either science or philosophy, properly so called, can furnish in explanation. I was staying in the neighbourhood of Castle-connor at the time, and heard the facts from the lips of O'Neil himself, than whom, I am convinced, a more conscientious or upright Roman Catholic does not exist. His statements are yet corroborated by the men whom he first told of the vision before the discovery of his father's body; and so strongly was I impressed with a conviction of their truth when I first listened to them, that the impression of the terrible scene which was then made upon my mind, remains as fresh and startling as it was five years ago. With the amount of evidence which I possess, disbelief is to my mind impossible, however strange the facts; nor do I envy the

mental constitution or habit of the man who could take refuge in his fancied "superiority to superstition," and withhold his belief in the face of an equal weight of proof. Such phenomena as these are mysteries whose credibility only the presumptuous or the ignorant will rashly deny.

THE PRODIGAL.

BY MEA CULPA.

SCENE.—*Night-time in a small attic chamber.—An old man alone.*

"ONCE more the sun hath sunk to rest,
Numbering another day unblest
By receipt of the missive so much desired;
And hope's last gleam, well-nigh expired,
But serves to add a caustic pang
To disappointment's keen-edged fang.
It is my wonted hour of prayer,
But, oh! not yet, my soul may dare
To pray for help, while, unresigned,
Such awful doubts disturb my mind.
Aye, thoughts of one now far away,
Depress my spirit night and day;
Of one, that from his birth hath been
The idol, whose shadow e'er comes between
My soul and God. 'His will be done,'
Are words I cannot say, my son,
When thinking on thy winning ways,
And merry laugh of former days;
Thy blithesome step, as hand in mine
We paced the lawn at day's decline,
And loving kiss when, thou in bed,
I blessings craved on thy young head.
Oh, boy, I dwell on all these things,
Until the lonely present wrings
My troubled heart, which then gives vent
To terrible presentiment.
Perchance on couch of sickness laid,
With none thy feverish wants to aid,
No one to catch thy parting breath,
Or wipe away the dews of death,
Thy sire's forgiveness thou would seek,
And then my faith grows all too weak
To trust, in such dark bitter hour,
In the wisdom of Almighty power.
Oh, bitter is the bread of tears,
When eaten for nine weary years!
And each fresh dawn when tidings fail,
And the heart grows sick and the cheek turns pale,
My cup is filled afresh with woe,
Whose every drop is, like poison slow,
Corroding the springs of an old man's life,
With whom sorrow hath waged perpetual strife.
Then, worse than all, comes the torturing thought,
With all its maddening anguish fraught,
What caused the soul of my innocent child
E'er to become by sin defiled?
Should he further stray?—ah! heaven's! my brain
Cannot the mere idea sustain."

(*Here Mabel is heard singing in an adjoining apartment, and the old man opens his lattice to listen.*)

MABEL'S SONG.

Once more hath darkness
Enfolded the earth,
Suspending our labours
And hushing our mirth,
And her thanks would a lowly maiden pay,
For all heavenly gifts vouchsafed this day!
In cities or deserts,
Wherever we be,
We know we're protected,
Oh, Father, by thee;
And duly our hymn of thanksgiving we sing,
Ere slumbering secure in the shade of thy wing.
For the trials thou sendest,
Our weak faith to prove,
The blessings thou givest,
Our hard hearts to move;
And mercy held out to the vilest, we raise
Our vespers united of love, trust, and praise.

(*Old man, still at the lattice.*)

"Most truly hath our Saviour said,
A blessing rests on that man's head
Who shall, confiding, loving, mild,
Become again a little child!
Such only may aspire to heaven;
And my daughter's trust to me hath given
New faith this night, fresh strength to seek
From Him who will sustain the weak.
Those glorious stars! How duly *they*
Their Creator's will obey!
How will I try to kiss the rod,
And kneeling in the sight of God,
Will strive once more, with truth, to say,
'His will be done,' and then—yet stay,
Surely, beneath yon old elm tree,
Some way-worn traveller I see
Benighted on this lonely moor!
Well, be he rich or be he poor,
He must be cared for ere I sleep,
Or even pray for him for whom I needs must weep.
——— Ho! Mabel, ho! I now desire
Thou wilt prepare food, bed, and fire."

(*The old man is next seen in the open porch, beckoning to the wayfarer, who seems to hesitate, then rushes forward and kneels at the old man's feet.*)

"Father, *my* father, didst thou call me,
Me, thy vile and erring one?
Thus penitent I come before thee,
A deeply sinning, worthless son.
Oh! how the black ingratitude
With which from this dear home I turned,
And the rough defying mood
In which thy gentle rule I spurned,
Bows down my soul in fear and shame;
And thy tear drops caressing
My hot brow with their blessing,
More severely reproach me than blame.
Thou too indulgent, best of fathers,
Canst thou love me as of yore!
One word now, one word of kindness,
Would virtue to my soul restore.
I have sinned 'gainst heaven and thee,
Wilt thou, canst thou, pardon me!"

OLD MAN.

I do, I do, my son!
Thank God, thank God, who hath restored
My long lost child, so oft deplored.
Oh! welcome to this roof again!
And doubt thou not, that sin's worst stain
By purity may be redeemed.
How faint thou seems—aye, rest
Thy head once more on this fond breast.
Quick, Mabel, bring the best spiced wine,
And roast the fattest tenderest chine;
Our wanderer is returned at last,
And all the miserable past
Is buried in grateful gladness of heart,
That he hath chosen the better part.
And were it God's will that my life should cease,
I could now depart in perfect peace;
For bright is the morrow and dear the thought,
Of an endless future with sweet hopes fraught.

THE TITLE OF ESQUIRE.—Real esquires are of seven sorts. 1. Esquires of the King's body, whose number is limited to four. 2. The eldest sons of Knights, and their eldest sons born during their lifetime. It would seem that, in the days of ancient warfare, the Knight often took his eldest son into the wars for the purpose of giving him a practical military education, employing him mean time as his esquire. 3. The eldest sons of youngest sons of Peers of the realm. 4. Such as the King invests with the collar of SS. including the King at arms, heralds, &c. The dignity of Esquire was conferred by Henry IV., and his successor, by the investure of the collar and the gift of a pair of si ver spurs. Gower, the poet, was such an esquire by creation. 5. Esquire to the knights of the Bath for life, and their eldest sons. 6. Sheriffs of counties for life, coroners and justices of the peace, and gentlemen of the royal household while they continue in their respective offices. 7. Barristers at law and some others, are said to be of scultarial dignity, but not actual esquires.

SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

Illustrations of Extreme Minuteness.—Dr. Wollaston obtained platinum wire so fine, that thirty thousand pieces, placed side by side in contact, would not cover more than an inch. It would take one hundred and fifty pieces of this wire bound together to form a thread as thick as a filament of raw silk. Although platinum is the heaviest of the known bodies, a mile of this wire would not weigh more than a grain. Seven ounces of this wire would extend from London to New York. The natural filaments of wool, silk, and fur, afford striking examples of the minute divisibility of organised matter. The following numbers show how many filaments of each of the annexed substances placed in contact, side by side, would be necessary to cover an inch :—

Coarse wool	500
Fine Merino wool	1,250
Silk	2,500

The hairs of the finest furs, such as beaver and ermine, hold a place between the filaments of merino and silk; and the wools in general have a fineness between merino and coarse wool. Fine as is the filament produced by the silk worm, that produced by the spider is still more attenuated. A thread of a spider's web, measuring four miles, will weigh little more than a single grain. Every one is familiar with the fact that a spider spins a thread or cord by which his own weight hangs suspended. It has been ascertained that this thread is composed of about six thousand filaments. A soap-bubble as it floats in the light of the sun reflects to the eye an endless variety of the most gorgeous tints of colour. Newton showed that to each of these tints corresponds a certain thickness of the substance forming the bubble; in fact, he showed in general, that all transparent substances, when reduced to a certain degree of tenuity, would reflect these colours. Near the highest point of the bubble, just before it bursts, is always observed a spot which reflects no colour, and appears black. Newton showed that the thickness of the bubble at this point was the 2,500,000th part of an inch! Now, as the bubble at this point possesses the properties of water as essentially as does the Atlantic Ocean, it follows that the ultimate molecules forming water must have less dimensions than this thickness. The wings of insects, which reflect beautiful tints resembling mother-of-pearl, owe that quality to their extreme tenuity. Some of them are so thin that 50,000 placed one upon the other would not form a heap of more than a quarter of an inch in height! In the manufacture of embroidery, fine threads of silver gilt are used. To produce these, a bar of silver, weighing 180 oz., is gilt with an ounce of gold; this bar is then wire-drawn, until it is reduced to a thread so fine that 3,400 feet of it weighs less than an ounce. It is then flattened by being submitted to severe pressure between rollers, in which process its length is increased to 4,000 feet. Each foot of the flattened wire weighs, therefore, the 4,000th part of an ounce. But, as in the process of wire-drawing and rolling, the proportion of the two metals is maintained, the gold which covers the surface of the fine thread thus produced, consists only of the 180th part of its whole weight. Therefore, the gold which covers one foot is only the 720,000th part of an ounce, and, consequently, the gold which covers an inch will be the 8,640,000th part of an ounce. If this inch be again divided into one hundred equal parts, each part will be distinctly visible without the aid of a microscope; and yet, the gold which covers such visible part will be only the 864,000,000th part of an ounce. But we need not stop even here. This portion of the wire may be magnified 500 times; and by these means, therefore, its 500th part will become visible.

Existence of Animals in Low Temperatures.—Many animals have, however, the power of bearing the greatest difference of temperature, and many infusoria live in the Alpine snow. According to Shuttleworth and Vogt, there are five organisms endowed with this property, of which four belong to the infusoria, and one to the crustacea, and these organisms give a red colour to the snow. A multitude of infusoria are found beneath the ice in winter, of which Schmarda enumerates fifty species as found by himself. Doyère dried wheel animalculum, and having damped them, and put them for a few minutes into a temperature of from 120 deg. to 140 deg. of Reaumur, several recovered, but the experiment establishes no proofs, as it is entirely isolated and without analogy. Insects are to be found in the greatest extremes. Reaumur and Degeer found the larvæ of gnats in ice. Captain Buchan saw a frozen lake which in the evening was all still and hard, but as soon as the sun had dissolved the surface in the morning, it was in a state of animation, owing, as it appeared on close inspection, to myriads of flies let loose, while many still remained fixed and frozen round. Ellis also mentions that a large black mass like coal or peat, dissolved, when thrown upon the fire, into a cloud of musquitoes. Humboldt found beetles far above the line of perpetual snow of the Cardilleras. Several springtails (*podura hiemalis* and *glacialis*) live on the snow, and impart to it a black or red colour. On the other hand, Dr. Reeve found larvæ, supposed to be those of the crane fly (*tipula*), in a hot spring, at 205 deg. of Fahrenheit, and Perty discovered caddis larvæ (*phryganea*), in a spring in Wales, at 150 deg. of temperature. Among fish, the bream, if packed in snow, can be preserved alive for a considerable time; and carp, after having been frozen so hard as to require the force of an axe to divide them, have recovered on being thawed.—*Thompson's Passions of Animals.*

Force of the Electric Fluid.—The following curious and dangerous effects of lightning may not be familiar to many who witness its grand and awful exhibitions :—A person may be killed by lightning, although the explosion takes place at twenty miles, by what is called the back-stroke. Suppose that the two extremities of a cloud highly charged with electricity, hang down towards the earth, they will repel the electricity from the earth's surface, if it be of the same kind with their own, and will attract the other kind: and if a discharge should suddenly take place at one end of the cloud, the equilibrium will instantly be restored by a flash at the point of the earth which is under the other. Though the back-stroke is often sufficiently powerful to destroy life, it is never so terrible as the direct shot, which is frequently of inconceivable intensity. Instances have occurred in which large masses of iron and stone, and even many feet of stone wall, have been conveyed to a considerable distance by a stroke of lightning. Rocks and the tops of mountains often bear the marks of fusion from its action, and occasionally vitreous tubes, descending many feet into the banks of sand, mark the path of the electric fluid. Some years ago Dr. Fielder exhibited several of these fulgorities in London of considerable length, which had been dug out of the sandy plains of Silesia and Eastern Prussia. One found at Paderborn was forty feet long. The ramifications generally terminate in pools or springs of water below the sand, which are supposed to determine the course of the electric fluid. No doubt the soil and substrata must influence its direction, since it is found by experience that places which have been struck by lightning are often struck again. A schoolhouse in Lammermoor, in East Lothian, has been struck three different times.

The Stereoscope.—The phenomena of vision have engaged the attention of our most acute philosophers; and various have been the theories propounded to explain the result of single vision with a pair of eyes, which are of necessity under the influence of two impressions. The researches of Wheatstone have done more than those of any other man to place this phenomenon in a clear light. In his stereoscope we survey two images viewed at the angle of reflection converted into a *solid* body—that is, a body conveying to the mind an impression of *length*, *breadth*, and *thickness*. This instrument has recently been modified by Sir David Brewster; who, by cutting a lens into halves, and placing each half so as to represent an eye—the distance between them being 2½ inches—has very beautifully imitated the mechanical conditions of the eye. Such an instrument is used as a camera for photographic purposes; and daguerreotypes obtained in it, as we have seen them executed with great delicacy by Mr. Claudet, are examined under a similar instrument, the binocular stereoscope. The result is, a mimic reality of the most deceptive character.

A Flash of Lightning.—Dr. Lardner, in his "Handbook of Natural Philosophy," says :—"A flash of lightning appears to the eye as a continuous line of light, because the light emitted at any point of the line remains upon the retina until the cause of the light passes over the succeeding points. In the same manner, any objects moving before the eye with such a velocity that the retina shall retain the impression produced at one point in the line of its motion until it passes through the other points, will appear as a continuous line of light or colour."

Astronomical Fact.—A curious fact for astronomers has just been ascertained. In the papers of the celebrated Lalande, recently presented to the Academy of Sciences by M. Arago, there is a note to the effect that so far back as the 25th October, 1800, he and Buckhardt were of opinion, from calculations, that there must be a planet beyond Uranus; and they occupied themselves for some time in trying to discover its precise position.

Water Gas.—The following is the process used in the manufacture of water gas :—A rapid succession of drops, or a small stream of water is allowed to fall upon a body of incandescent charcoal. A very large volume of pure water gas is thus rapidly produced; which being made to combine with gas from cannel in its nascent state, is found to double and even treble the usual amount got from a given weight of coal, and of such purity that no smoke can be drawn from it.

Vegetation at the North Pole.—In the never-ending winter, where you would expect life to become extinct, the snow is sometimes found of a bright red colour. Examine it with a microscope, and lo! it is covered with mushrooms growing on the surface of the snow, as their natural abode.

MISCELLANEA.

TRUTH considered in itself, and in the effects natural to it, may be conceived as a gentle spring or water-source, warm from the genial earth, and breathing up into the snowdrift that is piled over and around its outlet. It turns the obstacle into its own form and character, and as it makes its way increases its stream. And should it be arrested in its course by a chilling season, it suffers delay, not loss, and waits only for a change in the wind to awaken and again roll onwards.

SLEEP AT WILL.—"Sometime since I observed advertisements in the London papers, offering to communicate, on payment of a sovereign, a mode of producing 'sleep at will.' Can you tell me how this can be done?—INVALID."—The following directions for procuring rest are from Dr. Burn's work on "The Anatomy of Sleep:"—"Let the person turn on his left side, place his head comfortably on the pillow, so that it exactly occupies the angle a line drawn from the head to the shoulder would form; and then, slightly closing his lips, let him take rather a full respiration, breathing as much as possible through his nostrils. This, however, is not absolutely necessary, as some persons breathe always through their nostrils during sleep, and rest as soundly as those who do not. Having taken a full inspiration, the lungs are then to be left to their own action—that is, the respiration is neither to be accelerated nor retarded. The attention must now be fixed on the action in which the patient is engaged. He must depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream; and the very instant he brings his mind to conceive this, apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart, imagination slumbers, fancy becomes dormant, thought subdued, the sentient faculties lose their susceptibility, the vital or ganglionic system assumes the sovereignty, and, as we before remarked, he no longer wakes, but sleeps. This train of phenomena is but the effect of a moment. The instant the mind is brought to the contemplation of a single sensation, that instant the sensorium abdicates the throne, and the hypnotic faculty steeps it in oblivion."—We would advise "Invalid" to try this method, as it can be done at little cost, although we must confess that we have no great confidence in it. We much fear that if a person thus learn to sleep by breathing through his nostrils, he will inevitably, at the same time learn to *snore* loud enough to wake himself.

HOW IS IT THAT CANDLES WITH TWISTED OR PLAITED WICKS DO NOT REQUIRE SNUFFING?—The burning wick, by the force of torsion of the fibre which composes it, presents itself to the air, and, finding a due supply of oxygen, the carbon burns away. The little beads of vitreous matter, which are seen to accumulate at the end of the wick, are so many beads of glass. Formerly, the dropping of ashes into the tallow or stearine of the candle was productive of much inconvenience, when it was suggested that the wicks, previously to being covered with their greasy coating, should be steeped in a solution of borax. The plan was found to succeed perfectly; the ashes, fusing with the borax, formed a glass, which no longer soiled the stearine by dropping upon it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. Y. Z. will find the information he requires on the method of making a galvanic machine, in Knight's "Cyclopædia of Industry," and also in a little volume published by Cradock, Paternoster-row.

D—r wishes to know what is the necessary outfit for a married couple proceeding to America, and where he could best obtain a daguerreotype portrait of his parent, whom he leaves behind. With regard to the first question,—so much depends on his own means that we should scarcely like to advise; as to the last, he may get a photographic well and cheaply taken at 374, Strand.

W. SNELLING and others, who have written for further instructions in photography, are informed that an article will shortly appear in the ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR, in which more minute instructions will be given. Cheap apparatus may be obtained of Messrs. Horne and Wood, Newgate; Mr. Ross, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn, and Messrs. Field, Birmingham.

IGNORANCE should read his classics, and he would soon discover the meaning of the Hungarian lady who told Georgey that she saw Diagones peeping out of his torn coat.

R. W. P. wishes to know what history of France comes nearest in style to Macaulay's History of England? With all modesty, we beg to refer him to the History of France, which is publishing in John Cassell's Library.

QUESTRIST wishes to know if there is any truth in astrology. Speaking of astrology as the term at present understood, it is false and fabulous; but considered in reference to its results—the discoveries and speculations of astronomers—it may be considered to have had great influence in *eliciting* truth. The dreams engendered in the minds of half educated men have evolved many important truths which these men have seized and made practical.

A. B.—The tartar or incrustation on the teeth may be removed by means of powdered pumice-stone and charcoal applied in the usual way with a tooth brush. A. B. must be careful when the teeth *are* clean to *keep them so*.

WILLIAM BENFIELD.—Water converted into steam occupies more than 1700 times its former space. Steam will be produced at a porportionately lower temperature if we diminish the pressure of the atmosphere on the water, which may be done either by ascending a mountain or by withdrawing a portion of the air by means of an air pump. When we continue to heat ordinary steam, under a constant bulk, its elasticity rapidly increases, and it is then termed *high pressure*, while steam of the ordinary temperature is called *low pressure*. We are not aware of any law which prevents a person from using a still for chemical purposes.

JAMES BUNTING and others have applied to us for a specific against early baldness. Vegetable oils and friction are the only means for increasing the growth of the hair.

W. D. S.—The "True-born Englishman" of Daniel De Foe, is not now included in the list of published books called the London Catalogue. It can only be seen in a public library; the British Museum for instance.

CAMBRIAN will find in the *Curiosities of Industry*, and in a hand-book on Electricity, published by Longman and Co. all he requires. It is not unlikely that we may refer more particularly to the subject of galvanism in the *Friend*.

H. C. W. is informed that his communication is even now undergoing the examination which the Editor promised him, some weeks since, should be made.

CHRISTOPHE appears to be ignorant of the existence of our "French Lessons" and "Manual of the French Language," or he would not ask us what is the best method of obtaining a knowledge of French without the aid of a teacher. Both works may be obtained. Order of any bookseller.

A SUBSCRIBER at Castle Mill is directed to the last number of the *Friend* for a few arguments in favour of teetotalism. It would be insidious to say which is the *best* History of England, but he will find Dr. Ferguson's, in "John Cassell's Library," very good indeed.

A TEETOTALER will find himself answered elsewhere. The third volume of the *History of Ireland* is now ready for delivery.

W. W. will find his questions answered in a reply to PERRY, in No. 22.

IMEINS.—There is a cheap edition of Milton's complete works published by Daly, Hatton-garden.

JOHN DODMAN.—The working drawings of a camera obscura would cost more than a complete apparatus. Apply to any mathematical and philosophical instrument maker.

R. G. C.—The seven wonders of the world *were*, the Colossus at Rhodes, the Sepulchre of Mansolus, King of Casta; the Palace of Cyrus, King of the Medes; the Pyramids of Egypt; the Statue of Jupiter Olympus; the Temple of Diana at Ephysus; the Walls of Babylon. These were the classic seven wonders; what the modern wonders are it would be rather difficult to say.

A SCRIBBLER asks how he may improve his written compositions? The art of composing sentences clearly, so as to express his own meaning and interest those who read, is well worthy the attention of every young person; it cannot be attained without close application to study, but its value and beauty will be an ample recompense. Two or three general rules may be given. *First*, due regard should be paid to the *length* of your sentences; if they be too *short*, the sense is apt to be broken; if they be too *long*, the attention of the reader may be fatigued. A mixture of long and short sentences is generally most pleasing. *Secondly*, your meaning should be expressed with *clearness*. Right words must be selected and properly arranged, and your leading idea must be kept fully in view. And, *thirdly*, this should be expressed with *force*. The sense should be brought out to the greatest advantage, that every word may have its due weight, and make a suitable impression on the mind of the reader. Practice will enable you to arrange your words and sentences in the most *pleasing* form.

"BACHELOR" surely cannot be serious in asking us to direct him as to his choice of a suitable companion for life. How can *we* do this who are utter strangers to his character, tastes, habits, or expectations?

W. BANCROFT.—It is quite impossible for us to say "whether Napoleon has an idea of placing on his head the imperial crown," or whether he is now "planning an invasion of this country." Time will show.

JAMES PENROSE.—The minie rifle is not yet sold in England; but rifles made on the same principle may be obtained of the best London gun makers.

A WELL WISHER'S first question, respecting a passage in Dr. Ferguson's History of England, shall be answered next week. The spots which appear on kid gloves arise from the imperfect dressing of the leather, or from damp. There is no way of removing them that we are aware of.

L'HOMME FRANCOIS.—The hosiery trade of France is carried on principally in Paris, Lyons, and Croyes, but where a directory of the manufacturers can be obtained we are not aware. Apply to Messrs. Graetzer and Hermann, of Huggin-lane Cheapside, the agents of the principal French manufacturers. We reply to our correspondent's queries in the order in which he asks them. He should read the Manual of the French Language, and he will find all he requires. Its price is 2s. 2. *Tong*, but not so nasal as this would sound in English, something between tong and *ton*. 3. *Heureux*, is pronounced *huru*, giving the *u* the peculiar French sound, as explained in the French Lessons. 4. *Aujourdhui* is pronounced *ōzhoordwee*. 5. *Habit* is *habée*. The *h* is but slightly heard, and the accent on the last syllable. 6. *Main*, *maung*, but shorter, something between mong and maung. 7. Brah. 8. As the English "prate" exactly. Lastly *pauvre* sounds povr, the *r* being very slightly sounded, and the *o* long. The next double number of the History of France will conclude the present series of John Cassell's Library.

C. B.—SLEEPING AFTER DINNER.—Dr. Combe, a high authority on all matters of hygiene, says:—Sleeping after dinner is a bad practice. On awakening from such indulgence there is, generally, some degree of febrile excitement, in consequence of the latter stages of digestion being hurried on; it is only useful in old people, and in some cases of disease. Sleep becomes wholesome only to the healthy when taken at those hours pointed out by nature; an excess of it produces lassitude and corpulency, and utterly debases and stupifies the mind. Corpulent people should sleep little, and upon hard beds, while they should take abundance of exercise and live abstemiously, that their unhealthy bulk may be reduced.

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THE
WORKING MAN'S FRIEND
AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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THE ISLAND OF JERSEY.

IF to a traveller approaching from England, Jersey presents an uninviting aspect as he sees the bare rocks that fringe the shore, it is because he is advancing towards it at *low* water. It is the contrary when he reaches it at *high* water, for the rise and fall of the tide along the southern shore of the island is upwards of forty-five feet. No one at such a time can sail round Noirmont Point and pass across the mouth of St. Aubin's Bay, towards the harbour of St. Helier's, without the most lively admiration of the scene. The noble brim-full bay, stretching a fine curve of many miles; its sloping shores charmingly diversified with wood and cultivated fields, and thickly dotted with villas and cottages, open before the eye; on the left, close to the vessel as she sails by, is the gay and imposing fortress called Elizabeth Castle, having for its base a huge sea-girt rock, while in front

MOUNT ORGUEIL CASTLE.

stretches the town of St. Helier's, commanded by its lofty stronghold, and backed by a fine range of wooded and cultivated heights.

Jersey, with the other Channel islands, are within sight of the French shores. As part of the duchy of Normandy, they became connected with England when the Duke of Normandy obtained possession of the English crown. They were held independently of this country when the conquerer's son Robert reigned as Duke of Normandy, but were again united to England when Henry I. obtained possession of the duchy. They suffered in the reign of Edward III. when, for some years, they were partially possessed by the French. Other troubles were experienced during the struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster, as well as in the civil wars. In an address presented to William and Mary, the inhabitants of Jersey expressed a hope that their majesties would believe that, though their "tongues were French, their hearts and swords were truly English." Yet it is only of late that the people had any considerable and particular acquaintance with ours.

Jersey, in form an irregular parallelogram, is about ten miles long and five broad. Its greatest length from south-east to north-west is about twelve miles. Its circumference, taking in all the sinuosities and windings, is nearly fifty miles. Its superficies contains about 40,000 acres. The surface of the island slopes from north to south; the whole of the northern coast, with the eastern and western shoulders, being composed of lofty, precipitous cliffs, while the southern shore, though fringed with crags and beds of rock, lies low, and has a considerable portion of sandy beach. Bays, caves, and inlets indent the whole circumference of the island.

According to Dr. Hooper, Jersey enjoys an early spring and a lengthened autumn, vegetation being usually active and forward in March, and the landscape far from naked at the end of December. Spring is marked, however, by unsteadiness of temperature, and harsh variable weather, with a prevalence of east winds; and this disadvantage is felt particularly in May, which often fails to bring with it the expected enjoyments. Yet March is mild, and October still milder.

A sight of the scene presented by one of the eminences, Mr. Inglis says, "immediately begets a desire to range over the island, to penetrate into the valleys and ravines, to wander through the fields, pastures, orchards, and gardens, and to descend to the bays and creeks, which one pictures full of quiet and beauty; and for my own part, I was not long in yielding to this desire.

(Continued on page 388.*)*

THE WORKING MEN OF ENGLAND, AND AN ORGANISED MILITIA.

It is now becoming every day more evident that the chief danger of the world is from standing armies. We have again and again been told that soldiers and sailors are the bulwarks of nations; but in the same breath we are called upon to arm; and for what purpose? Not against the women or children of France and other countries. Not against the kings, the emperors, the presidents, the mechanics, the tradesmen, the merchants, scholars, and philanthropists of the various kingdoms. These excite no alarm. Were the world inhabited by none but these, we might immediately, all of us, join "The Peace Society," and "beat our swords into ploughshares, and our spears into pruning-hooks." But the terror of the world is its armies. If France had no armies, England would have no panic; and if England had no armies, then every Frenchman might sleep in peace; so that the nations are actually spending millions a year to frighten one another. Wherever we look, there is nothing to create alarm but the troops. There is nothing in Russia, Austria, or Prussia to disturb other countries but the armed men, so that the boasted security of the world is its sole insecurity.

It seems also that no amount of armed force can at present free the nations from the dread they have of each other. But for the want of money, there would be no end of soldiers, because each would be vieing with the other in the multiplication of these slaughtermen. It has as yet scarcely occurred to princes and rulers that to diminish the number of their troops would answer the purpose as well as to increase them, because if twenty thousand are equal to twenty thousand, then ten thousand are equal to ten thousand, five to five, one to one, and none to none. There was a time when England had no standing army, when all her enemies were semi-barbarians, and nearly all neighbouring nations were her enemies; and yet she was not then so much alarmed as now. At present we are said to have among us the greatest commander in the world, the bravest officers and troops under heaven, ships of war and marines that surpass those of all other countries, and we annually spend, on the preparation for aggressions, from sixteen to twenty millions a year; and yet we are told, the French are told, and all the world is told, that England is now almost entirely in a defenceless state.

It is well known that the effort to produce a panic comes from the army and navy, or persons who have a money interest in the increase of our troops, and therefore we have always wondered that these gentlemen have not had a little more modesty and self-respect. For the government to tell us that we are defenceless, is not only to invite the French to attack us, but also to inform us that our chancellors of the exchequer and others have most notoriously wasted our revenues. For they have taken millions a year out of our pockets and spent them upon soldiers, sailors, ships, ammunition, forts, &c. &c., and now they assure us that all has been so badly laid out that we are defenceless, and may have Louis Napoleon in London before the end of March! Never has there been so bare-faced an example of an unfaithful steward proclaiming his own wickedness and inefficiency, and appealing to his master to countenance his delinquencies. For our generals, admirals, soldiers, sailors, &c., to set up this cry, is to proclaim their own inadequacy, indolence, and cowardice. We have thousands upon thousands of tall muscular men, all of a certain height, every one of whom has been stripped and examined by medical physiologists, who have measured him, weighed him, inquired into his history, felt him all over, made him cough, sounded his chest, and sent him to drill that his physical energies may be perfected; and now we are told that notwithstanding all these thousands of strong men who are armed "*cap a pie*," we are every moment in danger of seeing the French in London. We have often heard our soldiers in former years sing most courageously the old chorus—

> "For there is no rebel Frenchman, sans culottes,
> * * * *
> Shall conquer the English, the Irish, or Scots,
> Or land upon our coasts."

But so thoroughly are our military men debased in these days, that they are the first to create a panic; and were they to have a chorus made for their sweet voices in our times, it would be—

> "For ANY rebel Frenchman, sans culottes,
> * * * *
> MAY conquer the English, the Irish, the Scots,
> *And land upon our coasts.*"

And the only remedy for this vaunted inadequacy, inefficiency, and cowardice, is to call out a host of irregular militia. We use no exaggerated language when we say that in former years our countrymen would sooner have cut out their tongues with their own knives or swords than have proclaimed to France and all the world that Great Britain, with all its valiant generals, admirals, and thousands upon thousands of hardy common soldiers, was in danger every minute of being invaded by the French! What a proof of the degradation to which the love of place and money will sink a people.

While all persons are interested to put down this war-cry, "THE WORKING MEN" above all others ought to exert themselves against it; because the calling out of the militia will inflict a greater injury on them than on any other class of her majesty's subjects: for, of course, they will especially be called upon to serve in very large numbers. Constituting, as they do, the largest portion of the community, the greatest number would be drawn from their ranks; so that while the hardship and injustice will press heavily upon many of the middle classes, the operative and labourer will be the greatest sufferers; and thus self-defence, which is said by some to be the first law of nature, should induce them to protest against this attempt to burden them with an additional political injury. We have often shown that our present system of taxation and several other instances of national injustice are particularly oppressive to the sons and daughters of labour; and this militia act will be more so than any. In fact there is no view we can take of the subject but shows its extreme impolicy and wickedness.

I. We are doing all we can to induce the French to attack us. We are telling them in so many words that we have no faith in them. That we believe that they have neither honour, honesty, nor humanity, and that we are obliged to watch them as we would a band of savages. We need not say that it is very provoking to our neighbours to hear continually that we are thus suspicious of their integrity, and must be more calculated than anything else we could do to induce them to assail us. Or if they should abstain from invading us, yet our conduct must excite in them every sort of bad feeling; and as a consequence, our friendly intercourse and trade and commerce with them will suffer, and therefore the employment of the people will be injured. We feel persuaded that the late unhappy change in the government of France is not the work of the great mass of the French nation. The ambitious president, the military, and the priesthood, have been the principal actors. There is still a large body of citizens who know something of the sweets of trade with England, and that it is more profitable to buy and sell than to fight. And we believe that though public opinion is suppressed, yet there is a deep strata of patriotism remaining; and it is of the utmost importance that the trading and peaceable portion of our own community should keep on good terms with the merchants, tradesmen, and operatives of France, and therefore we should do all we can to put down the cry for arms. Our country is now beginning to reap some of the advantages of free trade. Bread is cheap, employment is increased, wages are higher, poor rates are decreasing, and crime diminishing; and all these advantages may be traced to the abolition of our corn-laws and other imposts, which fettered the industry of the country and limited our commerce with foreigners; and nothing but the greatest madness could induce us to raise suspicions which would in any way injure our trade with France or any other nation.

We are afraid that in this war-cry there is more craft than at first appears. The most corrupt designs have often been concealed under the name of patriotism. We have among us some thousands who prophesied that free trade would be the ruin of the country, and who now feel that their credit is at stake if their predictions are not verified. All these friends of protection long for dear bread and restricted trade, and know full well that a war would work wonders in accomplish-

ing their wishes. Not a few of these persons long to let loose the dogs of war; and would hail a rupture with England and France. For the strife once commenced, no one can say where it would end. And what so likely to bring on the collision as to increase our armaments and call out the militia. In our boyish days we attended many country fairs and wakes, and these generally were celebrated by several pitched battles, which were generally brought on by two or three bullies walking about in a pugnacious attitude, and shaking their fists in the faces of other people. Now, what is this call for arms and demand for a militia, but England shaking her fist in the faces of the French to provoke them to assail us? especially when we tell them with the same breath that our regular troops are no longer fit to compete with them, and our country is so defenceless that Louis Napoleon may any morning he likes put on his head the crown of Queen Victoria: for nearly all the papers assure us that we are now lying at the entire mercy of the French president. To every working man and woman we would say, "If you value full employment, good wages, cheap bread, and diminished taxation, then resolve not to be led astray by the cry of 'wolf,' and demand for arms."

II. The means to be adopted are a gross infraction of the liberties of free citizens. We well remember when a young man could not walk the street for fear of the barbarous *press-gang;* but what is drawing for the militia but the exercise of the very same iniquitous power? Every person drawn will be compelled to serve, or be sent to prison. Hence, no young man of good health, proper age, and firm muscle, will be safe. Liberty is, therefore, at an end, if the Militia Act should become the law of the land. From that day Englishmen are slaves. The principle, therefore, is one which ought to be opposed. To tear a man from his home, his wife, his children, his occupation, his trade, for a certain portion of the year, and doom him to all the demoralisation of a soldier's life, partakes so much of the despotism of continental tyranny, that we trust that the working classes and other ranks of the community will rise, and with one voice denounce it as a flagrant violation of the rights of British subjects.

We have more to say on this subject, but must defer our remarks till next week.

THE FUNERAL OF A MOTH.

A CHILD'S VISION.

A LITTLE child has been amusing itself at the feet of its mother, kicking and rolling about, and playing all sorts of antics, when it espied a moth disengage itself from the fibres of the carpet, and poise its small wing with a short, wavering flight. The child stopped its noisy song, rolled over upon all fours, and commenced a scramble for the poor insect, slapping its clumsy hand upon the carpet in the hope of striking it down. It did so at last—the moth fell upon its side, quivered slightly, and was still.

The child would have taken it in his hand, but suddenly there was a sound as of innumerable tiny bells tolling, and very low, sad music. He laid his cheek upon his arm, the bright curls falling all about the carpet, and his little feet stretched out, and crossed one over the other; the disarranged tunic revealing liberally his round white limbs, indolently exposed. Thus the child lay, listening to the music, that seemed to say—

"Alas, for death is amongst us."

It could not tell what was meant, but it saw that the beautiful moth stirred not, and it felt something very sad must have happened. At length a large black beetle was seen to move slowly along, and look at the little insect, and then, while the eyes of the child were fixed intently to see what would become of it, the beetle seemed a little old woman, much wrinkled, and dressed in black. She moved about quite briskly, and the child could scarce forbear a smile to see such an alert, diminutive thing. His mother's little gold thimble had fallen from her basket, and now stood upon the carpet beside the dead moth, and the child observed that the little woman in black was not as tall as the thimble. She took a robe, made of the fibres of a rose-leaf, from her pocket, and shrouded the moth, singing all the time,

"Alas, for the gladsome wing
Shall never more be spread—
When cheerful voices ring,
That may not wake the dead."

Then a grasshopper came in with a slow, sepulchral tread, bearing upon his thigh the several pericarp of the balsam (impatians), lined with gossamer, and having tassals hanging from the pall. He had no sooner approached the dead moth, than he appeared a grave and venerable undertaker, bearing the coffin, into which he and the little old woman put the poor insect, and covered it with the pall of gossamer, singing all the time in a sweet, sad voice.

Then an immense procession of moths (they were of that kind called death's-head, undoubtedly a class designed to officiate exclusively at funerals), followed the undertaker as he bore out the body—but as they moved on, they were all little men and women, dressed in drab, each with a sad, pale face, and now and then one of the younger with a handkerchief pressed to the eyes; while all sang in chorus the following words—

"Rest thee, rest thee, blighted one,
Sunshine may not come to thee;
When our joyous wings are spread,
Thine in death shall folded be.
Rest thee; sad and early call'd,
From our pleasant haunts away,
Where we met in sunset revels
At the close of summer day."

The child heard the hum of their voices when he had ceased to distinguish the words. Then he arose, and laying his head upon his mother's lap, wept bitterly, telling her what he had heard and seen, and asking what death meant. She talked long upon the sad but pleasant subject, telling of that land where death is not, till the heart of the little boy grew joyous within him, and he called that land his home. Had the child been less young, or less innocent, the visions of the moth's funeral had not been vouchsafed. But he never, from that time, wantonly destroyed the humblest creature made by the wisdom, the goodness, and love of our heavenly Father. He saw there was room enough in the great world, and in the pleasant sunshine for him and them; and he remembered that a better land had been promised to man only; therefore he would not abridge the few days of happiness granted to the little insect. The child daily grew gentle and loving, for the exercise of kindness, even in one simple instance, had fixed the principle in his young heart, till it expanded so that it embraced all the creatures made by our great and good Parent. It was thus that he learned, not only to love worthily the good and loving, but even those in whom the image of God, stamped upon the human soul, had become marred and effaced by sin. He loved and prayed even for these, and the blessedness of such prayers returned upon his own head. Thus did the child learn a lesson of wisdom, and of goodness, from the Funeral of the Moth.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.—Women are generally more devoted to their friends than men, and display an indefatigable activity in serving them. Whoever has gained the affections of a woman is sure to succeed in any enterprise wherein she assists him; men draw back much sooner in such cases. Frequently in my life have I had occasion to admire in females the most generous zeal in behalf of their friends. Who is not astonished at the courage shown by a woman, when her husband, whose misconduct has perhaps a thousand times offended her, is threatened with imminent danger? Who does not know many instances of the most heroic devotedness on the part of the sex? A woman spares no effort to serve her friends. When it is a question of saving her brother, her husband, her father, she penetrates into prisons—she throws herself at the feet of her sovereign. Such are the women of our day, and such has history represented those of antiquity.

SORROW.—Sorrow is the night of the mind. What would be a day without its night? The day reveals one sun only; the night brings to light the whole of the universe. The analogy is complete. Sorrow is the firmament of thought and the school of intelligence.

(Continued from page 385.)

"Every place has its lions, every district in every travelled country under the sun has its accustomed drives; and the traveller who visits Jersey for a few days, for the purpose of seeing the island, will be placed in a jaunting car, and carried across the island, or taken the great round and the little round, and be told he has seen Jersey. But there are many valleys up which the jaunting car never travels, many deep dells where there are no roads for cars, many a tiny rivulet that waters into fertility green meadows dotted with cattle that seldom raise their heads to look at the stranger, many little roads, inlets, and creeks, to which there is no trodden path; and therefore the traveller who seats himself in the vehicle gains but a very imperfect knowledge of the outward aspect and natural beauties of Jersey." No doubt the pedestrian has peculiar advantages in traversing any part of the earth; but assuredly it is better to have a hasty glance of this island than none at all, while a few days will give a stranger a sufficient knowledge of it for all ordinary purposes.

PORT AND TOWN OF ST. HELIER'S.

A large portion of the cultivable land is occupied by apple trees, and of this fruit and cyder there is a considerable export. The pride of the island is the Chaumontelle pear, which is said to be often a pound in weight. Other fruits are also produced; peach-apricots, melons, and strawberries are abundant, and they are noted for their size and flavour. Timber trees, growing in the hedge-rows, unite with the fruit trees in giving to the scenery a peculiar softness and richness. Jersey, indeed, appears like an extensive pleasure-ground,—one immense park, thickly studded with trees, beautifully undulating, and dotted with cottages.

The Jersey, usually called in England the "Alderney cow," has a fine curved tapering horn, slender nose, fine skin, and deer-like form. It materially differs from that of Guernsey, which is larger, and resembles the short-horned Devonshire breed.

It has been mentioned as one advantage of a visitor to Jersey, and which the traveller to various parts of the continent will not fail to appreciate, that he may, if he please, take his carpet-bag in his hand, without asking leave of a custom-house officer, and have the satisfaction of seeing his trunks carried before him to the hotel, without the tedious delays incident to revenue regulations.

St. Helier's, the capital of the island, stands on the east side of St. Aubin's Bay, on a slope facing the shore between two rocky heights, on one of which is the citadel, Fort Regent, overlooking the harbour, as may be seen in the engraving. It was erected in 1806, at the cost of £800,000, and possesses all the usual defences of a regular fortress; yet strange to say, it has little accommodation for troops. In the old and central parts of the town, the streets are narrow and irregular; but in the out-skirts they are regular, well-built, and ornamented with garden-grounds in front. The chief open space within the town is the Royal-square. The market-place is inclosed by a wall with iron palisades, and on Saturdays there is a very rich display of vegetables, fruit, and flowers, besides poultry and game from France, all at very moderate charges.

In the centre of the bay, within about three-quarters of a mile from the pier of St. Helier, is a large rock not less than a mile in circumference, the surface of which is covered with the buildings and fortifications of Elizabeth Castle. Its name is derived from the sovereign in whose reign it was partly built; but the parts below the iron gates were afterwards added, and many additions were made to the castle in the time of Charles I. There is a tradition that, in order to defray the original expense of this erection, all the bells of the churches and chapels of Jersey were seized and shipped for St. Malo to be sold, but that the vessel which carried them foundered in a storm, to the satisfaction of those who regarded the seizure as an act of sacrilege. Another statement is that an order in council directed that one bell should be left in every church, the remainder sold, and the money applied to the building of the castle. "I was surprised," says Mr. Inglis, "on passing through the gateway, to find a wide grassy level, terminated by extensive barracks and their appurtenances. In war time this fortress was an important place, and, no doubt, presented to the eye and ears of the traveller a very different scene from that which it now presents. Decay seems now to be creeping over it; and, although a solitary sentinel is still to be seen pacing to and fro, and although pyramids of shot still occupy their accustomed places, grass and weeds have forced their way through the interstices, and the rows of dismounted cannon show the stirring days of war have gone by. May the weeds long grow, and the rust continue to creep over the engines of death!" is a wish of this interesting traveller that we may breathe in reference to them, wherever they are found on the face of the earth.

Quitting St. Helier's, and passing St. Saviour's, the visitor may proceed to Mount Orgueil Castle, of which we give an engraving, and its neighbour, the little town or village of Gorey, the seat of the Jersey oyster fishery. Mount Orgueil Castle is the most ancient fortification in the island. It stands on a rocky headland, whose lofty appearance gave rise to its name, which juts out into the sea, separating the Bay of Grouville from that of St. Catherine, which occupies the greater part of the eastern side of Jersey. No one knows how long it existed prior to the reign of John; but at that time it was enlarged and strengthened. It is now entitled, whether seen from land or sea, to be called an imposing ruin. In many parts the walls are yet entire; but in other places, massive as they are, they have yielded to the pressure of time; and the mantle of ivy which in most parts hangs from their very summits, is in fine unison with the grey tint of age which is seen here and there above the walls, which are bare, and with the loop holes and rents of passing years. A magnificent prospect is enjoyed from the summit, embracing several of the bays which lie on either side the richly-wooded range of heights that girds the central parts of the island, and the village of Gorey, far below, with its harbour and shipping, the whole expanse of sea, and the distant coast of France.

In this castle the celebrated William Prynne was for some time imprisoned, one of the many victims of intolerance in the reigns of the Stuarts; and here, too, one of that family lived during some of the days of his wandering, before he rose to the throne of England as Charles II. It is also worthy of remembrance that in Elizabeth Castle Lord Clarendon resided for two years, while engaged in writing his history of "The Rebellion."

ELIZABETH CASTLE.

LECTURES TO WORKING MEN.

ON THE MODE OF OCCURRENCE OF METALS IN NATURE.

On Monday evening, March 8, Professor Warrington Smyth delivered a lecture at the Museum of Practical Geology on the above subject.

The lecturer commenced by stating that the subject was one which required far more time than one hour to do it justice. He should, therefore, chiefly confine his attention to some observations illustrative of the mode of arrangement of metals in the Museum, with some remarks on the mode of their occurrence in nature, with the view of encouraging his audience to visit and study the collection at their leisure, feeling fully assured they would add much to their stock of useful information by so doing.

The general term, ores, is applied to those mineral substances which contain metals in union or associated with other substances, and it is the business of the smelter to separate those substances, and to obtain the metals in a state of purity.

A collection of specimens of ores of various kinds may be regarded in a three-fold point of view—first, as objects of natural history, in the same way as animals, plants, &c. (in this way they are grouped and arranged in the British museum); secondly, as regards their mining and metallurgical value, dependent upon the per centage of metal they contain, and their value in the arts (it is with this view that the specimens of ores have been arranged in the Museum of Practical Geology); and, thirdly, with regard to the mode of their occurrence in nature, whether in beds, veins, or superficial deposits.

Professor Smyth then entered into a detailed explanation of the mode in which the minerals were arranged in the museum of the institution, having before him a sketch illustrating the situation of the various cases of ores, and explaining the nature of the contents of such cases, some being appropriated to British, others to foreign, and a third to ores the produce of the British colonies, whilst another set contained specimens illustrative of the mode of their occurrence in nature.

The lecturer then proceeded to notice the ores of iron, as they are found in various parts of the world. These were illustrated by means of the following diagram :—

Ores of Iron.

Magnetic Iron Ore.

Iron	72·4
Oxygen	27·6
	100 0

Specular Iron Ore (peroxide).

Iron	70 0
Oxygen	30·0
	100 0

Brown Iron Ore (hydrous oxide).

Iron	60.0
Oxygen	26·0
Water	14·0
	100·0

Sparry Iron Ore (carbonate of iron).

Protoxide of Iron	62·0
Carbonic Acid	38 0
	100 0

The magnetic iron ore is found in Russia, Sweden, Elba, &c., but not much in this country.

The specular iron ore is very rich in metal, and is carried often to a considerable distance to be mixed with poorer iron ores, and smelted together.

The brown iron ore, though not so rich in metal, has the property of smelting "kindly."

The sparry iron ore is chiefly obtained in Styria, Carinthia, &c., and the iron and steel obtained from it is exceedingly well adapted for the manufacture of cutting instruments, as scythes, sickles, &c. There is another ore, that is called the clay iron ore, which abounds throughout our coal-beds, and forms the chief source of British iron.

The ores of lead next came under review, the principal of which, and their composition, was made apparent by the following diagram :—

Ores of Lead.

Galena (sulphide of lead).

Lead	86·7
Sulphur	13·3
	100 0

White Lead Ore (carbonate of lead).

Oxide of lead	83·6
Carbonic acid	16·4
	100·0

Of these ores the galena is by far the most common; occurring in beds and veins in conjunction with more or less silver; the general rule being that in proportion to the quantity of silver contained in the ore, the productiveness of the vein decreases. The carbonate of lead ore would appear to be galena which has undergone some chemical action. Galena is the lead ore found in greatest abundance in this country.

The next metal which came under the lecturer's review was copper :—

Ores of Copper.

NATIVE COPPER.

Red Copper Ore (oxide).

Copper	88·9
Oxygen	11·1
	100·0

Redruthite Ore (sulphide of copper).

Copper	79·8
Sulphur	20·2
	100·0

Copper Pyrites.

Copper	34·5
Iron	30·5
Sulphur	35 0
	100·0

The native copper is pure copper; it usually occurs of a dendriform shape, like the branches of a small tree or large piece of moss, and has a crystalline structure. The red copper ore is a very valuable ore, now being worked to some extent in the Phœnix mine in Cornwall. The Redruthite ore, so called from its occurrence in mines near the town of Redruth in Cornwall, is another of these copper ores. About 100 years since, the Cornish miners were in the habit of throwing thousands of tons of this valuable ore into the Atlantic every year, not being aware of its real value. The copper ore of most frequent occurrence is the copper pyrites, which is conveyed from Cornwall, Cuba, and other places to Swansea to be smelted; although the analysis of good copper pyrites would indicate the quantity of copper mentioned in the diagram, yet the average of the copper pyrites ores does not run higher than from 4 to 10 per cent. Another ore of copper is the malachite, or green carbonate, which the visitor of the Exhibition will never forget, who found his way into the Russian department. The lecturer exhibited a specimen of malachite from the Burra Burra mines of Australia.

The ores of tin next claimed attention.

Ores of Tin.

Tinstone (oxide of tin).

Tin	79
Oxygen	21
	100

Tin Pyrites (bell-metal ore).

Tin	29
Copper	30
Sulphur	30
Zinc and iron	11
	100

The tinstone is the only ore of tin of any importance ; it is very difficult to extract the ore from the bell-metal ore.

The Ores of Zinc are as follows :—

Zinc Blende (sulphide of zinc).

Zinc	66·8
Sulphur	33·2
	100·0

Calamine (carbonate of zinc)

Oxide of Zinc	64·05
Carbonic Acid	35·15
	100·00

The lecturer then proceeded to speak more particularly of the mode of occurrence of minerals in nature. After referring to the information furnished by Professor Ramsay in the preceding lecture, with regard to the various strata, &c., composing the crust of the globe, the lecturer called the attention of his audience to the mode of occurrence of nodules or lumps of iron ore, occurring between beds or layers of shell, sandstone, &c.; these nodules being interspersed through the strata, it does not answer to sink a shaft to work them ; in this case therefore an open cutting or quarry is formed, like that of a stone quarry, and the nodules of argillaceous or clayey iron ores are thus readily got at and removed. In another case, that in which iron ore occurs in the lower beds of the oolite, a discovery of but a few years, shafts are sunk for the underground working of this ore. Professor Smyth here remarked that this source of iron ore is one of great importance and value; it was first found in the Yorkshire oolite, and has from thence been traced into Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire, producing many thousand tons to the acre. The supply of iron ore from this source enables us to look with less regret at the gradually decreasing supplies of ore from our coal fields.

Another mode of occurrence is that of thin beds extending over a surface of more than a thousand square miles, as exemplified in the copper slate deposit of Prussian Saxony, Hesse, &c.

The alluvial deposits next came under notice, as illustrated by the tin ore, resembling gravel, found in Cornwall, and the gold of Siberia, California, and Australia, in which cases the rocks containing these metals had gradually suffered from the decomposing action of the atmosphere and other causes, and the accumulated detritus or waste from this source had filled ravines and mountain passes, in which the gold was now found in pieces, varying from small grains up to large lumps. On the lecture-table was a lump of Californian gold weighing upwards of eighteen pounds, obtained from this alluvial deposit. In Siberia, a lump of gold was found of the weight of ninety pounds. In all these cases the angles of the lumps of metal are rounded off or worn away like gravel, by the continued rolling action and friction to which they have been subjected. Platinum and other metals usually associated with it are always found in the shape of small grains in deposits of this character.

The gold found in Wicklow at the close of the last century, of the value of more than £10,000, agreed in its mode of occurrence with the Siberian, Californian, and Australian gold.

Another mode in which minerals occur in nature is that of lodes or veins; in this case, a crack or fissure in the earth having been first formed, it has subsequently been filled with some mineral substance, usually of a crystalline form, and apparently deposited from an aqueous solution. A good illustration of a simple vein may be seen in the case of a piece of black marble, traversed with a white vein; in this case the crack or fissure must have at one time been formed in the marble, into which a solution of carbonate of lime obtained access, and there became crystallised. In the case of veins of granite and porphyry, these, no doubt, were produced by igneous causes, being in a melted condition when they found their way into the cracks or fissures existing in other strata above them. In the case of metals, however, we have no evidence of igneous origin.

The difficult task of the miner, in his researches, may be imagined from the circumstance that there occur no less than 600 species of minerals, and many varieties of each species. The utility, therefore, of a school of mines, and of a good collection of mineral specimens open for the inspection of the miner, is thus obvious. A knowledge of the mode of occurrence of these minerals in nature is also of great importance This is especially illustrated by the fact, that in some cases the mineral deposit takes place from above downwards, and in others from below upwards. In the former case the vein or lode gradually decreases *downwards;* in the other case it gradually increases *upwards*. An acquaintance with these facts is useful in determining the miner where to sink a shaft, so as to get at the thickest and most productive part of the vein or lode.

The lecturer then noticed those curious mineral deposits called *slickensides*, in which a nodule has assumed a solid crystalline form under such a degree of pressure, that when the miner breaks it with his pickaxe, the confined air escapes with so much force as to rend the nodule into a thousand fragments, to the great danger of the miner, who is often injured by the violence of the explosion.

In conclusion, Professor Smyth expressed the hope that his audience would avail themselves of every opportunity they could obtain of inspecting the collection of minerals in the museum, assuring them that both he and his fellow-professors would at all times feel much pleasure in rendering them assistance in those examinations.

OLD MR. THEY-SAY.

Who has not heard of the world-renowned They-say? His name is familiar with all men everywhere? The high and low, rich and poor, bond and free, honoured and despised, civilised and barbarian, Jew and Gentile, Mussulman and Christian, all nations, kindreds, tribes, and tongues, have heard of Mr. They-say. His name is almost a household word. But who has ever given the world a history of this eminent personage? Numerous as biographers are, no one has ever yet written and published the life of Mr. They-say. Pardon us if we undertake the task of writing a brief history of him.

His Parentage.—His father's name is Slander; his mother's, Tattle; of his genealogy nothing more is known. He was born in the town of Evil-Report, in the kingdom of Sin.

His Age.—It is not known in what precise age of the world Mr. They-say was born. It is the opinion of many that he was born soon after Adam and Eve were expelled from the garden of Eden. If they are correct in this opinion, he must be very far advanced in life, and we should naturally expect to witness in him all the evidences of feeble old age—grey hairs, sunken eyes, and palsied limbs. But he is really as strong and active, as fresh and fair, as hale and hearty, as he ever was. Remarkable old creature!

His Education.—Mr. They-say's education is very limited. What knowledge he has obtained is principally from hearsay; hence he does not get any correct knowledge of anything.—His deficient education has ever been a serious embarrassment to him, for he never dares to make a positive assertion, but guesses it is so, hopes it is so, and so on.

His Personal Appearance.—We have spoken of him as being as strong, as active, &c., as he ever was. But who has ever seen Mr. They-say? Have you? Has any one? If any one has, we know not the man. In our opinion he is as intangible as a phantom, which we can neither see, handle, analyse, nor describe. But we know he exists, because everybody is talking about him. And we have come to the paradoxical conclusion that he exists and does not exist; is everywhere and nowhere; is responsible and irresponsible—a sort of "will-o'-the-wisp, jack-with-the-lantern" kind of being, whose personal appearance can never be described.

His Character.—He is distinguished for wickedness. He is a slanderer. A deceiver. A liar. A peace-breaker. Everything that is bad, without possessing one redeeming quality.

Reader, is Mr. They-say in your family? If he be, drive him hence. Harbour him not a moment. Listen not to his vile slanders. He will involve you in trouble, and make his escape in the midst of it.

Christian brother, has he visited your little community? Beware of him. He will cause "divisions to spring up among you." Let him influence you, and your once prosperous society will be destroyed.

THE COALWHIPPER.

THE river-side from the Tower to Blackwall, on the southern shore, is lined with wharves at which coals are transhipped from the colliers to the barges. Above bridge—that is, between London and Westminster bridges—similar wharves exist, but they are simply for the reception of barges, from which the coals are carted away to various parts of the town. Above bridge, the men employed about the wharves and barges are coal *porters;* below, they are coal *whippers* or *heavers*—and the distinction is this; the latter class of men, of whom there are in the port of London about two thousand, are employed solely in hoisting, or "whipping," as it is termed, the sea-brought coal from the colliers to the barges; while the business of the former is to land the mineral from the barges to the carts in waiting. The former are generally paid by the

SOBER, AND IN FULL EMPLOY.

piece for their labour—one penny per ton per man—while the latter are simply hired weekly servants who, when not engaged at the wharves, are employed in delivering the sacks at the houses of the customers.

The coalwhippers are a harmless, simple, hard-working class of men, of whom we see little in the city, and of whom the world of London readers knows next to nothing. They live in the dark dirty streets and courts of Wapping, Shadwell, Ratcliffe, and Limehouse; and if any curious adventurer chooses to take a walk along the river side on Sunday morning, the chances are that he will meet some score of dusky men occupied in manner similar to our friend at the head of this paper. For coalwhippers are a domestic kind of people, whose chief pleasures—on Sundays at least—seem bound up in their children and their own white stockings. This is the brightest side of the picture; and as the coal-

WAITING TO BE HIRED.

whipper is not one of the "heads of the people" very commonly "taken off," we propose to somewhat enlighten the world on the subject of his habits, manners, and occupation.

The visitor to Gravesend has no doubt noticed lying afloat off the southern shore of the Thames between Woolwich and the cockney watering-place numerous groups of black, low-lying, heavily-laden vessels. These are the colliers which bring the coals from the north for the use of the great metropolis. All the shore is marked out in tiers; and as the coal ships arrive in the river, the captains send up to the factors, through whom all the sales of coal take place, an account of the quantity and description of their cargo, and each vessel is then ordered to lie in one or other of the tiers in the Pool till she is allowed by the harbour-master to discharge her cargo at the wharves in London. Meanwhile, the factor at the Exchange in Tower-street has disposed of the coals. The fleet of colliers lying in the Thames sometimes—in severe winter weather, for instance, when the good folk of London require large fires—consists of upwards of 300 vessels.

We will suppose the collier—after having lain in the Pool for several days, or weeks, just as it may happen that the supply is greater or less than the demand—has arrived opposite Stepney church, and is about to discharge her cargo. A coal-meter or measurer is sent on board, by order of the city corporation, whose duty it is to see that each purchaser has his right quantity, and a gang of coalwhippers is engaged to land the cargo. Let us take a glance at the operation.

The collier being moored in the stream, with a barge fastened alongside, the labour of the coalwhipper begins. Everything is black about a collier. The vessel itself is as black as coal-dust can make it; the sails and cordage are of the same hue, and the men engaged are as dark as Africans. No matter what the original complexion of the labourers may have been—no matter what the colour of their hair or the hue of their garments, a few hours' work among the coals effectually removes all distinction between them, and the only whitish spots about them are in their eyes and their finger-nails.

To work a coal-ship properly, a gang of nine coalwhippers is necessary. The depth of coal in the hold of the vessel averages, from the deck to the timbers, about 16 feet; so that the height which the coals have to be lifted, including the "basket-man's boom," is not less than from 20 to 25 feet. The gang of whippers are thus distributed: in the hold four men are employed in filling the basket, relieving each other at regular intervals. Only one basket is used, which holds about 1½ cwt. As soon as the basket is filled below, it is "whipped

up" to the deck by four other men, seized by the "basket-man" and tilted into the weighing-machine; the coals are then weighed by the coal-meter, and finally discharged into the barge below. These several operations are performed with extraordinary quickness and dexterity and in perfect silence. Sailors when they pull at a rope accompany their work with a not unmusical "Yo-heave-ho!" which, they say, helps them considerably; but the coalwhipper works in silence. His labour is severe, and he goes at it as if he meant it.

Thousands of persons passing up and down the river (on business or pleasure), must have witnessed the operation we have just referred to, and have noticed the kind of half-apathetic, half-busy, and wholly-dirty air which pervades the colliers and the coal-barges; but few of the many understand precisely how coals are "whipped," though they may be familiar enough with the term coal "whipper." We will endeavour to explain this process, which may be said to be one of manual labour slightly aided by mechanical means.

The basket having been filled below with coals, four whippers draw it up. They stand on deck at the foot of what is called "a way." This "way" resembles a rude short ladder, four or five feet in length, usually formed of four broken oars, and having four steps, about a foot from each other. The "way" is attached to a pair of upright spars called a "derrick," at the top of which is a "gin," which is a revolving wheel to which the ropes holding the basket of coals are attached. Knowing about the moment that the basket is full—for they never look down into the hold—the whippers skip up the "way," holding the ropes attached to the basket and the gin; and, pulling the ropes at two skips simultaneously as they ascend, they then hoist the loaded basket some height out of the hold; when hoisted so far, they jump down all together, keeping exact time in their jump, from the topmost beam of the "way" on to the deck, so giving the momentum of their bodily weight to the motion communicated to the basket. While the basket is influenced by this motion and momentum, the "basket man" who is stationed on a plank laid across the hold, seizes it dextrously, runs it on, with the gin revolving, to the "boom," and rapidly reversing the basket, shoots the contents into the weighing-machine. This is not only a very clever, but a very dangerous operation; for if the man did not seize the right moment for taking hold of the basket he would not be able to carry it forward, or would probably be precipitated into the hold. The machine is something like a large wooden coal-scuttle, which holds about 2¼ cwt. It has the proper weights attached; and the duty of the meter, who stands beside the machine, which hangs over the side of the ship, is to weigh the coals, and by pulling a rope discharge the contents of the machine into the barge. This, then—the filling the basket, "whipping" it on deck, tilting it into the machine, and emptying the coals into the barge beneath—is the whole art and mystery of "coal-whipping;" and a very curious and laborious, but not very ingenious, process it is.

The usual amount of work performed by the whippers in a day is about 98 tons—when they are at work, which is not every day, owing to the supply of labourers being, except at very busy seasons, considerably greater than the demand for labour. To whip 1 ton, 16 baskets-full are required; so that the men employed jump up and down for each ton no fewer than 144 feet; and for a day's work of 98 tons, they jump up and down 13,088 feet! In some large ships the "way" has five steps, and ten men are employed. A single basket of coal, in a day's work such as we have described, is lifted not less than four miles high—about twice as high as a balloon ordinarily ascends. Sometimes 150, and even 200 tons are "whipped" in a single day. So much for the labour; now of the men themselves.

There are in the port of London upwards of 200 gangs of coalwhippers; so that, supernumeraries included, there must be upwards of 2,000 labourers employed in this kind of labour, about two-thirds only of whom are kept in regular work. Previously to the passing of the Coalwhippers' act in 1843, these men were employed and paid by the keepers of public-houses and beer-shops along the river side. The effect of this system was, that the man who spent most in drink—in fact, the greatest drunkard—earned the most money. Such a system was productive of the greatest evil; for, notwithstanding that these labourers generally earned good wages, the demands of the publican masters were so great that the man was seldom enabled to take home to his family more than six or seven shillings at the week's end. There were at that time no fewer than seventy public-houses on the north side of the river, below bridge, employing coalwhippers. The fruits of this mischievous plan of hiring are ably described by a recent writer. "When a ship came to be made up," says he, "that is, for the hands to be hired, these men assembled in crowds round the bar of the tavern, and began calling for drink, outbidding each other in the extent of their orders, so as to induce the landlord to give them employment. After being taken on, their first care was to 'put up a score' at the public-house, so as to please their employer, the publican. In the morning, before going to work, they would invariably call at the house for a quartern of gin or rum; and they were obliged to take off with them to the ship a bottle holding nine pints of beer!—and that of the worst quality, for it was the invariable practice of the publicans to supply the coalwhippers with the very worst articles at the highest possible prices. When the men returned from their work, they went back to the public-house, and there remained drinking the greater part of the night. He must have been a very steady man indeed who could manage to return home sober to his wife and family. The consequence of this was, that the men used to pass the chief part of their days and nights in the public-house; and it frequently happened that on the men settling with the publican on the clearance of the ship, it was found that instead of having anything to receive, they were brought in several shillings in debt instead." It would not be easy to describe the wretched condition of the besotted men, as they sat hour after hour in the tap-room waiting to be hired. The face of such an one the artist has drawn. Fancy a fine brawny fellow like that being obliged to waste his strength and lose his time in the heated filthy atmosphere of a public-house! Some of these *publican* masters—who were no doubt *sinners* as well—owned fifteen or even more colliers, and nearly all of them were the owners of at least two vessels. The children of the coalwhippers were almost reared in the tap-room; their wives were either made miserable drunkards like themselves, or wasted away through poverty and grief; their sons turned out thieves and vagabonds, and were transported at the expense of the community; and the only persons who prospered were the promoters of all this mischief, who frequently retired, after selling their houses for large sums, with immense fortunes. Was it any wonder that the coalwhippers of the port of London were reckoned among the dangerous classes? Was it any wonder that under such a horribly debasing system they were considered the most drunken, noisy, ill-behaved, miserable creatures? Was it any wonder that the men themselves, awaking at last to a right sense of their own degradation, met together and earnestly petitioned the government to step between them and their cruel taskmasters. That help, so long in coming, came at last.

In 1843, through the efforts of three coalwhippers, the attention of the government was called to the state of this ill-used class of men, and an act was passed which took away, at once and for ever, all power from the publican of injuring the labourer. Under this act, every man then following the calling of a coalwhipper was to be registered. For this registration 4d. was to be paid; and every man desirous of entering upon the same business had to pay the same sum, and to have his name registered. The employment is open to any labouring man; but every new hand, after registering himself, must work for twenty-one days on half-pay before he is considered to be "broken in," and entitled to take rank and receive pay as a regular coalwhipper. All the coalwhippers are arranged in gangs of eight whippers, with a basket-man or foreman. These gangs are numbered from 1 to 218, which is the highest number at the present time. The basket-men, or foremen, enter their names in a rotation-book kept in the office, and as their names stand in that book, so do they take their turn to clear the next ship that is offered. On a ship being offered, a printed form of application, kept in the office, is filled up by the captain, in which he states the number of tons, the price, and time in which she is to be delivered. If the gang whose turn of work it is, refuse the ship at the price

offered, then it is offered to all the gangs; and if accepted by any other gang, the next in rotation may claim it as their right before all others. In connexion with the office there is a long hall, extending from the street to the water-side, where the men wait to take their turns. There is also a room called the basket-men's room, where the foremen of the gang remain in attendance. There is likewise a floating pier called a depôt, which is used as a receptacle for the tackle with which the colliers are unloaded. This floating pier is fitted up with seats, where the men wait in the summer. The usual price at present for delivering the colliers is 8d. per ton; but, in case of a less price being offered, and the gangs all refusing it, then the captain is at liberty to employ any hands he pleases.

According to the custom of the trade, the rate at which a ship is to be delivered is 49 tons per day, and if the ship cannot be delivered at that rate, owing to the merchant failing to send craft to receive the coals, then the coalwhippers are entitled to receive pay at the rate of 49 tons per day for each day they are kept in the ship over and above the time allowed by the custom of the trade for the delivery of the coals. The merchants, however, if they should have failed to send craft, and so kept the men idle on the first days of the contract, can, by the by-laws of the commissioners, compel the coalwhippers to deliver the ship at the rate of 98 tons per day. This appears to be a gross injustice to the men; for if they can be compelled to make up for the merchants' loss of time at the rate of 98 tons per day, the merchants surely should be made to pay for the loss of time to the men at the same rate. The wrong done by this practice is rendered more apparent by the conduct of the merchants during the brisk and slack periods. When there is a slack time the merchants are all anxious to get their vessels delivered as fast as they can, because coals are wanting, and are consequently at a high price; then the men are taxed beyond their power, and are frequently made to deliver from 150 to 200 tons per day, or to do four days' work in one. On the contrary, when there is a glut of ships, and the merchants are not particularly anxious about the delivery of their coals, the men are left to idle away their time upon the decks for the first two or three days of the contract, and then forced to the same extra exertion for the last two or three days, in order to make up for the lost time of the merchant, and so save him from being put to extra expense by his own neglect. The cause of the injustice of these by-laws may be fairly traced to the fact of there being several coal-merchants among the commissioners who are entrusted with the formation of by-laws and regulations of the trade. The coal-factors are generally shipowners, and occasionally pit-owners; and when a glut of ships comes in, they combine together to keep up the prices, especially in the winter time, for they keep back the cargoes, and only offer such a number of ships as will not influence the market. Since the passing of the act establishing the coalwhippers'-office, and thus taking the employment and pay of the men out of the hands of the publicans, so visible has been the improvement in the whole character of the labourers, that they have raised themselves in the respect of all who know them.

Within the last few years they have established a benefit society; and they expended in the year 1847, according to the last account, above £646 in the relief of their sick and the burial of their dead. They have also established a superannuation fund, out of which they allow 5s. per week to each member who is incapacitated from old age or accident. They are at the present time paying such pensions to twenty members.

Further than this, they have established a school, with accommodation for 600 scholars, out of their small earnings. On one occasion as much as £80 was collected among the men for the erection of this institution.

From the above slight sketch it will be seen that the "coalwhipper," far from being naturally the drunken, careless fellow he was under the rule of the publicans, is, in fact, a hard-working industrious labourer, whose occupation becomes respectable by just so much as he learns to respect himself. The coalwhipper, emancipated from the thraldom of strong drink, is a loyal man—as the spontaneous offer of himself and his fellows as special constables on a certain celebrated occasion sufficiently proves; he is a careful and provident man, as the above paragraphs testify; and he is an affectionate and domestic man—if we may believe the artist, who no doubt drew from the life. Mark how carefully he carries the gaily-dressed, laughing, healthy little fellow in his arms; observe the look of grateful pleasure on his face, and the rude yet touching attempts to make the most of his poor garments. Surely none who look at the picture can pronounce the coalwhipper in the picture to be a careless father or a bad man.

We are informed that the ballast-heavers labour under similar disabilities, with regard to their employment by publicans, to those we have described above. We shall inform ourselves of the facts before we speak further on the subject.

SUPPLY OF WATER TO THE METROPOLIS.

The impurity of the water supplied to the metropolis has been the subject of discussion and complaint for the last thirty years. The Thames, from which much of this supply is drawn, is one of the most impure streams in the world below the London bridges, however pure it may be at its source. Many laudable attempts have been made by the water companies to improve the quality of the supply, but with very variable success. The river water is still muddy in appearance and putrid in odour, even after time has been allowed for the grosser impurities to subside; it also abounds in insects and animalculum, which no ordinary method of filtration can remove. To the use of this foul and disagreeable diluent in food, may be traced, as an approximate cause, many diseases which are common in the metropolis, as flatulency, indigestion, impurity of blood, dysentery, and cholera. To the exhalations arising from this water, when allowed to stand in cisterns, water-tubs, reservoirs, &c., may be traced malaria or miasma, the fruitful source of the low and intermittent fevers peculiar to marshy localities, and abundant in London whenever the water with which it is supplied is surcharged with an unusual quantity of vegetable matter in a state of decomposition.

It is well known that pure water is absolutely necessary for the preservation of health, not merely as an article of diet, but in all culinary preparations; and it is very evident that unless this beverage be supplied more effectually than it has hitherto been done, all the sanitary regulations of the legislature will be unavailing. As to the spring water supplied by the wells in London and its vicinity, it is so impregnated with mineral and earthy substances, that it is quite hard and unfit for cleansing or dietetic purposes; and by no means so well adapted to the human constitution as the fine soft water of the river when carefully filtered and freed from all its impurities. Moreover, this water cannot possibly be obtained in sufficient quantity for general supply; and it is now well ascertained that the scheme of supplying the metropolis with water by means of artesian wells is a complete failure.

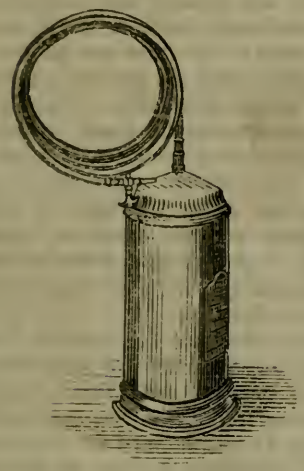
The ordinary method of boiling the river water, in order to free it from its impurities, can never be systematically effected for all useful purposes, on account of the expenditure of time, fuel, and apparatus, which it would require. Besides, when this water is boiled, the impurities are boiled with it, and it is rendered quite as disagreeable to the palate as before, if not more so; while it remains as unfit as ever for the more important culinary preparations. Boiling makes the water lose that fine, brisk, and sparkling appearance which it naturally possesses, by depriving it of the atmospheric air and other useful gases with which it is impregnated. It also destroys very soon all kitchen utensils and boilers employed in the process, by the "fur" which it collects on their bottoms and sides; and the process itself becomes at last so slow, in consequence of this defect, that the common proverb is truly verified, "The kettle won't boil, there is surely a stone in it!"

The only effectual remedy for this state of things is the *process of filtration* conducted on a plan adapted to the general convenience of the public, and imitative of nature herself in the construction of her "crystal fountains." A filtering apparatus which will accomplish this most desirable end must be made of a substance both cheap and durable, easily obtained in large quantities, clean in its nature, and not liable to injury by water or the action of the atmosphere. It must also contain a filtering

medium free from organic deposits and excrementitious matter, such as are found in sponge and other filtering media commonly used. It must perform the process of filtration with such rapidity as to supply the wants of the public in the shortest possible time, and be capable of such a compact and convenient form of construction as to be easily handled and applied without the employment of mechanics or workmen. It must, in fine, be capable of instant adaptation to any cistern, water-tub, reservoir, pond or fountain, in private houses, public buildings, manufactories, mills, &c.; and its construction must be such that it can be cleaned, repaired, and replaced in its position for immediate action with ease, expedition, and certainty.

An apparatus possessing most of these requisites has been invented by Mr. Alfred Bird, of Birmingham. It was exhibited in the Crystal Palace by the Wenham Lake Ice Company, Strand, where it may be always seen in operation, and is called the "Hydrostatic Syphon Water Purifier." It consists of a small cylindrical metallic vessel, furnished with a tube and stop-cock; in the interior are two inverted cones and filtering media, through which the water ascends, when, by exhausting the tube of its air, it becomes a syphon. As soon as the vacuum is formed, which may be done in a few seconds by drawing the air out of the tube by the mouth, the filtered water begins to flow freely, and may be drawn off for immediate use. The simplicity of the action of this instrument, depending merely on the pressure of the atmosphere, is such as to recommend it at once to universal adoption. It is made of a pure white metal, as brilliant and more durable than silver, and the size of the cylinder for common purposes is only four inches in diameter and seven inches in height; the tube, of course, may be made of any length to suit the cistern to which it is applied: it will filter from one to two hundred gallons per day. To set it in action, it only requires to be dropped into the water, however impure, the pipe being allowed to hang outside the cistern or water-tub. Fig. 1 represents the filter with the tube coiled up for convenience of packing.

Fig. 1.



BIRD'S SYPHON FILTER.

Fig. 2. represents the filter in operation, applied to a common rain water tub. When the pipe is carefully uncoiled, it may be bent and hung over the tub without injury to the apparatus. If the cistern be deep, the filter can be suspended by the bend of the pipe over its edge, taking care that the cylindrical part is always under the surface of the water. If the cistern be shallow, the filter should be made to stand on two bricks at the bottom, to keep it free of the sediment. If the stream in the pipe should become small, the filter wants cleaning; this is done by taking it out of the cistern, and blowing through the pipe till all the water is forced out at the bottom of the cylinder; this will carry off the impurities; and it may be replaced whenever it is found that air only is blown through at the bottom; the stream will then be as full as ever.

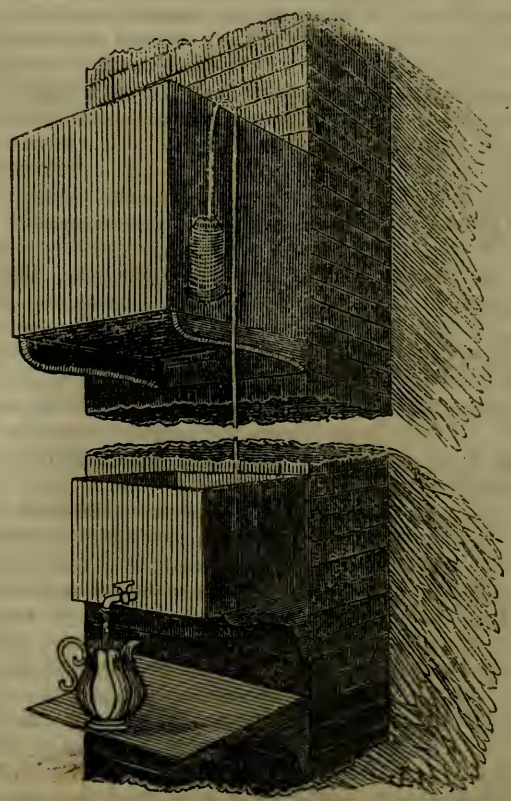
To complete the application of this ingenious, scientific, and valuable filter, the company above mentioned have introduced the use of wrought-iron enamelled cisterns. It is well known that besides the injurious effects arising from the impurities of the water supplied to the public, others arise from the use of lead or zinc cisterns; the fact, indeed, is acknowledged by all chemists and scientific men, that the purer the water is, the more readily is it affected by the lead, and rendered injurious to the consumer. It will be in the recollection of our readers, that the ex-royal family of France, when living at Clermont, were in danger of being poisoned by the water from the cisterns in that royal residence. The new cisterns are made of wrought iron, and are completely cased by a *glass enamel* fused by great heat, which resists the strongest blow; it never chips off, and there is no deleterious article in its composition like the ordinary enamel, which is known to contain arsenic. Fig. 3 represents the patent glass enamelled reservoir receiving the water from the syphon filter, which is in operation in a common cistern.

These two inventions are evidently perfectly calculated to supply the grand desideratum of pure water, and they may be immediately applied to domestic use by every householder in the metropolis.

Fig. 2.

THE CISTERN AND FILTER.

Fig. 3.



ENAMELLED CISTERN AND FILTER.

WHILST men remain the slaves of appetite or the sport of incident, as long as their aims and purposes centre in self-interest, and pleasure rather than purity constitutes the summit of their ambition, they are strangers to true dignity of character—they are capable of brighter honours than they have ever sought, and of nobler triumphs than they have ever won.

THE SEAMSTRESS.

" 'Tis a lesson you should heed—
Try, try again ;
If at last you would succeed—
Try, try again"—

Sang the little Laurie Ainslie, as, interrupting herself in her song, she jumped up from the low ottoman upon which she had been seated, and ran lightly to her mother, sitting near the window.

" Only see, my darling mother, how nicely I have sewed this. Ah ! you may turn it over, all is safe *this* time. Not *one* pucker—not *one* false *stitch !* Now, mother, have you not some hopes of me ? Praise me, I beg you ; for I am dying for a few words from your lips."

" You will not give me a chance to slip in a word edge-ways, chatter-box," laughed her mother. " But I will say, your piece of work looks very nice for a little seamstress of twelve. It is essentially necessary that every woman should learn to sew ; and ' what is worth doing at *all*, is worth doing well.' "

" Thank you, mother ; let me kiss you for that. And now you must not forget the promise you made me. See !" and she held back the curtains from the window, " only see how beautifully fast the snow is falling. Old Mother Goose is picking her chickens finely this afternoon ; and there will certainly be no papa to-night. This is the very time, mother, for—but look how sweetly little Eddy is sleeping in his crib ! Dear, dear baby !" and she kissed his chubby hand, extended on the coverlet.

" Don't wake him, Laurie, but bring me my knitting-basket, and I will tell you a story. But what must it be about ?"

" Something about yourself, I hope. Do you know, mother, I had rather hear about yourself and papa than any other persons in the world. So please think about something concerning your young days to tell me."

" I have told you, I believe, everything I can recollect about myself ; but as it is a reward for careful and neat sewing, I will tell you a story about a seamstress, who lived with my mother, when I was a child."

" Oh ! that will be delightful. Here, mother, put your feet on my ottoman, I have plenty of room ; and now you are so nicely fixed, you can begin at once."

" Well, once upon a time," said Mrs. Ainslie, smiling.

" Oh, mother, you are doing that to tease me, when you don't wish to tell it good. Don't begin—' *once upon a time !*' "

" Ah ! I see my little daughter is out-growing that pretty commencement to my nursery stories. I shall soon have you criticising my manner also. Well, to commence anew. My mother, whose health was very delicate, was obliged, from that circumstance, to keep a seamstress to do all the making and mending incidental to a family of which I was the eldest daughter. By the way, I may as well add, in speaking of myself, that it seemed from my earliest childhood, that I was wedded to books, and above all other books, were novels. My mother allowed me to read whatever I wished ; trusting to her own excellent precept and example to counteract whatever of evil tendency they might inculcate. This I mention as a warning to you ; for my passion for that kind of reading prevented me from employing what leisure time I had in learning to sew, and other useful employments, which might be of service to me in time to come. A piece of work like that which you have executed this afternoon so neatly, would have seemed as impossible to me as the most difficult of the problems of Euclid.

" About this time, there came as seamstress for my mother, the prettiest, most gentle, and most lady-eyed young person I ever met with. I was about your age when she came ; and my heart was taken instantly captive by the dove-like Susie Lee—for so she was named. She lived with us as one of our family ; going home once a month to see her widowed mother, who lived five miles from our residence. Everybody's good opinion seemed won by her gentleness as well as mine—for a sweet creature was Susie Lee, and one who had undoubtedly seen trouble. Sometimes I would be sitting in the room, reading, when she was employed at her work, and I would be startled at the sobbing sigh which often escaped her lips.

" One day I had been reading a story, in which the heroine was, to us a common expression, ' *in a peck of trouble*' about a lover, to whom her father was much opposed. At last love conquered ; and I closed the book with the expression, uttered aloud, of ' How glad I am she married him !'

" ' Who, Miss Laurie ?' said Susie Lee.

" ' A young gentleman and lady, about whom I have been reading. But let me tell you all the story.' And I accordingly, in my child-like language, gave her the substance of the tale. Susie's head, as I spoke of the young girl's grief, bent lower, and still more low over her sewing. Finally, I brought my narrative to a close, by the question, ' Wouldn't you have acted as she did, Susie, if you loved any one ?'

" She lifted her face, and I was surprised to see the mild eyes full of tears, and the generally pale face now flushed and stained by the drops which had been falling plenteously.

" ' What is the matter ?' questioned I, sympathisingly ; my own eyes filling at her apparent grief.

" ' Nothing—nothing now. Forget that I have been foolish enough to cry, for I was only low-spirited. You asked me what I would do if I loved any one, as the lady you were speaking of ? I should *not* act as she did, my dear child ; for the first duty, after our love and obedience to God, is that to our parents. No man truly loves a girl if he wishes her to act in disobedience to their commands. No, no—never !' She spoke lower and more agitated, as if communing with her own heart—' impossible to love her, and yet try and make her act in direct contradiction to her Maker's will. It *is* hard to do what is right in this world ; very, very hard, when one's *own heart* is pleading and urging you on to disobey. But then the Father will strengthen the weak ones who know their frailty, and will call on *him*.'

" Her face was like the face of an angel in its expression, as she finished her communings, as I may term them, by an upward glance, full of hope, yet humble. Child as I was I watched her ; for this show of feeling from the meek seamstress was interesting to me. But, except the trembling of her fingers, as she threaded her needle, or arranged her work, she gave no further evidence of it.

" April, that month which always reminds me of childhood, with its sunny smiles and tears, had come ; and my mother, always indulgent in every way, had promised that I should accompany Susie Lee home the next time she paid a visit to her mother. The Friday—the day of our promised visit—was looked forward to by me with all the glad anticipation with which a child ever dreams of something new. The carriage was to convey us there ; and, moreover, my entreaties and Susie's own good deeds had obtained a week's holiday for our visit—a whole week, think of that. Even her rather sad face became almost gladsome at the prospect. As for myself, I bounded here and there over the house till I am sure my poor mother congratulated herself when I was gone.

" We rode on chatting, or rather, I questioning and my companion answering and describing, till we arrived within a mile of the village, or the remnant of what had once been a village. I proposed to Susie to get out and walk to her mother's. Accordingly, out we got ; and I began scampering along like something wild, for the mild, clear atmosphere appeared to have infected everything with a spirit of frolic and joy. Light fleecy clouds were in the blue expanse ; and on the still evening air came the delicious perfume of the crab-apple, yellow-jessamine, coral honey-suckle, and numerous other odours, all mingling together and pervading our senses with their exquisite aroma. Soon we came into the village, which, like another Talmud of the desert, was thickly spread with its ruins, dismantled cottages, while here and there an old chimney showed where families had once dwelt, who were now, perhaps, resting in the cold and silent tomb, or had moved far away.

" ' Are we almost at your home, Susie ?'

" ' Yes. Do you see that little white house, with the garden in front ? Well, that is it. Drive there, Uncle John, and put down my trunk and Miss Laurie's band-box, and tell my mother we are close behind.'

" The last house in the *one* street was Mrs. Lee's—and we quickened our pace as we drew nearer to the end of our jour-

ney. The remembrance of that simple visit is as fresh in my memory now as if it chanced but yesterday.

"We passed through the little garden, in which grew some simple flowers, such as roses, crocus, &c. Susie sprung eagerly forward to embrace her mother, who was standing in the doorway to welcome us. How she must have loved that old mother, for her face was beautiful with its tender expression. Mrs. Lee was a neat body, tall and straight, and dressed tidily in a purple calico gown, and thin muslin cap. She shook my hand warmly as she invited me in. In the centre of the room stood the round-table, already spread, with its snow-white cloth, blue plates, and brightly flowered tea-tray.

"'I thought, Susie, that you and the little Miss might be hungry after your ride—and so I got tea ready. After you have rested a bit, sit up to the table and eat.'

"And whilst the old lady stirred about actively, finishing her hospitable arrangements, I glanced around. The floor was as white as soap and labour could ever get boards; and the room, though poorly furnished, certainly had the charm of neatness. On one side of the apartment was an old-fashioned mahogany table, black with age, and whose legs looked so thin as to render it doubtful how long they would be able to support the body. Around the room were arranged a half-dozen of chairs, gorgeous in flowers, and gilt, as when first brought from the cabinet-shop; and before the fire a large and comfortable-looking rocking-chair, with a cane-seat, and which Mrs. Lee afterward told me was a present from Susie. A piece of home-made carpeting served as a hearthrug; and burning on the newly painted hearth was a cosy fire, before which, to keep warm, was the *cunning-looking* little black tea-pot, and two covered plates. On the mantle-shelf were brightly burnished brass candlesticks and a little flower-pot filled with spring's early blossoms. A large family Bible lay on the table, above which hung profiles of the family, in small gilt frames.

"'Come, sit up, Miss Laurie, to our plain fare. Susie, take that seat, and help the young lady to a piece of ham, if she will choose a bit.'

"What a delicious little supper that was! I am sure I never enjoyed such another one—for I was very hungry, and everything looked so clean and inviting. Mrs. Lee, too, was so hospitably pressing, which, as every one knows, is pleasant to a child; and, for the first time, also, I drank *real* tea, not hot water.

"'Take another bit of this toast—'tis so thin, you can eat more than one slice. You will not? Then Susie, hand that plate of cake, and saucer of preserves; you must try them.'

"I know that all these details, simple though they be, are pleasing to you, my daughter; but any one else would be heartily tired by this time. I learned from the conversation between mother and daughter, that Mrs. Lee had a son called John, at that time at sea; and 'twas through him, aided by Susie's simple earnings, that she derived her support. The little house in which she lived also belonged to her; and she concluded, raising her eyes in thankfulness—

"'I am sure I ought to be grateful to God for his blessings. I owe nobody anything; and though I am not rich, yet I have health, and two of the best children on earth. Yes, Miss Laurie, that child washing up the tea-things, I will say, even before her face, is the best daughter in the world. I could not tell, and if I did, *you* would hardly be able to understand, all that she has done for me. May Heaven bless her!'

"The tea equipage being washed and put away, and Mrs. Lee having retired to the kitchen, Susie and I seated ourselves on the door-steps, as it was twilight, and the room warm from the fire.

"'Good evening, Miss Susie,' said a young man, who stood on the outside of the gate. 'I saw you go by, and so I thought I would call to inquire how you were getting on.'

"This salutation was most commonplace, as well as Susie Lee's answer; but the voice of the young man was agitated, and my companion visibly trembling and blushing as she replied.

"'I have not heard from you, or of you scarcely,' continued he, for the last two months. Was this right, Susie? Was this doing as you would be done by? God knows that *we* have had no quarrel, and yet I must suffer *all*. Yes, I will repeat it, *all*; for you surely never loved me, to treat me in this manner.'

"'How unkind of you, Robert, to speak thus. Never loved you! You *men*,' continued she, speaking indignantly, 'can never understand *us* thoroughly. It is *you* that never really loved *me*, or you would not reproach me for doing my duty, but would encourage me. Oh, Robert—'

"She had advanced to the gate, and seemed, in her grief, to be forgetful of my presence, and thus I listened to a *real* love scene.

"'Why do you drive me, then, to it, after all that we have been to each other for the last two years. You are a free woman, as I *am* a *free* man; and will you let the quarrel of two old women part *us* for life? You have never had cause to find fault with *me*; and but for some meddling fool, who had to repeat to you and your mother what mine uttered in a moment of anger, all this had never happened. But I can stand it no longer. I have followed your footsteps for the last six months, though uncheered by you, and frowned on by your mother, content to steal, like a thief in the dark, round your house, so I could but catch a glimpse of you, or a chance word from your lips. And then you left here, and my life has had no comfort since. But, as I said, I cannot stand this any longer, and I have determined that *you* shall decide for me to-night. Now, Susie, if you *ever* loved me, or do *now*, listen to my proposal. Marry me at once, dear Susie, and the old people will be obliged to make it up. Do not answer now, but take till to-morrow to think of it.'

"'I *do* love you, Robert; *that* you well know, though you talk as you do. But my answer will be to-morrow as it is now—as it will *ever* be. I cannot marry you without the consent of your mother and my own. Let us wait patiently and lovingly, and God will yet bring it right.'

"'No; 'tis no use for me to wait any longer. I am losing the best years of my life in this hoping, doubting state. Well, you will *not* marry me, you say. Well, here's for the sea, and may I never see this cursed place again. Good bye!' and the excited young man held out his hand to her.

"Meekly she took it; but her feelings overcame her self-command, and she laid her weeping face upon it, whilst her heart-anguish wrung forth the cry of

"'Oh, Robert!'

"The young man was softened, his voice trembled, and he passed the other hand across his eyes, as he said—

"'Then consent, Susie. Why will you make both yourself and me miserable?'

"'No, Robert—my answer is still the same; and though if you will go my heart *must* break, still, if I cannot induce you to stay without swerving from my duty, then I must say farewell! and may God help us both!'

"At this moment Mrs. Lee came to the door, and the young man turned off. Susie, weeping, passed her mother and myself, and went up stairs, and from thence we could hear her convulsive sobs.

"'Poor thing! poor thing!' said her mother, as she rocked to and fro; 'twill be the death of her yet, I am sure.' She questioned me closely about all I had heard. I told her, and begged her to comfort Susie by granting her consent.

"'No, my child; she is seeking comfort from *One* who can give it to her better than I can. Most gladly would I give *my* consent if that would insure her happiness; but 'tis not mine she needs—'tis *his* mother's, who not only withholds it, but utters harsh words against my daughter. Of course, she will not go into any one's family against their will; for Susie Lee, though poor, is well-born. Mrs. Murray, Robert's mother, is as good-conditioned a woman as you would meet anywhere; but some wretch has been poisoning her mind against Susie, and we cannot come to an understanding. When it first took place, I advised my child to run over to Mrs. Murray, and ask her what she had heard. She did so, but Mrs. Murray would give her no satisfaction, but insulted her. Since then we have had no intercourse at all; and I hear she says she would rather see Robert a corpse in her house, than to marry my child. Robert, poor fellow! will keep hanging about when Susie is here; but I can give him no encouragement. But it will all come out, one of these days, mind my word, who is to blame."

"I have told you, my daughter, that I was naturally romantic, and that novel-reading had increased this tendency. As I

lay awake that night, and listened to Susie's sighs—for she slept in bed with her mother, and shared the same chamber as myself—I resolved to act the part of a heroine, and to smooth the path of Susie Lee's true love. And with this resolution I sank into a sweet slumber.

"The morning sun, beaming on my eyes through the undraped windows, awakened me. The first object that my eyes fell upon was the still paler and more sad-looking face of Susie Lee, as she sat near the window sewing. When she found that I was regarding her, she endeavoured to smile and speak cheerfully. My heroic resolutions still continued in full force; and so, after breakfast, whilst the old lady was engaged in her household duties, and her daughter arranging the room up stairs, I took my bonnet, and slipped out on my proposed jaunt.

"I inquired the way to Mrs. Murray's. A white-headed, dirty-faced little fellow, who was rolling in the sunshine, and scratching with his naked toes in the dirt, jumped up, and very willingly agreed to show me. On I started, with a courageous heart, after my little dirty guide. When I arrived at the house, and had knocked, I found my courage oozing out. It was by far the most respectable looking mansion in the village, and everything around showed that the owners were in comfortable circumstances.

"I heard a quick step in the passage—a moment, and an old lady, with an open, pleasant countenance, came to the door. How my heart beat as she said, 'Good morning,' and glanced at me inquiringly. But she looked so fat and good-humoured, that I took 'heart of grace,' and when she asked me, with a smile—'What do you wish, my little daughter?'

"'I wish to see Mrs. Murray, ma'am,' I stammered out; and again my little heart went *pit-a-pat*, for I knew not what to say next.

"'I am Mrs. Murray, my dear. Come in, and tell me your business, for 't is as cheap sitting as standing. Come in'—as she opened another door, and ushered me into a neat little room nicely furnished, and looking as bright as a new pin.

"'Now, tell me what you wish?'

"'You must not get angry with me, Mrs. Murray, but I must tell you about Susie Lee. She sews for my mother, and is so good and so gentle that we all love her, at home, very much. Mother allowed me to come with her, and I am to stay a week; and although she always looks sad, as if in trouble, we never heard her complain; but I thought 't was because she was poor, and was obliged to sew for her living, and was forced to leave her mother and stay among strangers. But I found out myself last night what caused her sad looks. Do listen, and don't get angry now, please ma'am,' said I, approaching her, for I noticed an ominous frown and a portentous pucker of her mouth.

"'Why, bless me, child! but you are mighty young to talk about such matters. Did the girl or her mother send you?'

"'Neither, Mrs. Murray,' said I proudly and boldly, for I was indignant. 'I tell you that *I* both *saw* and *heard myself*. And, last night, when she sobbed, and prayed so earnestly for help to do her duty—and that when she thought we did not hear her—I determined to come and tell you; for I had heard Mrs. Lee say you were a good woman, but that some mischief-maker had set you against Susie.'

"'Did she really say *that?*' asked Mrs. Murray. 'Well! I must say, it was neighbourly and Christian-like after what had passed. Perhaps I have been too hasty. And the poor girl herself I always loved, with her nice, tidy, affectionate ways. My boy, too, has never been like himself since this trouble began. Tell me all about it, my dear, I will promise to listen.'

"And I did tell all, exactly as it occurred. The best orator surely could not have received a greater compliment than myself when I finished, for Mrs. Murray, with tears streaming from her eyes, said:

"'Bless your pretty little mouth! I must kiss you, for you speak like an angel. And you will be blessed, my child, depend on it, for God himself says: "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." Wait, till I change my cap, and I will round with you to widow Lee's, and it shall not be my fault if we don't make everything straight between our families.' Mrs. Murray brought me a plate of nice cake to refresh myself whilst she completed her toilette.

"What a glad heart and light step had I, as I walked through the village beside Mrs. Murray. I knocked at Mrs. Lee's door, which was opened by Susie, whose pale cheeks became beautifully crimsoned as she saw my companion.

"'Forgive me Susie,' said Mrs. Murray, as she held out her hand. Susie Lee extended her hand most readily, but tears choked the words she attempted to utter. Mrs. Murray embraced her, and then turning to Mrs. Lee, who had risen, said: 'Forgive me also, old neighbour, and let me explain it all. I am sure you will not blame me so much.'

"It is not needful, my dear, to enter into this explanation; at least, as it was given by Mrs. Murray, for I assure you it was a lengthy one. I must tell you, however, that mischief-making tongues had been busy with these loving hearts. A girl, not much older than Susie, who it was believed had a fancy for Robert, had whispered to the old lady, his mother, many a speech as if from her future daughter-in-law; Mrs. Murray, not being blessed with the patience of Job, returned them with interest, and proceeded to active measures, such as had caused the sorrow of those young and attached hearts.

"'Good bye, Susie. I will send Robert here as soon as I get home,' said Mrs. Murray, to the smiling, blushing girl, as she parted with her. 'You two must make it all up between you, and make haste, too, and come home to us, for that will keep mischief from brewing again.'

"Let me say to you here, my Laurie," said Mrs. Ainslie, in conclusion, "always to avoid gossips as you would a snake, for they are quite as dangerous."

"And now but little remains to be told. I stayed the week; the old lady amusing me with tales of her own young days. Susie and Robert, though very grateful, had their time fully taken up with each other. Susie returned with me, but she gave notice to my mother of her marriage. My kind parents, when I had told them of my share in the romance, kissed and praised me, and allowed me to purchase presents for Susie Lee's marriage. I was at the wedding, and afterward used often to go to see them, and I never beheld a more loving couple, or a family that enjoyed more domestic peace.

"And now, love, if you will be as good a daughter to me as Susie Lee was to her mother, I shall not think my time lost in having told you her love story."

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE First Volume of the present series of the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND will be ready April 1st, containing the HISTORY of CHINA and the CHINESE, and also the HISTORY of HUNGARY complete, profusely illustrated with Engravings, price *3s. 6d.*, neatly bound in cloth and lettered. Cases for binding the Volume, 1*s.* each, will also be ready at the same time.

JOHN CASSELL'S SYSTEM OF NATIONAL EDUCATION, which he proposes to establish without asking for any special Act of Parliament. The only assistance he intends to seek from the Legislature is, the repeal of the iniquitous and obnoxious tax upon the medium through which he proposes to convey his system of Education to the people, namely, *Paper*. On Saturday, April 3, John Cassell's System of National Education will be inaugurated by the publication of *the first number of the* POPULAR EDUCATOR, in sixteen pages of double crown quarto, price ONE PENNY. The whole system will be developed through the medium of *Weekly Numbers*, one penny each, or in Monthly Parts, 5d. or 6d. each, according to the number of weeks in each month. This System of National Education will include English Grammar, French, German, and Latin; Mathematics, Geometry, Arithmetic, and Algebra; Astronomy, Geography, Geology, Natural History, Botany, Physiology, Chemistry, Mechanics, History, Biography, Political Economy, Music, &c. &c. Every section of the system will be explained in the most clear and comprehensive manner, and, where it is necessary, illustrated with suitable diagrams. The whole will be written in a style sufficiently familiar to be perfectly understood by any child or youth who has merely learned to read, and which will at the same time interest and instruct both parents and children, and tend to promote universal education upon sound principles, and by an expeditious method. Teachers and writers of first-rate attainments are engaged to develop John Cassell's system of National Education, under the editorship of Professor WALLACE, A.M., of the University of Glasgow, Collegiate Tutor at the University of London, and author of various popular and scientific works. THE POPULAR EDUCATOR can be ordered through any bookseller.

MISCELLANEA.

PRAYER.—Prayer, says Jeremy Taylor, is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of our recollections, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest: prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness.

TRIFLES NOT TO BE DESPISED.—The nerve of a tooth, not so large as the finest cambric needle, will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction. A musquito can make an elephant absolutely mad. The coral rock, which causes a navy to founder, is the work of worms. The warrior that withstood death in a thousand forms may be killed by an insect.

ENAMELLED VISITING CARDS.—We believe it to be correct to state that 7 years is the almost ephemeral average of existence in the trade for applying the poisonous surface to the petty token of pride—a visiting card. Is such slow and steady sacrifice to the Juggernaut of fashion more commendable, or less shocking, than a lottery of danger, in which some draw the prize of competency, and others the terrible blank of annihilation?

BLOOMERISM IN CAPITALS.

Dear LN G, says EB D,
While chatting o'er a cup of T,
As A B C it's plain to me,
That U and I are sure to C
Our *costume* soon must altered B
To the Bloomer sweet vari-E-T.

Sweet EB D, says LN G,
I know U R more Y's than me,
And have an I to clearly C
Into the far futuri-T;
But if U'd wed young JL K,
The handsome scholar and M.A.
O U must not so MT B
U'r thoughts to show, for O, I C
The men think Bloomers fiddle D D,
And not to compare with coats-pet-T.

BRILLIANCY OF BILLY VICKERS.—At a school examination previous to the holidays, the master determined to give a finishing stroke to show off the proficiency of the scholars, as well as to give the parents and visitors a touch of his quality—as a superfine professor of penmanship shows the "copperplate style." Propounding and expounding the questions to his dear scholars, he concluded (not very grammatically) with this grand question and key to the art of writing—"What's the three first requisites of penmanship?"—A shockheaded and auburn genius, with a decided touch of the vermillion, burning to be distinguished as a prize-holder, shrieks out, "Easiness, legibilities, and dispatchitiveness!"—"Who's that?" says the Professor.—"I, Billy Vickers!"—Old Mr. Vickers, with a tear of pride at the achievements of his son Billy, exclaimed, "Well, Billy, after that, you must go to college and learn algebragy."

THE MISSISSIPPI.—The navigable rivers of the Mississippi alone show a navigation of 20,000 miles, while their entire length is 51,000 miles. Thus:—Mississippi and tributaries, not including those given below, aggregate length, 14,385 miles; Red and all tributaries, aggregate length, 4,125; Arkansas ditto, ditto, 5,540; White ditto, 1,650; Ohio ditto, ditto, 10,730; Missouri ditto, ditto, 12,170; Illinois ditto, ditto, 1,270; Wisconsin, 675. Total:—Mississippi, with all its inlets, 50,545; outlets or bayous (in all), 455. Total length of "The Great River," with all its parts, 51,000 miles.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. Z.—If the father of a family dies intestate, the next of kin takes the property.

A READER is anxious to know how gold leaf may be applied to leather? We believe great pressure in moulds of metal to be the plan commonly pursued, but of course gold leaf may be applied to leather as it is to paper, wood, &c., by simple application over a weak solution of size.

MARY should learn the following guide for talking. Two ears and but a single tongue, by nature's laws, to man belong; the lesson she would teach is clear: repeat but half of what you hear.

EDWARD CLARK complains of annoyance from rats and mice. A plant which grows in abundance in every field, the Dog's Tongue (the *Cynoglossum Officinale* of Linnæus), has been found by Mr. Boreaux to possess a very valuable quality. If gathered at the period when its sap is at its full vigour, bruised with a hammer, and laid in a house, barn, or granary, or any other place frequented by rats and mice, these destructive animals immediately shift their quarters.

W. LAW.—The process of softening water by means of caustic lime has been tried and found perfectly practicable at the Chelsea Water-works. One pound of chalk, when calcined, will produce 9 oz. of caustic lime, which will make 40 gallons of lime-water, and be sufficient to mix with 560 gallons of ordinary London pipe-water. We know of cases in which this method is now regularly and successfully adopted in household practice—of course on a small scale.

J. R.—Jean Paul says: Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dew-drop to the ocean, but a mirror, which it warms and fills.

EDWIN SMITH.—Man (says an acute German writer) lives seventy years. The first thirty are his human years, and pass swiftly by; he is then healthy and happy—he labours cheerfully, and rejoices in his existence. The eighteen years of the ass come next, and burden after burden is heaped upon him; he carries the corn that is to feed others, and blows and kicks are the wages of his faithful service. The twelve years of the dog follow, and he loses his teeth, and lies in a corner and growls. When they are gone, the ape's ten years form the conclusion. The man, weak and silly, becomes the sport of children.

THOMAS SANDERSON.—The population of Manchester, according to the last census, taken in June, 1851, was 228,437; being an increase, since 1841, of 36,034 persons. The population of Leeds is 101,331, while in 1841 it was 88,741; that of Huddersfield is 123,843, while in 1841 it was 109,011; and that of Glasgow is 333,657; and the port of Glasgow, 47,951. To the population of all these places, however, must be added the numbers of males serving in her Majesty's forces, and all those engaged in seafaring or other occupations who were not actually sleeping at home on the night of Sunday, March the 31st. The population of Manchester proper only is given, while that of Salford (87,514) and the towns in the neighbourhood of Manchester, and which may be said, as it were, to belong to it, are separately enumerated. The rate of increase during the last half-century, 1801—1851, has been, for the whole of England and Wales, 101·04 per cent.; for the London division (which includes the City proper, and parts of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent), 145·51; for the North-Western division (which includes Cheshire and Lancashire), 98·67; and for the York division (which includes the East, West, and North Ridings, and comprises no fewer than 54 large towns and cities), 109·76 per cent. In Scotland the increase in the population during the same period of fifty years has been 78 per cent., while for Lanarkshire (which includes Lanark, Airdrie, Glasgow, Hamilton, and Rutherglen) the increase has been 260 per cent. From a study of the results of the last census much important information may be obtained.

COROLUS.—With No. 26 will be issued a title and index to the present volume of *The Working Man's Friend*.

JAMES SMITH.—The word felucca is often used by Captain Maryatt and other naval writers. It is the name of a small vessel used in the Mediterranean for coasting voyages. It carries two masts, main, fore and lateen sails, and is propelled by oars when the calms in the Mediterranean render the sails unavailable.

C. G. wishes to be informed which is the best work on Scripture metaphors. The most *complete* is that by Benjamin Keach, but a cheap 8vo. volume on the same subject, called "Brown's Tropology," will be found to answer every purpose.

J. W. SMITH.—"Hungary, its People and its History," will probably be issued in a separate form.

ASPIRANT would like to know what learning is requisite in a timber merchant's office?—Now this is a question which we are hardly able to answer, seeing that we are not aware of the routine in the office of such a merchant. We should imagine, however, that a good knowledge of mensuration and bookkeeping would be indispensable.

J. P.—The cuirass of the ancients was a piece of defensive armour, made of metal, which covered the breast and part of the neck; occasionally it was made to come down over the back as well. It is said to have been invented by the Egyptians, but among that people it consisted simply of thick folds of linen. After having been adopted by the Romans and Grecians, it was laid aside for more than two hundred years. It was revived in the fourteenth century. In the English service the cuirass was disused after the reign of George II. till after the battle of Waterloo, at which battle it was worn by the French soldiers. Since 1820 it has formed in the British army part of the defensive armour of the Guards.

J. J.—Province oils are obtained from bones and other animal matters. They retain their fluidity at extremely low temperatures, and are used for lubricating machinery. Most of the ordinary oils become partially concreted at low temperatures. This is due to the separation of the crystalline from the oleine particles. The latter forms the oil in question, the separation being effected by the combined means of cold and pressure.

H. PARKER wants to know the meaning of wattle-gum. It is the gum of the wattle-tree (*acacia mollissima*), a native of Van Diemen's Land. It exudes from the tree during the summer, and soon hardens into lumps of various sizes. It is similar to, and is used for the same purposes as the gum-arabic of commerce.

EDWARD EDWARDS.—In Bohemia are made nearly half of the looking-glasses and mirrors used on the continent of Europe.

RICHARD HART.—The invention of clocks has been ascribed to Boethius, A.D. 510, but clocks like those now in use are of a later invention. The first clock on record is the one made at Bologna, in 1356. Henry de Wyck, a German, made clocks about the year 1364, the principle of which is yet preserved. Clocks were probably introduced into England about 1368, by Edward III, and became common in the fourteenth century. Pendulum clocks were invented in 1641, by Richard Harris, of London. They were at first called night-dials, in contradistinction to sun-dials.

HENRY DAVIS, Edinbro'.—The art of embossing paper was invented by the Germans. Subsequent improvements have enabled us to present in relief all the prominent features of a piece of sculpture. The Swiss maps, in which the inequalities of the surface of the country are preserved, are produced by means of embossed paper.

TYRO would have us give an opinion on the effectiveness of "Pulvermacher's Electric Chains" in removing rheumatic pains from the limbs, &c. Now, never having been subject to pains in the limbs, and never having worn an electric chain, or even a galvanic-ring, and having fallen into a somewhat loose way of thinking that there was more of quackery than truth in the professions of the advertising "professors," and being, moreover, by no means well informed as to any actual cure by the use of the electric chain—why, we are scarcely the right person to apply to for information on the subject.

A. S. is anxious to know if *The Working Man's Friend* will publish the history of Poland after that of Hungary. The subject chosen for vol. ii., in which to illustrate "Glimpses of the People of all Nations," will be shortly determined on.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE
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AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I., NO. 26.] SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ANDERNACH ON THE RHINE.

"THE RHINE! the Rhine! a blessing on the Rhine!" sing the students as they travel, knapsack at back, along the banks of the lordly river. The pride of the great German heart is this noble stream; and rightly so, for of all the rivers of this beautiful earth, there are none so beautiful as this. "And oh!" says Longfellow, in his Hyperion—one of the most delightful romances in the English language,—"if I were a German I should be proud of it too. There is hardly a league of its whole course, from its cradle in the snowy Alps to its grave in the sands of Holland, which boasts not its peculiar charms." To describe the Rhine—and as we, the present writer, have never seen the storied river, we quote, from memory, the sentiments, rather than the words, of the transatlantic poet—to describe the Rhine, and describe it well, we should write like a king, with a style flowing royally onwards, without breaks and dashes, like the waters of that regal stream; and antique, quaint, and Gothic times should be reflected in our words as tesselated castle, and crowning vine-

ANDERNACH ON THE LOWER RHINE.

yard, and slippery hill-side, and strange beautiful forms, are reflected through the vapours of morning in its ever-moving current.

Ruins of lordly castles and wide spread domains are reflected, as of old, in the bosom of the silver waters. The everlasting hills, as in the youth-time of creation, still mirror their proud forms in the glancing waves. Onward flows the Rhine; and, like the stream of Time, it flows amid the ruins of the Past. What a picture of human life may be read in those restless waves. Down from the distant Alps, out into the wide world, it bursts away like a youth from the house of its fathers. Broad-breasted and strong, and with an earnest endeavour, like manhood, it makes itself a way through difficult mountain passes and apparently choked-up gorges. And at length, in its old age, with weary steps and slow, it sinks through the sand, which is its grave, and passes onwards to its great eternity, the ocean.

Oh, how many noble thoughts arise when we think of this great river. Thoughts which like the stream flow on unchecked, and bear upon their breasts the legends and the glory of the Past. How majestically through the distance and the gloom walk the Great Ones of history; some like the sun, bearing their brightness around them; while others, wrapped in dim memories, shine yet through the mist and the darkness like the stars of night. Through the silence of the Past the spirit hears their slow and solemn footsteps, and they of the Present are edified and chastened by their teachings. And yet on earth these men were not happy—not all happy in the outward circumstances of their lives. They were in want, and in pain, and familiar with prison bars, and the damp weeping walls of dungeons! even the dungeons beneath the castle keeps which yet, in ruins, look down on the eternal waters of the Rhine. But their sufferings, it would seem, were endured but to sanctify their memories, and teach the men of after times. As if crosses and trials, and painful disease, had but nerved them for a fiercer conflict and a more glorious victory. And, as during the sun's eclipse, we can behold the great stars shining in the heavens, so in this life's eclipse have these men beheld the lights of the great eternity burning bright and solemnly!

The evening bells of Andernach are ringing, even as they rang three hundred years ago, from out the many-pointed steeple of the quaint old church, and the old round tower in the river looks down upon its second self in the clear depths, even as it did when, in the twelfth century, it was newly built and finished by the archbishop Frederick of Cologne. It was an old town with old legends pertaining to it even then. Andernach, like most of the Rhenish towns, has its true histories, and its false ones, too, though the last are to the full as interesting as the first. It stands on the left bank of the river, about fourteen miles below Coblentz, and its four thousand inhabitants are esteemed an industrious and trade-loving race. It belongs to the department of the Rhine and Moselle, in the circle of the lower Rhine and the electorate of Cologne. It was formerly an imperial city, and exacted a toll from all vessels passing its walls for the support of its institutions. Andernach was one of the fortresses which Drusas erected to keep the Germans in awe; for then, as now, the wealthy and proud were fearful of the too great influence of free-thought and liberty among the people. In one of the angles of the town-wall there still stands an ancient tower said to have been built at that early age.

In 1632, Andernach was besieged by the Swedes. The fight was short but bloody; and in three days the garrison, consisting of about a thousand men, was forced to yield. In 1702, it was again taken by the prince of Hesse, and annexed to the kingdom of France. Previous to this time it had been a custom in Andernach to preach a sermon in the market-place on St. Bartholomew's day against the inhabitants of Lintz, a town some sixteen miles further down the Rhine. If on this day any of the inhabitants of the latter town entered Andernach, a riot was the certain consequence, and mischief, if not death, was almost certain to ensue. The cause of the quarrel is said to have been this: In an engagement under the emperor Charles IV., the people of Lintz massacred those of Rheineck and Andernach, except some few whom they sent home minus their ears. So deep was the hatred existing between the inhabitants of the several towns in consequence of this insult that to this day the quarrel has not been altogether made up. The trade of Andernach at the present day consists principally of tiles timber, and millstones, which are conveyed to the places of sale in boats upon the river. In the neighbourhood of the town are three medicinal springs, for which it is visited by travellers even now. It is the first town of any importance which the Rhine tourist visits. It is full of historical remains, and abounds—as what ancient town upon the Rhine does not?—with legends and curious histories. The Christ of Andernach, which is said to have descended nightly from its pedestal for the purpose of repairing the houses and mills of the pious, is one of the stock stories which every voyager up the celebrated river is sure to hear. With the beautiful episode of the "Richest Prince," from the German of Kerner, we conclude our gossip.

Once, in Andernach's old tower,
Many a German monarch sate—
Of his riches each one vaunting,
And the glories of his state.

"Rich," outspoke the lordly Saxon,
"Is that glorious land of mine;
Many a vein among her mountains
Bright with silver ore doth shine."

"On the Rhine is ever plenty,"
Cried the County Palatine;
"In the valleys corn fields waving,
On the hills the noble vine."

"Mighty cities, wealthy convents,"
Louis said, Bavaria's lord;
"These are mine, I fear no rival
While my land can these afford."

Answered Eberhard the Bearded—
Wirtemberg's loved lord was he—
"Small my cities, and my mountains
Void of silver hoards may be;

"Yet one priceless gem lies hidden
Deep amid my forests grey;
On the breast of every liegeman,
Fearless, I my head may lay."

Cried Bavarian then, and Saxon,
And the Palsgrave of the Rhine;
"Bearded count! that land is peerless
Which has jewels such as thine!"

How to Make the Best of It.—Robinet, a peasant of Lorraine, after a hard day's work at the next market town, was returning home with his basket in his hand. "What a delicious supper shall I have," said he to himself. "This piece of kid, well stewed down, with onions sliced, thickened with meal, and seasoned with my salt and pepper, will make a dish fit for the bishop of the diocese. Then I have a good piece of barley loaf at home to finish with. How I long to be at it." A noise in the hedge now attracted his notice. He spied a squirrel nimbly running round a tree, and popping into a hole between the branches. "Ha!" thought he, "what a nice present a nest of young squirrels will be to my master! I'll try if I can get it!" Upon this, he set down his basket in the road, and began to climb up the tree. He had half ascended, when casting a look at his basket, he saw a dog with his nose in it, ferreting out the piece of kid's flesh. He made all possible speed down, but the dog was too quick for him, and ran off with the meat in his mouth. Robinet looked after him; "Well, then, I must be content with soup meagre—and no bad thing neither." He travelled on and came to a little public-house by the road side, where an acquaintance of his was sitting, drinking. He invited Robinet to have a draught. Robinet seated himself by his friend, and set his basket on a bench close by him. A tame raven, which was kept in the house, came slowly behind him, and stole away the bag in which the meal was tied up, and hopped off with it to his hole. Robinet did not perceive the theft until he had got on his way again. He returned to search for his bag, but he could hear no tidings of it. "Well," says he, "my soup will be thinner, but I will boil a slice of bread in it, and that will do some good, at least." He went on again, and arrived at a little brook, over which was laid a narrow plank. A young woman coming to pass at the same time, Robinet gallantly offered her his hand. As soon as she got to the middle, either through fear or sport she shrieked out, and cried that she was falling. Robinet, hastening to support her with his other hand, let his basket drop into the stream. As soon as she was safe over, he jumped in and recovered it; but when he took it out, he perceived that the salt was melted, and the pepper was washed away. Nothing was now left but the onions. "Well!" says Robinet, "then I must sup to-night on roasted onions and barley bread. Last night I had bread alone. To morrow morning it will not signify what I had." So saying, he trudged on, singing as before.

FIRST AMBITION.

I BELIEVE that sooner or later there come to every man dreams of ambition. They may be covered with the sloth of habit, or with a pretence of humility; they may come only in dim, shadowy visions, that feed the eye, like the glories of an ocean sun-rise; but you may be sure that they will come: even before one is aware, the bold, adventurous goddess, whose name is Ambition, and whose dower is Fame, will be toying with the feeble heart. And she pushes her ventures with a bold hand: she makes timidity strong, and weakness valiant.

The way of a man's heart will be foreshadowed by what goodness lies in him—coming from above, and from around; but a way foreshadowed, is not a way made. And the making of a man's way comes only from that quickening of resolve which we call ambition. It is the spur that makes man struggle with destiny; it is heaven's own incentive to make purpose great, and achievement greater.

It would be strange if you, in that cloister-life of a college, did not sometimes feel a dawning of new resolves. They grapple you, indeed, oftener than you dare to speak of. Here you dream first of that very sweet, but very shadowy success, called reputation.

You think of the delight and astonishment it would give your mother and father, and most of all, little Nelly, if you were winning such honours as now escape you. You measure your capacities by those about you, and watch their habit of study; you gaze for half-an-hour together, upon some successful man who has won his prizes; and wonder by what secret action he has done it. And when, in time, you come to be a competitor yourself, your anxiety is immense.

You spend hours at your theme. You write and re-write; and when it is at length complete, and out of your hands, you are harassed by a thousand doubts. At times, as you recall your hours of toil, you question if so much has been spent upon any other; you feel almost certain of success. You repeat to yourself some passages of special eloquence at night. You fancy the admiration of the professors at meeting with such a wonderful performance. You have a slight fear that its superior goodness may awaken the suspicion that some one out of the college—some superior man, may have written it. But this fear dies away.

The eventful day is a great one in your calendar; you hardly sleep the night previous. You tremble as the chapel-bell is rung; you profess to be very indifferent as the reading and the prayer close; you even stoop to take up your hat—as if you had entirely overlooked the fact that the old president was in the desk for the express purpose of declaring the successful names. You listen dreamily to his tremulous, yet fearfully distinct enunciation. Your head swims strangely.

They all pass out with a harsh murmur, along the aisles, and through the door-ways. It would be well if there were no disappointments in life more terrible than this. It is consoling, however, to express very depreciating opinions of the faculty in general, and very contemptuous ones of that particular officer who decided upon the merit of the prize themes.

You grow up however, unfortunately, as the college years fly by, into a very exaggerated sense of your own capacities. Even the good old white-haired squire, for whom you had once entertained so much respect, seems to your crazy, classic fancy, a very hum-drum sort of personage. Frank, although as noble a fellow as ever sat a horse, is yet—you cannot help thinking—very ignorant of Euripides; even the English master at Dr. Bidlow's school, you feel sure would baulk at a dozen problems you could give him.

You get an exalted idea of that uncertain quality, which turns the heads of a vast many of your fellows, called—Genius. An odd notion seems to be inherent in the atmosphere of those college chambers, that there is a certain faculty of mind—first developed as would seem in colleges—which accomplishes whatever it chooses without any special painstaking. For a time, you fall yourself into this very unfortunate hallucination, you cultivate it, after the usual college fashion, by drinking a vast deal of strong coffee—by writing a little poor verse in the Byronic temper, and by studying very late at night, with closed blinds.

It costs you, however, more anxiety and hypocrisy than you could possibly have believed.

You will learn at last, oh, ingenius youth, when the autumn has rounded your hopeful summer, if not before, that there is no genius in life like the genius of energy and industry. You will learn that all the traditions so current among very young men, that certain great characters have wrought their greatness by an inspiration, as it were, grow out of a sad mistake.

And you will further find, when you come to measure yourself with men, that there are no rivals so formidable as those earnest, determined minds, which reckon the value of every hour, and which achieve eminence by persistant application.

Literary ambition may inflame you at certain periods; and a thought of some great names will flash like a spark into the mine of your purposes; you dream till midnight over books; you set up shadows, and chase them down—other shadows, and they fly. Dreaming will never catch them. Nothing makes the "scent lie well," in the hunt after distinction, but labour.

And it is a glorious thing, when once you are weary of the dissipation and the ennui of your own aimless thought, to take up some glowing page of an earnest thinker, and read—deep and long, until you feel the metal of his thoughts tinkling on your brain, and striking out from your flinty lethargy flashes of ideas that give the mind light and heat. And away you go in the chase of what the soul within is creating on the instant, and you wonder at the fecundity of what seemed so barren, and at the ripeness of what seemed so crude. The glow of toil wakes you to the consciousness of your real capacities: you feel sure that they have taken a new step toward final development. In such mood it is that one feels grateful to the musty tomes which at other hours stand like curiosity-making mummies, with no warmth and no vitality. Now they grow into the affections like new-found friends; and gain a hold upon the heart and light a fire in the brain, that the years and the mould cannot cover nor quench.

AN EVENING WALK FROM MILE-END TO WHITECHAPEL.

IMAGINE yourself a stranger to the neighbourhood, at once one of the best and the worst roads out of London. The day is Saturday, and the time is evening. The first thing that strikes you is the multiplicity of lights, and the next is the wonderful throng of people passing to and fro upon the footways. Life and activity everywhere, but no apparent bustle or confusion. Everybody intent upon his own particular business, and everybody busy; and, except for an occasional row and the presence of the police, who are pretty numerous here, you would take it to be rather a quiet neighbourhood—considering the crowd.

Starting from the turnpike—which ought to be very well known in the city—if the omnibus conductors' cry of "Wichapul, Milengate, M'l-*end*," be any criterion—we will walk leisurely westward for a mile or so, and jot down our conclusions by the way. And the first is, that they must be very hungry people hereabouts, for almost every other shop on the right-hand side of the way sells something to eat. And the next is, that the inhabitants are nomadic in their habits; for, on the opposite side, every fourth or fifth shop is a furniture broker's. We look in vain for the same description of shops we notice everywhere else; and, with the exception of the pawnbrokers, of which there are a great number, there are very few marts for the sale of articles of luxury. No jewellers, printsellers, watchmakers, or booksellers; only a single dealer in second-hand literature, and but one shop where newspapers, cheap books, and popular periodicals are regularly kept on sale. There *was* another, but the proprietor did not find the business answer, so he sold off his stock and resumed his old occupation—that of bookbinder *for the trade*.

The neighbourhood teems with grocers', butchers', bakers', eel-pie, and gin-shops—there are about three of the last for every one of the first, however, and in all the windows the flaring tickets announce the *cheapness* of the commodities for sale within. Of course, there is no lack of quackery here, though very few doctor's shops; but charlatanism is not confined to one profession, for every grocer sells better articles than his neighbour—and at one large drapery establishment

they regularly sell off a bankrupt stock of I can't tell you how many thousand pounds' value, once a fortnight!—if you may believe their own announcements. Whitechapel is a great place for cheap tailors; and, as you pass along, you cannot but be reminded of the fact by having a bill of Messrs. Levi and Sons, thrust into your hand by a smart little workhouse boy dressed as a page. Here, according to the announcement, you can have a splendid waterproof top coat for 25s., and be completely *suited* for about two guineas and a half.

The streets are full, and so are the shops—the gin-shops particularly—round the doors of which are gathered little knots of noisy people, whom, as the hour grows later, the policeman endeavours in vain to "move on." Take a peep into one of them, and you will be pained to note how full they are, and to think what vast sums of money are absolutely wasted in the vile compounds distributed to the motley applicants. But a more painful thing is to notice among the crowd of foul-mouthed, blear-eyed, besotted men and women, some half-dozen well-dressed young fellows—scarce eighteen—lolling negligently upon the polished bar-front, smoking short pipes, and talking slang to the girls behind. And even more painful still it is to see how many women are continually passing in and out, lost apparently to every sense of decency and shame. But, perhaps, the most painful thing of all is to glance in at the railed-off portion called the "bottle department," and to watch the entrance of a respectable-looking mechanic and his wife—neat, clean, even pretty, the wife is, and the husband is a treat to look at, in his youth and strength—with their basket and their baby, who go directly to the counter and call for a "quartern of gin." Verily, the woman,

WHITECHAPEL—CHEAP TAILOR'S DOORWAY.

young and pretty as she is, drinks off her portion as if she were used to it; and, as for the husband, he tosses his off with a smack and calls for more. And the "baby must have a little drop," and the glass is lifted up to the infant's mouth without the hesitation of an instant. You may well leave the place in disgust, and ponder what can come of such habits.

Returning to the street—on each side of which, upon the wide open space which lies between the footway and the road are long rows of stalls closely packed and crowding on each

other, except where the shopkeepers appropriate the space to themselves—you make your way slowly through the increasing mass of pedestrians. Before proceeding, however, pause an instant and look down upon the street. You are dazzled with the flickering light, glittering far away upon the road in long lines of dusky brilliance, gas from the street lamps, gas lamps in countless numbers and variety from the shop windows, and candles and lamps, and a newly introduced adaptation of naphtha flaring and sputtering from every stall in all the crowded way, a most astonishing illumination. These, with the half-yard of flaring light from every butcher's shop, and the dozens of lamps from the public-houses, produce a most strange and remarkable effect.

itself, form a pretty numerous assemblage; and as the hour grows later, the noise and bustle increase to a rather bewildering extent, and you are puzzled to think where all the people come from.

But the stalls; the stalls are, every one of them, a study. Here are fishes upon boards; rows of second-hand boots and shoes polished up to the last degree of brightness; fruit stalls, ginger-beer stalls, oyster stalls, old iron stalls, greengrocery stalls, and toy stalls, in endless variety, each with its two, three, or four flaring lamps; and amid the more modern of the street stalls, we notice our ever constant and old acquaintance the old Irish apple-woman, who sits beside her scanty stock and smokes her pipe, with the one unvarying cry, "Apples a

WHITECHAPEL.—"APPLES, A PENNY A LOT."

From every turning, right and left—and they are extremely numerous—you observe a continually increasing stream of people, all thronging into the broad highway, till at last the crowd on the right-hand side of the road is too great to allow of more than a slow walking pace. It is composed principally of mechanics and their wives, clerks wending homewards from the city—for a respectable neighbourhood called Bow lies beyond—a heterogeneous mass of labourers, bricklayers, brewers' draymen, Irish hod-men, cigar-makers—principally young Jews, who all smoke tobacco, in one shape or another—costermongers, and thieves. There are supposed to be two known thieves to every twenty pedestrians in Whitechapel. These with the keepers of the stalls on the roadside and the vehicles in the road

penny a lot—a penny a lot." She is a study that the artist has taken from the life; but in all this long bazaar of cheap commodities, there is only *one* stall for the sale of books, though nearer the city, outside the walls of the workhouse, there are two or three little tables where wretched coloured prints in common yellow frames are exposed for sale. If you are curious in literature, you will linger at the bookstall; but you will not be much edified, for the kind of reading that is patronised hereabouts is entirely of the Jack Sheppard school. An enterprising genius once tried the effect of an al-fresco book auction here. We watched him night after night for about three weeks, as he stood on the top of his little board and offered his treasures to the surrounding crowd in a loud voice.

The fellow was not without wit, but neither wit nor learning could put food upon his table; so, after having tried it as long as he thought there was a chance of earning a crust, he packed up his box one evening and bade the neighbourhood good-bye. He always stood in one place, just opposite the London Hospital, and we have often lingered and listened to him; and once we bought, at sixpence a volume, several copies of the old London Magazine. We were sorry when he left, but there was clearly no love of reading in Whitechapel.

But if literature is not patronised here, gambling is, most extensively; for about every half-dozen yards or so (and opposite the workhouse much more numerously still), are stalls set up for the encouragement of this fashionable vice. They consist of ordinary costermongers' barrows, lighted by a flaring lamp, sometimes two, of naphtha, and the front part filled with nuts. At the back is erected a large board painted in circles with rings or figures, and the manner of playing the game is this: the player fires a feathered needle from a small gun, the impetus being given to the barb by the explosion of a percussion cap, and into whichever ring or number it is forced, he receives a certain quantity of nuts, which are afterwards bought by the vender at about half-price. At these stalls there is usually a pretty large crowd of youths of both sexes, and the keeper, it would appear, drives a roaring trade—for the love of gambling is inherent in nearly all men. The police never interfere. The pea and thimble game, and the teetotum, are also occasionally seen, but these are not openly allowed. The "gun trick" decidedly draws the greatest number of customers.

Beside these are singers of vulgar ballads, sellers of infamous pamphlets, men who have sham sovereigns to dispose of for a bet of a thousand pounds between two celebrated noblemen, players on the violin, ragged children with lucifer matches or "five onions for a penny," and beggars innumerable—from the respectable sham in a white apron and four clean borrowed babes, to the wretched woman who stands shivering by the way-side and starves—all of whom, except the beggars, draw considerable audiences, and shout out their various pretensions with no lack of lungs. One tall fellow we have known for many years always stands about midway between Whitechapel church and the turnpike. Sometimes he sells wonderful corn-plaister, sometimes rare herbs for coughs, colds, and cholera, and sometimes vends a bit of Paris glue, or a lump of Castile soap, for the mending of old china or the cleansing of grease spots from old garments. He is quite an original in his way, and it is really a treat to listen to him. In a loud and pompous voice he proclaims the virtues of his nostrums somewhat after this fashion:—"Ladies and gentlemen, you have here the most surprising invention for the removal of all spots and stains, from silks, satins, bombazeens, crapes, linens, shawls, gowns, or broadcloth: it will remove all fruit stains, ink stains, grease stains, paint stains, oil stains, blood stains, or beer stains; in fact, it will remove all kinds of stains and imperfections upon all kinds of articles, except stains upon the character and imperfections of temper. Come here, my little boy. Observe now, ladies and gentlemen, the large spot of grease upon this lad's collar. You see, I merely damp the mixture, apply it to the stain, give it two or three rubs up and down, wipe it off with a wet flannel, brush the place, and the grease has altogether vanished. There, my little boy, go home and tell your mother you have got a new jacket. Only a penny: only a penny." In this way he will continue to hold forth for five hours together; and a tolerably good living he makes, no doubt. Close by, is a maker of pins, who pursues his calling in a methodical manner, and never stops except to sell a "aporth," but goes on talking and working all the evening; and at a little distance is a stout man propounding riddles to a gaping crowd, or a blind old fellow who plays a set of bells with his hands, and scrapes an old violoncello with the action of his feet.

WHITECHAPEL.—THE PAVEMENT QUACK.

"Now, then, my customers, here's an infallible remedy for warts, corns, and bunions. The slightest application of this famous salve will remove, in a short space of time, the most inveterate corn with which you may be troubled. It is equally good for hard corns, soft corns, corns between the toes, on the heels, or on the instep; and it has never been known to fail in removing bunions of many years' growth. The late lamented Sir Robert Peel was greatly troubled with corns, for which he had been operated on several times; but, happening to pass through the Tottenham-court-road, where I then was, he was induced to purchase a packet; and so immediate was the relief obtained, that he sent his servant the next night with a sovereign, so that he might purchase a stock for his friends. With my salve there is no necessity for cutting and paring—no danger from the incautious use of the razor or penknife before you go out; all that is necessary to do is to wash your feet clean overnight, dry them well, and apply the salve to the place affected. In the morning you will find your corn so much better that you will walk half-a-dozen miles just to prove to yourself that you have none worth speaking of. Only a penny a packet! Now, if I were to set up a handsome shop, and write the word 'chiropodist' over the door, you would come and give me half-a-crown a piece for having your corns pared down close with a lancet; but because I stand in the street, and offer you a certain remedy for a penny, you pass on, and think you will be imposed on. My salve will draw the corns from your feet as surely as the sun draws the plant from the ground, without the slightest pain, confinement, or impediment to business. Only a penny! only a penny!"

On any evening in the week, from five o'clock till ten, in almost any populous neighbourhood, you may near some such harangue as this, if you choose to listen; or possibly the street-quack—"patterer" is the cant phrase—may hold forth on the virtues of razor-paste, which is warranted infallible for rendering razors and penknives much sharper than any other known application—a fact made apparent by the seller dividing a hair from end to end by one cut of the instrument. Or, perhaps, he may extol the virtues of the famous "Kilenlum" for mending cracked and broken china, glass, or earthenware, illustrating at the same time its efficacy in the most practical of all methods, by first breaking a piece of porcelain, and then

cementing the broken edges together. At another time, perhaps, he sells the "patent plate paste, for restoring the edges of all plated goods, and making copper wares look as bright and new as silver." Or, which is most likely of all, he is pattering in favour of a never-failing remedy for coughs, colds, heats, and fevers, when he holds forth in some such strain as this, though not, perhaps, in such good language:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I offer to your notice a most famous remedy for all manner of coughs, colds, and asthmas. A few of my celebrated cough drops will remove the most inveterate cold in a few hours, and it is equally good for hooping-cough, croup, sore throat, and pains in the limbs. The wonderful Arabian cough-drop is composed entirely of harmless herbs, and such is its efficacy, that I most unhesitatingly and confidently offer it to all who suffer from those disagreeable complaints. It may be safely administered to the youngest babe, and is equally efficacious in removing the most obstinate lung disease. It warms the stomach, imparts heat and comfort to the nervous system, renders the breathing and expectoration free and easy, and is, in fact, the most simple and unfailing remedy hitherto sold in the public streets. I offer it at the low charge of a penny a box—one penny a box!"

You can scarcely walk through Whitechapel, the Commercial-road, High-street, Southwark, Holborn, or the Tottenham-court-road without encountering one or other of these street "patterers." That the articles they sell are next to useless as remedies, need scarcely be said; but, strange as it may appear, there are never wanting people who not only buy, but actually put faith in their nostrums, and will continue to deal with the same men for years. It is a highly curious study to stand and listen for a few minutes to the discourse of these street quacks. They are, as a body, by no means deficient of oratorical powers; and Charles Mathews, in his most favourite parts, does not "patter" faster or produce a greater effect on his audience than does the pavement quack on his. Indeed it has been proved that some of them have moved in very respectable society; and one at least was born a gentleman and is a classical scholar. How he came to the streets for a living is perhaps useless to speculate; but certain it is, that having once fallen into a wandering kind of life, it is almost impossible to rise from out of it. The pavement quack is by no means an idle man. He is to be found at his post night after night and day after day for months together. The writer has been in the habit for many years of passing to and from a particular street; and ever since he can remember, he has noticed one old fellow who is always to be found from noon till ten at night telling the same tale over and over again in favour of the "raal Jamaky snake root for toothache and rumatiz in the face."

How do they live? What do they earn? The first question would be difficult to answer, though the miserable lodging-houses in the back streets and courts of St. Giles and Whitechapel might possibly tell of their whereabouts. Of their earnings, no accurate reply can be given. "Sometimes," said one man, "I manage to clear a couple a shillings a day; at another time I don't take tenpence. Wet weather ruins us, for people wont stand to listen to you. At such times, I either go round to the public-houses and sell a little, or I lays in bed till evening." It must be a miserable life; as, indeed, must be the lives of nearly all those who get their livings in the streets; though possibly the successor of the last century quack doctor is as successful as most of the street "patterers"—for his customers are, most of them, mechanics and middle class people, confessedly the most easily-imposed-on people in the world. Whether it is possible to lift such folks as the pavement quack—who have many of them a positive love for the life they lead—out of their present miserable condition, is very questionable indeed.

Side by side with the stalls are numerous venders of fish, baskets of which, with a lighted candle stuck in the midst, with the grease dropping among them in the most impartial manner, may be seen at almost every step. This is a noisy trade, and "mack*reel* six a shil*lin*," rings in your ears for half a mile or so.

Near the workhouse, and on the open space by the turnpike, a giant is commonly exhibited in a show upon wheels, or a "wonderful spotted Indian from China is to be seen alive, for the small charge of one penny." But, under the walls of the church a strange sight is to be seen. The pavement here is raised some three feet above the roadway, and on the edge are to be discovered, all hours of the day, some dozen bricklayers' labourers waiting to be hired. Summer or winter, rain or sunshine, they are always there, and a very curious chapter in labour's economics their appearance makes. We once heard an omnibus-driver say they must be an orthodox lot, for they were very fond of the establishment.

But we must end our walk; and it is with saddened feelings we retrace our steps. The shops are open still, and full as ever; the streets are crowded and a trifle noisier; the pick-pockets ply their busy trade without detection; the ballad-mongers squall their ditties in the same cracked voices; the costermongers bawl still louder than before; the crowd is pouring out and into the Pavilion Theatre, beset by clamorous orange boys and play-bill sellers; the street-fishmonger's pursue their noisy trade; the gin-shops are crowded almost to suffocation; the cigar-shops are busy, and the drapers have their hands full; the lights are shining and the rain begins to fall; the beggars get more numerous and the vehicles more rare; the oaths of the women and the execrations of the men are louder and more profane as the liquor begins to operate; the illuminated clock of the church tells us it is almost midnight; and, as we hail a cab to hasten home to supper, the thin shrill voice of a miserable woman, who might once have been innocent and beautiful, comes wafted on the night air, and we recognise the faint echo of a song we heard in a brilliant company long years ago.

Verily, a walk in Whitechapel on a Saturday night is a painful thing to a thoughtful man.

OUR WORKING MEN AND THE MILITIA.

Some people are the victims of their fears. They are always in a panic, and therefore cannot do anything; for nothing so entirely unnerves body and mind as fear. Many persons have been frightened to death, and it is the opinion of some that this is to be the end of poor John Bull, and that *France* is to be the bug-bear that will kill him.

From the time of William the Conqueror until now, a period of *eight hundred years*, poor John has been terrified out of his wits by the French, so that to-day he is as much a trembling monomaniac, when France is mentioned, as ever. Priests, bishops, chancellors, generals, capitalists, &c., have every now and then occupied themselves in dressing up the Gallic cock into a Cock-lane ghost, and the consternation has been dreadful. We well remember the time when hundreds wished themselves dead and in their graves, that they might avoid being sabred and shot by the soldiers of Napoleon!

Napoleon Bonaparte! What a name! England has often been frightened at it; and now in this very month of March, 1852, the terror is as great as ever. It must be infinitely flattering to Louis Napoleon to reflect that he embodies in himself all the frightful characteristics of his uncle. It is thought by many that the man does not want to be loved, he only desires to be feared; if so, France bristling with bayonets and all England with every man and woman's hair standing on end for fear of him, must be an unutterable gratification to this sprig of a Bonaparte. Some ask, "What is there in a name?" But the question, though not easily answered, receives some light if we only look at the alarm of John Bull at the very whisper of the word "Napoleon," or cast a momentary glance at the millions which this name has cost him. In 1793, our national debt was about 230 millions sterling, but at the peace of 1815 it was 885 millions; thus our dread of France and of Napoleon robbed us in a few years of hundreds of millions of pounds. It has been asserted that in our war against Bonaparte we expended in twelve years 1,159 millions! Here then we have at least a partial answer to the question, "What is there in a name?" We have heard of a pirate whose name was so dreadful that mothers used to repeat it to their children to make them give up crying and go to sleep, but the name of "Napoleon" drives every wink of repose from John Bull, and empties his pocket into the bargain!

We have before us no correct record of the millions which have from year to year been wheedled out of the purse of

John Bull, while under his periodical paroxysm of French terror. It has been to him a kind of Gallic ague, coming on at almost fixed intervals, or rather brought on him by a race of men who laugh in their sleeves most heartily at his folly. If *Punch* were to take up the subject of John Bull's horror of the French, he might keep the country in a roar of laughter for the next twelve months.

The poor old gentleman is said to be very fond of his money, and utters the most dismal complaints respecting the Chancellor and others, who have been robbing him for the last six or seven hundred years; but still only mention "*France*" and "*Napoleon*," and his pockets and coffers fly open in a minute. Indeed he has been terrified into such madness by these magic names, that he has plunged himself over head and ears in debt, has actually pawned Great Britain and the colonies, and all the fortunes of his children and children's children for several generations to come.

It is now known to every designing trafficker in the land, that he can enrich himself at the national expense by only uttering those talismanic words, "*Fren h Invasion.*" These cabalistic syllables throw all the tricks and wonders of "*Hocus Pocus*," "*Presto Jack*," "*Fly Jack and be gone*," &c. &c., into the shade. Has a man any gunpowder lying on hand, it is only for him to cry out "*French Invasion*," and John Bull begs him to let him have every grain at any price. And the same may be said of accoutrements, fire-arms, preserved meats (!), steamers; in fact, any article that is good for nothing can obtain a ready sale under a French panic. Should the offspring of the nobility and gentry increase faster than places, pensions, and sinecures, only utter the words "*Napoleon Bonaparte*," and the army and navy find plenty of situations and salaries for them all.

Should half-pay prove insufficient to supply the wants of certain profligate officers, so that creditors are rather clamorous, the shout of "*French Invasion*" will soon double their incomes, and enable them to gratify their tastes and appetites at the expense of the country. Or if there be a complaint of bad government, or a demand for reform in the state, and the ministry for the time become alarmed for its safety, the cry "*French Invasion*" puts all the people on a new scent, and national and financial reform may go to the dogs. Alas! alas! what good will liberty, the suffrage, the ballot, cheap government, or cheap bread do us, if the French should come over and eat us all up?

When will the working men and tradesmen of this country learn that the war-cry, especially the dread of the Franks, has been one of the stratagems employed by statesmen for keeping up taxation, has put millions into the pockets of certain classes, and kept back the real reform of national abuses for centuries? What large fortunes have "heroes" made out of these French alarms! Were the French as malignant as we say they are, then they have already amply revenged themselves on Old England. Our national debt is a standing scourge which our dread of our neighbours has inflicted on us and on our children, and it is only for Louis Napoleon to keep up the terror of his name among us, and he may justly calculate that our fears and war expenses will bring us to beggary. Poor John is perhaps doomed to die of French fevers or French chills. He is literally frightened out of his *wits*; as to that fact there is no mistake. He is said to be a dear lover of liberty, economical government, and reform; but the paralysis of a French invasion acts worse than an electric shock, so that he drops all from his grasp; and, in his anxiety to escape, allows freedom, reform, trade, economy, and every thing else to lie in the dust. How the French must laugh at these tremors of the English braggadocio and his British lion, in one breath singing,

"Britannia rules the waves,
For Britons never, never will be slaves;"

and in the next making the land ring with the most frightful cry, that, unless we raise a militia of eighty thousand raw recruits, the crown of Victoria may be on the head of Louis Napoleon in the course of a few days.

When we think of the millions of treasure and blood that our Gallic fears and panics have cost us, what a monument we have of our national folly! Only think what would have been the glorious result if, instead of thus mistrusting and provoking our neighbours, we had treated them in an open, generous, and friendly way! What if, instead of deeming them savages, we had allowed them to be men. It is a good old saying that "kindness is the key to the human heart," and Solomon has told us that "a soft answer turneth away wrath;" and surely it would have been worth while for us to have tried whether justice, patience, humanity, kindness, and benevolence, would not have worked as well as powder and shot. Killing Frenchmen and Englishmen without mercy, and thus beggaring ourselves, has done no one any good. We have lost, and the French have lost, incalculably by this folly. If, instead of being enemies to each other, these countries, linked together by a narrow channel, had been friends, and sought each other's welfare, our mutual prosperity and greatness would have surpassed anything that the most sanguine mind can imagine. It is, therefore, high time that, as a *brave* people, we cease to fear the French; that, as a *generous* people, we treat them with confidence; and that, as a *prudent* people, we do nothing to irritate and provoke them. Having tried everything but kindness, it will be wise for the next few years to see what the pacific and fraternal spirit of christianity can do. This will cost us nothing, and will vastly improve our tempers and characters.

A war with France, though attended with victory on our part, will leave behind a debt almost equal to a French invasion. And nothing will be more likely to produce hostilities than this calling out of the militia; so that every one would suffer by it. The French would be scourged sadly by such an occurrence. Their trade would be injured, their debt increased, and thousands of useful citizens laid dead on the field. England also would be a tremendous loser by such an event. War with France offers us nothing but a dead loss in every possible way. Why, then, do anything to provoke it? and, consequently, why call out the militia?

Our WORKING MEN must set their faces against this national folly, knowing that they themselves will be the greatest sufferers. The expense will fall most heavily on them. The injury to trade will chiefly rob them of work, and therefore lower wages. They will have to be dragged from home for a certain portion of the year, and be doomed to live on the paltry wages that the state gives its soldiers. In this military bondage they will be ruled over by the iron rod of martial despots. All the corruption of the barracks will pollute their morals, and hundreds will return from duty ruined for life. Let, then, this mad proposal receive from our operatives, labourers, and their wives and parents, and, indeed, from all humane citizens, that condemnation which it deserves, and our rulers will hesitate to insult England and irritate the French by such folly and wickedness.

From a pamphlet which has lately appeared on this important subject, we extract a few hints, which the WORKING MEN of Great Britain will do well to take to heart. The introduction of a militia bill, it emphatically declares, "puts the country on a war-footing in a time of peace. It has a direct tendency to spread among the population a pernicious and demoralising war-spirit. Surely no man can have watched the improved tone of feeling which has been growing in this country towards other nations without pleasure and satisfaction. But should this system come into operation, it will revive the old spirit, so utterly at variance with the Christian temper—the spirit which breathes threatening and slaughter against our neighbours, which scorns the quiet pursuits of industry and the arts of peace, and covets martial distinction, though purchased at the cost of human blood. It will be found extremely oppressive to those who come under its operation. It proposes to lay its hand upon seventy thousand young men, between the ages of twenty and twenty-three, to take them away from their occupations and homes for twenty-eight days, and subject them to military discipline, without the possibility of procuring a substitute. Just at the time when they are embarking in life, does this proposed law step in, and insist upon their giving up their time, their labours, and their prospects for *a remuneration of one shilling per day!* It will prevent them from obtaining many situations, which might otherwise be open to them, and lead to their losing those they hold; for who will like to employ a person liable, at a moment's notice, to be called away from his business, for 14 or 28 days, to go playing at soldiers? It will exert a most deleterious influence on public morality. Let parents who have sons of that age ponder well what it involves. At a time when they are most open to temptation,

they are drawn away from parental superintendence and the hallowed influences of home, and compelled to associate with a promiscuous crowd of men of every character, among whom beyond all doubt will be found many of the lowest and most immoral of the population. It is full of ominous indications that something more is meant than meets the ear;—it sets at utter defiance the rights of conscience."

What then remains? Working men of Great Britain, If you would not "have these evils inflicted, you must be up and stirring. You must hold your meetings, and pour in your petitions at once. You must address individually your members of parliament, and tell them that there must be no mistake in this matter, that he who is not with you is against you, and that the man who, by speech or vote, supports the war measures of the government, must henceforth look for no aid from you at the hustings and the polling-booth. Act then at once, and show to your rulers, by peaceful but vigorous and united demonstration, that a system so utterly at variance with the spirit of the Gospel, and so adverse to your dearest rights and interests, shall never, with your consent, be resuscitated in England."

LECTURES TO WORKING MEN.

ON IRON.

On Monday evening, March 15th, a lecture on iron was delivered by Professor Percy, M.D. at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn-street. The lecturer commenced by stating that although he had no brilliant showy specimens to exhibit to his audience, yet the rude specimens of iron ores before him formed one of the chief sources of the wealth of this country, and were of far more value than all the gold of California and Australia. Dr. Percy then proceeded to state that iron is occasionally found in the metallic state, in which case it is mixed with other metals as an alloy; meteoric iron is an example of this kind, which has been found in masses of many tons' weight. The source of this meteoric we are unacquainted with. Pure iron is found only in the laboratory of the chemist. In ordinary language we apply the term pure iron to wrought or malleable iron. As regards its physical qualities, iron possesses great malleability, and may therefore be rolled into thin sheets; the specimens of *paper iron*, from Austria, shown at the Exhibition, carried off a council medal. It is very ductile, and can therefore be drawn out into fine wire. Iron also possesses great tenacity, and a small iron wire is capable of sustaining a great weight. It is about eight times heavier than water.

The various kinds of iron are, chemically speaking, compounds of iron with carbon or pure charcoal; thus wrought-iron contains about a quarter per cent. of carbon, and if deprived of this carbon it becomes converted into what is termed burnt iron; if the quantity of carbon be increased to a half per cent., it becomes a kind of soft steel, whilst above that, up to two per cent., it forms the various qualities of steel. If the proportion of carbon be still further increased, as from two to four per cent., cast-iron is formed. The presence of carbon cannot be detected by the eye any more than the separate presence of copper or zinc in brass, because there is a chemical combination; but in the case of cast-iron, portions of carbon may often be seen by the aid of the microscope.

The ores of iron are for the most part compounds of that metal with oxygen, as illustrated in the following diagram:—

Ores of Iron.

Magnetic Iron Ore.

Iron	72·4
Oxygen	27·6
	100·0

Specular Iron Ore (protoxide).

Iron	70·0
Oxygen	30·0
	100·0

Brown Iron Ore (hydrous oxide).

Iron	60·0
Oxygen	26·0
Water	14·0
	100.0

Sparry Iron Ore (carbonate of iron).

Protoxide of Iron	62·0
Carbonic Acid	38.0
	100.0

Oxygen, which is one of the constituents of the atmosphere, forming the vital part of the air we breathe, is readily attracted by iron, and the union produces an oxide of iron, or rust. If iron be exposed to the action of *dry* oxygen, no effect takes place, and it remains bright for an indefinite period; but if moisture be admitted, then the absorption of oxygen or oxidation is readily effected, which goes on at an increasing rate. If iron be heated, it also takes oxygen readily, as is shown by the iron scales of the smith's forge. Now the great object of all iron-smelting processes is to get rid of this oxygen, which in the ores of iron is combined with the metal. To effect this, blast furnaces of various forms are used. The theory of the smelting process is as follows: A layer of charcoal, coke, or coal, is placed in a furnace heated red hot; above the charcoal is a layer of iron ore; air is admitted by means of a bellows or blast; the oxygen of the air combines with a portion of the charcoal to form carbonic acid; this carbonic acid unites with a further portion of carbon, forming carbonic oxide—the true reducing agent—which, at the high temperature of the furnace, acts on the iron ore, and by combining with the oxygen of the latter, reduces it to the metallic state, whilst the carbonic acid formed by the union of the oxygen of the ore with the carbonic oxide, passes off into the air at the top of the furnace. By the addition of limestone, the iron assumes a liquid form, and is separated from the earthy particles (with which it is more or less associated) which float on its surface, and is called the *slag*; this limestone is called *flux* from its property of enabling the melted iron to flow or become fluid.

The lecturer then proceeded to describe some of the methods adopted in practice to separate the iron from its ores. In the ancient British iron furnaces, as also in those of Africa, India, and the Pyrenees at the present day, the iron was converted direct from the ore into the state of wrought-iron. Dr. Percy then described the Catalan blast furnace as adopted in the Pyrenees, in which the blast is obtained by the pressure exerted by the fall of a column of water, and that of India, where a goat-skin bellows worked by manual labour, day and night unremittingly, is the source of the supply of air to the furnace. As the blast furnace of our own country and of our own day is the most interesting, we will now give the lecturer's description of it.

Blast furnaces are from 40 to 50 feet high, built of stone or of brick, and lined internally with fire brick and cement, capable of standing a high heat; they are about 11 feet wide (internal) at the *hearth*, the lower part of the furnace, and about 15 feet wide at the *boshes*. Into the top of these furnaces, barrowsful of iron ore, limestone, and fuel, in weighed proportions, are thrown, the furnaces being usually built against the side of a hill so that ready access is obtained to the upper part. The ore is first roasted or calcined, by being placed between layers of coal which are set on fire; by this means the ore is brought into a state to be more readily acted on in the furnace. The proportions are about 30 cwt. of calcined ore and 9 cwt. of limestone, and from this is produced 15 cwt. of pig-iron. These charges of ore, limestone, and fuel, are kept on three or four times in an hour, day and night uninterruptedly. Near the lower part of the furnace are three openings, one at each side, and one at the back, through each of which a constant and powerful current of air is forced by a powerful engine; this is called the blast. The blast of air is conveyed into the furnace through tubes called *tuyeres*, resembling the nose of a bellows. These *tuyeres* are connected with a large reservoir, such as an iron cylinder, filled with compressed air, driven into it by a powerful steam-engine acting on the principle of a force-pump. This reservoir is often capable of containing 2,000 cubical feet of air. Were it not for this reservoir or blast regulator, the air, if forced by the engine at once into

the furnace, would produce an intermitting irregular blast, by which the operation of the furnace would be much impeded. In some furnaces *cold* blast is used, and in others hot blast; in the former case the air is used of the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere; in the case of the hot blast the air is made to traverse a series of pipes or tubes placed in a furnace, by which means it becomes heated to 600 deg. Fahrenheit before it enters the furnace.

The melted iron, which is obtained by the aid of heat kept up by this powerful blast, is allowed to accumulate at the lower part of the hearth, whence it is *tapped* or drawn off once in twelve hours, through a small hole at the bottom of the furnace, which is filled with clay after each tapping, and is broken open when the next tapping is necessary. The liquid metal is run out into moulds of sand made on the ground in front of the furnace, and the masses of iron thus obtained are termed "pigs" and are in this state sent into the market.

Through another opening, higher up than the one just alluded to, the *scoriæ* (slag), or melted impurities contained in the ore, the flux, and the fuel, flow off into cast-iron boxes placed to receive them. Some idea of the quantity of iron thus made may be ascertained from the fact that one furnace alone has yielded, for 52 consecutive weeks, 209 tons of cast-iron per week.

Such is the process adopted for the manufacture of *cast*-iron. Reference was then made by the lecturer to the discovery of this manufacture. It has already been stated that in the ancient furnaces wrought-iron was produced, and we have no precise information as to the time cast-iron was first made in this country. In the manufacture of cast-iron, charcoal was the only fuel formerly employed, and we are deeply indebted to Dudley, who, in the reign of Charles the First, discovered the method of using coal as a substitute for charcoal—a discovery of paramount importance to this country, especially as the supply of wood requisite for the manufacture of the charcoal was fast diminishing. Dudley, like many other men who have benefited the world by their discoveries, had many difficulties and prejudices to overcome in the introduction of this great improvement. Many persons endeavoured to get his secret from him, and it is stated that even Cromwell employed an agent in this underhand affair. Dudley, however, was too wide awake for all of his opponents, and in 1663 he obtained his patent. At that time cast-iron made with charcoal cost from £7 to £10 of the money of that period, whereas Dudley was able to sell his coal-made iron at £4 per ton, although he made but *three tons a week*. Since that period the manufacture of cast-iron has made rapid progress, and become a chief source of the wealth and real power of the country.*

When Dudley began using coal in the manufacture of iron, the great landed proprietors of the day used all their influence to oppose the introduction of the new process. They wished to keep up the *high price of wood*, regardless of the influence of such a proceeding on the welfare of the community at large. Had these attempts been allowed to prevail, the consequences would have been highly detrimental to the manufacturing interests of the country.†

The lecturer then explained the processes of converting cast into wrought-iron. The first process followed in some parts of the country is that termed *refining*, which consists in placing the pigs of iron, with coal or coke, on the hearth of a refinery furnace, and exposing them to the action of intense heat. The furnace employed for this purpose is usually a low structure having a hearth or bottom of fire-bricks, and the sides of cast-iron made hollow to allow a stream of water to pass constantly through to prevent the iron becoming burnt. When the iron has become melted, it is run off, through an aperture in the lower part of the hearth, into flat moulds of cast-iron, where it is almost immediately chilled by means of cold water. These slabs of *refined* iron are then transferred to the *puddling* furnace for the purpose of converting the brittle texture of the iron into one much more malleable and ductile. The *puddling* furnace is in fact a reverberatory furnace, in which the flame and heat, passing over an intervening bridge or partition, are reverberated or made to strike down from an arched roof on the metal in the furnace. In this process most of the carbon contained in cast-iron is expelled in the form of carbonic oxide, the lambent blue flame of which may be seen on the surface of the melted metal. When the process is finished, lumps of this iron, called *balls or blooms*, sixty or seventy pounds in weight, are put under the *shingling hammer*, which weighs about five tons, and requires a steam-engine of twenty-five horse power to work it; by this means all its impurities are hammered out of it, and its particles are brought into a more close and uniform contact, after which it is passed through the *puddle rolls*, a pair of large heavy rollers working against each other and having grooves in their surfaces, and is thus formed into bars. These bars are next cut into pieces, and submitted to a welding heat in the *balling furnace*, after which, the iron thus obtained is formed into bars, rods, or sheets, for the market. About 1 ton of puddled iron is obtained from 1 ton $1\frac{3}{4}$ cwt. of pig-iron.

The lecturer then noticed the cold short, and red short iron: the peculiar character of the former he considers attributable to the phosphorus it contains, and that of the latter to the presence of sulphur and copper. After expatiating on the great importance of iron as regards the manufactures of the country, and glancing at the awkward dilemma we should be placed in if deprived of this valuable metal, Dr. Percy expressed the deep interest he felt in the welfare of the working men—paid a just tribute to their skill and intelligence—and announced, amidst the cheers of the audience, that the course of lectures, of which this was the last, would be repeated after Easter, in order to allow other working men to enjoy the advantages which had been granted to those now before him.

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* We append the following statistical account of the number of iron-furnaces in blast, and the number of tons of iron produced by them at different periods.

In the year	1615	300	furnaces	produced 180,000	tons of iron.
—	1740	59	—	— 1,700	—
—	1806	121	—	— 250,000	—
—	1827	284	—	— 690,000	—
—	1849	541	—	— 1,750,000	—

The value of the produce of the year 1849 may be estimated at £15,300,000.

† In France more than one-seventh part of the country is covered with forests. The fourth part of these forests belongs to the nation—viz., about 5,700,000 acres—whilst the remainder are the property of the Orleans family and other wealthy landholders. The state, the royal family (in the time of monarchy), and the great landholders, are therefore anxious that as much wood as possible should be used in the great manufacturing operations of the country, especially that of iron, and everything is done to discourage and discountenance the working of coal. Mark the result. Although France possesses abundance of coal, and although iron is most abundantly diffused throughout a great portion of her soil, yet she is dependent on England and Belgium for a great portion of the coal and iron she requires in her manufactures, and those countries are thus enabled to outstrip her in many of the principal departments of commercial industry. In 1849 we exported to France 563,639 tons of coal, and about 12,000 tons of iron, whilst the importations from Belgium were still greater. The natural advantages of France, as regards iron ore, are far superior to those of this country.

ADAM FLIDGE'S GOLD.

Mr. Adam Flidge, of Muddybrook, returned from California, after an absence of two years, bringing home with him seven thousand dollars in gold.

This snug sum was considered a fortune in Muddybrook; and Muddybrook accordingly extended its arms to receive the amiable Adam, although, I am sorry to say, the Flidge family, being poor, the young adventurer had never been appreciated by his own townspeople until the news that he had made his fortune in California opened their eyes to his extraordinary merit.

All black, and bearded, and uncouth in his manners, as Adam was, he was caressed by the first people in Muddybrook—people gay and proud, who had formerly noticed Adam no more than if he had been a dog.

And Adam, fresh from the society of barbarians, and altogether unaccustomed to the smiles of the tender sex, was flattered, bewildered, dazzled by the bright eyes which beamed fondly on him now. Women's smiles to him were welcome as the breath of spring to the bleak hills and tempest-tended trees. With a heart hungry for love, it is no wonder that he betrayed the most amiable of human weaknesses; no wonder that even the not very beautiful Matilda Moore led him a willing captive—the cold and coquettish Matilda, to whom Adam had offered himself in the days of his poverty, and been flatly, contemptuously rejected.

Seen through gold-bound glasses, however, Adam appeared no more the worthless wretch Matilda formerly considered him. As the youngest of unmarried daughters, in whose maiden footsteps she was following fast, the proud Matilda was pretty well qualified to judge of Adam's newly-discovered merits. She judged indeed; and when the stupid fellow, believing every woman true, once more offered her his hand, she graciously accepted it. Adam almost burst with joy. He firmly belived himself the most fortunate fellow in the world, and would not have exchanged his happiness with any individual alive.

But while Adam was so happy, somebody was very miserable. To every laugh of his, somebody echoed a sigh. While the balance of his happiness was full, that of another kicked the beam.

That other was his foster sister—the fair Rose—who had loved him ever, from his youth upward, with an unaltered affection. She was a gentle, winning creature, and it was a wonder that Adam had never fallen in love with her. She was fairer than Matilda Moore, and it must have been a silly pride which caused Adam to prefer the *position* of the latter to the *character* of Rose.

Adam, in effect, was blind. He did not appreciate Rose. He did not understand her. Could he have known how well she loved him, the startling truth might have brought him to his senses. But he was like a bat; he could not see the light. Often, after his return, he discovered tears in the soft eyes of Rose.

"My dear sister," he would say, "what is the matter?" kissing her fondly, and playfully blowing the tears off from her long eyelashes—"what is the matter?"

Fool, not to see! fool, not to discover, in her evasive answers, the grief which was breaking her heart. Blind, indeed! he appeared to see nothing except the charms of Matilda and the glitter of his gold, which he kept locked up in a stout oaken chest, previously to investing it in a farm for "self and wife."

Now Adam had many old friends, who warned him against Matilda, and whose wise counsel was despised. His father and elder brother begged him to make a different choice, endeavouring to convince him that it was only his money that Matilda loved.

"Do you think I'm a baby?" cried Adam, once in Rose's presence. "Can't I read a woman's heart? If Matilda didn't love me, do you suppose I would be fool enough not to see it? She'd have me if I hadn't a penny in the world."

"She wouldn't look at you!" exclaimed his father.

Upon which, both left the house in different directions. Rose, trembling and weeping, remained alone.

It is a rather singular coincidence, that on the very next morning, Adam opened his eyes considerably wider than usual, on first getting up, at the strange, startling sight, which made him tremble and grow faint. The lid of the oak chest was lifted. The gold was gone! and in its place lay his bowie knife and revolver, which he always placed under his pillow on going to bed, as security against thieves.

Speechless, and pale as death, Adam stood gazing with a look of despair and rage at the rifled chest. It was evident that the robbers, on entering the room, had first taken possession of his weapons, and finally left them in place of the gold. At all events, the gold was gone—Adam was penniless. The fruit of many months of painful toil had vanished in a night-time. The truth was too terrible to be realised—the misfortune too great to bear.

In a hoarse voice, Adam called his father, and communicated to him the fearful intelligence. It is hard to say which was the most angry of the two. They discovered how the robber might have entered and left the house; and they raised the alarm at once. In an hour all Muddybrook rang with the report of the robbery, and officers were in pursuit of the thieves.

In vain!

No gold was to be recovered—no thieves were caught.

The fever of excitement into which Adam was thrown by his misfortune caused him a fit of sickness. For a week he lay groaning on a bed of pain and despair. All this time his affianced—the false Matilda—never visited him—but Rose, the faithful, devoted Rose, was always by his side, to soothe and console him.

Immediately on his recovery, Adam betook himself to Mr. Moore's house. Still unwilling to believe Matilda faithless, he went to pour out his sorrow in her sympathising ear, and to assure her of his unchanged affection.

Matilda's forbidding aspect chilled his heart: she regarded him as if he had been some unfortunate person, whom she had seen somewhere, and of whom she retained some very disagreeable recollections. Adam's eyes were now opened to his folly, and he reproached her bitterly.

"Not another word, sir!" cried Matilda, haughtily interrupting his complaint. "If you have been deceived in me—*I* have been deceived in *you*. It is best for us never to meet again.—Good-bye."

Adam staggered home. He threw himself groaning upon a seat. Poor Rose—scarcely less afflicted than himself—knelt down by his side, and begged him to tell "his sister" what had happened.

Adam pressed her head to his bosom, and his tears fell on her glossy tresses, while to that one sympathising heart he offered his own, and laid bare all his grief.

Meantime poor Rose wept, but she could not speak; and, withdrawing from his embrace, she hastened to her chamber.

That night Adam slept soundly, and awoke in the morning, more nearly reconciled to his lot than he had been before. He rubbed his eyes; smiled, as, recalling a dream he had had, he made a resolution to regret his gold no more; to forget the false Matilda; and, moreover, to be a man again.

He rubbed his eyes, we say; but as soon as he got them fairly open, the smile vanished from his lips, and he stared in astonishment at some object on the lid of his chest. Eager, trembling, he sprang forward; he seized it—he pressed it—he laughed hysterically—and his countenance gleamed with joy, for that his gold was in his grasp!

And pinned to the precious bag was a slip of paper, on which, in a well known hand, were written the following words:

"Forgive me, dear Adam—my dear brother! I am the cause of your sorrow—I took the gold. I thought I was acting solely for your good. Now if you wish to marry Matilda, you can, for she will accept you. I know I have acted unwisely—wrongly—but forgive your poor sister, whom you will never see again!"

Adam was too much overjoyed to read more than half of the note.

"Forgive you—you darling!" he cried, almost out of his senses. "Forgive you—my guardian angel! Yes; and bless you, too!" he muttered, rushing from his room. "Where's Rose?" he demanded of the housekeeper.

Rose had not yet appeared. Burning with impatience, Adam sent the old lady to call her.—In a minute she came back, pale and with consternation, declared that Rose was gone.

Adam, recovering from the shock this intelligence occasioned him, flew back to his room, locked up the gold, and set out immediately in pursuit of Rose, who, he felt sure, had taken refuge with some of the friends of the family in Maplegrove.

On the way, also, Adam had plenty of time to reflect; and, on arriving at Maplegrove, his mind was fairly made up with regard to what he ought to do.

Rose's friends could not deny that she had that day arrived at their house. Adam demanded to see her, and his request was not to be refused.

And poor Rose, with swollen eyes, and a face that was deadly pale, at length made her appearance, trembling with apprehension.

"Say you are not angry with me!" she faltered, raising her eyes timidly to Adam's face—"say you are not angry!"

"Angry with you! my good angel! No, indeed!" cried Adam, folding her in his arms.—"And yet it is my duty to make you a prisoner—now don't tremble!—a prisoner for life, I mean? Not for stealing my gold—you rogue!—but for stealing your stupid Adam's heart!"

And Rose—poor, silly, blushing Rose—yielded herself without a struggle, and Adam took her home in triumph.

And not long after he took her to another home, purchased with his gold, and prepared for the dearest little wife in the world a happy home, which was the envy of all Muddybrook, and an eye-sore to Miss Matilda Moore for ever and ever.

MISCELLANEA.

SLEEP.—No person of active mind should try to prevent sleep, which, in such persons, only comes when rest is indispensable to the continuance of health. In fact, sleep once in the twenty-four hours is as essential to the existence of the mammalia as the momentary respiration of fresh air. The most unfavourable conditions for sleep cannot prevent its approach. Coachmen slumber on their coaches, and couriers on their horses, whilst soldiers fall asleep on the field of battle, amidst all the noise of artillery and the tumult of war. During the retreat of Sir John Moore, several of the British soldiers were reported to have fallen asleep upon the march, and yet they continued walking onwards. The most violent passions and excitement of mind cannot preserve even powerful minds from sleep; thus Alexander the Great slept on the field of Arbela, and Napoleon upon that of Austerlitz. Even stripes and torture cannot keep off sleep, as criminals have been known to slumber on the rack. Noises which serve at first to drive away sleep, soon become indispensable to its existence; thus a stage coach stopping to change horses, wakes all the passengers. The proprietor of an iron forge, who slept close to the din of hammers, forges, and blast furnaces, would awake if there was any interruption to them during the night; and a sick miller, who had his mill stopped on that account, passed sleepless nights until the mill resumed its usual noise. Homer, in the Iliad, elegantly represents sleep as overcoming all men, and even the gods, excepting Jupiter alone. The length of time passed in sleep is not the same for all men; it varies in different individuals and at different ages; but nothing can be determined, from the time past in sleep, relative to the strength or energy of the functions of the body or mind. From six to nine hours is the average proportion, yet the Roman Emperor, Caligula, slept only three hours, Frederick of Prussia and Dr. John Hunter consumed only four or five hours in repose, while the great Scipio slept during eight. A rich and lazy citizen will slumber from ten to twelve hours daily. It is during infancy that sleep is longest and most profound. Women also sleep longer than men, and young men longer than old. Sleep is driven away during convalescence, after a long sickness, by a continued fasting and the abuse of coffee. The sleepless nights of old age are almost proverbial. It would appear that carnivorous animals sleep in general longer than the herbivorous, as the superior activity of the muscles and senses of the former seem more especially to require repair. A witty writer says women require more sleep than men, and farmers less than those engaged in almost any other occupation. Editors, reporters, and doctors, need no sleep at all. Lawyers can sleep as much as they please, and thus keep out of mischief. Clergymen can sleep twelve hours out of twenty-four, and put their parishioners to sleep once a week!

"A BAD EXCUSE BETTER THAN NONE."—The following are a few of the stereotyped excuses for not attending public worship:—Overslept myself, and could not dress in time. Too hot, too cold, too windy, too wet, too damp, too sunny, too cloudy. Don't feel disposed. No other time to myself. Look over my drawers. Put my papers to right. Letters to write to my friends. Taken a dose of physic. Been bled this morning. Mean to walk to the bridge. Going to take a ride. Tied to the shop six days in the week. No fresh air but on a Sunday. Can't breathe in the church, always so full. Feel a little feverish. Feel a little chilly. Feel very lazy. Expect company to dinner.

CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.—It is something singular that Washington drew his *last* breath in the *last* hour of the *last* day of the *last* week of the *last* month of the *last* year of the *last* century. He died on Saturday night, twelve o'clock, December 31, 1799.

"IN VINO VERITAS."—A clergyman and a magistrate, residing not very far from the shores of the Solway, were recently returning home one evening, after having worshipped largely at the shrine of Bacchus. His reverence's onward course was, as may be imagined, somewhat tortuous; but he was greatly assisted by the considerate endeavours of one of his parishioners. After a long silence the following very instructive dialogue ensued:—Clergyman: You're a very decent fellow, George; but I've a little fault to find with you, George. Parishioner: Indeed, Mr. ——, I'm sorry to hear you say so: pray what is it? Clergyman: Why, you see, George, you don't come to church on a Sunday quite so regularly as you should do, George. Parishioner: Well, perhaps not; but then, you see, Mr. ——, I always pay you your Church-rates and Easter dues the very day they become due. Clergyman: Well, well, George—you do—you do. And, after all, George, that is the—*the principal part of —of the business.*

MEDICAL USES OF SALT.—The following remedies are not intended to supersede medical advice, but may be used till aid arrives:—In many cases of disordered stomach, a teaspoonful of salt, taken three times a day, is a certain cure. In the violent internal aching termed cholic, add a handful of salt to a pint of cold water, drink it, and go to bed. It is one of the speediest remedies known. The same must be done on the first symptoms of plague, and will revive a person who seems dead from a heavy fall, &c. In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring salt and water down the throat, if sufficient sensibility remain to allow swallowing; if not, the head must be sponged with cold water until the senses return, when salt and water will completely restore the patient from the lethargy. In the fit the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed, all bandages removed from the neck, &c., and a cool apartment procured, if possible. In many cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, when other remedies fail, Dr. Rush found two teaspoonfuls of salt completely stay the flow of blood. In cases of bite from a mad dog, wash the part with strong brine for an hour, and bind on some salt with a rag. This prevents ill consequences, and cures. In toothache, warm salt and water held to the part, and renewed two or three times, will relieve in most cases. In scorbutic habits, use salt plentifully, and vegetable diet; if the gums be affected, wash the mouth with brine; if the teeth be covered with tartar, brush them twice-a-day with salt and water. In swelled neck wash the part with brine, and drink it also twice a day until cured. Salt will expel worms, if used in the food in moderate degree, and aids digestion; but salt meat is injurious, if much used.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTHUR.—The native tribes of North America are called *Indians*, from the simple fact that when Columbus discovered the islands of America they were called *West* Indies, in contradistinction to the *East* Indies.

JAMES ASHLEY, sen., St. Helen's.—The author of the "Wonders of the Heavens" thinks that the work referred to is one written by Rev. E. Henderson, LL.D. In the appendix to that volume an estimate of the relative distances of the planets is given, but many such have appeared. The delay in this reply has arisen from the fact that Mr. A. was written to by post, but the letter has been returned from the Dead-letter Office, the address being insufficient.

J. L.—In the reign of Queen Margaret of Scotland, the Parliament passed an act that any maiden lady, of high or low degree, should have the liberty to choose for a husband the man on whom she set her fancy. If a man refused to marry her, he was heavily fined, according to the value of his worldly possessions. The only ground of exemption was previous betrothal.

J. H. P. and several other correspondents wish us to recommend particular books, with the publishers' names, prices, &c. Were we to do this, we should be liable to the advertisement duty, and might, also, in some cases, be accused of undue partiality.

B.—The apparatus for photography may be obtained of almost any philosophical instrument maker; the prices vary from £3 10s. upwards.

ROSE PERRY.—The true test of love is, that in deed and in truth you seek the happiness of him you love more than your own; that you could even renounce him, should that renunciation be required for his sake; and this feeling, which is the touchstone of true love, is also at once the perennial, the everlasting source of it, and the true happiness of it.

C. H.—You cannot do better than become a member of the London Mechanics' Institution. The classes formed there will suit your purpose exactly.

C. H. and two other correspondents complain sadly of *corns*. Sir H. Davy's solvent was prepared as follows:—Potash, two parts; salt sorrel, one part; each in fine powder. Mix and lay a small quantity on the corns for four or five successive nights, binding it on with a rag

JANE CLARK.—The best mode of suicide for ladies is to wear thin shoes, and lace with a bed-wrench and rope. By this means they may soon kill themselves without being suspected.

ISLINGTONIAN.—The New River was brought to London in 1614.

J. P. is anxious to know something more of the science of geology, and almost doubts the truth of many things advanced in favour of it. Let him learn, in the words of a learned writer, that great Pan is dead, but the mountains are not voiceless, and that upon their stone tablets we may read, if we will but observe, the story of the earth's mutations, the history of creations which existed during those vast ages when the earth was undergoing the changes necessary to the realisation of that garden in which was created a reasoning man.

R. ADAMS has mistaken us. We did not say that a lad could be a journeyman before he was twenty-one years of age, but that a knowledge of most trades might be acquired in two or three years.

R. A. (Dublin.)—The "Popular Educator" *will* enable a careful student of its pages thoroughly to understand and master the various subjects you have named.

JOSEPH K. wishes to know how a pencil is to be held while drawing.—It must be held in every possible direction, according to the nature of the subject.

MARIANNE should be more tolerant in her strictures. Let her think over the following anecdote:—"Two cardinals found fault with Raphael for having, in one of his pictures, given too florid a complexion to St. Peter and St. Paul.—'Gentlemen,' replied the artist, ill pleased with the criticism, 'don't be surprised; I print them just as they look in heaven. They are blushing with shame to see the church below so badly governed."

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND

FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

VOLUME THE SECOND—NEW SERIES.

"Uncultivated, wild, and rankly filled
With weeds obnoxious to the growth of good,
Are countless minds among the multitude,
Who weave, and mine, and by whom earth is tilled;
Yea, further up, in classes nobly skilled
In arts mechanic rarely understood,
Are those high aims that warm a patriot's blood,
Or thoughts, with which full many a harp has thrilled.
Let printed pages, like to wingéd seeds,
Go forth and light upon such barren soil,
And bear a frontage of ennobling deeds
To elevate the million sons of toil;
Till knowledge blessing them, exclaims at last,
'Behold a garden, where there grew but weeds!'"

HENRY FRANK LOTT.

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AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1852.

TO OUR READERS.

THE completion of another Volume of the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR enables us to address a few words to our readers. When, nearly three years ago, we issued our first Number, we could scarcely anticipate, or dare to hope, for the great success which attended our experiment. Before then, no publication had appeared which professed to devote itself entirely to the working classes; and, though several have since followed, in some sort, in the path we led, we are proud to say that THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR still stands alone in the peculiar character which we ventured to give it. Times have changed, indeed, since the "Penny Magazine, of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," first engaged public attention. The readers of 1852 are a different class from those of 1832, and the twenty years which have elapsed have been fraught with reforms as important in the moral and educational, as in the social and political world. Thus it is that literature of a higher and more enduring character than was common among us is demanded by the readers and thinkers of the present day; thus it is that from mine and forge, and factory and warehouse, and humble cot and quiet fireside, a cry has gone forth for "More light!" Thus it is that that cry has reached up, through all classes of society, even to the throne itself, and that the Working Men of 1852 have won from the high and noble a consideration and respect of which their fathers had no thought or knowledge. Shall we not profit by a state of things so promising—a state of things brought about by no violence or loud talking, no brawling in the market-place or complaining in the streets—but by virtue of true courage, reason, knowledge, and self-respect? The first step in compelling others to respect us, is to respect ourselves.

To assist in promoting that high and self-dependent character, which we believe to be the peculiar characteristic of the working classes of Great Britain, has been our constant and most earnest endeavour; and, as the formation of every man's mind is, more or less, in his own hands, we have been careful that nothing should appear in these pages but that which should possess an upward and improving tendency. In our first Number we promised that History and Biography, Social Economy, and Moral Teaching should form the leading features of our Magazine; and we considered, that in assuming such responsible titles as Friend and Instructor, we in no wise went beyond the limits of strict propriety, because we were assured of the goodness of our cause and the sincerity of our intentions. Having been all our life among the people, shoulder to shoulder with the living crowd, we believed that we understood their peculiar wants, feelings,—aye, and prejudices too. The success which has attended our efforts has fully justified that belief. The path in which we set out we still pursue; and, if we may dare to make promises for the future, we doubt not but that the next Volume of this Magazine will be as worthy the support of the million as those which have preceded it. To make it more so, and to introduce various new features in its pages, will demand care and liberal expenditure. We promise that it shall have both; and that our literary staff shall be enlarged; and, in return, we ask of our readers—the working men and working women of Great Britain—that they render their own Magazine a commercially safe speculation by their earnest support and cordial recommendation. Let every individual subscriber pledge himself to obtain one other, and the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR will be at once the best read and most popular publication in the kingdom.

La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, September 15, 1852.

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THE

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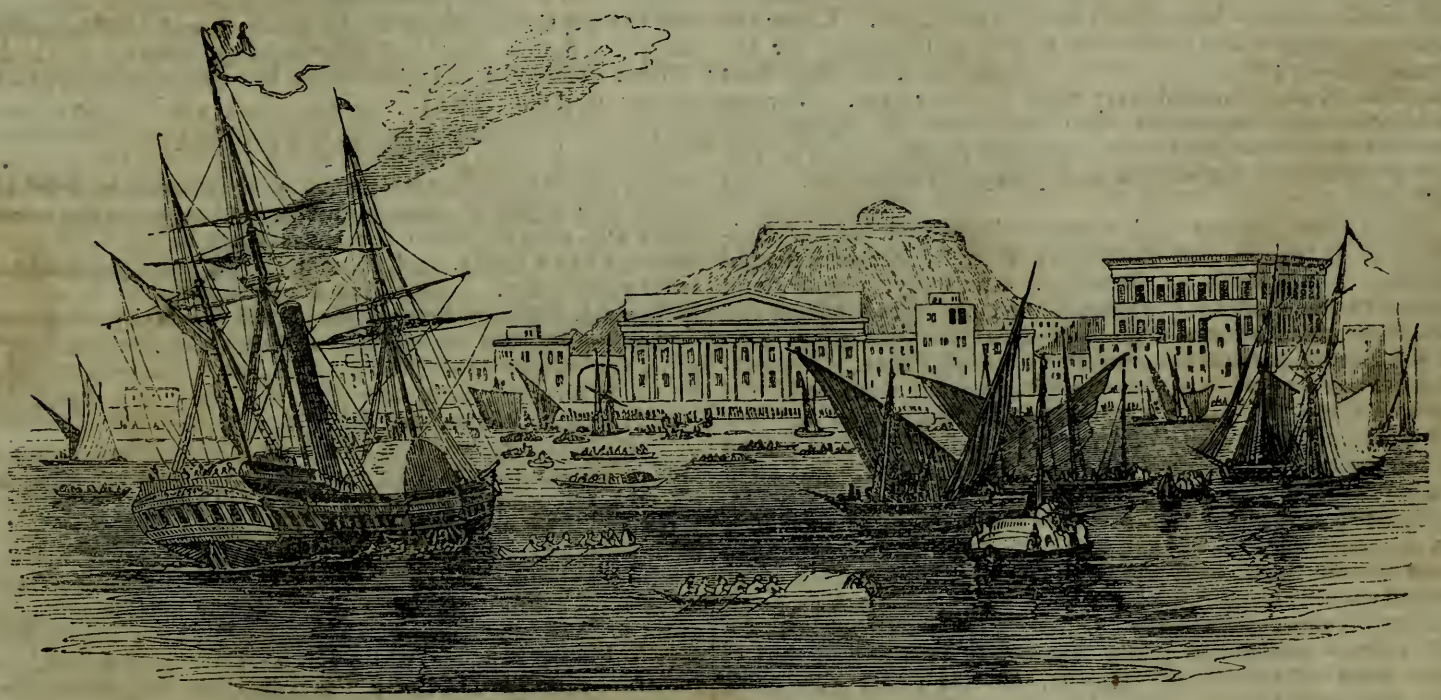
EGYPT: ITS EDIFICES AND ITS PEOPLE.

THE CITY OF ALEXANDRIA.

"EGYPT," says the justly celebrated John Foster, "has monuments of antiquity surpassing all others on the globe. History cannot tell when the most stupendous of them was constructed; and it would be no improbable prophecy that they are destined to remain to the end of time. Those enormous constructions—assuming to rank with nature's ancient works on the planet, and raised, as if to defy the powers of man and the elements and time to demolish them, by a generation that retired into the impenetrable darkness of antiquity when their work was done—stand on the surface in solemn relation to the subterraneous mansions of death. A shade of mystery rests on the whole economy to which all these objects belonged. Add to this our associations with the region from those memorable transactions and phenomena recorded in its sacred history, by which the imagination has been, so to speak, permanently located in it, as a field crowded with primeval interests and wonders." Such, then, is the country on the contemplation of which we now enter, yielding as it does a rich and abundant reward to the most careful and persevering researches.



MODERN ALEXANDRIA.

On landing at Alexandria, the scene is unique to a European eye. The steamer is surrounded by fifty or a hundred boats, containing a motley collection of dark-skinned, turbaned, half-naked, and half-savage looking beings, each one shouting and gesticulating with all his might, and calling aloud to any one and every one in a medley of tongues, partly in English, a little in French, with a few words of Italian or German, or something else. To a spectator unacquainted with the habits of these people, it would appear that they were quarrelling very furiously, and liable at any moment to come to blows, so eager are they, so active and energetic in endeavouring to recommend their boats, and so full of liveliness and noisy good humour in pushing and jumping about and getting hold of the luggage of travellers. Such a Babel of tongues, such a chaos of luggage strewed over the steamer's deck, such fuming and fretting, such running hither and thither, hunting up stray carpet-bags or small parcels, calling out almost in frenzy for a missing trunk or portmanteau, rousing the ire of the French sailors and servants, seizing hold of some bare-legged Arab who is making off with part of the luggage, and at last giving up all in desperation, determined to take one's chance and let bags and baggage go as they may—such an odd scene of confusion can very rarely be witnessed. After a while, however, a way is made through the noisy crowd, and depositing themselves in the midst of a boat, the travellers are rowed along at a slow pace, through the merchant vessels, a large number of which are lying at anchor in the harbour; and in fifteen minutes' time they are in front of a dirty white-coloured building termed the Custom-house. Their luggage is placed in very large baskets, and these put on the heads of women, who act as porters in Alexandria, and indeed throughout Egypt perform labour of a kind and severity which would appear incredible to females in our more favoured land. The examination of luggage is really quite a farce, since a few piastres serve at once as a convincing proof to the officers that nothing contraband is possessed.

Alexandria, or as the Arabs term it, *El-Iskandirieh*, as it now exists, is not a very large city. It has gone through many and various changes since the period when the son of Philip fixed upon this spot to found a city on which might rival the whole world. The modern town cannot boast much, either in extent or beauty; and, while it owes very much of its present importance and improvement on former days to the genius and policy of Mohammed Ali, it still appears as a mere remnant of departed glory and grandeur, and, as it were, in a condition than which nothing could well be worse. It is

curious to contrast the language of the ancient geographer Strabo with the representations of modern travellers: the former, in his great work on Geography, says: "The site of the city has the form of a (Macedonian) mantle, whose two longest sides are bathed by water to the extent of nearly thirty stadia (*i. e.* 3½ miles), and its breadth is seven or eight stadia (*i. e.* a mile), with the sea on one side, and the lake (Mareotis) on the other. The whole is intersected by spacious streets, through which horses and chariots pass freely; but two are of greater breadth than the rest, being upwards of a *plethrum* (=101 feet) wide, and these intersect each other at right angles. Its temples, grand public buildings, and palaces, occupy a third or a fourth of the whole extent; for every successive king, aspiring to the honour of embellishing these consecrated monuments, added something of his own to what already existed. All these parts are not only connected with each other, but likewise with the port and the buildings that stand outside of it."

Under the Ptolemys, to whom Egypt fell on the demise of Alexander the Great, it became the metropolis of their empire, and one of the most flourishing cities of antiquity. When it was annexed by Augustus to the empire of Rome, it is said to have occupied a circumference of thirteen miles, and to have had 300,000 free inhabitants, besides slaves, who were probably equally numerous. It was regularly and magnificently built, was the principal entrepôt of the trade of antiquity, being, in fact, the market where the silk, spices, ivory, slaves, and other products of India, Arabia, and Ethiopia, and the corn of Egypt, were exchanged for the gold, silver, and other products of the western world. The inhabitants were distinguished by their industry, either sex and every age were engaged in laborious occupations, and even the lame and the blind had appointments suited to their condition. Under the Roman emperors Egypt became a principal granary for the supply of Italy; and its provision was reckoned of the utmost importance, and watched over with peculiar care. Various privileges and immunities were conferred on Alexandria; many of her inhabitants were admitted to the rights of Roman citizens, and her wealth and prosperity continued undiminished.

But Alexandria was still more distinguished by her eminence in literature and philosophy than by her commercial riches. The schools of geometry, astronomy, physic, and other branches of science maintained their reputation till A.D. 640, when, after a siege of fourteen months, Alexandria was taken by Amrou, general of the Caliph Omar. The conquerors were astonished by the greatness of the prize; and Amrou, acquainting the Caliph with its capture, said, "We have taken the great city of the west. It is impossible for me to enumerate the variety of its riches and beauty; and I shall content myself with observing that it contains 4,000 palaces, 4,000 baths, 400 theatres or places of amusement, 12,000 shops for the sale of vegetable food, and 40,000 tributary Jews. The town has been subdued by force of arms, without treaty or capitulation."

Few of those who have visited Alexandria within the last twenty years, can bring themselves to imagine that it once deserved such high epithets, or was really the great and magnificent city which the ancients would lead us to suppose. Hardly one but what speaks of it in terms of deep disappointment; and probably, among the places of which we read, and concerning which the imagination becomes excited and aroused, by pondering over the glory and renown of other days, there is none which more effectually damps, if not destroys, all enthusiasm, than the present city of Alexandria.

In many respects Alexandria has lost its oriental aspect, and can hardly be said to give a very good idea of an Eastern city. The influence of European habits and customs, and the effects produced by intercourse with the French and English, are quite evident; and it is not unlikely that in the course of time, and by the force of that almost necessity of a free and uninterrupted passage for England to her East India possessions, by way of Alexandria, Suez, and the Red Sea, the change will become still more marked, and according to our ideas the improvement in the city still more important. But as it now is, there is something very melancholy and unpleasant to one accustomed to clean and paved streets, to broad avenues regularly swept and washed, and lighted at night with gas, to elegant edifices for both private and public use, and to the numerous conveniences which mark the refined state of society in the west of Europe. In Alexandria the streets are unpaved, and consequently either very dirty or muddy. In general there are no broad streets or avenues, most of the passages from one part of the city to the other being narrow, crooked, and arranged with an apparently total disregard of public convenience. As may be supposed, the mud reposes quietly, until it is dried up by the influence of the sun and wind, and the continual trampling and scattering of it by the bare-footed fellahs; and the dust blows about to the infinite annoyance of everybody, until a fall of rain converts it into a thick, clayey, and very adhesive mixture. At night it is impossible to go out without a servant and a lantern; and, save here and there an occasional glimmer of a light in some Frank residence, the city is shrouded in darkness and a gloom which can hardly be characterised in any other way than as oppressive and disagreeable in the extreme. If we except the Frank quarter, or that part where the consuls and most of the foreigners reside, it is astonishing to notice what an air of miserable desolation—the term is not too strong—many portions of the city present: half-finished houses, portions of walls, and heaps of stones and dirt, lying in confused masses; wretched hovels, most of them roofless, and destitute of every convenience which can minister to the wants of life; and to render the picture complete, half-clad, filthy and degraded people, men, women, and children, with their little stock in the way of fowls, goats, or donkeys, all occupying some favourite corner of their unique habitation, and all apparently on an equality;—these and such like, are the things which strike a visitor from a country like ours, where civilisation, refinement, and the general diffusion of the comforts and blessings of life are our proudest boast and inestimable privilege.

That portion of the city which is more peculiarly Arabic, cannot well be termed otherwise than a labyrinth of lanes, narrow passages, and winding thoroughfares. With singular ill-taste and worse judgment, under a hot sun, the houses are mostly whitewashed, rarely have any windows in front, and present an aspect at once repulsive and melancholy. In the lanes and streets where the bazaars are situated, the scene ofttimes has a lively, and, in many respects, a peculiarly oriental appearance. Everything is open to the street, and in a little shop, slightly elevated above the passer-by, surrounded by his goods, such as they may chance to be, and smoking his pipe, the master or shopkeeper sits. With listless indolence he waits for customers, who now and then assemble, Turks, Arabs, Greeks, Copts, and foreigners of all nations, and commence a long, prosy, and noisy discussion, cheapening the goods, haggling about the price, and occasionally getting up a quarrel, remarkable rather for words than anything else. At the same time crowds of persons are passing, many on foot, some on donkeys, mules, and horses; the boys who drive the donkeys shouting to the people to take care; now a train of camels with immense loads move slowly along, and cause everybody and everything to give place; now a file of Egyptian soldiers, in their white cotton clothes and bright-red tarbushes, stroll carelessly towards their barracks; now a person of consequence, preceded by his groom, snapping a large whip, rides by; now some veiled object hid in silks and astride an ass, occasionally with a child sitting in front, ambles quietly through the crowd with her attendant driver or groom; and so on, with one thing after another, the noisy, bustling, but in effect idle and inefficient, Arabs spend their time day after day, and year after year, without ambition, and it would seem well-nigh without hope.

At first sight, it would appear that nothing could be worse than the condition of the fellahs, or common people of Egypt; scantily clad at best, and ofttimes nearly destitute of rags to cover their nakedness, squatting down at the corners and on the sunny sides of the streets, or lying at full length on the ground; children frequently perfectly naked, and, without exception, as filthy as neglect and superstition can render them; the men with a pipe, when they can get one, the women with a child astride their shoulder and another in their arms, or carrying some heavy burden on their head; all these, with their dark skins, naked legs and arms, and other peculiarities which need not be mentioned, strike the attention with a force

hardly to be expressed in words, and certainly give the traveller the impression that the modern Egyptians are degraded to the lowest point possible in the social scale. But it would not be quite fair to take an extreme view of the matter: degraded and oppressed they certainly are, ignorant and superstitious to a degree almost incredible, and deprived of nearly every comfort and enjoyment which we regard as essential to happiness, yet nevertheless, astonishment cannot fail to be excited at their light-heartedness, their patient endurance of fatigue and want, their noisy merriment, the affecting care and tenderness of mothers for their offspring, their contentedness with scanty fare, and such like qualities, which, although they do not prove anything in respect to their condition when estimated by the scale of European civilisation and refinement, certainly go far to show that as they have never known, so they can hardly be said to feel, the want of what we are accustomed to regard as the essentials of life. After all, however, it must be acknowledged that the scenes here to be witnessed are distressing, and far from pleasant to one who is disposed to think highly of cleanliness and its accompaniments. It is no uncommon thing to see children entirely naked in the streets and outskirts of the town, and both men and women are frequently so insufficiently clad as to shock our notions of decency, and particularly of modesty; one, however, soon becomes accustomed to all this, as well as other things; but what is really disgusting, and all the more so from its prevalence and its connexion with one of their ridiculous superstitions, that of the *evil eye*, is the most abominable and filthy condition of the children's persons generally, and their eyes in particular. Ophthalmia is lamentably prevalent throughout Egypt, especially among the natives, a fact which might surprise those who are unacquainted with the causes which tend to promote the spread of so serious an infliction; but all wonder ceases when a little experience has made them familiar.

Alexandria is but the shadow of what it formerly was; and knowing what glory, greatness and magnificence it once possessed, it may seem astonishing that there are so few marked traces of former grandeur at present existing. Here and there appear, it is true, the scant remains of what are thought, or concluded to be, portions of ancient palaces or edifices renowned in history; now and then amid the heaps of rubbish are found broken columns, beautifully-wrought capitals, fragments of an archway, pieces of stone and ancient brick, indicating at some unknown period in the past the number, extent, and beauty of the buildings which formerly adorned the capital of the Ptolemies; but who can tell anything worth knowing about them? and who is able to point out with any certainty, or identify with any probability, what may yet exist of the splendid temples, the gorgeous palaces, the spacious baths, or the noble halls of learning of ancient Alexandria? Who can stand in the midst of this mass of utter ruin and desolation on every side, without meditating, for the moment at least, upon the instructive lessons and warnings of the past?

Outside the city walls and fortifications the pillar appears which custom and tradition have combined to call by the name of Pompey, and for a long time to associate with the name of the great rival of Julius Cæsar. It is situate on an eminence, considerably above the road and neighbouring Turkish burying-ground, and is quite alone, apart from any edifice, standing in silent, nay, almost gloomy grandeur. The absurd practice of scribbling names on celebrated objects and in noted localities is here displayed in a scandalous manner, and between the black paint, tar, and other substances used on the base, and even the capital, the column is disfigured and sadly marred. If Mr. "G. Button," "Wm. Thompson," "E. Scott," and others, could but know what annoyance their silly proceedings have caused travellers and admirers of art, they would probably have paused ere they disgraced themselves by daubing their names in great staring black and white letters on Pompey's Pillar.

The foundation on which the pedestal is placed is of rough stones cemented together, and was no doubt at one time covered from view. The pedestal itself is of hard reddish granite, much worn by the weather on one or two sides, and evidently not from the same quarry with the shaft which has been raised upon it. The same remark applies to the capital, which appears to be of inferior workmanship and quality, and together with the pedestal is thought to be of a different epoch by Dr. Clarke, Wilkinson, and others. The shaft is certainly a very noble and imposing one, rising aloft, in one solid block, more than 70 feet, elegantly proportioned and beautifully wrought. According to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, the total height of the column is 98 feet 9 inches, the shaft is 73 feet, the circumference 29 feet 8 inches, and the diameter at the top of the capital 16 feet 6 inches. Mrs. Poole, following the measurements of Mr. Lane, her brother, gives the shaft of the column as 68 feet in height and 9 feet in diameter at the bottom, and the total height 95 feet. Other writers, quoted by Dr. Russell, speak of Pompey's Pillar as much higher. The material is what is termed the red Syenite or Egyptian granite, and not porphyry, as Russell, in his "Ancient Egypt," asserts on insufficient authority. Rarely, if ever, has a column of victory which, even though this is at present in a lone and desolate position, appeared more nobly or more strikingly; and perhaps no existing monument of the kind excites more varied emotions, or impresses the mind more forcibly with a conviction of the emptiness of warlike renown than this, with which the world has become familiar in connexion with the name of one of Rome's greatest of generals.

Leaving Pompey's Pillar, and returning by nearly the same road, and passing several gardens of palms, oranges, and citrons, and some rather pleasant-looking villas, the great square towards the new harbour is crossed. The two obelisks called Cleopatra's Needles lie at only a short distance from the Frank quarter, and though not quite so desolate as Pompey's column, so far as human beings are concerned, they are even more depressing and saddening in their effect upon the mind by the misery, degradation, and filth in close vicinity. The standing obelisk is close to the water's edge, and in the immediate proximity of the remains of an old Roman tower. It rises aloft to the height of nearly 70 feet, is about 8 feet in width at the bottom, tapering off gradually to less than 5 feet at the point, where a pyramidical pinnacle, if it may be so styled, completes the obelisk; and to one unacquainted with the hieroglyphics with which each of the four faces is covered, it presents a mysterious and almost solemn aspect. The material out of which the obelisks were cut is the red granite of Syene, which is exceedingly hard and durable, but does not appear to admit a very fine polish. There are three lines of hieroglyphics on each side, reaching from the topmost point to the bottom of the obelisk; the central one is much the earliest, and fixes the date of the king in whose reign it was originally wrought out and erected at the place whence it was brought to Alexandria. One of the ovals of the central line of hieroglyphics, is 4 feet in length, by about two-thirds of that amount in width, a fact which may help to give some idea of the size and imposing appearance of these stately blocks of granite, and the sculptured story of other days which they tell. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, whose authority is especially high in all these matters, informs us that the ovals in the centre are those of Thothmes III., a monarch whose reign he dates about B.C. 1495, or nearly the period of the Exodus of the children of Israel. "In the lateral lines," he goes on to say, "are the ovals of Rameses the Great, the supposed Sesostris (B.C. 1355), and additional columns of hieroglyphics at the angles of the lower part, present that of a later king, apparently Osirei II. (B.C. 1255), the third successor of the great Rameses."* It appears further, that these obelisks stood originally at Heliopolis, a city at no great distance from Cairo, and were brought to Alexandria by one of the Cæsars to grace that noble capital of the Ptolemies.

At a short distance, and nearly covered with sand and dirt, lies the other obelisk; the base and about half of the lower portion are completely covered, and probably a part of the obelisk is under the high sea-wall which incloses the great harbour. It has suffered much injury from various causes, but principally from being exposed to the influence of the weather, and the careless ignorance and folly of the natives, as well as some of the tribe of travellers, a class of persons who are not always either the best informed or the most concerned to leave unharmed the valuable remains of a past age. The prostrate obelisk answers in all important respects to its

* Hand Book of Egypt, p. 91.

FELLAHS OF EGYPT.

EGYPTIAN WOMEN.

counterpart, which stands near by, and so needs no special description. The obelisk which now lies on the ground exposed to every chance of injury, was many years ago presented by Mohammed Ali to the English government. So far as appears, it might have been removed without incurring any great expense, and would have formed a grand ornament for some conspicuous position in London. It is both more ancient, and perhaps of more durable material than the obelisk of Luxor, which adorns the Place de la Concorde in Paris, and which was brought thither at an immense expense of time, labour, and money. Lord Nugent* is one of the English travellers who deeply regrets what he considers culpable negligence on the part of his country: Sir Gardner Wilkinson, however, is of opinion that the obelisk is too much injured and defaced to be worth the expense of transportation, and declares that the project has been wisely abandoned.

There is something very impressive in the sight of such immense blocks of stone, cut out of quarries nearly eight hundred miles distant, and transported and erected with a care and skill which utterly exceed the power of the present race of inhabitants. Modern times are much given to boasting, and certainly some very surprising exhibitions of mechanical skill have been presented to the admiration of the world; but nothing is so astonishing, and yet so little known, as the means by which the genius of ancient Egyptian architects accomplished the works which we now see, and seeing, cannot help admiring and wondering at. What machines must they have had; what energy to direct, what capacity to combine, what knowledge of natural philosophy, to apply to their proper end the means and facilities of labour! and how surprising does it seem that we know absolutely almost nothing, save what is inferred from their remains, of what this mighty people were capable of doing, and of course of teaching to the world at large!

SOLDIERS OF EGYPT.

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

(From Recollecti ns of a Literary Life; by Miss Mitford.)

I REMEMBER saying one day to a woman of high genius that a mutual friend of hers and mine proposed to give a series of lectures on authors sprung from the people—from the masses, as it is the fashion to say now-a-days—and her replying quickly: "Why, all authors who are worth reading are sprung from the people;—it is the well-born who are the exceptions." And then she ran through a beadroll of great names from Chaucer to Burns: nevertheless, this repartee was not quite right; not a whit more right than a repartee usually is; for the number of educated writers must always preponderate. But still the class of self-educated writers is large, increasingly large; and truthful biographies of such persons must always be amongst the most interesting books in the world, as showing better than any other books the development and growth of individual minds.

Mr. Bamford's "Life of a Radical," and Mr. Somerville's account of his own career have much of this merit; but the most curious of all these memoirs, both for the vicissitudes of the story and the indomitable character of the man, is the "Life of Thomas Holcroft," begun by himself and concluded by Hazlitt.

Of his strength of character no better evidence can be offered than that the first seventeen chapters were dictated by him during his last illness whilst he was in such a state that he was frequently obliged to pause several minutes between every word, and yet the events are as clearly narrated, and the style is as lucid and as lively, as if it had been written in his most vigorous day.

He was born in London in the winter of 1745; his father being by trade a shoemaker, but of a disposition so unsteady that he never could remain long in any place or at any occupation. Here is the account his son, a most dutiful and affectionate son who maintained him to his death, gives of these rambling propensities:

"Having been bred to an employment for which he was very ill-fitted, the habit that became most rooted in and most fatal to my father was a fickleness of disposition, a thorough persuasion after he had tried one means of providing for himself and his family for a certain time, that he had discovered another far more profitable and secure. Steadiness of pursuit was a virtue at which he never could arrive; and I believe few men in the kingdom had in the course of their lives been the hucksters of so many small wares, or more enterprising dealers in articles of a halfpenny value. * * * * *

"My father became by turns a collector and vender of rags, a hardwareman, a dealer in buttons, buckles, and pewter spoons, in short a trafficker in whatever could bring gain. But there was one thing which fixed his attention longer than any other, and which therefore I suppose he found the most lucrative, which was to fetch pottery from the neighbourhood of Stoke in Staffordshire, and to hawk it all through the north of England. Of all other travelling this was the most continual, the most severe, and the most intolerable."

In all the wanderings of the itinerant father, the little Holcroft took part till he was about ten years old; then came a spell of shoemaking and a violent attack of asthma, aggravated by the stooping position, which continued a year or two longer. The disease was at length removed by the skill of a

* Lands Classical and Sacred, vol. i. p. 64.

country apothecary, and a fresh impulse was given to the poor boy's aspirations by the sight of a strongly-contested horse-race at Nottingham. His longings to be allowed to minister in some way to that noble animal became irrepressible; he confided them to his father, and was fortunate enough to be received into the service of a respectable man who kept a training stable near Newmarket. There being placed on a horse too spirited for his youth, his feebleness, and his inexperience, he got a terrible fall and what he grieved for more, a dismissal. He was received by another trainer and dismissed again. At last he made a third application.

This last application was made to John Watson, the celebrated race-horse trainer, of Newmarket; and so successful a rider did the lad become, that he was frequently chosen to back the most restive and unmanageable animals. Under his care they became as gentle as lambs. In the service of Mr. Watson, who is described as a good-natured free sort of man, young Holcroft remained till he was about sixteen. Then he began to feel a craving for knowledge of a different nature from any that he could obtain at Newmarket; although even there he had contrived to read every book that came in his way, to perfect himself in arithmetic, and to acquire a scientific knowledge of vocal music, which was of great use to him in his after career. He had made this progress, too, chiefly from his own efforts, so that the great process of self-instruction, which distinguished him through life was now begun; and he already knew enough to feel an ardent desire to know more. London, where his father was now living as a cobbler, offered at least the hope of education; accordingly, to the great amazement and regret of good John Watson, who had been uniformly kind to him, and to whom he could hardly summon courage to announce his determination, he abandoned the field in which his success had been so encouraging, took leave of his companions, biped and quadruped, and made his way to the great city.

Here a long series of disappointments awaited him. He became, indeed, a skilful and rapid worker at the shoemaking trade; but the position and confinement disagreed with him (well they might after the free seat on horseback, the exercise, and the pure air of Newmarket), and his habit of *idling his time in reading*, as the phrase goes, prevented his earning more than the bare necessaries of his abstemious life. He tried various schemes; taught an evening school: kept a day school somewhere in the country, with such indifferent success that he had but one pupil, and lived upon potatoes and buttermilk for three months; authorship, too, he tried in a small way, creeping into notice in the most obscure newspapers and the smallest magazines; and at about the age of twenty, when barely able to support himself, he married. It is to be noticed, that throughout his whole life he was eminently a marrying man; having married three wives, and left a young widow, the daughter of Monsieur Mercier, author of the "Tableau de Paris." Shortly after his first marriage, of which we hear but little, although he was eminently kind and indulgent in his domestic character, he seems to have been induced, by his success in a sporting club, to try his fortune on the stage. He has left a characteristic account of his application to Foote.

He had the good fortune to find the manager at breakfast with a young man, whom he employed partly on the stage, and partly as an amanuensis. "Well," said he, "young gentleman, I guess your business by the sheepishness of your manner; you have got the theatrical *cacoethes;* you have rubbed your shoulder against the scene: nay, is it not so?" Holcroft answered that it was. "Well, and what great hero should you wish to personate? Hamlet, or Richard, or Othello, or who?" Holcroft replied that he distrusted his capacity for performing any that he had mentioned. "Indeed!" said he, "that's a wonderful sign of grace. I have been teased these many years by all the spouters in London, of which honourable fraternity I dare say you are a member; for I can perceive no stage varnish, none of your true strolling brass lacker on your face," "No, indeed, Sir." "I thought so. Well, Sir, I never saw a spouter before that did not want to surprise the town, in Pierre, or Lothario, or some character that demands all the address and every requisite of a master in the art. But, come, give us a touch of your quality—a speech. There's a youngster," pointing to his secretary, "will roar Jaffier against Pierre. Let the loudest take both." Accordingly, he held the book, and at it they fell. The scene they chose was that of the before-mentioned characters in "Venice Preserved." For a little while after they began, it seems that Holcroft took the hint that Foote had thrown out, and restrained his wrath. But this appeared so insipid, and the ideas of rant and excellence were so strongly connected in his mind, that when Jaffier began to exalt his voice, he could no longer contain himself; but, as Nic Bottom says, "They both roared so, that it would have done your heart good to hear them." Foote smiled, and after enduring this vigorous attack upon his organs of hearing as long as he was able, interrupted them.

Far from discouraging our new beginner, he told him that with respect to giving the meaning of the words, he spoke much more correctly than he had expected. "But," said he, "like other novices, you seem to imagine that all excellence lies in the lungs; whereas such violent exertions should be used very sparingly, and upon extraordinary occasions; for if an actor make no reserve of his powers, how is he to rise according to the tone of the passion?" He then read the scene they had rehearsed, and with so much propriety and ease, as well as force, that Holcroft was surprised, having hitherto supposed the risible faculties to be the only ones over which he had any great power.

Thomas Holcroft came away from this celebrated wit, delighted with the ease and frankness of his behaviour, and elated with his prospect of success. Unluckily, however, he had already entered into negotiation with a very different person; and tempted by an offer nominally higher in point of salary, agreed with Macklin for a small engagement in a theatre in Dublin. The brutal manners of Macklin are well known. Hazlitt says, that until the age of forty he could not even read; an assertion which, considering the undoubted merit of his play, "The Man of the World," appears all but incredible. It is, however, certain that he was coarse, illiterate, and unfeeling; and the manner in which he suffered the Dublin manager to depart from the engagements into which he had entered with poor Holcroft does very little honour to his principles.

For the next seven years our luckless adventurer was tossed about the world as a strolling player, taking all parts, but succeeding best in old men and low comedy, singing in choruses, filling the post of prompter—always penniless, and sometimes nearly starved. At the end of that time his prospects improved; some family connexion (it is not said what) threw him upon the powerful protection of the Grevilles and the Crewes, and we find him numbered in the Drury Lane company, and complaining in a letter to Sheridan of walking in processions, and playing the part of a dumb steward in "Love for Love."

Nevertheless, matters are mending. He takes a house in London, marries a second wife, becomes a recognised author, and is employed by the London booksellers to write an account of the riots of 1780. Whilst attending the Old Bailey trials for that purpose, he was happy enough to save the life of an innocent man, who had nearly been condemned through the mistake of a witness.

Things go better. He brings out his less-known novels; his least celebrated, but still successful plays; and becomes one of the best and most voluminous translators upon record. If ever one happens to take up an English version of a French or German book of that period—"Memoirs of Baron Trenck," or "Caroline de Litchfield"—and if that version have in it the zest and savour of original writing, we shall be sure to find the name of Thomas Holcroft in the title-page.

One of his translating feats was remarkable. Beaumarchais' wonderful play of "Figaro" was carrying the world before it in Paris; and would be sure to make the fortune of an English theatre. But the comedy was unpublished, and no copy could be procured from any quarter. Holcroft made up his mind to attend the performance every evening until he had fixed the whole work in his memory. He took a friend with him, and they wrote down their several recollections on their return, very literally comparing notes. When it is remembered that the "Marriage of Figaro" is the longest play in the French language, the effort of a foreigner bringing the whole away in a week or ten days will appear most extraordinary, for not the slightest memorandum could be made in the theatre. His

translation under the name of "Follies of a Day" appeared almost immediately at Covent Garden, producing him six hundred pounds from the manager, besides a large sum for the copyright.

This was perhaps the happiest time of Mr. Holcroft's life—this and a few succeeding years. His comedies, "Duplicity," "The School for Arrogance," and "The Road to Ruin," evinced talent (I had well nigh written genius) of the highest order. The serious parts above all are admirable. Perhaps no scenes have ever drawn so many tears as those between the father and the son in the last-mentioned play. The famous "Good Night" is truly the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin; and although I have seen it played as well as anything can be played by Munden and Elliston, I have always felt that the real merit belonged to the author. His greater novels, too, "Anna St. Ives" and "Hugh Trevor," were full of powerful writing; and he seemed destined to a long course of literary prosperity. A terrible domestic grief came to break the course of this felicity. I transcribe Mr. Hazlitt's narrative:

"William Holcroft was his only son, and favourite child; and this very circumstance, perhaps, led to the catastrophe which had nearly proved fatal to his father, as well as to himself. He had been brought up, if anything, with too much care and tenderness; he was a boy of extraordinary capacity, and Mr. Holcroft thought no pains should be spared for his instruction and improvement. From the first, however, he had shown an unsettled disposition; and his propensity to ramble was such, from his childhood, that when he was only four years old, and under the care of an aunt in Nottingham, he wandered away to a place at some distance, where there was a coffee-house, into which he went, and read the newspapers to the company, by whom he was taken care of, and sent home. This propensity was so strong in him, that it became habitual, and he had run away six or seven times before the last.

"On Sunday, November 8th, 1789, he brought his father a short poem. A watch, which had been promised to him as a reward, was given to him; his father conversed with him in the most affectionate manner, praised, encouraged him, and told him that, notwithstanding his former errors and wanderings, he was convinced he would become a good and excellent man. But he observed, when taking him by the hand to express his kindness, that the hand of the youth, instead of returning the pressure as usual, remained cold and insensible. This, however, at the moment was supposed to be accidental. He seemed unembarrassed, cheerful, and asked leave, without any appearance of design or hesitation, to dine with a friend in the city, which was immediately granted. He thanked his father, went down stairs, and several times anxiously inquired whether his father was gone to dress. As soon as he was told that he had left his room, he went up stairs again, broke open a drawer, and took out forty pounds. With this, the watch, a pocket-book, and a pair of pistols of his father's, he hastened away to join one of his acquaintances, who was going to the West Indies. He was immediately pursued to Gravesend, but ineffectually. It was not discovered till the following Wednesday that he had taken the money. After several days of the most distressing inquietude, there appeared strong presumptive proof that he, with his acquaintance, was on board the 'Fame,' Captain Carr, then lying in the Downs. The father and a friend immediately set off, and travelled post all Sunday night to Deal. Their information proved true, for he was found to be on board the 'Fame,' where he assumed a false name, though his true situation was known to the Captain. He had spent all his money, except fifteen pounds, in paying for his passage, and purchasing what he thought he wanted. He had declared he would shoot any person who came to take him; but that if his father came he would shoot himself. His youth, for he was but sixteen, made the threat appear incredible. The pistols, pocket-book, and remaining money were locked up in safety for him by his acquaintance. But he had another pair of pistols concealed. Mr. Holcroft and his friend went on board, made inquiries, and understood he was there. He had retired into a dark part of the steerage, When he was called, and did not answer, a light was sent for; and as he heard the ship's steward, some of the sailors, and his father, approaching, conscious of what he had done, and unable to bear the presence of his father and the open shame of detection, he suddenly put an end to his existence.

"The shock which Mr. Holcroft received was almost mortal. For three days he could not see his own family, and nothing but the love he bore that family could probably have prevented him from sinking under his affliction. He seldom went out of his house for a whole year afterwards; and the impression was never completely effaced from his mind."

The life of John Holcroft from this period belongs rather to political than literary history. He was included in the list of the "dangerous class;" and, with Hardy, Thelwall, Horne Tooke, and eight others, was indicted for high treason. The story of their acquittal is well known; but the effect of the accusation on Holcroft was extremely painful. He was openly spoken of as an acquitted felon; his plays were published anonymously; and, wearied out with these conflicts with public opinion, he retired first to Hamburgh and then to France, where he resided many years, occasionally sending to England translations of popular foreign works.

This author, so gifted, so various, and so laborious, one of the most remarkable of self-educated men, died in London on the 3rd of March, 1809, after a long and painful illness, at the age of sixty-three; I fear poor.

STANZAS

Written on reading an Account of the Destruction of the Amazon Steam-ship by fire, on the morning of Sunday, January 4, 1852.

Like a palace on the waters,
Like a castle on the deep,
Towering high above the billows,
See a mighty steam-ship sweep.

Skilful hands are there to guide her
'Mid her wild and watery path,
Should the howling winds assail her,
Or the tempest's stormy wrath.

Many joyful hearts are in her,
Bound from Britain's friendly land,
Hoping soon to tread in safety
On Columbia's sunny strand.

Some on business, some on pleasure,
Seek the Caribbean shore—
One upon a heavenly* mission—
One in search† of Indian lore.

Evening came with sable shadows,
Dimming ocean vast and lone,
While still swiftly o'er the billows
Sailed the splendid Amazon.

Silent night hung o'er the waters—
Slumber sealed the weary eye—
But, alas! at gloomy midnight,
Rose a loud, terrific cry!

Sleepers, wakened from their pillows,
Saw a fearful, dreadful scene—
From the vessel's bursting bosom
Smoke and lurid flames were seen!

What a terror-striking prospect!
What a sudden, certain death!
Underneath the raging waters,
Flames around with burning breath!

Who can paint the awful picture—
Who that moment's terrors tell?
Many sank 'mid ocean's surges—
Ocean roars their mournful knell!

Thus that gorgeous floating palace
Soon was shattered, broken, torn;
Few escaped to tell the story,
Or the dire disaster mourn.

Oh! lament for those who perished!
Weep the young, the good, the brave,
At dark midnight raised from slumber
To be buried 'neath the wave!

Lately, full of life and gladness,
Hope illumed each sparkling eye;
But, alas! in depth of ocean,
Lone and lifeless now they lie!

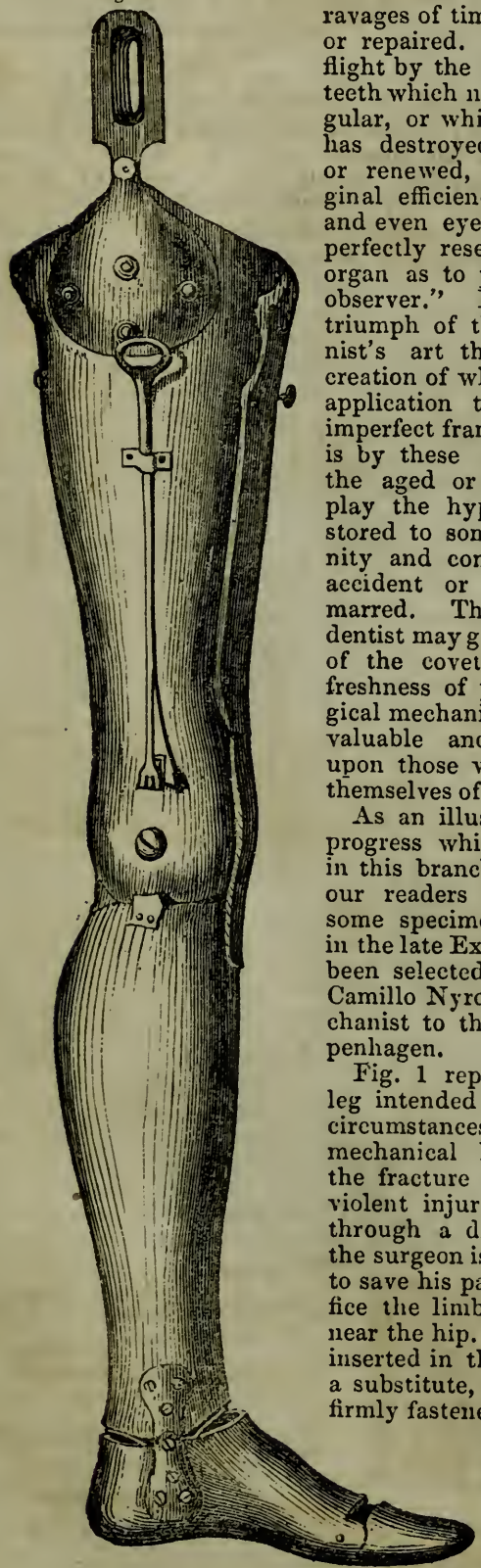
* The Rev. Mr. Winton, minister of the United Presbyterian Church, Stirling, Jamaica.

† Mr. Eliot Warburton, author of "The Crescent and the Cross," &c.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

In few branches of mechanical science has greater advancement been made within late years than in the invention and manufacture of remedies for the various ills and accidents to which humanity is liable. If art and science have been made to work together for the production of long-ranges, needle-guns, and other engines of destruction, we find them allied, too, for a nobler purpose—the alleviation and removal of human suffering. There is scarcely any not vital injury which the body can receive for which they have not provided a remedy of some sort. Whether it be the result of accident or disease, the detriment can in most cases be repaired, and the inconvenience which it involves be removed by some artificial substitute for that which has been lost. The very defects of nature can be supplied, and the ravages of time itself be concealed or repaired. Baldness is put to flight by the skill of the *coiffeur;* teeth which nature has made irregular, or which time or accident has destroyed, can be set right or renewed, in almost their original efficiency, by the dentist; and even eyes can be inserted so perfectly resembling the natural organ as to puzzle the "closest observer." But a still greater triumph of the surgical mechanist's art than this last is the creation of whole limbs, and their application to the mutilated or imperfect framework of man. It is by these aids especially that the aged or crippled body can play the hypocrite, and be restored to somewhat of the serenity and comfort of life which accident or disease may have marred. The wig-maker or the dentist may give back more or less of the coveted appearance and freshness of youth; but the surgical mechanist confers still more valuable and practical benefits upon those who require to avail themselves of his skill.

Fig. 1.



As an illustration of the great progress which has been made in this branch of art, we present our readers with engravings of some specimens which appeared in the late Exhibition. They have been selected from the works of Camillo Nyrop, the surgical mechanist to the University of Copenhagen.

Fig. 1 represents an artificial leg intended for every variety of circumstances in which such a mechanical help is needed—in the fracture of a bone, or other violent injury to it, or where, through a disease of the bone, the surgeon is compelled, in order to save his patient's life, to sacrifice the limb, by amputating it near the hip. The stump is then inserted in the artificial thigh, as a substitute, and the entire leg is firmly fastened to the waist by a strap. With these legs the wearer can walk about without inconvenience, and with much of the easy spring and elasticity of the natural limb. The following figures will illustrate the manner in which the joints are made to work:—

Fig. 2, which represents the ancle and foot, shows how the necessary bendings of the artificial limb are effected by the weight of the material employed, in connexion with the pressure of the living stump. But since no muscles, or independent power of motion, can be given to such mechanical contrivances, it becomes necessary that some other plan should be devised, by which, after the bending of the joint, the foot should be enabled to return to its proper position. This is effected by means of springs. These are seen in the intersection of the sole, to which the forepart of the limb, containing the toes, is fastened by little hooks grooved in under the foot.

Fig 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 3 more clearly illustrates the manner in which these springs are attached to the sole. This and Fig. 2 show the principle on which the Danish mechanist provides for the easy and natural action of the foot in walking.

Fig. 4.

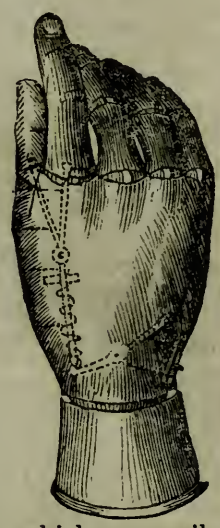
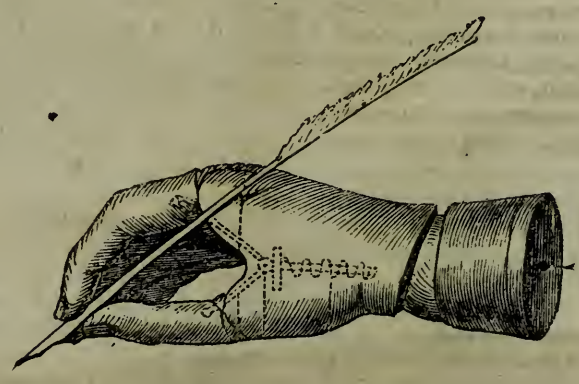


Fig. 4 is an artificial hand made of wood, in which the direction of the concealed springs is marked by the dotted lines. By the peculiar action of these springs the wearer is enabled to perform many of the usual movements of the natural hand with great precision and effect.

Fig. 5 shows the use which can be made of this artificial hand in writing. The entire motion is necessarily communicated by the living arm, as the finger is immovably fastened to the pen. In case of the loss of the right hand, the best substitute in writing is of course the left, which can easily be trained to the practice; but where the unfortunate sufferer may happen to have lost both hands,

Fig. 5.



it is no small boon that he can avail himself of these mechanical helps with such practical convenience and effect.

Fig. 6. This engraving shows how the artificial hand may be employed in card-playing. The cards are held by means of a glazed metallic plate fastened to the palm in such a manner as that they can be readily altered or withdrawn by the natural hand.

Fig. 7 represents a chisel held by an artificial hand, and thus illustrates its adaptation to the more practical and strength-requiring duties of every-day life. It must be remarked, however, that its use, as in the engraving, is attended by some degree of pain to the wearer, as the hard mass

of the wooden hand, when the instrument within it is struck violently by the mallet, communicates a much more unpleasant sensation to the wearer than would be experienced by the natural limb under similar circumstances; as the nerves of the stump, to which the artificial substitute is fastened, are much more delicately sensitive than those of the healthy and uninjured arm.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 8 is a sectional view of an artificial hand, to show the construction of the joints, which work upon accurately-turned wooden balls, in a manner similar to the action of the ball and socket in the natural limb. As these joints are of sufficient tightness and strength, such an artificial help can be made of considerable use, by pressing the fingers into the necessary position around the object to be held. In this, as in its lightness and close resemblance to nature, consists its vast superiority to the old clumsy and unseemly appendage of the hook and screw.

Fig. 7.

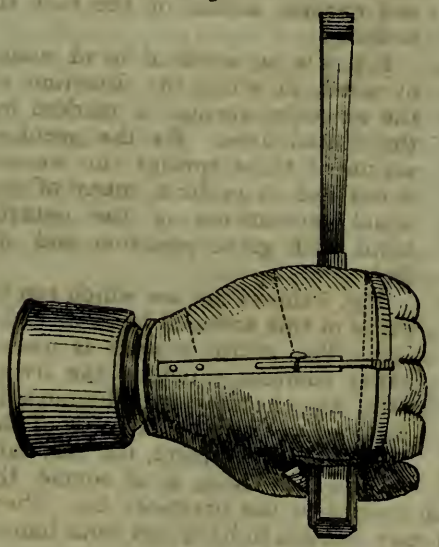
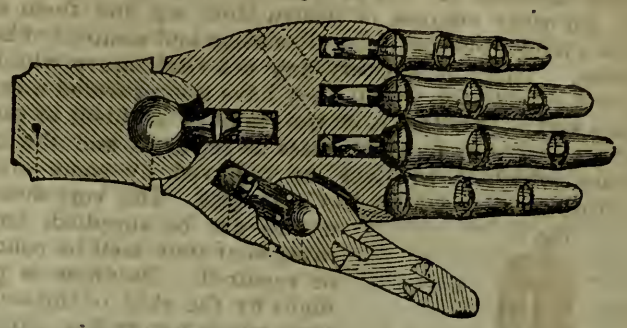


Fig. 9 represents a hand of a more complicated construction, in which, through a greater number of springs a succession of compound movements may be effected. The mechanical readiness of action, however, which a hand of this construction possesses, scarcely compensates for its inferiority in strength, and, consequently, in practical usefulness to the wearer, as compared with those which have been noticed. And even they, it must be confessed, are greatly inferior, too, in this very essential quality in an artificial limb which is intended for use to the hook and screw, upon which they are, in every other respect, so great an improvement.

Fig. 10, called an *Osteotom* (bone-cutter), is a rotary saw invented by the same artist. The saw-blade is a hollow circle

Fig. 8.



fastened on to the end of the instrument, which the operator holds by two handles, as seen in the engraving. This instrument, however, has the common defect of all circular saws used for surgical purposes, namely, that it can only operate upon a small surface, and the depth to which the blade may penetrate cannot be regulated with that exactness and certainty which are essential in all such operations.

Fig. 10.

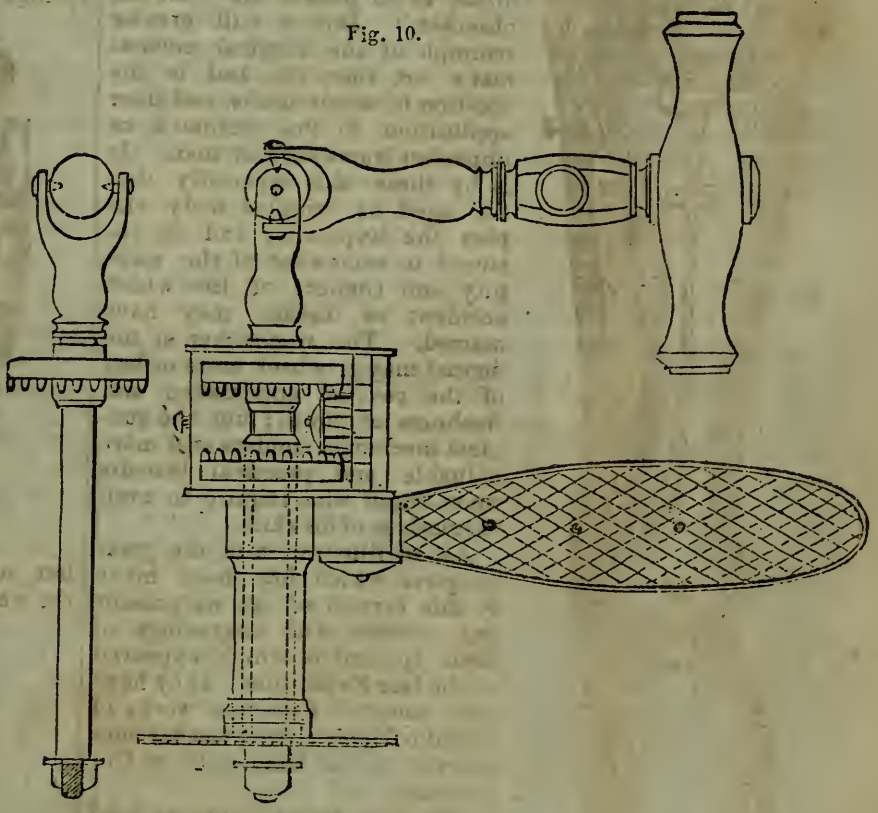
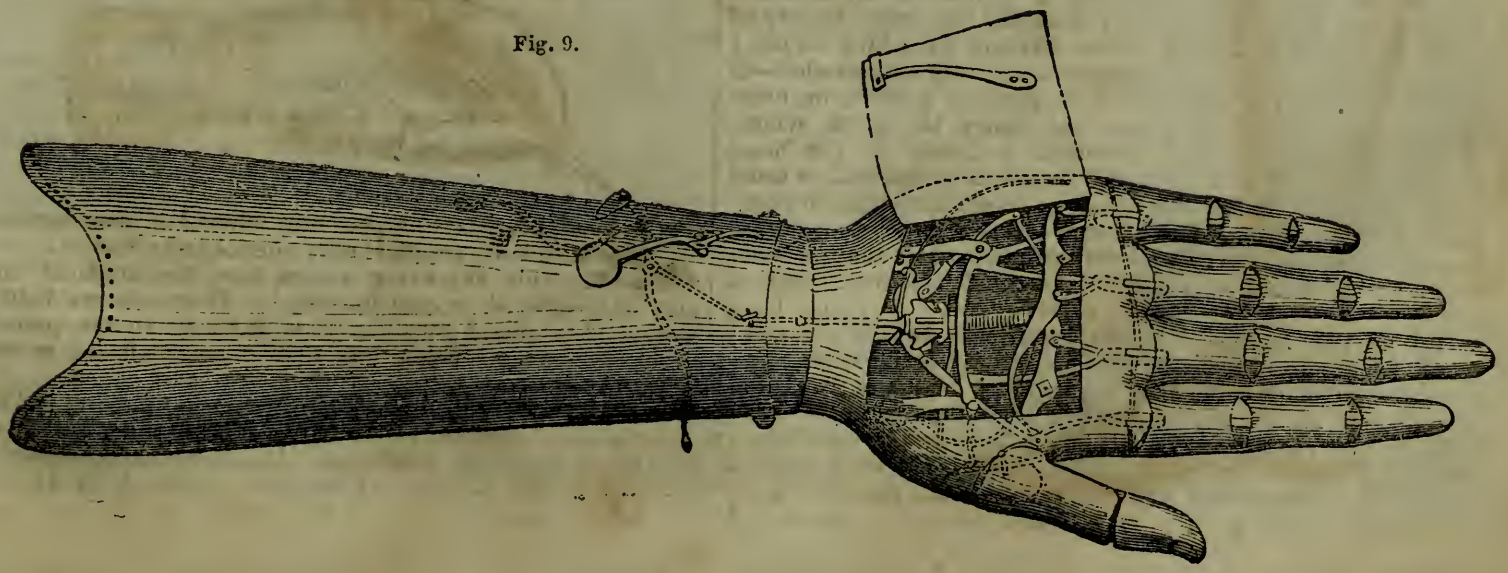


Fig. 9.



MR. ALFRED VERDANT'S GAMBLING EXPERIENCES, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

In Six Chapters.—Chapter the First.

Introduces Mr. Alfred Verdant to the British Public.

Mr. Verdant, our hero, is not a genius. Although it is rather a disparaging fact, it is one which cannot be concealed, even from himself. A long account, therefore, of his birth and parentage, of what he did and said, and what he caused other people to do and say, during the interesting period of his extreme childhood, with a prolix description of his great ability or his great dulness—for geniuses are invariably distinguished by one or the other of these qualities—during that equally interesting period, his school-days, may be very well dispensed with. So that our hero not being a genius is, all things considered, rather a fortunate circumstance for both reader and writer, the former being saved many "pshaws!" and "pishes!" and the latter the trouble of some rather tedious invention.

But if Mr. Alfred Verdant was not a genius, he was a young man of most undeniable talent, most fair and open disposition, and most agreeable manners and address. Further description of the qualities of his mind and person is needless, for there is no doubt that our fair readers have already, each one for herself, fixed upon his height, the colour of his eyes and hair, and the particular cut of his clothes. It remains but to be mentioned, therefore, that he had just left his parental rooftree to "see life in London," before he entered upon the great battle of existence, that he was on good terms with his tailor, and had taken lodgings with an old school friend at the west-end of London, and his portrait is complete. British Public, Mr. Alfred Verdant, of Verdant-lodge, Fairoaks. Mr. Alfred Verdant, British Public, kind and indulgent to a fault. Gentlemen, be acquainted.

Chapter the Second.

Shows how Mr. Alfred Verdant was induced to become a subscriber to Mr. Doembrown's "Offices."

A great place, an interesting place, a wonderful place, an incomprehensible place, an overwhelming place, is London, especially to one who, like Mr. Alfred Verdant, visits it for the first time in his life, after having spent his twenty innocent years or so in a town so quiet and so shady as quiet and shady Fairoaks. Under the guidance of his accomplished and versatile friend, Tom Wido, it may be presumed that our hero was not long in making the acquaintance of the notabilities of the great city, or in becoming *au fait* to the doings of the brave spirits among its gay and youthful inhabitants.

But it was not all at once that Mr. Alfred became fully alive to the greatness of the great metropolis. Oh, dear, no. It was a fortnight at least before his head fairly ached over the breakfast table. He had duly gazed and wondered at the lions. He had paused reverently beneath the dome of Wren's great masterpiece; he had wandered silently among the storied tombs and chapels of Westminster; he had refreshed his antiquarian taste among the fortresses and dungeons of the Tower. He had walked, with quiet step and slow, amid the congregated wisdom of ages enshrined in many thousand tomes in the great library of the British Museum; he had stood, with wondering eyes and open lips, before the relics of the buried cities of the east, and had peeped, with unfeigned interest, into tombs where once had rested the royal bones of the kings and princes of old Egypt. And, ever as he returned, evening after evening, to his lodgings, after these walks and visits, he felt that London was not such a bad sort of place as he had been led to believe, and that a good-meaning young fellow might very well withstand the great temptations which he had heard were laid for the uninitiated in its every street.

But all this happened before his friend, Tom Wido, had found leisure to accompany him in his wanderings. Then, indeed, "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." It is true that during the day he pursued much the same course as hitherto; but, somehow, he felt less interest in the buildings, and found less amusement in the crowded streets, since he had visited the theatres and the casinos, and had gazed, a not altogether uninterested spectator, on some of the hidden mysteries of the modern Babylon.

"Why, Alf, my boy," said the high-spirited Wido, as they sat one morning over a rather late breakfast, "you were most confoundedly in for it last night."

"In for it!" replied our hero, pressing his heated head within his hands, and looking up with bloodshot eyes, "I was drunk—drunk for the first time in my life, Tom! I am a beast!"

"Well, you'll soon get over that. Here, take a draught of this. Nothing like a hair of the dog that bit you!" And, seizing a great goblet of soda-water and brandy, our hero made a gulp, and swallowed the draught as though it had been poison. "There, now, I think you'll do," pursued the gallant Tom. "But I say, old fellow! how came you to make such a precious stupid bet with the captain? Only fancy—fifteen to one on such a horse as Slyboots!"

"I bet! *I* bet!" exclaimed Alfred, looking up, all flushed and agitated. "I never made a bet in my life! You are joking?"

"My dear friend," returned Tom, in his most distinct tones, "I never joke about matters of honour. I give you my word that you made a decided bet with Captain Smaltork of fifteen to one on Slyboots, for the Diddlebury steeplechase."

"Fifteen to one; well, that is not much to lose, however," replied Alfred.

"No; it's not much—only five-and-seventy pounds?"

"Pounds! what do you mean?" almost shrieked Alfred, jumping up from the table; "I never could have been so mad!"

"True, 'pon honour," replied Tom. "After you had ordered the champagne, you said that you were good for anything; and when the captain asked you if you had laid out any money on the Dids, you said that you would take any bet that he liked to offer; and so, when the captain said that he could afford to take fifteen to one in ponies, you immediately closed. In fact, I entered the bet in your pocket-book for you, as you were too far gone to hold the pencil."

"Ah!" said Verdant, "I think I recollect something about it now. But I never meant to risk so much money, I'm certain. If I said anything about fifteen to one, I meant shillings. Indeed, I don't know what you mean by ponies."

"Well, Alfred," returned Mr. Wido, "as you were in my company, I am in a manner responsible for your honour; and if you refer to your pocket-book you will find that the bet is entered as fifteen ponies—that is, five pound notes—to one on the horse Slyboots for the Diddlebury steeplechase, which takes place to-morrow."

"Seventy-five pounds," said Alfred, ruefully, reading the memorandum in his pocket-book. "It is a large sum of money, Tom. What would you advise me to do?"

"Why, really, Alf, it is no use blinking. The captain is a terrible fellow, and if you do not pay him, in case you lose—which you are not sure to do, by the way—he will call you out. I'm told he's a dead shot. If I were you, I'd hedge."

"Hedge? I don't quite understand," remonstrated Alfred.

"Why, how awfully green you are, my boy! By hedging I mean that you must take the odds from somebody else."

"And can I do so?" inquired Alfred, like a drowning man catching at a straw.

"Nothing more easy, my dear fellow. Just finish your breakfast, and come with me."

In another half-hour our hero and his friend were standing together in Mr. Doembrown's "offices," examining the "lists," as they hung upon the green baize-covered walls. Now the "offices" of this gentleman were unlike any other that our hero had ever before seen. The windows towards the streets showed nothing but a pair of wire blinds, on which were emblazoned, in gold letters, "Mr. Doembrown's offices." The interior presented an equally unsatisfactory appearance, for there was nothing apparent but a high, painted wooden screen, with a little covered window about eight inches square in the centre, while on the walls were hanging long slips of paper, with printed headings, on which were written the names of various horses in various races, with figures before their names showing the present state of the betting-market—something in the same way as the prices of stock are exhibited in the merchants' offices about the Royal Exchange. It was not long, however, before the gallant Tom had explained to Mr. Verdant the

process of making a bet and getting the "odds;" and our hero walked away, after paying five pounds to an invisible gentleman behind the screen, the possessor of a document something like this:—

DIDDLEBURY STEEPLECHASE.

MR. DOEMBROWN'S OFFICES.

9999, STRAND.

0 £50

Slyboots.

(Scratch'd or not.)

The money to be paid the day after the race.

P. D.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Shows how Mr. Alfred Verdant reverses the old Proverb, and how "the burnt child did NOT *dread the fire."*

"Now, my boy," exclaimed Tom Wido, when the pair emerged from the betting office, "I think we shall do. You see by the operation you have just concluded, that you are in a much better position than you were before. If the horse wins, you reduce your loss with the captain by fifty pounds."

"And if it does *not* win?"

"Why then you lose five pounds more, that's all, my boy."

What a weary head it was our hero laid down upon his pillow that night; what a feverish day it was he rose too, when with blood-shot eyes and unrested limbs he proceeded to dress himself in the morning; what a miserable jaded wretch he looked as he crawled about the streets, and waited at the window of a certain celebrated sporting newspaper in the afternoon, in company with a crowd of equally anxious adventurers who were feverish to learn their fate; and what a disappointed, gulled, and wicked fool he thought himself, when about six o'clock, he saw the written announcement put out upon the shutters with the name of his particular horse at *the bottom* of the list. There must be some mistake, he would say to himself, as he went up to the window again and again, and read the bill. Of course there must: he would inquire elsewhere. Down Fleet-street he hastens. Another anxious crowd about the window of another sporting newspaper. No, there are the very words again—

"Flatcatcher 1
Slowcoach..... 2
Sister to Harkaway..... 3
Slyboots a bad fourth."

There is no mistake; and Alfred Verdant, of Verdant Lodge, Fairoaks, is a miserable victim. He did not sleep that night. Sleep! it was not sleep, but a restless, tossing, feverish dream, in which the Captain and Wido and Doembrown successively mounted the "bad fourth," each with a loaded pistol in his hand.

But Alfred Verdant paid the money like a man and a gentleman next day, though he was obliged to write to his mother by the evening's post for a further supply. And his mother, dear innocent old soul, sent him up every penny she could spare from the housekeeping, and determined to wait another quarter for the silk gown she had promised to buy for herself.

But did the experience thus dearly bought bring any good with it? Not a particle. Under the tutorship of the gallant Wido, our hero was initiated into that most scientific mode of swindling, the science of betting, and in a little time he fancied himself quite clever at it. His visits to Mr. Doembrown's offices were repeated so often, that his face became well known among the followers of that respectable individual, and his name appeared in their several books—little leather-covered books, with metallic paper and a pencil, the marks of which will not rub out—for larger amounts than his good old mother and father ever spent in luxuries in all their lives.

He joined a club, too, of choice spirits, the members of which spent their mornings in bed, their afternoons in making bets in the dressing-rooms, and their evenings over the billiard-tables—who kept their horses and got their livings, nobody—themselves included—exactly knew how. Alfred Verdant, of Verdant-lodge, was beginning to be known as a very "fast young man" indeed.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Initiates the Reader into some of Mr. Alfred Verdant's dear-bought Experiences.

OUR hero's adventures on the turf had not hitherto been very successful; but now a brighter day, he fancied, was about to dawn, and it really seemed as if he should recover all his former losses. True that, from a well-dressed, gentlemanly young fellow, whose arm any lady might have taken with credit, he had come of late to look more like a broken-down man-about-town than anything else. True, that his days were spent in feverish sleep, and his nights in vicious dissipation; true, that he had drained his mother's purse, and nearly spent his sisters' fortunes; true, for some weeks he had neglected to write to Fairoaks, and changed his lodgings so that they at home should not find him out; true, that he had had recourse to many dirty tricks, unbecoming a gentleman, and had been fleeced by older and more accomplished gamblers than himself. All this was true. But only let him make this one grand *coup*, and he would retire from London for ever. Only let him touch the money which he would surely win by the next race; only let the horse he had backed with all the cash he could raise—and he had not hesitated to put his name to more than one piece of stamped paper in order to procure it—a not very difficult process, by the assistance of his friend Wido—and he would give up his bad courses at once and for ever. All the sporting newspapers prophesied that his horse must win, and to-morrow would decide. "If I could only raise another fifty," he thought, "I should be able to set myself straight again, and pay every penny that I owe."

He did raise it, at something like two hundred per cent., and straightway invested it with Mr. Doembrown, who readily gave him the "market odds."

"If Crosspatch wins, I win a thousand!" he exclaimed to his friend, Wido; "to-morrow will decide."

TO-MORROW CAME AT LAST, AND CROSSPATCH WON THE RACE.

There was no little excitement among the members of the club that afternoon.

"William," exclaimed our hero to the hall-porter, "call me a cab."

Up drove the vehicle, and off drove Alfred Verdant to the "offices" of Mr. Doembrown, in the Strand. From a distance he could see a crowd around the door. As he neared the spot, his impatience hardly kept itself within the bounds of propriety. His heart beat quickly, and he kept saying to himself—"I am a made man! I am a made man!"

The cabman stopped, and drew up opposite the "offices." Alfred jumped out, and pushed his way through the excited crowd. There was a red flush on his face, which quickly turned to a deadly white. He reached the doorway with intent to pass within. His hand was on the well-known knob, but the door yielded not to his pressure as of old. He looked into the faces of they who stood around him. Some were flushed and angry and some were pale as his.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he said, in agony. "Let me know the worst at once."

"Well, then, the worst, sir, is—that DOEMBROWN HAS BOLTED!"

He heard the words, but knew not who the speaker was. The crowd appeared to reel about before him—strange lights seemed to flash across his eyes—his legs were powerless to bear him from the spot, and he sank down on the pavement of that very doorway a perfectly helpless and ruined man!

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

Discovers Mr. Alfred Verdant in a very peculiar predicament, and brings his "experiences" to an unexpected close.

How he got home, he never knew. For days and weeks he lay upon his bed, with none to tend him but a deaf old woman belonging to the house. At last, by very slow degrees, the fever left him, and when he was well enough to go out—well

enough to crawl from street to street—he looked like what he was—a broken, ruined spendthrift.

But his cup was not yet full. Before that he could take the lesson well to heart, it must overflow. He had heard nothing of his dear friend, Tom, since he was taken ill. What could it mean? He would write to him; and he would write, too, in the penitence of pain and suffering, to those dear ones at home. They surely never would forsake him in his misery. It was a sad world! How he had been deceived! How he had been victimised! He was thinking thus as he walked slowly down St. James's-street one sunny morning, when a rough hand was laid upon his shoulder. He looked round.

"I serve you with the copy of a writ for two hundred seventeen five, at suit of Thomas Wido, Esq. Here's the original," said the voice belonging to the hand. "Will yer go in a cab, or will yer walk? Plaintiff made his 'davit that you're about to leave the country."

Astounded, weak from recent illness, and scarcely knowing what he was about, Alfred suffered himself to be put into a cab, and before he had well recovered from his surprise and indignation, he found himself in safe custody in the house of Samuel Benjamin, of Chancery-lane, officer to the honourable Sheriffs of Middlesex.

* * * * * * *

A relapse; a long sleep, he knew not if it were of days, or weeks, or months; a returning sense of pain; a slow, very slow, consciousness of kind looks and words; a sort of dim recognition of the room in which he lay, and a grateful, child-like thankfulness for tender offices—how shall these weak words convey a sense of what he felt when once more safe at home at Fairoaks?

"Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee," he whispered, as to himself, one day when a little group of loving faces was about his bed, "and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

"Hush!" said a white-haired venerable man, who stood at the bed's head, "there has been enough of reproach and sorrow for us all. I thank God that this my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found."

And then the little group closed round the bed; and, amid many tears and sighs, they offered up their prayers to HIM who has promised that the repentant sinner shall in no wise be cast out.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH AND LAST.

Contains the moral—a Cap which the British Public aforesaid may try on; and, if it fit, may wear.

BRITISH PUBLIC, you are a good natured but a very careless body. You cannot in your daily walks—in your individual capacities from prince to labourer—but have noticed the alarming increase in those dens of iniquity, called betting-houses, especially in the neighbourhoods of the Strand and Fleet-street. You cannot take up your daily newspaper without reading of cases which call for immediate inquiry—here a young man committing deadly crime in consequenee of the ruin brought about by these vile snares, there a report of what judges and magistrates have said in condemnation of the horrible system. You cannot kneel down at your bed-side at night without praying not to be "led into temptation," and yet you make no effort to stay this horrible distemper, and wipe away the plague-spot from your social life. Into the question of the *good of horse racing* we ask you not to enter *now;* but it were better that the whole sport—a *noble* one if you so like to call it—should be abolished at once and for ever, than that our youth should be demoralised, our virtue assailed, our worser natures appealed to, our comfort in life and hope in death destroyed, by the existence of these LITTLE HELLS. British Public, if you take no care of your sons and daughters, you must not be surprised if they grow up into bad men and worse women.

And now, oh British Public, we put it to you whether it is well to close your thousand eyes to the enormous wrong which these Betting Houses are inflicting on our youth. In the case of our friend Alfred Verdant, of Verdant Lodge, Fairoaks, we have seen that this system of allowed gambling was ruinous alike to his morals and his purse. But he had means on which to fall back, even though his pleasures were purchased at the price of his sisters' fortunes. Think what a horrible fate you are preparing for those who, unlike him, have no means but such as are obtained by the labour of their own hands. Think of the temptations which you put in the way of those whose principles are not yet fixed. Think of the homes you are doing your best to lay waste. Think of the prisons you are helping to fill. Think of the suicides to whom you are, as it were, proffering the deadly draught or the fatal pistol. Think of the widows and orphans you are daily making. Think of the sinners whom your worse than indifference in this serious matter encourages rather than deters. British Public, a portion of your body politic, the magistrates, have outspoken boldly in condemnation of the iniquities we have feebly hinted at; it is but for you, with your own mouth—in your workshops, at your family hearths, and by the mouths of your representatives in parliament assembled, to say the word, and these "little goes" of crime, these hotbeds of villany will be for ever abolished.

NOTES ON LISBON.

THE PORTUGUESE.

PERHAPS, when taken generally, no race of men on earth (calling themselves civilised) are more disgustingly ugly than the men of Lisbon. Short of stature, thick-set, squalid complexions, and eternally enveloped in their *capotas* (cloaks), they stalk along their filthy streets, at once an epitome of pride, laziness, and deformity; the whole appearance generally crowned with a tremendous cocked hat. This latter, indeed, is an appendage without which no Portuguese (in Lisbon), from the prince to the barber, the footman, the postillion, and the beggar, can possibly be induced to appear abroad, and many wear them constantly in their houses, as also their capotas. Their pride can only be equalled by their meanness—too self-conceited to work, even those *who call themselves gentlemen* do not blush to beg in the streets, and infest the coffee-houses, and every place of public resort, with their fawning, detestable whine of poverty, though even then they scarcely ever condescend to beg in their own names, but ask all for the love of God or some saint. Say to a beggar in Lisbon, "Here, carry this small parcel for me into the next street, and I will pay you for so doing," and in all probability he would abuse you, and tell you he was a Portuguese gentleman, and not a *gallego*.

The women of Lisbon may be said to be handsome. Their hair is generally very fine, dark, and abundant, and they take great care of it; their eyes, as beautiful as any in the world, black, or very dark brown, are expressive and melting. They equal Spain in the elegance of an exquisitely fine-formed leg, ancle, and foot, of which they are perfectly sensible, for their chief pride and ornament in dress seem to be directed to the stockings and satin slipper. Their hands and arms are in general very fine; the former delicate and tapering; the latter, from the shoulder to the elbow, partake, perhaps, rather too much of the general character of their person, which, for their height, inclines to the very limits of *embonpoint*. As a drawback, however, to so many charms, the Portuguese women are old at thirty, and before an Englishwoman is in her prime of beauty, they are gone by, and no more remembered, and certainly an old Portuguese woman is anything but an object of admiration. Their complexions may at all times be called sallow, though when young the clearness of the skin and the glow of health make it appear far from unpleasing; but in age it becomes actual parchment; in a word, a Portuguese woman, from fifteen to twenty-five, is a lovely object; but after that, however love may hold his sway in *their* bosoms, they certainly lose the power of communicating its influence to others. The Portuguese women are by no means remarkable for personal cleanliness, and their tempers are very bad; they are very ignorant and very superstitious, and consequently cannot make good domestic companions. They are so enslaved by a passion for dress, that many of very confined incomes literally deprive themselves and families of every domestic comfort, that they may, when they go abroad to pay a visit to the theatres, or to mass on particular saints' days, appear adorned with laces and jewels. They are remarkably careful in the preservation of their clothes; to that end, the moment they return from church or a walk, &c., they take off their finery, and very often the chemise and capota are the only articles of dress retained. Their dress suits often descend, with religious awe, to

the third generation. The greater number appropriate a particular suit to a particular day, which suit, consequently, sees the light but once a year. If a female in Lisbon has not an extensive wardrobe, but perhaps only *one* grand dress, and does not care to be always seen in the same, she will change occasionally with some female friend (equally circumstanced) one day, with a second another day, and so on, ringing the changes through half-a-dozen, or more, according to the extent of her acquaintance. Thus a woman that may be supposed to have a variety of elegant dresses has, in fact, but *one*, which one may be in their company, though not on the back of its owner.

The Portuguese, in many of their habits and customs, retain an opposition to every other nation in Europe. Every manual operation they perform backwards (relatively speaking). We stir our tea from us, with the sun; they, towards themselves, against the sun; their carpenters saw *from* themselves, the back of the saw towards the body; their farriers seldom, or rather never, unless by desire, bleed horses in the neck, but on the inner part of the thigh, and they shoe them in a very different posture to what we do, and it always takes two men to put on one shoe, though their horses are remarkably quiet. Corn is trod out by oxen—a custom which, though practised in some countries, is absolutely antediluvian. Their paviors use the paving-mallet the very reverse to us, by swinging it on the right side, and behind them, before they allow it to fall on the part to be rammed down. I could produce instances without number, in every branch of trade, of this perverseness, proving how backward they are in improvement, but will sum up the whole in stating what I saw one morning—namely, some scavengers actually employed sweeping a very steep street up hill, and against the wind, in very dusty weather. Obstinacy and perverseness personified could never beat this. Their fathers and grandfathers may have done so before them, but were not the less fools on that account.

WATCHING THE STREETS.

The watching the streets of Lisbon is one of the branches of the police of the city, and is most excellent for such a government as that of Portugal, but would not be submitted to by a people so jealous of every appearance of a military system as the English. It, however, deserves mention.

The Portuguese absolutely think it impossible that a man should be able to keep awake three hundred and sixty-five nights in the year, during all weathers, watch over their personal safety and their property; and, from this incredulity, they refuse to admit, or even to admire, our mode of watching our cities and towns; they, therefore, have established a perpetual military watch by day and night, the duties of which are performed by a regiment of foot soldiers, composed of the finest young men throughout the kingdom; they are mostly the sons of respectable farmers, and are selected for their good conduct, and they think it an honour to be admitted into this regiment, which is better clothed and better paid than any one in the service. The uniform is blue and yellow, and they always appear extremely clean and neat. The officers are mostly from the first families, and those of the higher rank are noblemen. This regiment is also the guards of Lisbon, as it is the only one that attends on the royal family. The men are mostly superior to the generality of the people, there being few of them but what can read and write; they are quiet, and very mild and civil in the discharge of their duty, seldom abusing their power, which is very great.

These men are stationed by detachments of from twelve to fifty men, or perhaps a company, in guard-houses in different parts of the city, from which they go in pairs, armed with a musket, bayonet, and sword, and perambulate the streets, &c., that lie within the district attached to their guard house. They are never stationary, but always walking about, day and night, and are relieved every two hours. As they have no fixed station (there being neither watch-boxes nor sentry-boxes, except at the door of each guard-house), so you never know but you have a couple of young, strong, active, and well-armed soldiers at your elbow; and it is astonishing to observe, if any disturbance takes place, which seldom happens, how the disputants will be surrounded instantaneously, as if by magic, by eight or a dozen of these men, who soon restore order, for the people stand in great awe of them. You can, at any moment of the day or night, collect a strong guard around you by shouting out, "*Aqui del Rei!*" ("Here, in the king's name.") It is thus their sole duty to preserve public tranquillity, and to watch over individual security, as also to apprehend all offenders against the laws; it is likewise their duty to turn everybody out of the coffee-houses and public-houses at ten o'clock at night, when they are obliged to shut up. They always attend in the theatres, in the churches (on saint-days, or on any occasion when they may collect a greater number than usual)—in short, they are everywhere. There are also a few troops of horse police, similar to our Life Guards, who also constantly patrol the streets in pairs.

FISH MARKET AT LISBON.

It consists of a few (say a dozen) open stalls by the side of the river, though on a raised pavement, with a wall of about three feet round it. These occupy two sides of a square on the east and south, and on them is the fish, which, though as fine as any in Europe, is the most disgusting sight imaginable, as it is never cleaned, but rather appears to be purposely rolled in slime and filth, and in that state you must purchase it and send it home, or go without. But this is not the worst part of the concern; for at the back of that part of the market which takes up the east side, at no greater distance than the thickness of the parapet wall (say two feet) lies a broad, but very shallow, paved ditch, intended to carry off the rain from the streets in the vicinity. This is open not only to chance view, but you cannot avoid seeing it, and it is never for three minutes together unoccupied by the gallegos, fishermen, beggars, &c. Now, as it never rains in Lisbon in summer, and consequently this place is never cleansed, some idea may be formed of the disgusting sight and horrid stench.

In vain would you seek a remedy by going to a fishmonger's shop; they have no such thing in Lisbon, nor do they know what it means; and such a sight as Groves's, at Charing-cross, would, if transported to Lisbon, attract all Portugal to view it, through curiosity and wonder.

As, when divested of its filth, the fish is equal to any in the world, it might, perhaps, answer the speculation of establishing a fishmonger here, if the government would allow it, which is doubtful.

Among others that are very fine, may be mentioned the soles, white salmon, John Dory, *tainha*, or white mullet, the pargo, and, to those who can surmount prejudice, the chog; the prawns are uncommonly large and fine-flavoured, and the eels are not bad; the oysters, however, are abominable. But the staple is the *sardinha* (a large species of sprat); it is rich and exquisite, and constitutes the chief food of not only the poorer, but of all classes of people, being also very cheap.

The clergy of Lisbon—if I recollect right, it is an exclusive grant to one convent, all the members of which are, and must be, of noble families—claim every tenth fish that is brought to market, and no fisherman dares sell a single fish from his boat before he has brought them to market, and paid his tithe, which is collected in a most unjust and arbitrary manner. A man is appointed by these priests, who attends as the boats arrive, the owners of which are obliged to count all their fish out before him, one by one; and, while they are so doing, he selects at his pleasure every fine fish he sees (by means of a sharp hook which he holds for that purpose); he does not take every tenth fish promiscuously, but thus selects the best tenth of the whole cargo. As an amazing quantity of fish is brought to market, this tenth (which, after serving themselves, is retailed to hawkers and the stalls) must produce an immense revenue to the convent, or convents. When this tithe is thus selected, the poor fisherman, in return, receives a printed permit to dispose of the remainder, and the hawkers, who carry fish in baskets through the city, are obliged to purchase daily a permit for so doing.

PORTUGUESE SURGEONS.

The Portuguese surgeons are considered to rank very low, when compared with those of other nations; but they cannot be expected to excel in so difficult an art while they are deprived of the means of acquirement—hospitals, schools for anatomy, and dissections being unknown in the country.

One day, a very fine girl of eight years of age, coming from school, fell and broke her arm. An English surgeon was immediately sent for, but he being unfortunately from home, a Portuguese one was called in, who, to make assurance *trebly* sure, called in two others. This happy trio, perceiving that, from the fall, the flesh was turned blackish, determined that a mortification had

already taken place (in less than an hour, on a healthy young subject!) and, without any further ceremony, cut off the poor child's arm. The English surgeon who had been sent for in the first instance now attended, but only in time to lament his being from home when the accident happened, as he assured me there was not the least occasion for amputation, the fracture and bruise being no more than is usual in such accidents. Though I have here only cited one case, yet the practice is invariably the same. Off with the limb in all fractures, is with them what bleeding and hot water were with Dr. Sangrado—a universal cure. I know several persons who would have lost a limb, which they now enjoy the use of, but from the interposition of the gentleman above mentioned, or from their own resolution, which the Portuguese faculty call English obstinacy.

Nor is their skill in the other branches of their profession superior to that in surgery. They have no idea of difference of constitution in individuals, either from habit or climate. Old and young, robust and delicate, natives of warm climates, and those from the frozen regions of the north, are all treated alike. Balsams and glisters form the whole extent of their practice, and are alike prescribed in fevers, colds, gout, rheumatism, debility, repletion, and all the opposites that "flesh is heir to."

So far are their medical men from possessing that humanity which characterises the profession in England, that they would allow the whole human race to perish before they would put themselves to the least inconvenience. As a proof of this, a very particular friend of mine, whose son, a beautiful child about three years old, was dangerously ill, applied personally to four of the first reputed professional men in the city; but, it being in the middle of the day (July 31), they all refused to attend till the evening, alleging that the weather was too hot to stir out till then.

I have been told, and I believe it, that on one occasion a surgeon was requested to visit a man who had been stabbed through the body, but refused for a similar reason, saying, however, that if the wounded man would *come to him*, he would examine him. The man died before he could procure surgical aid.

MAGLIABECHI'S PRODIGIOUS MEMORY.

Magliabechi was born at Florence, on the 29th of October, 1633. His parents were of so low and mean a rank that they were well satisfied when they had got him into the service of a man who sold greens. He had never learned to read, and yet he was perpetually poring over the leaves of old books that were used as waste paper in his master's shop.

A bookseller who lived in the neighbourhood, and who had often observed this, and knew the boy could not read, asked him what he meant by looking so much at the printed paper. He said that he did not know how it was, but that he loved it of all things; that he was very uneasy in the business he was in, and should be the happiest creature in the world if he could live with him, who had always so many books about him. The bookseller was pleased with his answer, and at last told him, that, if his master was willing to part with him, he would take him,

Young Magliabechi was highly delighted, and the more so, when his master, at the bookseller's request, gave him leave to go. He went, therefore, directly to his new and much desired business, and had not been long in it, before he could find any book that was asked for, as readily as the bookseller himself. Some time after this he learnt to read, and from this time forth, whenever he could find a moment's leisure, he was found with a book in his hand.

He seems never to have applied himself to any particular study. An inclination for reading was his ruling passion, and a prodigious memory his great talent. He read every book almost indifferently, as it happened to come into his hands, and that with a surprising quickness, and yet retained not only the sense, but often all the words, and the very manner of spelling.

His extraordinary application and talents soon recommended him to Ermini, librarian to the Cardinal of Medicis, and Marmi, the great duke's librarian. He was by them introduced into the conversations of the learned, and made known at court; and he began to be looked upon everywhere as a prodigy, particularly for vast and unbounded memory.

It is said that there was a trial made of the force of his memory, which, if true, is very amazing. A gentleman of Florence, who had written a piece which was to be printed, lent the manuscript to Magliabechi, and some time after it had been returned, went to him with a melancholy face, and pretended to have met with a most unhappy accident, by which, he said, he had lost his manuscript. The author seemed almost inconsolable for the loss of his work, and entreated Magliabechi to try to recollect as much of it as he possibly could, and write it down. Magliabechi assured him he would, and, on setting about it, wrote down the whole manuscript, without missing a word.

By treasuring up everything he read in so strange a manner, or at least the subject and all the principal parts of the books he ran over, his head became at last, as one of his acquaintances expressed himself, "a universal index, both of titles and matter."

By this time Magliabechi was grown so famous for the vast extent of his reading and his amazing retention of what he read, that it began to grow common amongst the learned to consult him when they were writing on any subject. Thus, for instance, if a priest was composing a panegyric on a particular saint, Magliabechi would, on his applying to him, inform him what writers had spoken favourably of the saint, and in what part of their works the commendations were to be found; in some cases to the number of above one hundred authors. He would tell him not only who had treated of his subject expressly, but also who had only touched upon it accidentally, in writing on other subjects; both of which he did with the greatest exactness, naming the author, the words, and often the very number of the page, in which they were inserted. He did this so often, so readily, and so exactly, that he came at last to be looked upon almost as an oracle.

Latterly, he read the title-pages only; then dipped here and there into the preface, dedication, and advertisements, if there were any; and then cast his eyes on each of the divisions and different sections or chapters of the book; and thus he conceived the matter almost as completely as if he had read it at full length.

Magliabechi had a local memory, too, of the places where every book stood; as in his master's shop at first, and in the Pitti, and several other libraries afterwards; and seems to have carried this even farther than to the collection of books with which he was personally acquainted. One day, the great duke sent for him, after he was his librarian, to ask him whether he could procure for him a book that was particularly scarce. "No, sir," answered Magliabechi, "it is impossible; for there is but one in the world; that is in the grand seignior's library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book, on the seventh shelf, on the right hand as you go in."

Although Magliabechi lived so sedentary a life, and studied so intensely, he arrived to a good old age. He died in his eighty-first year, on July 14, 1714. By his will he left a very fine library, of his own collection, for the use of the public, with a fund to maintain it; and the surplus, if any, to be given to the poor.

He was not an ecclesiastic, but chose never to marry; and was negligent even to slovenliness, in his dress. His appearance was such as must have been far from engaging the affections of a lady; and his face, in particular, judging from the representations of him in busts, medals, and portraits, would have rather prejudiced his suit than advanced it. He received his friends, and those who came to consult him on any points of literature, in a civil and obliging manner; though, in general, he had almost the air of a savage, and even affected it.

In his manner of living he affected the character of Diogenes; three hard eggs, and a draught or two of water were his usual repast. When any one went to see him, he was found lolling in a sort of fixed wooden cradle, in the middle of his study, with a multitude of books—some thrown in heaps, and others scattered about the floor—all around him; and this his cradle, or bed, attached to the nearest pile of books by a number of cobwebs. At the entrance of visitors, he was accustomed to call out to them not to hurt his spiders.

Thus lived and died Magliabechi, in the midst of public applause; and with such an affluence for all the latter part of his life, as very few persons have ever procured by their knowledge or learning.

His vast knowledge of books induced Cosmo III. to do him the honour of making him his librarian; and what a happiness it must have been to Magliabechi, who delighted in nothing so much as reading, to have the command of such a collection of books as that in the great duke's palace. He was also very conversant with the books in the Lorenzo library; and had the keeping of those of Leopoldo and Francesco Maria, the two cardinals of Tuscany.

And yet all this did not satisfy his extensive appetite, for he had read almost all books—that is, the greatest part of those printed before his time, and all in it; for it was latterly a general custom, not only among authors, but of the printers too of those times, to make him a present of a copy of whatever they published.

It is worthy of remark, that the Duke of Tuscany had become jealous of the attention he was receiving from foreigners, as those literary strangers usually went first to see Magliabechi before they called on the Grand Duke.

STATISTICS.

PARLIAMENTARY REPRESENTATION.—The following tabular view of the numbers of the population and houses in the several counties, boroughs, and towns of Great Britain returning members to parliament, according to the census of 1851, is made up from a return just presented to the House of Commons by the late government, as explanatory of the system which their Reform bill was intended to amend:—

COUNTIES.	Total Male Population.	Inhabited Houses.	Members Returned.		
			County.	Borough or City.	Total.
Bedford	59,533	24,505	2	2	4
Berks	84,381	33,278	2	6	8
Bucks	81,158	33,232	3	8	11
Cambridge	92,590	37,067	3	4*	7
Chester, N. and S.	222,286	85,260	4	6	10
Cornwall, E. and W.	171,636	67,687	4	10	14
Cumberland, E. and W.	96,244	36,763	4	5	9
Derby, N. and S.	147,737	59,371	4	2	6
Devon, N. and S.	269,583	98,387	4	18	22
Dorset	89,204	36,138	3	11	14
Durham, N. and S.	196,550	64,977	4	6	10
Essex, N. and S.	185,390	73,524	4	6	10
Gloucester, E. and W.	217,822	86,271	4	11	15
Hereford	58,114	23,890	3	4	7
Hertford	83,161	32,705	3	4	7
Huntingdon	31,938	43,313	2	2	4
Kent, N. and S.	307,041	107,748	4	14	18
Lancaster, N. and S.	991,091	349,938	4	22	26
Leicester, N. and S.	112,937	48,953	4	2	6
Lincoln, N. and S.	205,183	81,335	4	9	13
Middlesex	882,823	239,362	2	12	14
Monmouth	82,349	28,944	2	1	3
Norfolk, E. and W.	215,254	91,244	4	8	12
Northampton, N. and S.	105,984	43,942	4	4	8
Northumberland, N. and S.	149,454	47,737	4	6	10
Nottingham, N. and S.	152,381	55,053	4	6	10
Oxford	85,529	34,360	3	6*	9
Rutland	11,801	4,588	2	—	2
Salop, N. and S.	114,340	45,648	4	8	12
Somerset, E. and W.	211,045	85,054	4	9	13
Southampton or Hants, N. and S., including the Isle of Wight	201,945	75,215	5	14	19
Stafford, N. and S.	309,166	116,248	4	13	17
Suffolk, E. and W.	166,201	69,285	4	5	9
Surrey, E. and W.	325,037	108,822	4	7	11
Sussex, E. and W.	165,772	58,663	4	14	18
Warwick, N. and S.	232,411	96,731	4	6	10
Westmoreland	29,079	11,217	2	1	3
Wilts, N. and S.	126,027	51,778	4	14	18
Worcester, E. and W.	136,956	55,039	4	8	12
York (the three ridings)	1,797,667	450,225	6	31	37
Wales (the 12 counties)	496,159	200,087	15	14	29
Scotland (32 counties)	1,375,668	311,608	30	24	54

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.—It appears from the accounts respecting the Metropolitan Police Force, that on January 1 last, the number of persons belonging to the force was 5,549; consisting of one inspecting superintendent, at £600 a year; 18 superintendents, from £350 to £200 a year; 124 inspectors, with salaries from £200 to £81 18s. a year. There were 587 sergeants, from £109 4s. to £63 14s. a year; and 4,819 constables, comprising 1,250 in the first class at £54 12s. a year, 2,349 in the second class at £49 8s. a year, and 1,174 in the third class at £44 4s. a year. The sum paid for the police last year amounted to £422,296 5s. 4d., leaving a balance of £49,957 14s. 5d., which were the receipts in the year. The fees, &c., from police courts were £10,548 15s. 8d. The commissioners of the Great Exhibition paid the force £17,426 2s. 2d.

ENORMOUS FEES IN THE COURT OF CHANCERY.—The accounts relating to the Court of Chancery have been printed by order. The suitors' fund account shows in cash £126,120 9s. 2d., and in stock £3,832,117 8s. 1d. In the year, stock was purchased with suitors' cash to £205,840 16s. The following fees in the year ending the 24th of November last, amounted to £134,000. We give some of the items as fees:—In the masters' offices the fees were £36,212 3s. 7d.; in the registrar's office £15,186 17s.; in the report office £3,613 6s. 5d.; in the affidavit office £11,993 8s. 7d.; in the examiner's office £985 5s. 4d.; in the subpœna office £215. The fees by the secretary of lunatics were £3,992 1s. 2d.; by clerks to masters in lunacy £3,085 11s. 10d.; by taxing masters £26,380 10s. 1d.; by the clerk of enrolments £7,152 2s. 10d.; by record and writ clerks £16,782 16s. 4d.; by the petty bag office £717 5s. 6d.; and the fees received under the Winding-up acts were £256 8s.

A MEM. FOR THE PEACE SOCIETY.—An account of the number of guns and of pounds of gunpowder annually exported from the United Kingdom to the Cape of Good Hope, from the close of 1844 to January 1, 1852:—In the year ended the 5th of January 1845, were exported 2,002 guns, 229,550 lbs. gunpowder; 1846, 4,097 guns, 85,023 lbs. gunpowder; 1847, 6,072 guns, 125,916 lbs. gunpowder; 1848, 4,105 guns, 139,032 lbs. gunpowder; 1849, 3,976 guns, 197,300 lbs. gunpowder; 1850, 6,431 guns, 169,755 lbs. gunpowder; 1851, 6,777 guns, 420,103 lbs. gunpowder; 1852, 12,180 guns, 144,790 lbs. gunpowder.

* Including the University.

THE GRAVE OF SHEIL.—Within six miles of Templemore, but nearer to the county of Kilkenny, is a small village called Templetuohy, which the casual visitor never enters, and which offers nothing to excite the interest of a stranger, either as regards its local situation or the attractions of the neighbourhood. It is approached from the Kilkenny side through a wild and extensive bog, where, in winter, a chill mist obscures the view, and makes it impossible to keep warm, even if wrapped up in a Russian Dreadnought; and when, at length, some avenues of dark fir are approached, it is found that they still lead to desolate vistas of bog, and they only render the landscape even more desolate. However, the road begins to assume more of a beaten appearance; the fog gets lighter; the isolation is not so extreme; and, turning an angle, a low demesne wall to the left encircles a piece of rising ground, on which a comfortable but plain mansion-house stands. The lands are evidently farmed by an experienced agriculturist, and without being separated by any walls or ditches, the various species of modern scientific labour are carried on in the one property. A short drive brings the wayfarer to the village of Templetuohy, the appanage of "Long Orchard," and the dulness of the place is relieved by nothing either in the way of business or gossipping. The pigs that creep at rare intervals through the one street are more sedate and stolid than their kindred in livelier localities; the policeman at the barrack seems as if nothing but a decent murder could excite his professional feelings into activity; and the yawn on the face of the sleepy huxter, whose imagination must have been originally very great to think he could drive a trade here, takes such an immense time in settling down that one begins to fear for the safety of the victim to ennui. There is a parish church, a libel upon the art of Palladio, a mystery of ugliness, and without the charity of an ivy branch to cover its nakedness; and midway in the line of dwellings there is an opening or lane on the left, which requires the "open sesame" of a local guide to bring a knowledge of the fact that this *cul de sac* is the site of a chapel. The building is small, the ground darkened by some trees and enclosed walls, and, when I entered, the first and indeed only principal object that struck the view was a spacious area, protected by an iron fence and with a magnified headstone. There were two men down in a wide pit, and I feared to ask them what they were about, or for whom their offices were meant, remembering the courtesy of language of Shakspere's clown, "Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating." It was rather an anomaly that the greatest display of life should be in connexion with the churchyard, and that the only subject of interest in the village should be the grave. And this is truly so; for in this quiet and secluded spot the remains of the dramatist, the orator, and the statesman, were destined to repose, and within a week from the time of my visit had been transferred to Templetuohy all that is mortal of Richard Lalor Sheil! The gravedigger had his triumph when he, rudely moralising, said that his work made all classes equal; and yet there was a reverential tone in the way he alluded to the "big house" and to "the master that was gone."

ENGLISH QUARRELS.—"We might safely conclude," says French, in his "Study of Words," "that a nation would not be likely tamely to submit to tyranny and wrong which had made 'quarrel' out of 'querula.' The Latin word means properly 'complaint,' and we have in 'querulous' this its proper meaning coming distinctly out. Not so, however in 'quarrel;' for the English having been wont not merely to complain, but to set vigorously about righting and redressing themselves, their griefs being also grievances, out of this word, which might have given them only 'querulous' and 'querulousness,' they have gotten 'quarrel' as well."

MISCELLANEA.

Rewards and Punishments Applied to Opinions.—The only rational aim of rewards and punishments is to encourage and repress those actions or events to which they are applied. When they have no tendency to produce these effects, it is evidently absurd to apply them; since it is an employment of means which have no connexion with the end to be produced. In this predicament is the application of rewards and punishments to the state of the understanding, or, in other words, to opinions. The allurements and the menaces of power are alike incapable of establishing opinions in the mind, or eradicating those which are already there. They may draw hypocritical professions from avarice and ambition, or extort verbal renunciations from fear and feebleness; but this is all they can accomplish. *The way to alter belief is not to address motives to the will, but arguments to the intellect.* To do otherwise, to apply rewards and punishments to opinions, is as absurd as to raise men to the peerage for their ruddy complexions, to whip them for the gout, and hang them for the scrofula.

An Example for Reasoners.—Rev. Sidney Smith, in a letter on Sir James Macintosh, says:—He had a method of putting things so mildly and interrogatively, that he always procured the readiest reception of his opinions. Addicted to reasoning in the company of able men, he had two valuable habits which are rarely met with in great reasoners; he never broke in upon his opponent, *and always avoided strong and vehement assertions.* His reasoning commonly carried conviction, for he was *cautious in his positions, accurate in his declarations, and aimed only at truth.* The *ingenious* side was commonly taken by some one else; the interests of *truth* were protected by Macintosh.

The Great Metropolis.—In London, every man is so submerged in the multitude, that he who can hold his head high enough out of the living mass to be known, must have something of remarkable buoyancy or peculiar villany about him. Even parliament, except to a few of the leaders, is no distinction. The member of the shire is clipped of his plumage at the moment of his entering that colossal poultry-yard, and must take his obscure pickings with other unnoticeable fowl.

Great Principles and Small Duties.—A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties. The divinest views of life penetrate most clearly into the meanest emergencies. So far from petty principles being best proportioned to petty trials, a heavy spirit taking up its abode can alone sustain well the daily toils, and tranquilly pass the humiliations of our condition. Even in intellectual culture, the ripest knowledge is best qualified to instruct the most complete ignorance. So, the trivial services of social life are best performed, and the lesser particles of domestic happiness are most skilfully organised, by the deepest and the fairest heart.

To Prevent Hiccup.—Squeeze the wrist, preferably that of the right hand, with a piece of string, or with the forefinger and thumb of the other hand.

A Bridle for the Tongue.—It is certain great knowledge, if it be without vanity, is the most severe bridle of the tongue. For so have I heard, that all the noises of the pool, the croaking of the frogs and toads, are hushed and appeased upon the instant of bringing upon them the light of a candle or torch.

Working in Faith and Hope.—We live in a season of fermentation, which some deprecate as change—others hail as progress; but those who venture as they walk on their path through life, to scatter a few seeds by the wayside in faith and charity may at least cherish a hope that, instead of being trampled down, or withered up, or choked among thorns, they will have a chance of life at least, and of bringing forth fruit, little or much, in due season; for the earth, even by the waysides of common life, is no longer dry and barren and stony hard, but green with promise—grateful for culture; and we are at length beginning to feel that all the blood and tears by which it has been silently watered have not been shed in vain.

Curiosity of Children.—The curiosity of the child is the philosophy of the man, or at least, to abate somewhat of so sweeping a generality, the one very frequently grows into the other. The former is a sort of balloon, a little thing, to be sure, but a critical one nevertheless, and pretty surely indicative of the heights, as well as the direction, to be taken by the more fully expanded mind. Point out to me a boy of original, or what would generally be called eccentric habits, fond of rambling about, a hunter of the wood side and river bank, prone to collect what he can search out, and then on his return to shut himself up in his room, and make experiments upon his gatherings—to inquire into the natural history of each according to its kind—point such a one out to me, and I should have no difficulty in pronouncing him, without the aid of physiognomy, to be a far better and happier augury than his fellow, who does not pore over his books, never dreaming that there can be any knowledge beyond them. Of such stuff as this were all our philosophical geniuses, from Newton to Davy, and so from the nature of things they must generally be. And no wonder. The spirit that is powerful enough to choose, aye, and to take its own course, instead of resigning itself to the tide, must be a vry powerful spirit indeed—a spirit of right excellent promise.

Sir Walter Scott's Testimony to the Worth of the Poor.—I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly-cultivated minds, too, in my time, but I assure you I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of the poor, uneducated men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe, yet gentle heroism, under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbours, than I ever yet met with out of the pages of the Bible.

Intelligence.—The divine gift of intelligence was bestowed for higher uses than bodily labour—than to make hewers of wood, drawers of water, ploughmen, or servants. Every being, so gifted, is intended to acquaint himself with God and His works, and to perform wisely and disinterestedly the duties of life. Accordingly, when we see the multitude of men beginning to thirst for knowledge, for intellectual action, for something more than animal life, we see the great design of nature about to be accomplished; and society, having received this impulse, will never rest till it shall have taken such a form as will place within every man's reach the means of intellectual culture. This is the revolution to which we are tending; and without this, all outward political changes would be but childrens' play, leaving the great work of society yet to be done.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. Dore.—The Colossus of Rhodes was thrown down by an earthquake, B.C. 224. It was made of brass, and weighed 713,000 lbs. Rhodes was taken by the Saracens, and the Colossus sold, A.D. 652.

A. B. C.—Your sentence is grammatical, but we should rather say "This man is better fitted for the office than the other."

J. P. may take our word for it, first, that "barley, after being made into malt, will '*not*' grow so as to produce a crop if sown in a field." And, secondly, that "the process of analysing half a pint of beer will '*not*' increase the quantity of alcohol therein contained." The "respectable brewer," who, "at a temperance meeting in Buckinghamshire, stated that malt would grow, and alcohol increase in quantity, under those circumstances," was an ignoramus.

A. Mointly.—Our heavy troops at the battle of Waterloo had no defensive armour; nevertheless, they proved more than a match for their steel-cased antagonists. A committee of the House of Commons sat to consider the best sort of defensive armour for the heavy dragoons; and a stalwart life guardsman, who had borne his part in the bloody field, was asked what armour he should like to wear if he had another day's work of the same kind. The answer was so *naive* and unexpected that it quite upset the gravity and warlike predispositions of the committee:—"I think I should prefer being in my shirt sleeves."

W. D. may make excellent bread without "brewers' yeast" by attending to the following directions:—Take two ounces of carbonate of soda, one ounce and a half of tartaric acid, and a piece of salammoniac, about the size of a hazel nut, all powdered. Let these be well mixed *in a perfectly dry state.* Then blend them *intimately* with half a peck of dry wheaten flour—or you may use one-third barley flour—and about two ounces of salt. Make a deep hole in the middle of the flour so prepared, and pour in as much *cold* water as will make dough somewhat less stiff than bread dough is usually made. *Mix it briskly and well.* Make this quantity into three loaves, put them *immediately* into a *quick* oven, and let them bake one hour and ten minutes. The *exact* time will depend, of course, upon the heat of the oven, but a very little practice will determine the right length. You will thus have three loaves of sweet, palatable, nutritious bread, without the waste attendant on using brewers' yeast.

Un Vieux Ami.—You had better not perplex yourself with "the mystery of the Trinity."

William Slack *may* expect to find "the subject of logic" treated in the forthcoming "Popular Educator."

W. D. will find the following a refreshing and pleasant drink to use at hay and harvest times:—Boil one ounce of good hops and one ounce of bruised ginger in two gallons of water for about an hour; strain the liquor off, and sweeten with two pounds of treacle. When cold, put it into a stone bottle. It should be made in the evening, and it will be fit for use the next morning. It should be made every three days. The strength of the hop must be suited to the taste. The ginger may be omitted if desired.

A Wellwisher will find simple, easy lessons in drawing at most respectable petitioners'.

Detroit asks, "What books ought a youth to study to become qualified for an editor?" An editor of what? Studying all the books in the British Museum would scarce suffice to "qualify" for some editorships.

A Country Reader.—Lessons on "Plane Geometry" will, no doubt, be given in Mr. Cassell's new work, "The Popular Educator."

A Monthly Subscriber.—We cannot undertake to furnish the designs you require.

Bonus Puer.—Your remarks are judicious; they shall be borne in mind. We say the same to F. G. Pearce.

W. S. (Canterbury.)—We do not think that clerks or drapers' assistants would improve their circumstances by emigrating either to San Francisco or Melbourne. Labourers and artisans are the persons required in both those colonies.

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EGYPT: ITS EDIFICES AND ITS PEOPLE.

II.—THE CITY OF CAIRO.

ALEXANDRIA, which has been already described, is situated on the western side of the Delta, or territory on the coast, at a distance of some fifty miles from the Rosetta mouth of the Nile, and about the same distance from the point where it is now connected by means of the Mahmudieh canal with the great river of Egypt.

The scenery along the banks of this canal is, on the whole, rather uninteresting and monotonous. The villages scattered here and there present a strange aspect, and the fellahs appear to be truly miserable. There are, however, occasional spots of brightness and even beauty to be found. The verdant fields of grain, the beautiful orange-grove, the gardens abounding in vegetables and flowers, the stately palm, the acacia or locust tree, the picturesque country residence or villa of some wealthy citizen, are reliefs to the general tediousness of the canal-passage, which delight all the more from their infrequency, and help the traveller to forget what he cannot but deplore.

The first view of the Nile must, under any circumstances, be interesting. It is so intimately connected with ancient history, particularly of that people whose monuments have excited so much wonder and astonishment for ages, and it is in itself a river so marvellous for its length, size, periodical inundations, and many valuable qualities, that hardly any one can gaze upon it for the first time without emotion, or glide over its broad bosom without a crowd of recollections of the mysterious past. In consequence of the strength of the current, which usually runs at the rate of nearly three miles an hour, the progress of a steamboat is necessarily slow and laboured; and as the channel frequently shifts its place, and banks of sand are deposited in those spots where deep water formerly stood, the navigation of the Nile is neither very easy nor very safe for vessels proceeding at a rapid rate. Not unfrequently does the experience of the oldest and best informed pilot fail him, and it often happens that boats get aground, and remain some time in a position the most annoying possible for a traveller.

COFFEE HOUSE ON THE BORDERS OF THE NILE.

The scenery along the river, from Atfeh to Bulak, a distance of about a hundred and twenty miles, is interesting, more from its peculiarly oriental character than from any variety or striking characteristics which it possesses. The mud huts of the peasantry, the groves of palms, the fertile fields of grain, the uniformly degraded appearance of the people, combined with their light-heartedness and cheerful submission to a state of things which we should consider intolerable, are all peculiar to the East, and consequently full of interest to a stranger. One can hardly fail, too, to be struck with the evident richness of the country, and its capacity to furnish not only means of support, but even wealth to its inhabitants, were not the oppressive hand of the despot laid upon everything within his grasp, and the curse of monopoly spread over the whole land. Sailing along, the active boatmen of the Nile are seen busily engaged in their occupations, singing and shouting, and spending much labour in accomplishing little work, as is usual in Egypt. On the low banks of the river, or some shoal place, appear flocks of various sorts of birds—pigeons, ducks, herons, &c.; and now and then a vulture or a falcon-kite will sail slowly by, or hover for a few moments overhead, as if waiting for its accustomed prey. Occasionally, too, the white dome of some Mohammedan saint's tomb will strike the eye as one of the few picturesque objects in Egyptian scenery; while the means are singular by which the water of the river is raised to a sufficient level to irrigate the fields. The "sákieh" mainly consists of a vertical wheel, which raises the water in earthen pots attached to cords, and forms a continuous series; a second vertical wheel fixed to the same axis, with cogs; and a large horizontal cogged wheel, which, being turned by a pair of cows or bulls, or by a single beast, puts in motion the two former wheels and the pots. The construction of this machine is of a very rude kind; and its motion produces a disagreeable creaking noise. The "shadúf" consists of two posts or pillars of wood, or of mud and canes or rushes, about five feet in height and less than three feet apart, with a horizontal piece of wood extending from top to top, to which is suspended a slender lever, formed of a branch of a tree, having, at one end, a weight chiefly composed of mud, and at the other, suspended to two long palm sticks, a vessel in the form of a bowl, made of basket work, or of a hoop and a piece of woollen stuff or leather: with this vessel the water is thrown up to the height of about eight feet into a trough hollowed out for its reception. In the southern parts of Upper Egypt, four or five shadúfs are required, when the river is at the lowest, to raise the water to the level of the fields. There are many shadúfs with two levers, &c., which are worked by two men. The operation is extremely laborious.

Continuing to ascend the Nile, Cairo, or *El-Kahireh*, the "city of victory," is reached, one of the most interesting and purely oriental cities to be met with in the East. In size and extent, in the number of its population, in its importance as the metropolis of Egypt, it holds the first rank; and in those peculiarities which distinguish it from European cities, or such places as Alexandria, partly Arabic and partly Frank, it presents to the traveller a field for observation which can hardly be found anywhere else.

And now let the reader imagine that he is standing at a window of the Hotel d'Europe, gazing upon the panorama which constantly passes before the eyes. He is looking out upon the Ezbekiyeh, a large park or plot of ground, planted with trees and arranged into walks; it is irregular in shape, being about half-a-mile in extent either way, and it winds, as it were, for a considerable distance, both right and left; the flowers and fruit-trees, and the shady walks, make it a delightful place of resort for those who are fatigued or annoyed with the bustling, noisy streets. In former times this whole space was a lake, during the season of the high Nile; but a large canal which surrounds it, and at present is dry, has drained it, and not only removed a disagreeable pool of stagnant water, but furnished to the Cairenes a beautiful public square and garden. The principal street only is wide enough for vehicles of any size to pass and repass, and most of the hotels for foreigners are collected together in this locality. It will be readily seen how great an amount of travel on foot and on horseback, on donkeys and in carriages, must here take place during the day.

Very early in the morning, the donkey-boys assemble with their useful steeds on the opposite side of the street, and keep a sharp look-out upon the doors and windows of the hotel; every once in a while they make their selamat (the usual "how-d'ye-do") to some passenger who has patronised them the day before, and endeavour to prevail upon him to engage for an indefinite period an animal which has perhaps shaken him almost to death, or has other and equally valuable qualities. Near by, under the same trees where they keep themselves, is a fellahah, squatted on some stones, with large trays of dates spread out before her; she appears to have one of the ugliest faces which are to be met with in the streets, and just in this proportion does she seem to be careful to cover it with her dirty "burko," or face-veil. Nevertheless, she has her customers, and the palatable cheap fruit which Egypt furnishes in such abundance enables many a fellah and poor boy to enjoy himself at a very small cost. At this hour, too, one of the hard-working and poorly-paid water-carriers, with a very large goatskin full of water, goes to and fro in front of the hotel, and liberally dashes its contents upon the dusty street, so that instead of dust there is now mud—a choice of evils; but which is to be preferred it is difficult to tell, even after having effectually tried both.

As by the requirements of their religion the Mohammedans are early risers, so that they may say the appointed morning-prayers, many persons are astir very early, and business of various sorts begins to be transacted. Now comes ambling by on a donkey a Coptic Christian, distinguished by his deep blue or black turban, and hastening to his daily occupation. Like most of his brethren, he appears to be a scribe, for stuck in his girdle is the dawáyeh, or oriental inkstand and receptacle for reed-pens, and under his arm or in his hand are some paper and blank-books for present use. Now a fat, lazy-looking Turk rides along, at a slow pace, casting looks of scorn or contempt upon the peasantry and others whom he meets or passes, and doubtless on his way to some greater man than himself, to whom he can and will cringe and bow with all that servility which renders the eastern character so often despicable in the eyes of other people. Now, others, of all classes, ages, sexes, and colours, from the deepest black to the palest white, pass our window; some have turbans of manifold colours, red, white, black, parti-coloured, &c. Some wear dresses of different descriptions, half Turkish, half Egyptian, partly Frank, partly Greek, some English, some French, more nondescript.

Here are women in veils and drawers, with yellow boots and slippers; there are women without covering to the face, with bare feet and legs, and having only a blue shirt of cotton; and mingled with all are boys and girls, dogs and donkeys, camels and horses, carts and carriages, sheep and goats; the gaudy splendour of some government officer, and the ragged penury and filth of some miserable fellah; the concubines and wives of the rich man, astride of asses and guarded by eunuchs; the half-naked peasant-woman seated in like manner upon her load of vegetables, and a plentiful supply of importunate beggars, and many such-like curious sights.

As the morning advances, the scene changes somewhat; frequently Europeans are seen in the street, moving about with all that freedom and utter indifference to the liking or disliking of the Turks and others which characterise them; as they do not understand, so they do not care for, the muttered imprecations which are every now and then bestowed upon them by some bigoted Mohammedan, who only wants the opportunity to use fire and sword with as great fury as was ever done by any of the followers of the Arabian impostor.

About mid-day, a tremendous cracking of a whip by a groom on foot, and an unceremonious dispersion of the people on all sides, announce the approach of some one greater than ordinary; see, now: horsemen in elegant or showy trappings, with various appurtenances of a magnate's public appearance, are prancing slowly along; next comes a carriage and six, with the pasha inside, who bestows occasionally a nod or something of the sort upon the passers-by; following his carriage are a number of horsemen and others who form his suite; and these as well as himself, require the utmost deference and respect, and while the whole calvacade is going by, no one must dare to get in the way or move out of his appointed place; for it only requires a significant motion of the pasha's eye or hand to dispose of any unlucky fellow's head, or appropriate his

heels to the horrible bastinado—such is the despotism of Egypt! Occasionally, too, other carriages, preceded in the same way by a groom, running ahead with a large whip, pass the window, and by the show which they make give the beholders an idea of the consequence which belongs to the respective consuls and consuls-general of foreign powers; or impress the common people with a salutary reverence for some of the pasha's officers who move to and fro in these novel vehicles. Listen, for a moment: what an uproar and disturbance in the street; what furious gestures, what shouting and screaming, what fast talking and fiery war of words;—and what do you suppose it is all about? Why, not a revolution, not a shouting for "equal rights," or "down with the pasha," but nothing more nor less than which one of the donkeys or boys shall gain possession of a Frank who has just appeared at the door of the hotel; see what a crowd gathers round him; now he is pushed toward one, now another; now he is nearly lifted by main force upon a donkey, and now some opposition brute is all but thrust betwixt his legs; this boy shouts, that half-grown man screams, another praises the saddle of his donkey, a fourth beseeches the gentleman to try his beast, a fifth falls foul of number two, a sixth begins to belabour number three and his donkey—and so they go on, talking all known languages, and several that are not known, until the poor European at last gets on to one of the steeds, and the tempest subsides, only to be renewed again at the first opportunity.

As the day wanes, similar scenes are enacted; the streets present the same appearance of crowding and jostling; of threading one's way amid camels, with heavy, wide-spreading loads, and donkeys with panniers filled with stones or vegetables, or laden with water-skins or great bundles of grass; of escaping from being run down by a horse, and narrowly missing being crushed by a cart against the side of a house; of pushing your neighbour out of the way, and being as unceremoniously used by some one else; and such like. Just listen to the donkey-boys, as they beat their little brutes, and warn pedestrians to get out of the way: "*yemeenak! shimalak!*" (to thy right! to thy left!) "*dahrak!*" (thy back!) "*wishshak!*" (thy face!) "*gembak!*" (thy side!) "*riglak!*" (thy foot!) "*kaabak!*" (thy heel!) Hear them call out to a Turk, "*sakin!*" (take care!) to a Frank, "*ya khawage!*" to some poor woman, "*ya bint!*" ("daughter" or "girl"), to an old man, "*ya sheikh!*" &c.* The street is full, very full, as it would seem, having no sidewalks to protect the pedestrian, but all being in common; the various classes, ages, and sexes use such part or parts of the street as they can find; and it is wonderful to notice how seldom an accident happens, how unfrequently any one is hurt, how well, on the whole, everybody manages to get along, and both to give and receive his or her share of jostling and pushing, without offence being meant or taken.

Towards evening the scene changes again, and as night draws on, the donkey-boys, the old woman with her dates, the venders of other articles of food, the idlers and loungers, the dogs and monkeys with their masters, and the whole tribe of street-walkers and travellers gradually retire, and the thoroughfares become vacant and lonely. In the hours of darkness hardly a person can be found in the busy avenue of the hotel, from the windows of which we have been looking. Occasionally one passes by with a lantern in hand, to save him from harm in picking his way where no light is furnished by the authorities; and during the evening and night nought else is seen, and scarcely anything is heard save the annoying bark of some mongrel curs, as if they were taking revenge for the contempt with which they have been treated during the day.

Eastern cities have, however, many features in common with each other; and, unlike what prevails in some other parts, the streets or lanes are very narrow, winding, unpaved, uneven, and dirty to an extreme. The houses are built to suit the climate and the religion of the people, and externally have hardly a single mark of beauty or good taste, excepting always many of the projecting lattice-windows, which are often very pretty. Heaps and mounds of rubbish meet the visitor at various points, and he is both astonished and annoyed at finding such things in the heart of a great city almost as a matter of course. The places of business and trade are in various quarters, and are styled bazaars, where articles of all sorts are sold; and the merchants spend their time, with pipe in hand, chatting with a customer, displaying their goods; and, sitting with their legs drawn under them, lead a life of indolence and inactivity. These and other characteristics of the same kind, belong to nearly all oriental towns, and are more or less familiar to every one who has taken any interest in eastern matters. Let us, then, sally out in good season, and take a look at some of the many strange and curious things to be seen in the streets and lanes of the metropolis.

Turning to the right on leaving the Hotel d'Europe, we soon arrive at another quarter of the town. We enter through a large door, which at night is shut and guarded, and find ourselves in a narrow, crooked lane, hardly wide enough for any one on a donkey to pass, and having a gloomy appearance and a damp atmosphere. It is the Copt quarter where we are; the Jewish quarter we shall find to be much worse, and the Turkish a very great deal better. Observe the change in the streets. Here they are about five or six feet wide, and sometimes much less, and the little shops on either side, with the women squatted in the midst of their dates, or vegetables, or groceries; the men shouting forth their articles of trade; the children playing under foot; the slippery mud and filth in which we are treading impress one very singularly and far from pleasantly. One does not wonder that plague, cholera, and pestilence, in general, rage in Cairo. The only surprise to those educated in the belief that cleanliness of person and habitation, and the circulation of pure air, are essential to the health of the community, is that the plague should ever leave such a fair field for its operations as this, or that the cholera and pestilential fevers should not sweep away the whole population during the period of their ravages. Notice how scanty is the supply of light, though it is noon-day and the sun is shining in all its vigour. The interior of the petty shops is quite dark, and it is not without difficulty that you can distinguish any objects at all. If you look upward for a moment, you discover that it is not altogether the narrowness of the street or lane which causes this sort of twilight; for there you see how the windows and upper storeys, in many cases, project beyond the perpendicular, for two feet or more on both sides of the passage, which, of course, diminishes the space so much, that neither the sun nor the light can penetrate with any great effect. We leave this lane at this point, and turn down another, which, amusingly enough called "Broadway," goes at one time under portions of houses, and is quite dark; and at another becomes quite wide, *i. e.*, some seven or eight feet, which appears well by contrast. Now, we see houses in ruins, and the rubbish in the middle of the street, as is sometimes the case in *our* part of the world. Now we pass along without meeting a single individual; now we meet a crowd of boys and donkeys; a number of veiled objects, which appear to be of all colours and ages; and a string of camels, with immense loads, which require the pedestrian to take shelter in a doorway, or where he best may, to avoid being crushed, as they stalk slowly by. And thus we contiuue, turning in and out, up and down, meeting all sorts of curious things, coming in contact with all classes, from the gaudily dressed lady, waddling along in silks, to the most miserable fellah woman, with scarcely half a blue shirt to cover her nakedness, and with a child devoid of clothing astride of her shoulder. And though, at times, in crowds and thoroughly jostled, yet often we are quite alone, and surprised to see how few people are in the streets and lanes of the city.

But let us enter a house; it is the mansion of a friend, yet in nearly all respects is like other houses in Cairo. At the door, or just inside, stands the porter who admits us. You see there is a small court, which in many cases is much larger, and has a well and some other things in it; but as yet there is no appearance of life or of inmates, and only blank walls and an earthen floor, which do not seem to produce much. We follow the sober Arab, who moves at just such a pace, and rejoices in the name of Mûsa, and he leads us up a staircase of stone steps, which wind at every third or fourth step during the whole ascent: it is lighted from above, being open to the sky. By and by, we get to the third storey, as we should call it, and leaving the stairs enter a broad

* Lane's "Modern Egyptians," vol. i. p. 209.

space paved with stone, and having doors le ding to rooms on either hand, and those again connected with others on the same floor. In this particular house there are various things which indicate European habits and tastes: the drawing-room is furnished with chairs, and has a carpet on the floor, together with many objects which could only interest a Christian and a lover of English literature; and the various other rooms, while oriental to some extent, still show that habit is a strong thing, and that our customs may not easily be dispensed with; but in general, as you will notice in other houses where eastern manners are adopted, the rooms are not at all furnished in this way; the stone floor is covered, sometimes only in part, with plain white matting, and at one end of the apartment, which is nearly square, is a long and broad diwan, raised about six inches above the floor, reaching en-

THE SHADUF.

tirely across the room, and having pillows against which to recline. Very few articles of any kind are to be seen, seldom a chair, usually a small table or escritoire; but very seldom is there an approach to the profusion of furniture which characterises our parlours and drawing-rooms; and at first one cannot but feel that it is cheerless and uncomfortable; but use, and the necessity of studying how best to pass the hot season, accustom one soon to these changes. You will notice, too, in the house where we are, that there is no harim, and of course no portion of it set aside as forbidden to any but the husband and female visitors; in others, where Europeans choose to adopt this custom likewise, the apartments of the women form an important portion of the house—a portion which several writers have admirably treated of, particularly some of the ladies who have visited Egypt, and have favoured the world with the results of their intercourse with eastern females.

While here, it is worth our while to mount still higher, and from the flat roof or terrace, to observe what an appearance Cairo presents. A similar winding staircase leads to this attractive spot, as the citizens usually esteem it; for here, in the cool of the morning and evening, they love to assemble and enjoy the delightful breezes which refresh and invigorate the wearied body and jaded spirits; here they have their pipes and coffee, and, reclining on their diwan or carpets, spend hours in contemplation or cheerful conversation, as best suits their taste. Look now at the unique scene which lies before you. In the distance you see the lofty pyramids of Gizeh—those mighty monuments of a people and an age which have long since passed away for ever, and, far beyond, the illimitable desert and hills of sand which bound the view on the African side. Opposite to these, looking eastwardly, are the Mokattam hills or mountains, which stretch away to the south, and far into the Arabian desert. Mingled in one picturesque outline, you see the broad and winding Nile, which confers life upon Egypt, and renders verdant its productive banks; the vast collection of splendid tombs and mausolea for the dead of past generations, which serve to remind one of the certainty of death and the decay of all things human; the beautiful palm-groves, the numerous villages, the broad fields of grain, the gardens and residences of the great, the manufactories of the pasha's introduction, and such-like features, which, under the brilliant sun and the transparent skies of Egypt, have an attractiveness which is peculiarly their own. But there are several elevated spots where this same scene, slightly varied, is spread out to view. The city itself, as we now see it, claims

THE DONKEY DRIVER.

our notice on many accounts. In the streets and lanes, it is very difficult to form any idea of the actual state of the houses in which people live, or of the strange appearance which they present when seen from a high position, as ours is; but here we look down upon such things as we could not have supposed to exist in a large and populous city like the metropolis of Egypt. Observe the air of desolation which seems to envelop every object; the houses are very generally partly in ruin, and being built of the dark-coloured bricks formed of the mud of the Nile, look still less inviting than would otherwise be the case. Crowded together, and having few avenues wide enough to be distinguished, were it not for the relief which the minarets afford to the scene, the dwellings of the people would in general strike one as little better than those in the villages. In

BIRKIT-EL-FIL, OR THE LAKE OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

short, Cairo looks like a city in ruins, and the reality is probably not very far behind the appearance.

Before returning to our hotel, let us go into the bazaars, which are in many respects the most interesting objects in the city, and will well repay us for an hour or two spent in examining them. Most of the streets, especially the larger ones, have a row of shops on either side, and, as you will observe, certain portions of the city are devoted to some particular branch of trade or manufactures. Thus, there is the market of the copper-ware dealers, the jewellers' market or bazaar, that of the hardware merchants, of the sword-mounters, of the silk-dealers, of the perfume-sellers, of the gold and silver-workers, &c. It will be quite impossible for us to do more than look at one of these thoroughly; let us then go to the great Turkish sook or bazaar, termed "Khan El-Khaleelee," from the sultan Khaleel, in whose reign it was built, A.D. 1292, and we shall obtain probably the best idea which Cairo affords of an oriental bazaar. It consists of a number of short lanes, connected with each other, and has four entrances from different quarters. The shops are on both sides, and are worth stopping to look at, and to contrast with the large and splendid shops of European cities. A square recess or cell, perhaps seven or eight feet high, and about half that distance in width, with narrow shelves for the articles offered for sale, constitutes a shop in the "Khan El-Khaleelee." In front of the shops you observe that there is a raised seat of stone or brick, built up to a height even with the floor—that is, about three feet above the ground. This seat is about a yard wide, and having a carpet spread over it, with a cushion to recline against, is used by the shopkeeper as well for his own purposes as to accommodate a customer with a pipe and means of resting during the tedious process of concluding a bargain. Several of the bazaars are covered over with matting laid on loose reeds, or supported by more solid planks, extending across the street, at a slight distance, usually, above the houses.

Notice, now, for a moment, what is passing before our eyes; crowds of people are constantly moving along, some having come to buy, and some merely to look; different cries are shouted in our ears by those who vend articles about the streets; women of the lower classes are haggling with the shop-keeper about some trifling purchase; ladies in silks and satins are stopping to examine some jewellery or ornaments, where not only the bijouterie attracts their attention, but something else in the merchant himself—a circumstance which strikingly reminds one of the Arabian Nights, and the love stories in them based on the visits of ladies to the bazaars; on the mastabah, or raised seat, at various shops, are customers, who, having taken off their shoes and drawn their feet under them, are gravely smoking a pipe or drinking coffee, as a necessary part of making a purchase; or having concluded these operations, are soberly discussing the value of the article, and what may be considered a fair price; some of the shops are empty, the master having left his property to the care of his neighbours, who in general thus aid one another; in one or two places the merchant is very devout, and is saying his prayers upon the mastabah, in the sight of everybody, according to the custom of the Turks and other Mohammedans; and mingled with all are foreigners from nearly all nations, and persons of all colours, which form a medley rather curious and interesting. As we stroll through this extensive bazaar, we see that a great variety of articles are on sale; such as ready-made clothes, arms of different descriptions and qualities, the seggádehs or prayer-carpets, silks, linens, muslins, pipes, amber mouth-pieces, copper-ware, &c. &c.

As a fitting close to these scenes, a passage or two may be quoted from Mr. Lane, in illustration of some of the many and various cries heard in the streets of Cairo; they are sufficiently curious and peculiarly oriental to merit attention: "The seller of sour limes cries, 'God make them light, (or easy of sale)! O limes!'—The toasted pips of a kind of melon called 'abdallawee,' and of the water-melon, are often announced by the cry of 'O consoler of the embarrassed! O pips!' though more commonly by the simple cry of 'Roasted pips!'—A curious cry of the seller of a kind of sweetmeat ('halaweh'), composed of treacle fried with some other ingredients, is 'For a nail! O sweetmeat!' He is said to be half a thief: children and servants often steal implements of iron, &c., from the houses in which they live, and give them to him in exchange for his sweetmeat.—The hawker of oranges cries 'Honey! O oranges! Honey!' and similar cries are used by the sellers of other fruits and vegetables, so that it is sometimes impossible to guess what the person announces for sale, as when we hear the cry of 'Sycamore figs! O grapes!' excepting by the rule that what is for sale is the least excellent of the fruits, &c., mentioned; as sycamore figs are not so good as grapes. A very singular cry is used by the seller of roses: 'The rose was a thorn; from the sweat of the prophet it blossomed.' This alludes to a miracle related of the prophet.—The fragrant flowers of the henna-tree (or Egyptian privet), are carried about for sale, and the seller cries, 'Odours of paradise! O flowers of the henna!'—A kind of cotton cloth, made by machinery, which is put in motion by a bull, is announced by the cry of 'The work of the bull! O maidens!'"*

The lake of Birkit-el-Fil, or of the Hippopotamus, of which we give an engraving, is at Cairo. In Egypt there are several other pieces of water called lakes, but they are more properly lagoons, and strikingly resemble those that skirt the shores of Prussia. They are all shallow; are separated from the sea with which they communicate, by a narrow bank or ridge of sand; and are in the course of being gradually and slowly filled up.

NOTES ON VARIOUS TRADES.

CLOCKMAKERS.

In the year 1368, king Edward III. invited three clockmakers from Delft to settle in England. Their names were John Uninam, William Uninam, and John Latuyt.

Barrington thinks it probable that there were clockmakers, or persons who at least pretended to understand clockmaking, in England, for the royal protection given to the three Dutchmen directs that the artists to whom it is granted shall not be molested while they are engaged in this employment.

CLOCKS.

Leland states that about the year 1386, Richard de Walingford, abbot of St. Albans, made a clock which represented the revolutions of the sun and moon, the fixed stars, the ebbing and flowing of the tides, and many other lines and figures. This clock was, in Leland's opinion, not only the most wonderful instrument ever seen in England, but in Europe. It was called Albion by its maker. The abbot was the son of a smith, who lived at Walingford. His clock continued to go for upwards of 250 years.

Chaucer mentions clocks as if they were not uncommon. To show the certainty of a cock's crowing, he says—

> "Full sickerer was his crowing in his loge,
> As is a clock or any abbey orloge."

In the late Exhibition were shown a great variety of clocks of curious construction, some of them made to go without winding up for many years. The turret clock, made by Mr. Dent, which stood in the central western nave, has been purchased for the use of a factory in the north; and the church clock, constructed by Mr. Bennett, of Greenwich, is intended to be erected on London-bridge, midway between St. Saviour's church and the railway station. It will have four illuminated faces, and stand on the top of a cast-iron tower.

MASTER MASONS.

In the reign of Edward I., and for some years afterwards, the master masons in England were chiefly foreigners, incorporated by royal authority. These artisans removed themselves in great numbers to any spot in the kingdom where the foundation of an abbey or other building was meditated. They are not, however, to be considered as the inventors, but rather as the executors of the plans which were prepared for them by the ecclesiastics, who were the only competent architects of the time. The free-masons were blessed by the pope, and were first encouraged in England by Henry III., after which they were constantly employed in the country till the pointed style fell into disuse. Ever since then, however, the masons have continued to be considered a highly-important body.

FARRIERS.

With William the Conqueror was introduced the practice of shoeing the battle-horse with iron shoes fastened with nails.

* "Modern Egyptians," vol. ii. p. 18.

The farriers were reckoned so valuable a class of artisans, that the king gave Simon St. Liz the town of Northampton, valued at £40 a year, on condition of his providing shoes for his horse. The horse-smith in those days was a man of consideration. Henry de Ferrers accompanied William as foreman of the farriers (*præfectus fabrorum*), and the employment was considered by his descendants to be so honourable a distinction, that they commemorated the fact by assuming the designation of their ancestor's craft as their surname.

SILK SPINNERS.

In the reign of Henry VI., the art of spinning and throwing silk had been introduced by a company of silk-women, of what country is not known. These females, in a petition to parliament, stated that Lombards and other Italians imported such quantities of threads and ribbonds, and other silk things, that they were impoverished. To protect *them* an act was passed (1455), prohibiting the importation of the articles which they fabricated.

PLASTERERS.

In the year 1485, and for a century before this date, plasterers were called dawbers, and mud-wall makers, who had for their wages, by the day, three-pence, and for their knave or labourer, three-halfpence; they so continued until Henry VII. brought with him from France, certain men who used plaister of Paris for the decoration of the walls of houses. They worked so well for the king, "and increased to be many; then suing to him for his favour, the king fulfilled their desire, and incorporated them by the name of *Gypsarium*," which was for "clay and mud, alias mortar-makers, for the use of loam and lyme." But for half a century, the public, who are always slow to sanction what they consider the innovations, continued to call them "dawbers."

COINING MONEY.

Henry III. issued a writ in 1247, authorising Reyner de Brusell, to bring persons from beyond seas skilled in the coinage and exchange of silver, to work at the king's charge. The method of coining in this and bygone times, was rude and inartificial. One die was fixed firmly in a wooden block, the other die was held in the hand like a puncheon; the piece of silver of the proper weight was laid on the lower die, and by repeated blows of the hammer on the punching die, the required impression was brought up. No further improvement was made on this process for 300 years. Many specimens of the old "hammered money" are to be seen in the British Museum.

CLEAR-STARCHERS.

One Mistress Dinghen Vanden Plasse, daughter to a worshipful knight at Teenen, in Flanders, came to London in 1564, and professed herself a starcher, in which trade she greatly excelled. Ladies sent their cambric ruffs to Mrs. Dinghen to be stiffened, and rewarded her liberally. They also sent their daughters and kinswomen to be taught, so great was the admiration of the materials after having been subjected to the starching process. Mrs. Dinghen charged five pounds each to teach them to starch, and one pound to teach them how to seethe the starch. Before this Holland ruffs were worn, as none could properly stiffen lawn or cambric ruffs. The wife of Guillan, her coachman, was the first clear-starcher Elizabeth had. The well-known Beau Brunnell, who "reigned" during the regency of George IV. was the first who introduced starch into gentlemen's neckcloths.

WOOLLEN CLOTH MANUFACTURE.

To the skill and invention of John Kempe, and the host of ingenious Flemings of the same and auxiliary trades who followed them to England, we are indebted for having established the manufacture of fine woollen cloth on a foundation that has not once been shaken for five hundred years. But neither their skill, nor their habits of industry, nor the knowledge they had spread of a valuable manufacture, nor their misfortunes, could save them from the persecution of the native cloth makers and weavers, who were become skilful, and were growing rich, from following their examples and instructions.

These meritorious Flemings were at all times the objects of vulgar hatred and malice, and their lives in danger. In the summer of 1369, more particularly, they became the victims of popular fury; and gross outrages were committed upon them, until Edward issued a proclamation declaring them to be under his especial protection. A short time after his death, the ill will of the native workmen again broke out into open violence against the "cursede forrainers." Richard II. acted as a mediator, and an agreement in 1379 was effected between the native and foreign interests, which was confirmed by the royal authority.

The foreign workmen were now so numerous in London, that places were assigned to them in which they could deliberate on the affairs of their communities. The church-yard of St Lawrence Pulteney was appropriated to the Flemings, and that of St. Mary Somerset to the Hollanders.

LIST OF TRADES IN 1415.

In the order for the pageants of the play of Corpus Christi, during the mayoralty of William Alne, A.D. 1415, the following crafts and callings were marshalled at York: tanners, plasterers, carde-makers, fullers, coupers, armourers, gaunters, shipwrights, fishmongers, mariners, pthemyners, bukbyders, hosyers, spicers, pewterers, founders, tylers, chaundelers, goldsmiths, gold-beaters, mone-makers, masons, marashals, girdelers, naylers, sawlers, sporriers, lorymers, barbers, smiths, vyntners, aulnnayers, plummers, pattern-makers, pouch makers, botilers, cap-makers, vestment-makers, skynners, cuttelars, bladesmiths, shethers, scalers, bukle-makers, horners, bakers, waterleders, saut-makers, milners, tiel-makers, ropers, ewers, turners, heyresters, bollers, shermen, pynners, lateners, paynters, bouchers, pulterers, satelers, glaziers, carpenters, joiners, cartwrights, carvers, sawyers, wyredrawers, broggers, wool pakkers, wadmen, escriveners, lumners, questers, dubbors, tailyeurs, potters, drapers, lynwevers, wevers of wollen, mercers, hostilers.

RATE OF WAGES FIXED BY THE MAGISTRATES.

The act passed by Elizabeth in 1563 was intended to empower the justices to fix the rate of wages of labourers and workmen generally; but doubts being raised on some of its clauses, its operation was confined to the wages of agricultural labourers only. The measure, on the whole, was said to have been beneficial to the labourers, although the wages had not always been regulated and proportioned according to the "plenty, scarcity, and necessity of the times, as they ought to have been." By the new law, the justices had authority not only to fix the rate of wages of agricultural labourers, but the wages of weavers, spinsters, and of all workmen whatsoever engaged by the day, month, or year. They were also empowered to fix what every person should take by the great (or piece), for mowing, reaping, and thrashing of corn, mowing and making of hay, ditching paling, railing, or hedging, by the rod, perch, lugge, yard, pole, rope, or foot, and for *every other kind* of reasonable labour and service; and those who either gave or received more or less than the authorised wages, were to pay a penalty of ten shillings, to be collected, if need were, by distress and sale of the offender's goods.

COERCION OF WORKING MEN.

In the year 1352 Edward III. granted authority by letters-patent to Henry de Brusell and John de Cicestre, to choose and take as many goldsmiths, smiths, and other workmen, as they required in the city of London, and place them at work in the Tower, at wages to be allowed by the patentees. If any of the pressed mechanics should refuse to work, and be rebellious, or run away, they were to be seized and put in prison until the king should determine on their punishment.

In the year 1559 an extraordinary attempt was made by one part of society to promote by force its interest and convenience at the expense of the interest and convenience of another portion of its members. A bill was brought into parliament, and read three times, to *compel* artificers and craftsmen who might be living in the inland parts of Kent and Sussex, to dwell in towns on the sea-coast. The townsmen, no doubt, required the assistance of such mechanics, and their not having it would now be considered a proof either of their unwillingness or inability to pay liberally for it, or of the towns being less prosperous than heretofore, and having "many empty houses to let."

REMOVAL OF TRADE RESTRICTIONS.

One of the first acts of Philip and Mary was to remove some of the absurd restrictions that were now seen to cramp the freedom of trade. The act of Edward VI., by which no one was to make cloth who had not been apprenticed to it for seven years, was annulled; the act says that "some who had married clothiers' wives for twenty years were obliged to leave off the business" on that account; and forasmuch as the perfect and principal ground of cloth-making is the true *sorting of wools*, and the experience thereof consisteth of women and children, and not in apprentices, every person inhabiting where cloth-making hath been used may henceforth make all manner of broad-cloths, and put them to weaving, walking, fulling, dyeing, and shearing, so that the cloths be substantially made, and bearing lawful length, breadth and weight. And this was about the first glimpse of a wise policy in the history of English manufacturing labour.

THE DRAYMAN AND THE MILKMAN.

PERHAPS in all wide London no two individuals of more opposite characteristics could possibly be found than the two whose portraits grace these pages. The drayman is big and burly, with a bloated face and an inactive set of limbs; while the milkman is thin and spare like his own delectable compound. The first seems the impersonation of dullness and heavy potations; the last the incarnation of lively good-nature and hard work. The countenance of the one seems to express a sort of brutal contentment with his lot, while that of the other shines, like a winter apple, all red and ruddy and full of hopefulness. The one is the dispenser of a hateful adulterated compound of spoiled water which is known indifferently as "beer," "ale," "porter," "double X." &c.,—while the other retails a liquid which is good and healthful, just in proportion to its purity,—at any rate, it cannot do harm. "Bless my heart," said a gentleman, who was walking arm-in-arm with Caleb Whitefoord, "what can that fellow with the milk cans mean by his continual cry, 'mi-eaux, mi-eaux,' he surely cannot mean *milk?*" "No, certainly not," returned the wit, "how can he? Mi-eaux! quite right, half water."

Any morning early—though the summer months are best for early walks in London—the milkman may be seen trudging along with his cans from house to house in the city, walking up the empty streets with his not unmelodious cry, and bringing neat servant maids to the doors, for every one of whom he has a pleasant word. The miles that some people walk in the prosecution of their various businesses in London, seems almost incredible. The postman, for instance, in the course of his daily rounds, walks from twenty to twenty-five miles; and the very dustmen who cart away the rubbish from our houses, are reckoned to pass over more than half the above distance, between eight o'clock and noon. But to return to our friend "Mi-eaux." A great many tales have been told of the strange substances with which he is said to adulterate his useful liquid; but from examinations recently made of the milk sent from various dairies, it has been found that, in most instances, water alone has been added to increase the quantity;—we all know the meaning of the common allusion to the prolific black cow with the iron tail, which stands in the centre of the dairy yard.

THE BREWER'S DRAYMAN.

In the neighbourhood of Islington, Highgate, and the north-west suburbs of London, are situated the large establishments from which a great part of the London supply of milk is derived; though small cow-keepers are to be found scattered all over the town, and much milk is brought from distant places by railway. Some of the dairymen alluded to keep as many as eight hundred or a thousand cows, the produce of which is sent out in all directions in sealed cans. Sometimes the cans are under the

care of men, though occasionally stout young Welsh women are employed,—and the very pictures of rude health they seem, as they walk along the dusty road in twos and threes from the suburban dairies to the various places of sale in town. It seems that the milkman's occupation is pre-eminently a healthy one.

Not so, in reality, however, is that of the brewer's drayman. He is fat, of course; but fatness is not a sign of health,—far from it. When we see a big, bloated, portly-looking fellow, with a body as round as his own barrels, in attendance on a brewer's dray, we are apt to give the credit of his good looks to the beer he drinks. There never was a greater mistake, however, than to suppose these lusty folks are all strong and of good constitution. Physiologists know full well that when the system turns nutriment into fat instead of muscle, it is a sign of weakness and not strength. The brewer's drayman, stout and powerful as he seems, is, after all, but a mass of incipient disease,

THE MILKMAN.

which a slight wound—a scratched finger or a bruised shin—may bring down to the couch of sickness in a day; and when once down, the unwieldy body, like a huge butt of "double X," is somewhat difficult to set up again.

We recollect reading, in a magazine devoted to the temperance question, a very pertinent article, entitled "What stops the way?" Going down Fleet-street one morning, the writer observed that the whole carriage road was blocked up, so that neither cab nor omnibus could proceed upon its journey; and on inquiring the cause of the delay, he discovered that a brewer's dray, standing before the door of a public house, entirely prevented all progress among the other vehicles. This fact led the writer to moralise as he walked along; and arguing the matter to himself, he came to the conclusion that the drinking practices of the world were but huge stumbling blocks in the way of human progression. If the religious, moral, and educational progress of the people seems to stand still or retrograde, he said to himself, there must be some latent cause for it; if the work of good men at home and the mission to the heathen in far-off lands produce not the good fruit calculated on, there must be some sufficient reason for the failure; if the efforts of the great-hearted men who would emancipate society from the thraldom of vice and sin, and break the chains of slavery, never to be forged again; if these efforts prove insufficient or of no avail, there must be some giant obstacle in the path. What blocks up the road to happiness and self-improvement? What impedes the onward march of civilisation and refinement? What stops the way? What, indeed, but the BREWER'S DRAY.

There is a world of meaning in this little episode; though the chances are that our friend of the whip and leather apron would find it difficult to believe that he and his trade could possibly be obstructions to the public good. But after all, the brewer's drayman may be a good, harmless, simple sort of fellow enough; for it does not follow that because the system is vile the instrument must be vicious too—any more than that we should consider the poor fellow who carries the milk-pails a horrible adulterator, because our morning's milk has sometimes (we don't say always) contained an undue proportion of water compared with the quantities of oil, sugar, and protein of which it should consist.

The ancients had a proverb which they were in the habit of applying to such disputable cases, the English of which is, that "The truth lies between."

By the way, it has lately been found that milk dried and solidified can be kept for any length of time; and that, when the dried mass is powdered and liquified with hot water, it is nearly as good as it was when it first came from the cow. The discovery is one of immense importance to sea-faring men; and one that may be emphatically called, "A REAL BLESSING TO MOTHERS."

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

"That's a smart little fellow of yours," said a gentleman named Winslow to a labouring man who was called in occasionally to do work about his warehouse. "Does he go to school?"

"Not now, sir," replied the poor man.

"Why not, Davis? He looks like a bright lad."

"He's got good parts, sir," returned the father; "but——"

"But what?" asked the gentleman, seeing that the man hesitated.

"Times are rather hard now, sir, and I have a large family. It's about as much as I can do to keep hunger and cold away. Ned reads very well, writes a tolerably fair hand, considering all things, and can figure a little. And that's about all I can do for him. The other children are coming forward, and I reckon he will have to go to a trade middling soon."

"How old is Ned?" inquired Mr. Winslow.

"He's turned of eleven."

"You won't put him to a trade before he's thirteen or fourteen?"

"Can't keep him at home idling about all that time, Mr. Winslow. It would be his ruination. It's young to go out from home, I know, to rough it and tough it among strangers"—there was a slight unsteadiness in the poor man's voice—"but it's better than doing nothing."

"Ned ought to go to school a year or two longer, Davis," said Mr. Winslow, with some interest in his manner. "And as you are not able to pay the quarter bills, I will. What say you? If I pay for Ned's schooling, can you keep him at home some two or three years longer?"

"I didn't expect *that* of you, Mr. Winslow," said the poor man, and his voice now trembled. He uncovered his head as he spoke, almost reverently. "You aint bound to pay for schooling my boy, sir."

"But you have answered my question, Davis. What say you?"

"Oh, sir, if you are really in earnest ——"

"I am in earnest. Ned ought to go to school. If you can keep him home a few years longer, I will pay for his education during the time. Ned"—Mr. Winslow spoke to the boy—"what say you? Would you like to go to school again?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," quickly answered the boy, while his bright young face was lit up with a gleam of intelligence.

"Then you shall go, my fine fellow. There's the right kind of stuff in you, or I'm mistaken. We'll give you a trial at any rate."

Mr. Winslow was as good as his word. Ned was immediately entered at an excellent school. The boy, young as he was, appreciated the kind act of his benefactor, and resolved to profit by it to the fullest extent.

"I made an investment of five pounds to-day," said Mr. Winslow, jestingly, to a mercantile friend, some twelve months after the occurrence just related took place, "and here's the certificate."

He held up a small slip of paper as he spoke.

"Five pounds! A large operation! In what fund?"

"A charity fund."

"Oh!" and the friend shrugged his shoulders. "Don't do much in that way myself. No great faith in the security. What dividend do you expect to receive?"

"Don't know. Rather think it will be large."

"Better take some more of the stock if you think it is so good. There is plenty in market to be bought at less than par."

Mr. Winslow smiled, and said that, in all probability, he should invest a few more small sums in the same way, and see how they would turn out. The little piece of paper, which he called a certificate of stock, was the first year's bill he had paid for Ned's schooling. For four years these bills were regularly paid, and then Ned, who had well improved the opportunities so generously afforded him, was taken, on the recommendation of Mr. Winslow, into a large importing-house. He was at that time in his sixteenth year. Before the lad could enter upon this employment, however, Mr. Winslow had to make another investment in his charity fund. Ned's father was too poor to give him an outfit of clothing such as was required in the new position to which he was to be elevated; knowing this, the generous merchant came forward again, and furnished the needful supply.

As no wages were received by Ned for the first two years, Mr. Winslow continued to buy his clothing, while his father still gave him his board. On reaching the age of eighteen, Ned's employers, who were much pleased with his industry, intelligence, and attention to business, put him on a salary of eighty pounds a year, This made him at once independent. He could pay his own boarding, and find his own clothes, and proud did he feel on the day when advanced to so desirable a position.

"How comes on your investment?' asked Mr. Winslow's mercantile friend about this time. He spoke jestingly.

"It promises very well," was the smiling reply.

"It is rising in the market, then?"

"Yes."

"Any dividends yet?"

"Oh, certainly. Large dividends."

"Ah! You surprise me. What kind of dividends?"

"More than a hundred per cent."

"Indeed! Not in money?"

"Oh, no; but in something better than money—the satisfaction that flows from an act of benevolence wisely done."

"Oh, that's all." The friend spoke with ill-concealed contempt.

"Don't you call that something?" asked Mr. Winslow.

"It's too unsubstantial for me," replied the other. "I go in for returns of a more tangible character. Those you speak of won't pay."

Mr. Winslow smiled, and bade his friend good morning.

"He knows nothing," said he to himself, as he mused on the subject, "of the pleasure of doing good, and the loss is all on his side. If we have the ability to secure investments of this kind, they are about the best we can make, and all are able to put at least some money in the fund of good works, let it be ever so small an amount. Have I suffered the abridgement of a single comfort by what I have done? No. Have I gained in pleasant thoughts and feelings by the act? Largely. It has been a source of perennial enjoyment. I would not have believed that at so small a cost I could have secured so much pleasure. And how great the good that may flow from what I have done! 'Instead of a mere day-labourer, whose work in the world goes not beyond the handling of boxes, bales, and barrels, or the manufacture of some article in common use, Edward Davis, advanced by education, takes a position of more extended usefulness, and, by his higher ability and more intelligent action in society, will be able, if he rightly use the power in his hands, to advance the world's onward movement in a most important degree."

Thus thought Mr. Winslow, and his heart grew warm within him. Time proved that he had not erred in affording the lad an opportunity for obtaining a good education. His quick mind acquired, in the position in which he was placed, accurate ideas of business, and industry and force of character made these ideas thoroughly practical. Every year his employers advanced his salary, and, on attaining his majority, it was further advanced to the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum. With every increase the young man had devoted a larger and larger proportion of his income to improving the condition of his father's family, and when it was raised to the sum last mentioned he took a neat, comfortable house, much larger than the family had before lived in, and paid the whole rent himself. Moreover, through his acquaintance and influence, he was able to get a place for his father at lighter employment than he had heretofore been engaged in, and at a higher rate of wages.

"Any more dividends on your charity investment?" said Mr. Winslow's friend about this time. He spoke with the old manner, and from the old feelings.

"Yes. Got a dividend to-day—the largest yet received," replied the merchant, smiling.

"Did you? Hope it does you a great deal of good."

"It is doing me a great deal of good," returned Mr. Winslow.

"No cash, I presume?"

"Something far better. Let me explain."

"Do so, if you please."

"You know the particulars of this investment?" said Mr. Winslow.

His friend shook his head, and replied—

"No. The fact is I never felt interest enough in the matter to inquire particulars."

Oh. Well, then, I must give you a little history. You know old Davis, who has been working about our stores for the last ten or fifteen years?"

"Yes."

My investment was in the education of his son."
Indeed!"
His father took him from school when he was only eleven
s old, because he could not afford to send him any longer, and
about putting the little fellow out to learn a trade. Something
ested me in the child, who was a bright lad, and, acting from
od impulse that came over me at the moment, I proposed to
ather to send him to school for three or four years, if he would
d and clothe him during the time. To this he readily agreed.
paid for Ned's schooling until he was in his sixteenth year,
then got him into Web and Waldron's warehouse, where he
been ever since."
Webb and Waldron's!" said the friend, evincing some sur-
. I know all their clerks very well, for we do a great deal of
ness with them. Which is the son of old Mr. Davis?"
The one they call Edward."
Not that tall, fine-looking young man—their leading sales-
?"
The same."
Is it possible! Why, he is worth any two clerks in the
e!"
I know he is."
For his age, there is not a better salesman in the city."
So I believe," said Mr. Winslow; "nor," added he, "a
r man."
I know little of his personal character; but, unless his face
ves me, it cannot but be good."
It is good. Let me say a word about him. The moment his
y increased beyond what was absolutely required to pay his
d and find such clothing as his position made it necessary for
to wear, he devoted the entire surplus to rendering his father's
ly more comfortable."
Highly praiseworthy," said the friend.
I had received already many dividends on my investment,"
inued Mr. Winslow; "but when that fact came to my know-
e, my dividend exceeded all the other dividends put together."
ne mercantile friend was silent. If ever in his life he had envied
reward of a good deed, it was at that moment.
To-day," went on Mr. Winslow, "I have received a still
er dividend. I was passing along Wood-street, when I met
Mr. Davis coming out of a house, the rent of which, from its
arance, was not less than forty pounds a year. 'You don't
here, of course,' said I, for I knew the old man's income to be
l. 'Oh, yes, I do,' he made answer, with a smile. I turned
looked at the house again. 'How comes this?' I asked.
u must be getting better off in the world.' 'So I am,' was
reply.' 'Has anybody left you a little fortune?' I inquired.
; but you have helped me to one,' said he. 'I don't under-
d you, Mr. Davis,' I made answer. 'Edward rents the house
is,' said the old man. 'Do you understand me now?'
I understood him perfectly. It was then that I received the
est dividend on my investment which has yet come into my
ls. If they go on increasing at this rate, I shall soon be
'"
Rather unsubstantial kind of riches," was remarked by his
d.
That which elevates and delights the mind can hardly be
d unsubstantial," replied Mr. Winslow. "Gold will not
ys do this."
he friend sighed involuntarily. The remarks of Mr. Winslow
ed thoughts to flit over his mind that were far from being
eable.
year or two more went by, and then an addition was made to
firm of Webb and Waldron. Edward Davis received the offer
n interest in the business, which he unhesitatingly accepted.
m that day he was on the road to fortune. Three years after-
ds, one of the partners died, when his interest was increased.

. . . . .

Twenty-five years from the time Mr. Winslow, acting from a
evolent purpose, proposed to send young Davis to school, have
ed.
One day, about this period, Mr. Winslow, who had met with
umber of reverses in business, was sitting in his counting-
n with a troubled look on his face, when the mercantile friend
re mentioned came in. His countenance was pale and dis-
ed.
"We are ruined! ruined!" said he, with much agitation.

Mr. Winslow started to his feet.
"Speak!" he exclaimed. "What new disaster is about to sweep over me?"
"The house of Toledo and Co. has suspended payment."
Mr. Winslow struck his hands together, and sunk down into the chair from which he had arisen.
"Then it is all over!" he murmured; "all over!"
"It is all over with me," said the other. A longer struggle would be fruitless. But for this I might have weathered the storm. So closes a business life of nearly forty years in commercial dishonour and personal ruin!"
"Are you certain that they have failed?" asked Mr. Winslow, with something like hope in his tone of voice.
"It is too true," was answered. "The Celeste arrived this morning, and her letter-bag was delivered at the post-office half-an-hour ago. Have you received nothing by her?"
"I was not aware of her arrival. But I will send immediately for my letters."
Too true was the information communicated by the friend. The large commission-house of Toledo and Co. had failed, and protested drafts had been returned to a very heavy amount. Mr. Winslow was among the sufferers, and to an extent that was almost equivalent to ruin.
For nearly five years everything had seemed to go against Mr. Winslow. At the beginning of that period a son, whom he had set up in business, failed, involving him in a heavy loss. Then one disaster after another followed, until he found himself in imminent danger of failure. From this time he turned his mind to the consideration of his affairs with more earnestness than ever, and made every transaction with a degree of prudence and foresight that seemed to guarantee success in whatever he attempted. A deficient supply of flour caused him to venture a large shipment. The sale was at a remunerative profit, but the failure of his consignees, before the payment of his drafts for the proceeds, entirely prostrated him. So hopeless did the merchant consider his case, that he did not even make an effort to get temporary aid in his extremity.
When the friend of Mr. Winslow came with the information that the house of Toledo and Co. had failed, the latter was searching about in his mind for the means of obtaining money to meet his acceptance, which fell due on that day. He had partly fixed upon the resources from which this money was to come, when the news of his ill-fortune arrived.
Yes; it was ruin. Mr. Winslow saw that in a moment, and his hands fell powerless by his side. He made no further effort to raise the money; but, after his mind had recovered a little from its first shock, he left his warehouse and retired to his home, to seek in its quiet the calmness and fortitude of which he stood so greatly in need. In this home were his wife and two daughters, who all their lives had enjoyed the many external comforts and elegancies that wealth can procure. The heart of the father ached as his eyes rested upon his children, and he thought of the sad reverses that awaited them.
On entering his dwelling, Mr. Winslow sought the partner of his life, and communicated to her, without reserve, the painful intelligence of his approaching failure.
"Is it indeed so hopeless?" she asked, tears filling her eyes.
"I am utterly prostrate!" was the reply, in a voice that was full of anguish. And, in the bitterness of the moment, the unfortunate merchant wrung his hands.
To Mrs. Winslow the shock, so unexpected, was very severe; and it was some time before her mind, after her husband's announcement, acquired any degree of calmness.
About half an hour after Mr. Winslow's return home, and while both his own heart and that of his wife were quivering with pain, a servant came and said that a gentleman had called and wished to see him.
"Who is it?" asked the merchant.
"I did not understand his name," replied the servant.
Mr. Winslow forced as much external composure as was possible, and then descended to the parlour.
"Mr. Davis," he said, on entering.
"Mr. Winslow," returned the visitor, taking the merchant's hand, and grasping it warmly.
As the two men sat down together, the one addressed as Mr. Davis said—
"I was sorry to learn, a little while ago, that you will lose by this failure."

"Heavily. It has ruined me!" replied Mr. Winslow.

"Not so bad as that I hope?" said Mr. Davis.

"Yes. It has removed the last prop that I leaned on, Mr. Davis—the very last one—and now the worst must come to the worst. It is impossible for me to take up the five thousand of returned drafts."

"Five thousand, do you say, is the amount?"

"Yes."

Mr. Davis smiled encouragingly.

"If that is all," said he, "there is no difficulty in the way. I can easily get you the money."

Mr. Winslow started, and a warm flush went over his face.

"Why didn't you come to me," asked Mr. Davis, "the moment you found yourself in such a difficulty? Surely," and his voice slightly trembled, "surely, you did not think it possible for me to forget the past? Do not I owe you everything? and would I not be one of the basest of men if I forgot my obligation? If your need were twice five thousand, and it required the division of my last sovereign with you, not a hair of your head should be injured. I did not know that it was possible for you to get into an extremity like this until I heard it whispered a little while ago."

So unexpected a turn in his affairs completely unmanned Mr. Winslow. He covered his face, and wept for some time with the uncontrollable passion of a child.

"Ah! sir," he said at length, in a broken voice, "I did not expect this."

"You had a right to expect it," replied the young man. "Were I to do less than sustain you in any extremity not too great for my ability, I would be unworthy the name of man. And now, Mr. Winslow, let your heart be at rest. You need not fall under this blow. Your drafts will probably come back to you to-morrow."

"Yes; to-morrow at the latest."

"Very well; I will see that you are provided with the means to take them up. It is nearly two o'clock now," he added; "so I will bid you good day. In fifteen minutes you will find a check at your warehouse."

And with this Davis retired.

All this, which passed in a brief space of time, seemed like a dream to Mr. Winslow. But it was a reality; and he comprehended it more fully when on reaching his warehouse he found there the promised check.

On the next day the protested drafts came in; but, thanks to the grateful kindness of Mr. Davis, now a merchant with the command of large money facilities, he was able to take them up. The friend before introduced was less fortunate. There was no one to step forward and save him from ruin, and he sunk under the sudden pressure that came upon him.

A few days after this failure he met Mr. Winslow.

"How is this?" said he; "how did you weather the storm. I thought your condition as hopeless as mine."

"So did I," answered Mr. Winslow; "but I had forgotten a small investment made years ago. I have spoken of it to you before."

The other looked slightly puzzled.

"Have you forgotten that investment in the charity fund, which you thought money thrown away?"

"Oh!" Light broke in upon his mind. "You educated Davis. I remember now."

"And Davis, hearing of my extremity, stepped forward and saved me. That was the best investment I ever made."

The friend dropped his eyes to the pavement, stood for a moment or two without speaking, sighed, and then moved on. How many opportunities for making similar investments had he not neglected!

A NIGHT WITH OSSIAN.

(FROM THE MEMOIRS OF MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.)

At Inversnaid we took a boat to go down Loch Lomond, to the little inn of Rowardennan, from which the ascent is made of Ben Lomond. We found a day of ten thousand for our purpose; but, unhappily, a large party had come with the sun, and engaged all the horses, so that, if we went, it must be on foot. This was something of an enterprise for me, as the ascent is four miles, and towards the summit quite fatiguing. However, in the pride of newly-gained health a strength, I was ready, and set forth with Mr. S. alone. V took no guide, and the people of the house did not advise as they ought.

On reaching the peak the sight was one of beauty a grandeur such as imagination never painted. You see arou you no plain ground, but, on every side, constellations, groups, of hills, exquisitely dressed in the soft purple of t heather, amid which gleams the lakes, like eyes that tell t secrets of the earth, and drink in those of the heavens. Pe beyond peak caught from the shifting light all the colours the prism, and on the furthest, angel companies seemed hov ing in white robes.

About four o'clock we began our descent. Near the summ the traces of the path are not distinct, and I said to Mr. after a while, that we had lost it. He said he thought th was of no consequence; we could find our way down. I sa I thought it was, as the ground was full of springs that we bridged over in the pathway. He accordingly went to lo for it, and I stood still, because I was so tired I did not wa to waste any labour.

Soon he called to me that he had found it, and I follow in the direction where he seemed to be. But I mistook, ov shot it, and saw him no more. In about ten minutes I beca alarmed, and called him many times. It seems he on his si shouted also, but the brow of some hill was between us, a we neither saw nor heard one another. I then thought I wo make the best of my way down, and I should find him wh I arrived; but in doing so, I found the justice of my app hension about the springs as soon as I got to the foot of t hills, for I would sink up to my knees in bog, and must go the hills again, seeking better crossing places. Thus I l much time. Nevertheless, in the twilight, I saw, at last, lake, and the inn of Rowardennan on its shores.

Between me and it lay, direct, a high heathery hill, whic afterwards found is called "The Tongue," because hemmed on three sides by a watercourse. It looked as if, could I o get to the bottom of that, I should be on comparatively le ground. I then attempted to descend in the watercourse, finding that impracticable, climbed up the hill again, and myself down by the heather, for it was very steep, and ful deep holes. With great fatigue I got to the bottom, but wh I was about to cross the watercourse there, I felt afraid looked so deep in the dim twilight. I got down as far a could by the root of a tree, and threw down a stone. sounded very hollow, and I was afraid to jump. The sh herds told me afterwards, if I had, I should probably h killed myself, it was so deep, and the bed of the torrent ful sharp stones.

I then tried to ascend the hill again, for there was no ot way to get off it; but soon sank down utterly exhaust When able to get up again, and look about me, it was co pletely dark. I saw, far below me, a light, that looked ab as big as a pin's head, that I knew to be from the inn Rowardennan, but heard no sound, except the rush of waterfall and the sighing of the night wind.

For the first few minutes after I perceived I had got to night's lodging, such as it was, the circumstance looked ap ling. I was very lightly clad, my feet and dress were v wet, I had only a little shawl to throw round me, and the autumn wind had already come, and the night mist was fall on me, all fevered and exhausted as I was. I though should not live through the night, or, if I did, I must be invalid henceforward. I could not even keep myself warm walking, for, now it was dark, it would be too dangerous stir. My only chance, however, lay in motion, and my c help in myself; and so convinced was I of this, that I did k in motion the whole of that long night, imprisoned as I wa such a little perch of that great mountain.

For about two hours I saw the stars, and very cheery companionable they looked; but then the mist fell, and I nothing more, except such apparitions as visited Ossian the hill side when he went out by night, and struck the bo shield, and called to him the spirit of the heroes, and the wh armed maids, with their blue eyes of grief. To me, too, c those visionary shapes. Floating slowly and gracefully, t white robes would unfurl from the great body of mist in w they had been engaged, and come upon me with a kiss

asively cold as that of death. Then the moon rose. I could ot see her, but her silver light filled the mist. Then I knew was two o'clock, and that, having weathered out so much f the night, I might the rest; and the hours hardly seemed ng to me more.

It may give an idea of the extent of the mountain, that ough I called, every now and then, with all my force, in se by chance some aid might be near, and, though no less an twenty men, with their dogs, were looking for me, I ver heard a sound, except the rush of the waterfall and the ghing of the night wind, and once or twice the startling of e grouse in the heather. It was sublime indeed, a never-to- forgotten presentation of stern, serene, realities. At last me the signs of day, the gradual clearing and breaking up. me faint sounds from I know not what: the little flies, too, ose from their beds amid the purple heather, and bit me. ruly, they were very welcome to do so. But what was my sappointment to find the mist so thick, that I could see ither lake nor inn, nor anything to guide me. I had to go y guess, and, as it happened, my Yankee method served me ell. I ascended the hill, crossed the torrent, in the water- ll, first drinking some of the water, which was as good at at time as ambrosia. I crossed in that place, because the aterfall made steps, as it were, to the next hill. To be sure, ey were covered with water, but I was already entirely wet ith the mist, so that it did not matter. I kept on scrambling, it happened, in the right direction, till about seven some the shepherds found me. The moment they came, all my verish strength departed, and they carried me home, where y arrival relieved my friends of distress far greater than I id undergone; for I had had my grand solitude, my Ossianic sions, and the pleasure of sustaining myself; while they had id only doubt, amounting to anguish, and a fruitless search roughout the night.

Entirely contrary to my forebodings, I only suffered for this few days, and was able to take a parting look at my prison, I went down the lake, with feelings of complacency. It was majestic-looking hill, that Tongue, with the deep ravines on ther side, and the richest robe of heather I have anywhere en.

THE DREAM OF AN EASTERN MERCHANT.

Some people are rich who deserve to be poor, their only aim life being the enjoyment of selfish indulgences—some who ave power exercise it for evil instead of good;—while others, ho though misers, oppressors of the poor, and extortioners, e yet happy and prosperous. Oh! would that I could open eir coffers before another coin is added, that I might distri- ute their ill-gotten wealth amongst the unwary whom they eceived, the widows whom they oppressed, the orphans whom ey defrauded. Naked would I drive them from their houses, beg their bread, or to bray amongst the nettles."* Thus urmuring against the dispensations of Providence, a young ersian merchant lay on his couch; for it was the hour when e inhabitants of the east retire to their secret chambers.† t length sleep stole over his senses, and he dreamed. What is vision was is given in his own words:—"I fancied my- lf," said he, "transported into a vast but highly-cultivated olitude, where the colossal trees were gracefully united by stoons of parasites and climbers, bearing flowers of the most rilliant and beautifully-blended colours. Wherever I gazed upwards, there was endless variety and loveliness; while be- neath, there was an everlasting vegetation covering the ground and concealing, by the luxuriance of living plants, the decay and death of those which had given them place. This beautiful solitude was enlivened by the presence of hundreds of the feathered tribe, and as I watched them flying, soaring, hover- ing, or fluttering, according to their different habits and inclina- tions, I felt my heart filled with a tranquil joy, and I breathed forth a prayer of gratitude to the Great Being that I was no longer near the habitations of man—obliged to witness evils which I had not the power to remove, and to suffer from follies which I was unable to correct.

"The sun had risen over the horizon; his rays gilded the verdure over my head, and gave transparency to the foliage; the birds at once burst forth into song, and amazed me by the diversity of their accents, their forms, their plumage, and their flight. While I yet looked and listened, methought I was endowed with the power of understanding their language.

"The eagle was perched on the topmost branch of a magnifi- cent palm, and was uttering words of reproach and disdain against all the smaller birds, while they, though they feared to reply to him, reviled each other. The thrush proclaimed himself the 'herald of spring,' and uttering notes of rich melody to convince his auditory of his excellence, called on a little hedge sparrow to say 'why he, who had but a few notes, and yet nothing beautiful in his appearance, should presume to cumber the earth with his presence?'

"The little bird, though in general remarkably gentle in its manners, replied with bitterness. 'My voice' said he, 'is by no means contemptible, and, beside the pleasure I afford by my song, I am useful in assisting to free the earth from those insects which would overrun and destroy it in summer, by feeding on the larvæ in winter, and seeking for them in the crevices of the bark of trees where man could not discover them.'

"Having so said, he flew off, without waiting to hear the thrush boast that he also was useful to man, inasmuch as he lived during the summer on those large troublesome insects which eat up the choicest fruits and vegetables and flowers. 'For instance,' said he, 'I may be often seen busily em- ployed in destroying noxious snails and worms, or beating against the stones the hard shell of the snail and making a meal of the occupant; *my* usefulness indeed is immense.' The sparrow did not hear the boast; he had flown off to a branch on which a pretty robin had just alighted, and was calling to his mate in wild and plaintive notes. The irritated little sparrow turned on him harshly and bid him 'be silent or be- gone,' but the sprightly and elegant little creature continued his carol as if unconscious of the unkind words of his neigh- bour.

"Amazed at the want of harmony amongst the birds, and the consequent absence of all individual happiness, I thought I saw a very extraordinary figure descend from the clouds, and alight on a plane tree,* which rose in majestic beauty above all the cedars of the forest. It was that of a young man, whose body had the appearance of newly-driven snow, over which rose leaves had been scattered. He had large blue wings, edged with gold; his hair was black as ebony; his eyes were dark and piercing, and his whole appearance majestic in the extreme. He looked around for a moment, and then called to him all the birds. They perched around him on the branches of the cedar; and, having commanded silence, he spoke. Me- thought his language was a strange dialect, and yet I under- stood it as well as his feathered auditory.

"'What wranglings do I hear?' he said. 'What revilings are those uttered by brother against brother? Know you not that in my eyes you are all alike mean, becoming estimable only in proportion as you fulfil your duties faithfully and cheerfully? Go to! Let each one of you learn to esteem his brother better than himself, and to consider in his species

* In many countries of the east these weeds grow to an enormous size. e read of them in the Bible in the 30th chapter of Job, v. 5, 7; where the triarch describes the former humble conditions of those who were for- ard to insult him in his time of trial. "They were driven," he says, "forth om among men—under the nettles they were gathered together." One ecies of this weed is called "Urtiga gigas" or "gigantic nettle:" it is in ct a tree having a trunk of from eighteen to twenty-two feet in circum- rence, and heart-shaped leaves, measuring six inches across, whose sting as painful as that of a wasp. There is another variety of a smaller size, hose sting is still more severe, it is called the "Devil's leaf," and the siatics extract a powerful poison from it.

† The habit of early rising in the east, and the heat of the weather during e afternoons, render a short repose between breakfast and dinner abso- tely necessary. This sleep is called a "siesta," and we read in the Bible at Ishbosheth, the son of Saul, was slain by the sons of Rimmon when he lay on a bed at noon."

* The name given to this tree—"the plane"—signifies *ample*, or *broad*. The ancient Greeks valued it so highly, that they poured wine, instead of water, on its roots. Two great poets—Virgil and Homer—wrote in its praise; and our young friends are no doubt familiar with the description given of it in the Bible:—"Thus was he fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches, for his root was by great waters. The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him. The fir-trees were not like his boughs, and the chesnut-trees were not like his branches, nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty."

differences and not defects. Have I not bestowed a variety of qualities, yet whom have I made ruler over the rest? The eagle, it is true, because of his strength, assumes lordship, and his loud, inharmonious cry proclaims his pride; yet before me is one little fringilla, which points the weary traveller to the well-spring in the desert, of more worth than all the eagles on the earth.'

"He ceased, and I thought he looked earnestly at me for a moment. He then unfolded his magnificent wings, and flew towards the clouds. I awoke, and found myself stretched on my couch, my heart filled with the heavenly vision. I arose, and, falling on my knees, besought of the Giver of all Good to engrave on my heart the lesson I had learned in my sleep—to teach me evermore to seek to do all the good in my power—to discover the virtues and not the vices of my neighbours, and the good instead of the evil arising from their several positions. I prayed also to be given such wisdom as would enable me, where I saw abuses, to correct them prudently, and rather by precept and example than by force and coercion—inasmuch as the former would strengthen the bonds of universal brotherhood, while the latter would only serve to tear them asunder."

Thus ends the dream of the Eastern merchant.

A MODEL CHILD'S SCHOOL.

The following sketch from the "Defence of Ignorance," a clever satirical work, by the author of "How to make Home Unhealthy," may serve as a hint to those who think the "forcing" plan the best to adopt in the education of youth:—

"The teacher sits where children sit, or walks among them. Study begins; perhaps the morning and the fresh attention are devoted to those studies which, though not least needful, are the least inviting, and more pleasant subjects come as the day flags. Conversation, open utterance, is not forbidden. How can a teacher pretend to form a child's mind when he forbids it to be spoken? In a silence broken only by words learned out of a book, how is it possible that the chief object of education can be obtained at all? So says John Smith, and the work goes on. The children fidget, shift their places, and are suffered freely so to do: it is the instinct of their childhood. They openly make boats and chip at wood, and play with paper, when their hands are not employed. Allegiance to childhood is not insubordination. So they work cheerfully, and know themselves at school to be free agents doing a duty. At the end of every hour's work, they scamper out to scream and play at leapfrog. Recalled, they scamper back as rapidly as if there were a cane for the last comer.

"Morning has been spent in languages, arithmetic, or algebra, and exercises which demand labour of which the pleasant fruit is not immediately to be gathered. It has imposed upon the children mental toil. The afternoon is full of mental pleasure. The history of man's deeds and works and the wonders of nature engage childish hearts more powerfully. Not as detailed in skeleton books. A dinner of dry bones makes no man fat. The teacher predetermines that he will occupy perhaps three years in a full narration of the story of the world. He begins at the first dawn of history, studies for himself with patient diligence upon each topic the most correct and elaborate records (for which purpose he requires aid of a town library), and pours all out in one continued stream from day to day, enlivened by a childlike style. The children comment as the story runs; the teacher finds a hint sufficient at a time by way of moral, he is rather willing to be taught by the experience of what fresh hearts applaud or censure in the old worn stage of life. Natural history and science, all the -ologies, and -tics, and -nomies, succeed each other, also, as a three years' story of the wisdom which begot the world. Foreign countries, not dismissed in a few dozen of the driest existing sentences, are visited in company with pleasant travellers. Clever, good-humoured books of travel, carry the imaginations of the children round the world. In all these latter studies they take lively interest, remembering, to a remarkable extent, what they hear. On every point they have spoken freely in the presence of a teacher, not desirous to create dull copies of himself, but to permit each budding mind to throw out shoots and spread its roots according to its own inherent vigour. He manures and waters, watches, remove all parasitic growths, but the true, healthy mind expands unchecked under his care."

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE BAS-RELIEFS BY THORWALSDEN,

"NIGHT" AND "MORNING,"

In the Sculpture Gallery of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, Chatsworth. By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

MORNING.

Wake! antler'd stag and dappled fawn—
Greet the fair young blushing dawn,
Before whose frank and radiant mien
Ill-omened owls give place unseen.
The feathered choir, rejoicing, sing
Sweet matins to their Heavenly King,
And ebon-tressed retiring night
Rolls back the misty vapours white
That curtain every heath-clad height;
While roses, and each scented flower
That deck the sylvan maiden's bower,
In new-born beauty, haste to bless
Day's presence by their loveliness.
Sing, milkmaids, sing your carols blythe,
And, labourers, ply your busy scythe;
The huntsman seeks some far-off glade;
The hen her snow-white gift hath laid;
Gone forth already the toiling bee,
Whilst sailors brave the surging sea,
And wild goats cross the thymy lea.
Wake, merry children, wake and play,
As God designed, the live-long day,
And, with grateful hearts, united raise
Choral anthems of prayer and praise!
New hopes, new strength, new vital powers,
Are found in morn's first dewy hours.
Then, drowsy mortals, wake, I say—
For here I may not long delay;
But swiftly speed my upward flight
To other realms on wings of light!

NIGHT.

Sleep little children, calm and blest,
Cradled on your mother's breast,
Whose brooding love safe watch shall keep
Over your sweet untroubled sleep.
Thou southern wind breathe soft and low,
Ye rushing waters gently flow,
Stars, let your silvery light illume
The sick man's fever-haunted room;
And then in blissful slumber blest
His weary frame at last shall rest;
While graceful birch and dusky pine
Rich odours shed at day's decline,
Embalming some secluded walk
Where whispering lovers smile and talk.
Fair moon, who voyagest not alone,
Upheld by power above thine own,
Of holy resignation, thou
Meet emblem art with thy calm brow;
Now let thy soothing influence bring
Tranquil sleep on balmy wing
To all who daily trials know,
The worn, long-suffering, weak, and low,
And blissful self-oblivion shed
Round every lonely mourner's bed.
And then shall old bewrinkled care
Retire at hour of evening prayer,
When dew-like peace on all descends,
And high and low alike befriends;
While bats perform their ghostly task
And fire-flies hold their evening masque,
And happy hearts, who dream no sorrow
Can e'er disturb *their* bright to-morrow,
Smile in their sleep while visions gay
Around their youthful couches play;
Then weary mortals safe repose,
Forgetful of your deepest woes,
Until another radient dawn
Shall slowly pace the daisied lawn,
And ere the advent of the day
Shall softly beacon me away.

CURIOUS FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SILKWORM.—It has often been remarked that those creatures most serviceable to man are easily managed; and this is fully applicable to the silkworm. Pullen observes there is scarcely anything amongst the various wonders which the animal creation affords more admirable than the variety of changes the silkworm undergoes. All the caterpillar kind do undergo indeed changes in like manner, but the covering they put on is poor and mean when compared to that golden tissue in which the silkworm wraps itself; they indeed come forth in a variety of colours, their wings bedropped with gold and scarlet, yet are they but the beings of a summer's day, both their life and beauty quickly vanish, and they leave no remembrance behind them. But the silkworm leaves behind such beautiful, such beneficial monuments as at once record both the wisdom of its Creator and his bounty to man. The rearing of the silkworm has been hitherto too much neglected. The Exhibition of all Nations has proved that silk can be successfully cultivated in England, for we find in the Juries' list of awards British-grown silk *honourably mentioned*. This is no mean honour considering it to be in competition with countries who have made it their study for centuries. Why may not, with proper care, the same result be expected; for if one thousand silkworms can be reared, consuming the same quantity of food and producing the same weight of silk, why cannot millions be reared? Five millions sterling are annually paid for this costly material, part of which might be profitably employed at home, and afford immense employment to the humblest classes of society. The prejudice that the white mulberry tree could not be successfully cultivated in England is now proved to be erroneous, for it grows most luxuriantly in many parts of England. It is the same kind that is cultivated by nations where silk is an article of commerce, possessing many advantages over the black mulberry, and producing much finer silk, and also coming much earlier into leaf. The mulberry leaf must be considered the mine worked by the silkworm, and under proper management a plentiful harvest may be expected. All that is required is to find willing labourers. The same obstacles and prejudices had to be overcome in France; for we find that Henry IV. bestowed much attention on the introduction of the silkworm in his dominions. Royal Nurseries were formed, and to all who chose to apply, young mulberry trees were freely given, and in the succeeding reign the great Colbert in his anxiety to increase the production of silk, not only offered to give the tree, but also to defray the expense of transport and planting. But this generous offer defeated its own object, for it is in the nature of man to value least that which is most easily acquired, and the boon thus generously offered was wilfully neglected. The Government soon detected their error, and had recourse to another plan; and three years after planting the cultivator received a premium for every tree found to be in a flourishing condition. The following is stated to have been the result obtained by Mr. Nourrigat, a cultivator of silkworms at Lunel, in the department of Herault, in France, during the year: From 24 oz. of eggs he obtained silkworms sufficient to produce 32 cwts. of cocoons; the worms requiring 321 cwts. of mulberry leaves, or 100 leaves for every 5 cocoons; the cocoons were sold for £360 10s., the expenses were £108 5s., and the net profit £198.

HATCHING TURTLES.—The Paris journals announce that M. Vallée, one of the officials of the Jardin des Plantes, has succeeded in hatching a turtle by artificial means. On the 14th of July last he found some turtles' eggs on the sand in the enclosure reserved for the turtles, and placed three of them under his apparatus in the reptile department. On the 14th of October he examined the eggs, and found a turtle, about as big as a walnut, in full life. He hopes to be able to rear it. This is the first case on record of one of these creatures having been produced artificially.

EXPERIENCE OF ANIMALS.—Animals are prompt at using their experience in reference to things from which they have suffered pain or annoyance. Grant mentions an orang-outang which, having had when ill, some medicine administered to it in an egg, could never be induced to touch one afterwards, notwithstanding its previous fondness for them. A tame fox has been cured from stealing eggs and poultry, by giving them to him scalding hot from the saucepan. Le Vaillant's monkey was extremely fond of brandy, but would never be prevailed on to touch it again after a lighted match had been applied to some it was drinking. Two carriage horses which made a point of stopping at the foot of every hill, and refused to proceed in spite of every punishment, were considered beyond cure, but it was suggested at last that several horses should be attached to the back of the carriage, and, being put into a trot, be made to pull the refractory horses backwards. The result was perfectly successful, for thenceforth they faced every hill at full speed, and were not to be restrained till they reached the summit. A dog which had been beaten while some musk was held to his nose, always fled away whenever it accidentally smelled the drug, and was so susceptible of it that it was used in some psychological experiments to discover whether any portion of musk had been received by the body through the organs of digestion. Another dog, which had been accidentally burnt with a lucifer match, became angry at the sight of one, and furious if the act of lighting it was feigned. There are, besides, so many instances recorded of even higher degrees of intelligence, that it is impossible to deny that animals have a knowledge of cause and effect. Strend, of Prague, had a cat on which he wished to make some experiments with an air-pump; but as soon as the creature felt the exhaustion of the air, it rapidly placed its foot on the valve, and thus stopped the action.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS is the most remarkable where experience seems to lead to the formation of a future plan, and to suit itself to circumstances, as in the case of the cow, which having strayed into a carelessly open granary, continued its visits by contriving to draw the bolt with its horn, till it was found necessary to change the fastening. Such newly-excited actions of the mind amount to invention. The arctic foxes undermine and throw down the poles on which flesh is hung to keep it out of their reach. Gleditsch saw a burying-sylph (*necrophagus humator*) engaged in burying the body of a frog through which a stick had been thrust, and finding the stick to interfere with the process, set to work and buried the stick also. A large garden spider which was constructing its web between two fruit trees, having failed in repeated efforts to attach one of the main threads as it wished, made it at last fast to a small stone, which it raised so high from the ground, that ordinary sized people could pass under it without touching. Halliday mentions a mason bee, which had built its nest on a wall close to a window generally closed with a shutter, but which, when thrown back, lay so close to the wall that the nest was completely shut in: to prevent this occurrence, it formed a little lump of clay, which hindered the shutter from fitting tight to the wall, and which it renewed as often as it was removed. Jesse recounts the circumstance of some rats destroying the bladder fastened over the nose of an oil bottle, and making free with the oil by dipping their tails in it and licking it off. Dr. Pelican saw some rats engaged in the same manner round the bung hole of a cask of wine. The same principle of adapting a means to arrive at an end was carried a degree further, because of a foreign agency being employed, by the dog which threw stones into a well, and the fox which dropped them into the neck of a pitcher, in order to get at the water. Thus, also, with the monkey which Degrandpre put to the proof, by leaving on the table an open bottle of aniseed brandy, from which the monkey extracted with its fingers and tongue as much as it could manage to reach, and then poured sand into the bottle till the liquor ran over. Cuvier relates the anecdote of an orang-outang in the menagerie at Paris, which was in the habit of opening the door leading to a dining-room, the lock of which was out of its reach, by lowering itself from a rope fastened to the ceiling; to stop which the cord was shortened by means of several knots, but the animal seeing the reason, and at the same time perceiving that by hanging beneath them, he drew them tighter by his weight, he climbed above them and loosened them with ease. It also unlocked a door by trying every key in the bunch till it ound the right one, and if the lock was too high, it fetched a stool, and mounted on it. Lueret saw a monkey escape from its cage, run through a gallery and bolt the door after it, and then conceal itself in a closet from which it first took the key. Cuvier, again, describes a monkey that drew out the claws of a cat which had scratched it. Burdach had a cat which, when it wished to leave his room, sprung on a table standing near the door, and, pressing on the handle, managed to open it. Animals often shape their conduct according to the experience they have learned from the acts of other animals. Le Vaillant's monkey, when tired, used to jump on the backs of the dogs for a ride; but one of them, objecting to this mode of horsmanship, stood still as soon as the monkey had taken his seat, knowing that from the fear of being left behind and of losing the caravan, it would immediately run off to overtake it, when the dog itself followed behind to prevent any fresh attempt.

AN INTELLIGENT DONKEY.—We learn from the *Durham Chronicle* that at Croxdale North Farm, in the occupation of Mr. Joseph Nicholson, flourishes one of the most sensible and utilitarian of donkeys of which we ever remember to have read since the days of Balaam. So soon as the shades of evening set in, he begins to collect his companions, a dozen or so of calves, and proceeds to drive them home. When they have arrived in the calf-yard, he allows them to drink at the well; after which he takes a drink himself, and then marches on with his charge before him; and if any gluttonous calf stops short to eat grass, Sir John's virtuous indignation is excited, and he runs open-mouthed at him, or any straggler, until he contrives at last to drive them into the foldyard in safety—a duty which he holds to be "stuff o' the conscience."

MISCELLANEA.

SOUTH SEA PLAYING-CARDS.—It is pretty generally known that, during the South Sea mania a pack of playing-cards was published in illustration of the general folly. Each card contained a caricature of one of the numerous bubble companies, with a pertinent verse underneath. These cards are now extremely rare.

NINE OF CLUBS—LIVERPOOL FRESH WATER.

"This town to our western islands deal,
And serves 'em with malt liquors and with meal,
Both excellently good, then how in nature
Can people brew fine drink, yet want fresh water?"

"Peter, lad, you seemed very sarcy like when uncle Josh said he meant to ge' yer that bit o' grass land over again his orchard." "Oh, feyther, I couldn't help it," said young Highlows; "but that comes o' you sendin' me to school. There's just forty pole in that patch o' pasture, and *forty pole*, you knows, always makes *one rood (rude)*."

A QUICK WAY OF DOING IMPORTANT BUSINESS.—A venerable couple were married at Dean Church on the 18th instant, attended only by a bridesman, the united ages of the three amounting to 193 years. On the old lady being asked how long they had courted, she sharply replied, "There has been no courtship between us, but *eigh* and *now*, from the beginning to the end. This is almost as short a courtship as when the young quaker said to his sweetheart, "It is agreed between thy father and my father that we shall be married, and if thou wilt have me, I will have thee."

HOW TO CREATE A TEMPEST.—The *New York Reville* gives the following receipt (worthy of Macbeth's three female friends) for raising a tempest:—"Before the tea-things are put away, tie a stout cord across the dining-room, about nine inches from the ground, strew orange-peel on the hall-floor, place a tub of water on the first-landing, harness a dog to a coal-scuttle, shut the cat up in the piano, ring the bell for the servants, and then wait for the result." One thing appears wanting to complete the diabolical mixture—viz., to blow out the candle!

SAM WELLER IN A NEW SCENE OF ACTION.—By the *Times* of the 19th ult, we perceive that "Mr. Weller, a democrat, was elected, on the 30th of January last, as a senator for California, in place of Colonel Fremont." We had been wondering for some time past what had become of Mr. Pickwick's immortal body-guard, and our readers may fancy our surprise when we found that not only had Sam gone over to California, but, with the usual fortune that attends such original geniuses, had actually been returned by the constituency of the "diggins" as a member of United States legislature! We should not much wonder if Sam, having turned "democrat," was named for the presidency!!

THE CROCUS.—The crocus is interesting both for its medical uses and historic associations. Hippocrates, the father of physic, enumerates the krokos (crocus saturis or meadow saffron) in his list of narcotic remedies, and highly praises it as a medicine for complaints of the eyes, and prescribes its use outwardly in different ointments. The plant has lost none of its importance since the time of Hippocrates. Bulbous roots of all kinds were much esteemed by the epicures of ancient Rome, and the vernal crocus was dished up in various ways as a delicacy for the stomach of antiquity.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. H. should beware of tampering with his eyes. He had better take the advice of some eminent oculist before it be too late.

A GARDENER (Bishop Auckland).—The office of the Botanical Society is in Bedford-street, Covent-garden. Secretary, Mr. G. E. Dennes.

ENQUIRER.—You are mistaken. "*An accessory*" is not a principal offender, but one who is guilty of an offence by participation, such as commanding an act to be done, &c. One who assists by advice or incitement, is called an *abettor*. If he assists by act and deed, he is an *accomplice*. "An accessory *before* the fact," is one who, being absent, procures or requires another to commit a crime. "An accessory *after* the fact," is one who receives and nourishes a person or persons, knowing them to have committed a crime.

"A CONSTANT READER."—(We wish our correspondents would select some other signature.) You may obtain oil-colours in cakes at Reeves and Co.'s, Cheapside. Their application is simple and easy.

DANDIE DINMONT.—Your penmanship is sufficiently "good for a counting-house," but we are not aware that "white hands and teeth" are indispensable, unless indeed you wish to be a "dandy."

CHARNICUS.—We do not know what you mean by "a full definition of old coin."

J. V. F.—The "Glimpses of the People of all Nations" were resumed in Number 27.

JACQUES.—The "History of Greece" will not form part of "John Cassell's Library," though it will probably form part of some other of his publications. The circulation of the other works about which you kindly inquire is large and increasing.

J. P. BARKAS.—The *first* number of "The Popular Educator" contains the commencement of lessons on some of the subjects you name. They will all appear in that work in due course.

R.V.—The Inspector of Prisons in the United States reports the following ratio of crime to population:—"New York, 1 in 1,608; Massachusetts, 1 in 2,232; Connecticut, 1 in 1,700; Maine, 1 in 5,374; New Hampshire, 1 in 4,376; Virginia, 1 in 6,856; Kentucky, 1 in 7,238; Maryland, 1 in 1,336; Pennsylvania, 1 in 4,022; New Jersey, 1 in 2,010.

KEDOMAI PERI TOUTON.—We see no impropriety in your taking the accustomed oaths in a court of justice, provided that you abide by the direction given—to "speak the truth—the whole truth—and nothing but the truth." The lawfulness of oaths, however, is a question on which casuists may write volumes.—The contributors to the "Spectator" were Sir Richard Steele and Addison, with occasional assistance from Tickell and Budgell. The signatures to which you refer were fictitious—as Sir Roger de Coverley, Captain Sentry, Will Honeycomb, and Sir Andrew Freeport.

EDWIN SMITH sends us a long grumbling letter, the purport of which seems to be, that nothing on earth contents him—not even his wife. Let him read this little anecdote:—A married gentleman, every time he met the father of his wife, complained to him of the ugly temper of his daughter. At last, upon one occasion, the old gentleman, becoming weary of the grumblings of his son-in-law, exclaimed—"You are right, she is an impertinent jade, and if I hear any more complaints of her I will disinherit her." The husband made no more complaints.

"A CONSTANT READER" (Newcastle).—Alexander Pope was an admirable versifier, but his "Essay on Man" contains much that is unsound in principle. The line you quote, "Whatever is, is right," contains a sentiment which is correct only in certain cases. A very considerable portion of what *is*, is *wrong*—wrong in principle and wrong in effect; contrary to the design of the Supreme ruler, and contrary to the true happiness of mankind.

"JOHN WARBURTON" may rest assured that we shall not make our publication a vehicle for the communication of "Republicanism."

A.W.—The sponges of commerce—those well-known substances used in arts and manufactures, no less than in domestic life—belong to a class of objects which occupy the debateable ground between the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

"AN ADMIRER" should consult carefully the law of international copyright.

M. LOWE may obtain the back numbers of "The Working Man's Friend" by giving an order to any bookseller.

A FARMER'S SON addresses us on the subject of the cost of weeds, and sends us the following facts from the *Gardeners' Chronicle*:—Each plant of common groundsell produces 2,080 seeds; of dandelion, 2,700; of sowthistle, 11,040; and of spinge, 540; total, 16,360 plants springing from four weeds annually, which will cover just about three acres and a half of land at three feet apart. To hoe land costs 6s. per acre; so that the allowing four such weeds to produce their seed may involve an expense of a guinea. In other words, a man throws away 5s. 3d. a time as often as he neglects to bend his back to pull up a young weed before it begins to fulfil the first law of nature.

R. A. B. will find an article on the history and manufacture of soap in "The Illustrated Exhibitor," No. 15. Soap (says Dr. Lyon Playfair) is probably not older than the Christian era, for the soap of the Old Testament seems to have been merely alkali. Profane history, previous to Christ, does not allude to soap, and in all the detailed descriptions of the bath and of washing it is never mentioned. Pliny describes its manufacture, but ascribes to it as singular a use as that given to the potato by Girard, who, in his "Herbal," assures us that it "is a plant from America, which is an excellent thing for making sweet sauces, and also to be eaten with sops and wines." So Pliny, in regard to soap, states that its main purpose was to dye the hair yellow, and that men used it for this purpose much more than women.

A. TOWN.—It is not usual to place in the chair at a public meeting a gentleman who does not fully approve of the plans and objects of the conveners; and it would be strangely inconsistent for them to place in that responsible situation a gentleman who declares previously that he will not respect the opinion of the majority, should that opinion clash with his own. At the same time it is possible for a majority in a large meeting to thwart the designs of the conveners, by voting into the chair a person opposed to them, or by carrying counter resolutions; or the latter expedient might be resorted to, without any change of chairman. In such case the decision of the majority might bind neither the chairman nor the conveners.

A YOUNG REFORMER is anxious to know something of the Marseillaise. This stirring hymn of liberty, so universally known and sung, was composed by Rouget de L'Isle. He thus describes the circumstances under which it was written:—"I composed the words and air of this song at Strasburg on the night following the proclamation of war, in April, 1792. It was first called *Le Chant de l'Armee du Rhin*, and became known at Marseilles through the medium of a constitutional journal, published under the auspices of the unfortunate Dietrick." Rouget de Lille was afterwards "proscribed," and driven to hide himself from the emissaries of Robespierre in the mountains of Alsace. He was eventually imprisoned at the beginning of the "Reign of Terror."

T. S.—We cannot undertake to provide situations. You had better apply to some superintendent at a railway station.

A FRIEND is anxious that the duty on paper should be abolished, and requires to know how many paper-mills there are in Great Britain. According to a parliamentary report lately issued, it appears that there are 304 paper-mills at work in England, 48 in Scotland, and 28 in Ireland; in all, 380; employing not fewer than 1,650 steam-engines.

CHARLES SMITHERS.—The raw mineral produce of Great Britain and Ireland is valued, according to Sir H. De la Beche, at £24,000,000 per annum, or about four-ninths of that of all Europe. The amount of coal annually raised in Great Britain is estimated at more than 35,000,000 tons, and probably much exceeds that amount. In 1850, 2,250,000 tons of iron were produced. The annual value of the tin raised in England is £500,000, and that of copper in Cornwall and Devon alone is £900,000.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE

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EGYPT: ITS EDIFICES AND ITS PEOPLE.

III.—THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

RIDING along the banks of the Nile, the traveller reaches the beautiful island of Rhoda, a favourite resort of the inhabitants of Cairo. On this island Ibrahim Pacha planted the celebrated garden which has since become so well known for the skill and taste displayed there by Mr. Trail, an English gardener and botanist. The Arabs have the tradition that it was here that the daughter of Pharaoh came to bathe when she discovered the ark of bulrushes, and rescued the infant Moses from the death decreed for the male offspring of the oppressed Hebrews.

At the southerly point of Rhoda is the important Nilometer, by means of which the daily rise of "the great river" is ascertained and proclaimed during the season of inundation; and directly beyond it is the usual place of ferryage for those intending to visit the pyramids. From the ferry the great "tombs of the kings of Egypt" appear not to be more than a mile or two distant, and they commonly disappoint previously-formed notions of their extent and height. The common explanation of this effect, though hardly satisfactory, is this: that these great masses of masonry stand wholly alone, on the edge of the desert, without a solitary object with which the eye is familiar, to serve as a contrast or comparison. Hence the spectator is readily deceived, his imagination leading him to expect more than the reality warrants; and his eye being unaccustomed to judge of heights and distances, except by comparison with well known objects, a feeling of disappointment is the natural result.

The village of Gízeh, or Gheza, from which the Pyramids usually take their name, is at present of no importance, and presents nothing worthy of a visitor's attention. Once, it appears, it occupied a position of considerable consequence, and was rather distinguished for some features which are now utterly lost. Wilkinson mentions that the custom of hatching eggs in ovens, which is said to have been practised in th

THE PYRAMIDS.

times of the Pharaohs, is still in vogue, and to those interested in such a sight, it might be an inducement to spend a few hours in Gízeh. The path forward winds over an extensive plain, across broad fields of grain and ploughed lands: now a small village is passed, with its grove of palms, its mud cottages, its heaps of rubbish and filth, its pigeon or dovecotes, its unattractive and generally repulsive-looking inhabitants; now some half-filled canal is crossed; anon the tents of some Arabs of the desert are approached; and frequently travellers are beset by children demanding *bukhshish*, or annoyed by the furious barking of a pack of lean, wolfish-looking dogs: all

this time the pyramids are distinctly in view, and though certainly drawing nearer to them at every step, astonishment is felt by the spectator when he discovers that they are still miles distant, and that there must be a ride of some two hours before their base can be actually reached. It is not a little curious to notice how gradually the precise appearance of the pyramids unfolds itself to one's view. As first seen from the river, about six miles distant, they seem to be mere masses of stone, built up in the shape with which we are familiar, and presenting no special characteristics on which the eye rests; a nearer approach shows their outline and colour more exactly; and when within a mile, the layers of stone, the rough and broken sides of the great pyramid, and the partially smooth surface of the second pyramid, are distinctly visible. During this part of the ride, too, when on the sandy plain which has to be crossed before reaching the usual resting-place, the traveller begins to comprehend the actual state of things, and looks upon the broad and elevated rocky basis on which the pyramids stand, the heaps of sand and stones scattered about, the small pyramids, the tombs excavated in the side of the rocks, and other features of the scene, with feelings of unbounded surprise and almost inexpressible interest.

Astonishment cannot be restrained n approaching the great pyramid, as the immense blocks of sto..e are surveyed, and the eye looks up from one corner at the mass which towers to such a height above. It is only in this position, as the visitor stands close by, sees the layers of stone, measures their length, breadth, and thickness, looks along the sides or upwards towards the summit, notices the diminutive appearance of some smaller pyramids near the base, and marks the insignificance of himself and his companions, that the mind becomes satisfied that the reality is in no respect inferior to what it expected in these mighty monuments.*

What immense labour, what an amount of toil for hundreds of thousands, what astonishing skill and ingenuity, then, must have been exerted in their erection! How strange does it seem to look at the pyramids and turn the thoughts back to four thousand years ago, when they were built by the proud oppressors whose names they bear! And what a multitude of recollections come thick and fast upon the mind when it is remembered that the father of the faithful beheld these masses of stone; the children of Israel saw them; the myriads of pilgrims of all nations, ages, and climes, gazed upon them; the invader and conquerer, the Persian, the Greek, the Roman, the Saracen, the Turk, the Gaul, the Anglo-Saxon, have looked upon them, and looking, have felt their own weakness and insignificance; for here the pyramids stand, in gloomy grandeur, frowning upon the pigmies of a day who come to gaze awhile at them and then go away to die—here they remain, the lasting evidences of death's triumph over man, and the puerile attempt of royal despots to provide for themselves mausoleums of imperishable renown. What a lesson do they teach of the vanity and worthlessness of this world's greatness and glory!

The ascent of the great pyramid is a far more serious matter than is usually anticipated: in the distance, the angle of the face, which is 52 deg., does not appear so great as it really is, but the nearer the approach, the more steep appear the sides, the larger the blocks of stone, the greater the height; and when a stand is taken at the base, and the spectator sees the task before him in all its magnitude and difficulty—such as it is,—he feels, perhaps, some disinclination to attempt it. If accompanied by three Arabs, one takes hold of an arm, a second of another, while a third helps him up when the stones are very large. The north-east corner is usually the point of starting, and in consequence of the fractures of the corners and sides of the stones, which have been made at various times, and the frequency of the ascent, the north side is decidedly the best and easiest to climb up. It is slow work, however, and very difficult and trying, as the stones are four or five feet thick, and afford but a narrow resting-place for the feet, on rising gradually higher and higher. Practice has rendered the Arabs so agile, that it is no uncommon thing for one of the Bedawín to go up to the top of the pyramid in fifteen minutes; others, too, have done it in ten and twelve minutes; but half an hour is the ordinary time. Invalids, however, and bad climbers—ladies in particular,—not infrequently find, that the pleasure of standing on the summit, and beholding the scene there spread out to the view, barely compensates for the toil of the ascent.

There is something rather surprising in the fact, that the top of the great pyramid, which, from the bottom, appears only partially broken off, presents, when the summit is gained, a broad surface of between thirty and forty feet. In former times it appears that the platform was much less; and in the earliest ages, it is said, the pyramid was complete and finished up to the very apex; but, as is well known, these vast structures were used by the Saracen conquerors as quarries, from which to obtain stone for the edifices of Cairo, and consequently, not only the casing-stones, which the great pyramid is said to have once possessed, and which are partially remaining on the second, have been carried off, but also many blocks have been rolled down from the top, breaking and crushing the sides and corners of most of the layers in their descent, as well as diminishing the vertical height of the pyramids. Even when the atmosphere is not so clear and transparent as usual, Cairo, with its towering citadel and tapering minarets, is distinctly visible; and in the distance, the range of the Mokattam hills, and the quarries of Masarah, from whence the stone used in building the pyramids was brought, add interest and variety to the scene. A short way to the east the Nile flows onward in still majesty, and the green and fertile fields, with occasional villages here and there, contrast most strikingly with the barren Libyan desert, stretching away for many miles beyond the eye's range, and presenting a most cheerless aspect. Nearer at hand, the large and rather fine bridges, built by the Saracens over the canals which lead from the Nile to irrigate the country, form a prominent feature; and almost at one's side, the second pyramid, the third, and the many smaller ones scattered around, together with that mysterious idol, the Sphinx, engage the attention, and afford abundant food for serious reflection. In many respects the view is pleasing, and in all instructive. Death, death, ruin and decay—these form the prominent characteristics; death, without hope of renewal—ruin and decay, without expectation of re-enlivening power and energy. The tombs of the dead, the ruins of once mighty cities, the scanty remains of former greatness and glory, the degraded descendants of a mighty people, all are presented before the eyes; and the words of the prophet seem to write themselves deeper than ever in the memory:—

"The sword shall come upon Egypt,
And great pain shall be in Ethiopia,
When the slain shall fall in Egypt,
And they shall take away her multitude,
And her foundations shall be broken down.
* * * * *
Thus saith the Lord,
They also that uphold Egypt shall fall;
And the pride of her power shall come down;
From Migdol to Syene, shall they fall in it by the sword,
Saith the Lord God,
And they shall be desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate,
And her cities shall be in the midst of the cities that are wasted.
And they shall know that I am the Lord,
When I have set a fire in Egypt,
And when all her helpers shall be destroyed."*

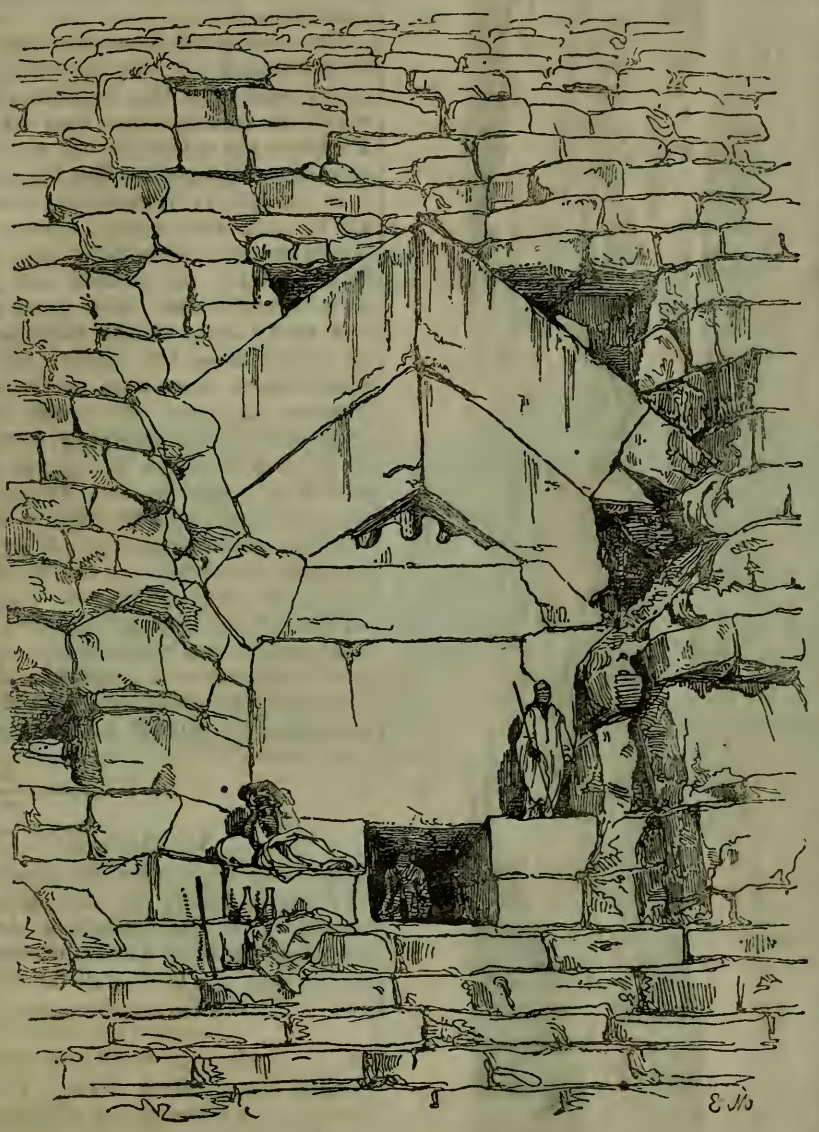
The entrance to the great pyramid is on the north side about fifty feet above the base, but easily reached by means of the large sloping heap of stone and rubbish which has gradually been here collected during the many operations connected with opening this structure. The prospect at this point is not a little singular, yet not very inviting; for all that is visible is a narrow low passage, inclining downwards till lost to the view, and evidently not large enough to be passed through except by stooping almost double; and as it is clear that no light can penetrate, and candles must be used, the imagination may very easily take fright and conjure up phantoms of terror connected with being inside of a vast stone

* It will aid the reader to remember that the space covered by the great pyramid equals that occupied by Lincoln's-inn-fields, that is, about 550,000 square feet; and, also, that it is more than 60 feet higher than St. Paul's cathedral, the elevation of which is 404 feet.

* Ezek. xxx. 4, 6, 8.

tomb, in the dark, and at the mercy of the wild Bedawín who accompany travellers to light them on their way and aid them in the difficult places. The masonry over the entrance is noticed by Sir Gardner Wilkinson as very singular: two large blocks resting against each other form a sort of pointed arch, and serve to take off the superincumbent weight from the roof of the passage; they also manifest very clearly the care and skill, as well as the advanced state of architectural knowledge possessed and exercised by the ancient Egyptians. At the right hand, just beside the entrance, is a tablet covered with hieroglyphics, done by Prof. Lepsius in honour of the king of Prussia and queen of England,—a most singular addition to the pyramid, and one which Lord Nugent and others severely and justly criticise, as in bad taste and quite out of place.

The direction of the opening and all the passages is in a due north and south line, and the traveller in going downward at an angle of 27 deg. for about eighty feet, sometimes slips over the smooth stones under his feet, and very soon feels the change in the temperature and the annoyance of the dust, which is here rather abundant. At this point may be noticed the forced passage which has been made by those who opened the pyramid, and were unable to remove a granite block which closed the entrance to the upper passage; and as they could not enter at the proper point where this passsage joins the lower, they forced a way into it by hollowing out the roofing, and cutting away the upper part of the side of the lower passage. This circumstance obliges the visitor to climb up a few rough steps, when he finds himself in a passage ascending at precisely the same angle as that by which he has come thus far has descended. The second or upper passage is of the same dimensions as the first, which continues its course downwards to a subterranean chamber in the solid rocky basis of the pyramid; but it wants the finish and polish of the first passage: its length is rather more than a hundred feet. Here is the entrance of the "Grand Gallery," as it has been termed; the entrance to "the Well," which communicates with the lower or first passage, being on the right hand; and another passage branching off horizontally, and leading to what is called the "Queen's Chamber," being directly in front. Continuing the ascent, at the same angle of 27 deg., through the "Grand Gallery," which is a wide and lofty opening extending to a considerable length, a horizontal passage is reached, which, as Wilkinson says, was once closed by four portcullises of granite, sliding in grooves of the same kind of stone; they served to conceal and stop the entrance to the "King's Chamber." Its length is 34 feet 4 inches; its breadth 17 feet 7 inches; its height, 19 feet 2 inches. The roof is flat, and formed of nine long blocks of granite, which extend from side to side. The side-walls are also of granite blocks in six regular courses, admirably united at the joints, and perfectly even and polished. This is the principal apartment in the great pyramid, and has an imposing effect upon the mind, as well from its size as from the consideration that it is probably the very burial chamber of the king who built this mausoleum for his own remains.



ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT PYRAMID.

The measurement of the sarcophagus is as follows: length outside, 7 feet 5 inches; breadth, 3 feet 2½ inches; height, 3 feet 3 inches. It is of the red granite, and has no hieroglyphics upon it, and no cover. Whatever it may have contained in former days, it is now empty; and here it stands, a strange monument of the instability of kingly power, since all this vast structure, as is supposed, was built to contain the perishing dust of a monarch whose remains have long since, we know not when, been carried off, and scattered to the four winds of heaven. The sarcophagus has been much injured by the culpable conduct of visitors, who are usually desirous to carry away some relic of the pyramid, and who have not scrupled to break off pieces from one of the corners, to an extent which, if continued, will ere long destroy it entirely. How strange is it that there is an entire absence of hieroglyphics where, above all places, they might be expected to be found. May it not be, after all, that the secret of the pyramid has not yet been discovered? Is it not possible, that where so much skill and care has been displayed in everything, to keep out intruders, and to conceal from all eyes some sacred spot or object, that there is yet something to be discovered which will throw light upon points, even to the present day much debated, and far from being satisfactorily ascertained? Perhaps time will reveal what is now hidden from the wise and learned labourers in the field of Egyptian history and antiquities.

Descending from the "King's Chamber," through the "Grand Gallery," there is the horizontal passage already noticed above, as leading to the apartment called the "Queen's Chamber:" this passage is less than four feet in height, and three feet five inches wide, a fact which obliges the visitor to stoop and creep along in a manner extremely disagreeable, especially when it is continued for a hundred feet or more. But he is permitted to stand upright once more in the "Queen's Chamber." It is not a large apartment, and its roof is formed of long blocks of stone, resting against each other, as those over the entrance of the Pyramid. The stones in the side-walls are finely fitted or joined together, and the chamber wears the appearance of having been hewn out of the solid rock, which, however, is not the case. Perhaps the most striking thing in connexion with this apartment is the fact, that it is directly under the apex of the Pyramid, whereas this might rather have been expected to be true of the "King's Chamber." At this point, according to Wilkinson, the visitor stands seventy-two feet above the level of the ground, four hundred and eight feet below the original summit, and seventy-one feet below the floor of the "King's Chamber."

There are other things in the interior of the great pyramid which are worthy of notice. Among these are the entresols or chambers discovered by Colonel Vyse, above the

THE NILE AND THE PYRAMIDS.

"King's Chamber," and which are reached by means of a ladder, or some wooden steps, now partly decayed; and also the tortuous and irregular passage, termed "the Well," which reaches down to the passage first entered from the outside. It is nearly two hundred feet deep, and, according to Wilkinson, was used by the workmen by way of egress, after they had closed the lower end of the upper passage with the block of granite above spoken of; though this seems to be hardly a sufficient explanation of the original purpose of forming this passage. Should the reader feel curious on the subject of the pyramids, more information will be found in the elaborate volumes of Colonel Vyse, the excellent work of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, the useful compend of Dr. Russell, and the learned treatise of Champollion-Figeac, entitled "*Egypte Ancienne.*" All these writers go into detail, and bring to bear on the subject a great amount and variety of learning and acuteness.

On emerging from the interior a most impressive sight is presented by the pyramids, the multitude of tombs on every side, and the Sphinx, that most striking image, which rivals in interest the vast structures near which it stands. Perhaps no collection of monuments in the wide world has so many claims upon the traveller as this, for none can equal it in antiquity, in impressiveness, in gloomy grandeur. Here, all is ruin and decay, everything manifests the triumph of death and the mutability of human affairs. The whole plain is filled with the marks and proofs of death! the pyramids, as is thought, and with great probability, were mausoleums; the rocky sides of the elevation on which they stand abound in excavations for tombs, and hundreds of pits or burial-places have been dug in the vicinity of the pyramids; and besides all these, the sands of the great desert have swept over everything, covering many objects entirely from sight, and lying in heaps and great masses in every direction as far as the eye can reach. Truly, this were a fit place to muse over the past, and musing, to lay up in store lessons of sound wisdom and instruction; truly, this were the place to burst forth in the words of the accomplished and ill-fated Raleigh, —"O eloquent, just and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none have dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world have flattered, thou only hast cast out and despised: thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, HIC JACET."*

ANECDOTES OF THE LION.

THE noble appearance, prodigious strength, and determined spirit of the lion, justify the sovereignty assigned him as "the king of beasts." In the boundless desert, the dense jungle, and the luxuriant plains of Africa, he roams at will, with agile yet muscular frame, alike the lord of all the animal tribes.

"When round he glares, all living creatures fly,
He clears the desert with his rolling eye;"—

and even when, by smell, the cattle are aware of his presence, they display the greatest alarm. Though worn out with fatigue and hunger, the moment the shaggy monarch is perceived, they start like race-horses, with their tails erect; and so great is their panic, that sometimes days will elapse before they are found.

Like the varied tribe to which he belongs, the lion is nocturnal in his habits. Sleeping during the day, it is at night he goes forth—

"Grimly majestic in his lonely walks."

With unerring instinct, he scents his prey, and follows it in its course; then suddenly he crouches, he springs even to the length of twenty or thirty feet, he forces his fangs into the throat of his victim, and, though massive is the strength of the elephant, and dense the armour of the rhinoceros, there is not for either, any chance of escape:—

"And lo! ere quivering life has fled,
The vultures, wheeling overhead,
Swoop down to watch, in gaunt array,
Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey."

As the lion rests his head on his paws or on the ground, and emits a half-stifled growl, the vibration is conveyed to a great distance. The sounds heard from him when captive in a menagerie

* Here he lies.

are whispers, compared with his thunders when roaming in his native wilds. "One night," says Mr. Moffat, the missionary, "we were quietly bivouacked at a small pool on the Oup river, where we never anticipated a visit from his majesty. We had just closed our united evening service, the book was still in my hands, and the closing notes of the song of praise had scarcely fallen from our lips, when the terrific roar of the lion was heard. Our oxen, which before were quietly chewing the cud, rushed upon us, and ran over our fires, leaving us prostrated in a cloud of dust and sand. Hats and hymn-books, our Bibles and our guns, were all scattered in wild confusion. Providentially, no serious injury was sustained. The oxen were pursued, brought back, and secured to the waggon, for we could ill afford to lose any."

The following is no less characteristic. A settler in South Africa was proceeding with his party, from Algoa Bay to his location of Glen-Lynden. The night was extremely dark, and the rain fell so heavily that, in spite of the abundant supply of dry firewood which had been happily provided, it was not without difficulty that they could keep one large watch-fire burning. A sentinel was appointed as usual; and all but he were buried in sleep, when about midnight the roar of a lion was heard close to their tents, and so loud and tremendous was it, that it seemed for a moment to those it so suddenly aroused, as if a thunder-cloud had broken close beside them. But the peculiar expression of the sound, the voice of fury as well as of power, instantly undeceived them, and springing to their arms, they hurried out, fancying that the savage beast was about to break into their camp. But all around was total darkness, and scarcely any two of them were agreed as to the quarter from whence the roar had issued. This uncertainty was owing partly, perhaps, to the peculiar mode the lion often has of placing his mouth near the ground when he roars, so that the voice rolls, as it were, like a breaker along the earth; partly, also, to the echo from a rock which rose abruptly on the opposite bank of the river; and more than all, to the confusion of the senses in the party being thus hurriedly and fearfully awoke from their slumbers. Having fired several volleys in all directions around the encampment, they roused up the half-extinguished fire to a blaze; and then flung the flaming brands among the surrounding trees and bushes. It is probable that this unwonted display daunted the grim visitor, for he occasioned no further disturbance during the night.

A few days afterwards, some of the party had gone a mile or two up the valley to cut reeds for thatching the temporary huts proposed to be built; and were busy with their sickles in the bed of the river, when, to their dismay, a huge lion rose up amongst the reeds, almost close beside them;—the formidable cause, probably, of their previous alarm. The lion leaped on the bank, and then turned round and gazed at the men. One or two of them who had guns, seized them hastily, and began to load with ball; the rest, unarmed and helpless, stood petrified; having no other expectation than that the lion would soon make sad havoc among them. But, from some cause or other—he might recently have dined, or, perhaps, he was as much surprised as they were—after gazing for a minute or two (a dreadful pause!) at the intruders on his wild domain, he turned about and retired; first slowly, and afterwards proceeding for some distance at a good round trot; while the on-lookers were much too prudent to interfere in the slightest degree with his retreat.

The following incident, illustrative of the lion's perseverance in watching, and tenacity in retaining his prey, occurred to another party. The wagons and cattle had been put up for the night, when, about midnight, they were thrown into complete confusion. About thirty paces from the tent stood a lion, which walked very deliberately a few paces further behind a small thorn-bush, carrying something with him which those looking on took to be a young ox. They fired more than sixty shots at the bush. The south-east wind blew strongly; the sky was clear; and the moon shone very brightly, so that anything might be perceived at a short distance. After the cattle had been quieted again, and the chief of the party had looked over everything, he missed the sentry from before the tent. On calling as loudly as possible, but in vain, he came to the melancholy conclusion that the poor man had fallen a prey to the invader. Three or four men then advanced very cautiously to the bush, which stood exactly opposite the door of the tent, to see if they could discover anything of the sentinel; but they returned helter-skelter; for the lion, who was still there, rose up and began to roar. A hundred shots were again fired at the bush, without, however, there being any appearance of the lion. This induced one of the men to approach the bush with a fire-brand, and as he advanced, the lion roared terribly, and leaped at him; but the monster was compelled to retire by the fire-brand, which was instantly hurled at him, and the shots by which he was assailed.

The fire-brand fell into the midst of the bush, and, favoured by the wind, it began to burn with a great flame, so that those assembled could see into the bush and through it. They continued their firing into it; the night passed away, and the day began to break, which induced every one to fire at the lion, as he could not lie there without exposing himself. Some men, posted at the furthest

THE LION.

wagons, watched, to take aim at him as he came out. At last, just before it became quite light, he walked up the hill with the dead body of the sentinel in his mouth; about forty shots were fired without hitting him; and, persisting in retaining his prey amidst the fire and shot, he carried it securely off. But short-lived was his safety; he was followed and killed before noon, while standing over the mangled remains of the unfortunate sentinel.

Of one deliverance there is a remarkable acknowledgement. Under the will of Sir John Gager, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1646, provision is made for a sermon to be preached annually, on the 16th of November, in St. Catherine Cree Church, Leadenhall-street, in commemoration of his providential deliverance from a lion, which he met in a desert, as he was travelling in the Turkish dominions, and which suffered him to pass unmolested. In addition to the fees directed to be given to the minister, the clerk, and the sexton, £8 16s. 6d. is to be distributed among the necessitous inhabitants. It would be well were such providential interpositions in times of imminent danger, always followed with such evidences of true and fervent gratitude.

Few particulars in regard to the lion need now be added. His distinguishing marks are the presence of a shaggy mane and a tuft at the end of his tail. These appendages do not appear for some time while the animal is young; and four or five years elapse before they acquire their full and bushy state. The lioness is considerably smaller than the lion, but her form is much more slender and graceful.

The most remarkable distinction of the lion of India is, the very pale tint that pervades his whole body; it approaches almost to a fawn colour, and it is still paler on the under parts of the body and the insides of the legs. The mane is scarcely so ample as it is in the lion of Africa; but it is furnished with a peculiar appendage in the long hairs which, commencing beneath the neck, occupy the whole of the middle line of the body below. The size of the creature is also somewhat less; and he is considered generally inferior to the noble animal on whose character and qualities we have more particularly enlarged.

WHAT INDUSTRY CAN DO.

A TRUE STORY.

We are often driven to fear, if not to confess, that calculation and foresight are not, generally speaking, very decided elements in the character of the working classes. Too many of them—especially in our rural districts—seem to think that they are born to a certain doom, to wear away their youth and manhood in hard and unceasing toil, and then to finish their career in the union workhouse, in workhouse clothing, on workhouse diet, and, last of all, when life is over, to be carried in a workhouse coffin to the grave by their fellow-paupers. Can nothing be done to wean their minds from such a degrading fatalism? It is true that a working man's life is a continued battle with the circumstances by which he is surrounded. He has little to save upon, and little to spend upon. To make both ends meet he considers a great achievement. He seldom attempts, because he considers it to be impossible, "to lay by anything for a rainy day." But why is it impossible? Has he ever tried? Has he ever, indeed, caculated whether it could be done, or how it could be done? Here let us set our arithmetic against his.

Only a day or two ago we met John Stubbins, a labourer in our village, coming from the little shop with a bundle of pipes in his hand, and a paper parcel filled with tobacco. Now John Stubbins is an awful smoker; he is as untiring with tobacco as Dr. Johnson was with tea. We have often talked to him about his carrying the habit to such an excess, but hitherto, we regret to say, to no purpose. On this occasion we again referred to the subject. "What, John!" we observed, "more tobacco? Why, man, you must puff away more than a new coat a year." At this he smiled, "Oh no, sir, nothing like it." "Well, how much a day do you spend upon it?" "Only so much; not a farthing more." "Well, John, you only spend so much a day on pipes and tobacco. Now there are three hundred and sixty five-days in the year, and three hundred and sixty-five times only so much make ——;" and here we had a sum which would not only have bought the new coat of which we had spoken, but a waistcoat and hat into the bargain. John looked very foolish at hearing this, and not less so when another labouring man, who had been listening to us, observed, with a sly and quiet look, "And then, sir, you forgot to count in that he always wants something to wash it down with." And then we began to make our calculation over again, taking in not only so much for the *tobacco*, but also so much for "the *something to wash it down with*," and this time we found that the sum-total amounted to enough to buy not only the articles aforesaid, but a full suit for John himself and a gown and shawl for his wife, and bonnets for his three little girls.

We must say for him, that when he saw his selfishness placed before him in this new light, he looked very much ashamed of himself, and said, "It was a sight of money to waste, and he had never thought of it before;" and he left us with a half promise that he would instantly begin to amend by knocking off a pipe a day, and renouncing "the something to wash it down with" altogether.

But another of our villagers, and another sort of man, now approaches as we part from John, with as much fear as hope about his carrying out his resolutions of improvement. The new comer is George Holdfast, a hale, hearty-looking man, six feet high, all sinew and bone, without a bend in his back or a grey hair on his head, and hardly a furrow on his brow, although sixty-six years have passed away since his battle of life commenced. We wrote over our story, by way of title or starting post, "What industry *can* do." And here is a proof of it. It is a kind of Aladdin's lamp to its possessor, and enables him to accomplish with ease what appear to be marvellous things to less energetic spirits.

Let us see what it has done for the man before us. It has not made him a George Stephenson nor a Sir Joseph Paxton, because he is utterly uneducated, unable either to read or write. But still, in the face of these disadvantages, we shall find that it has done much for him, and, comparatively speaking, in a very short time. George Holdfast never was an idler or lounger, but from his youth as hardworking a labourer as ever followed the plough or took spade in hand. He was, however, a long time before he knew the value of money. If, up to almost forty years of age, he worked like a horse, he also, to use his own emphatic description of himself, lived like an ass. In short, he toiled and played with equal energy. If there were a fair, a feast, or a wake within his reach, he was sure to be at it; and wherever the fun was "fast and furious," he was certain to be the hero of it. And so he went on for years upon years, as thoughtless, reckless, and thriftless a fellow as ever lived. But happily this state of things did not last for ever—

> "A change came o'er the spirit of his dream."

Circumstances—what they were we never heard exactly—led George Holdfast to think, and he began in his serious moments to reflect upon the folly of his past career, and to call to mind how much of valuable time, and substance, and strength, and health, he had expended upon trifling and unsatisfactory pleasures. He determined to give them up, and turn over a new leaf; and his resolution once taken was carried into effect, for he was a man with an iron will as well as an iron frame. From that time he was never seen at fairs and feasts. He forsook the public house, renounced his idle habits and evil companions, and when his day's work was over, was invariably to be found at his own fireside, almost as decided a fixture as the grate itself. The change soon began to tell. Small as are the wages of an agricultural labourer, he speedily found himself before the world with a little spare money in his pocket. He now felt himself a made man.

> "The world was all before him, where to choose
> His place of rest."

What was he to do with his riches? How was the village Rothschild to invest his capital? *Savings banks* had not then —they have not even yet—penetrated the district in which our hero lived. He despised *clubs* and *benefit societies*. What, then, was he to do with his treasure? He would add to it. But how? A navigable river flowed near the village in which he resided, and there was also a canal within three or four miles; and on both of these a man owning a horse might find constant employment in towing vessels. As soon as this

thought occurred to him, it was acted upon. With the nest egg of his first savings he bought such a horse as his money would command. And now, for a time, he devoted himself to harder labour than many men would like to undertake. Often and often, when his fellow-workers were in bed resting after the toils and fatigues of the day, would he be engaged on this new and additional occupation, and then hurry home to catch a few hours' sleep before the labours of the to-morrow began.

Money now came in fast, and a great event in George's life occurred. He was enabled to buy an acre, a whole acre of land, in the richest part of the richest country in England; and from that hour to this he has never looked back, but kept swimming on with the stream of industry, constantly up, adding little to little, and more to that, until he has reached the point which he now occupies. Had he been an educated man, he would have certainly been a *rich* one, and, it may be, a *great* one. As it is, he is a *comfortable* man, being now the owner of three acres of the choicest land, worth a hundred pounds per acre, of his own, and a tenant holding fourteen more, having as snug a roof over his head as it is possible to describe, it being also his own property, and being the possessor likewise of one horse, one cart, three cows, as many heifers, and six pigs. George's consequence has also grown with his circumstances. He has been summoned to serve on juries. He is a freeholder, and on the eve of an election always talks of his stake in the country, and of the advantages of a good and cheap government. His politics are of the "jumble" order, being, unknown to himself, very radical, with a dash of the conservative in them. He is, as an agriculturist, a protectionist in theory, but at the same time is thankful that he has enough to live upon, and thinks that his fellow-labourers "in the west country," as we here call the manufacturing districts, have as much right to live as he has, and certainly ought not "to pine." He also attends parish and vestry meetings, at which he enforces economy on all occasions, denounces the highway rate as unnecessarily burdensome, being of opinion that "those as drives fine coaches should make fine roads;" and as to the poor rate, he is forcibly eloquent against its amount, regarding the union workhouse in our part of the country as a cunningly-devised scheme for raising sinecures for guardians, inspectors, matrons, and doctors. George sits, too, in his own pew in the parish church on a Sunday, and it is a glorious sight to behold him as he walks across the church-yard in all the magnificence of his Sunday suit. His coat is the admiration of the children and the envy of the men. And what a coat it is! The quantity of cloth contained in it is something incredible. As it streams in the wind, it seems to have more of length and depth and breadth in it than even the famous blue surtout in which the late Sir Robert Peel used to walk down to the House of Commons. It rather reminds us of the mainsail of a small man-of-war flapping in the wind.

But we spoke of George being a *comfortable* man. He is so in every sense of the word. Some two or three years ago we found him one day surrounded with workmen in his cottage. They were taking up the brick flooring of a little inner room which he was about to turn into a parlour; and a nice little snuggery he has made of it, being now boarded, with a warm carpet over it, because, as he says, "one likes to feel comfortabler and keep away the rheumatiz in one's old age."

Nor would we for all the world omit to state, that when the correspondent or commissioner of the *Morning Chronicle* for the agricultural districts was in this part of the country, inquiring about the condition of the labouring classes, he one day walked into George's cottage to question him on the subject. He was fresh from some of the southern counties where the people barely exist, but can hardly be said to live, and expected to find the same wretchedness in our district. Amongst the first questions, therefore, which he put to George, he asked, "Do you ever get *meat* to eat?" Patience! A tornado broken loose could not have made such a noise as the thunder-clap of laughter which George laughed at this question. The commissioner thought he was mad, while we had terrible fears of apoplexy, choking, or a ruptured bloodvessel. His wife, however, came to the rescue, and quietly answered, "George would think it hard indeed, sir, if he did not get his meat three times a day." The commissioner stared at this, and he stared more as she showed him over her three neat little bedrooms and other comforts of the cottage. And then she took him into the little snuggery aforesaid, and there, while he was admiring the clock in its grand mahogany case, and the tables and the chairs and the carpet, she, as she pretended, carelessly and accidentally, but in truth very carefully and purposely, in the cunning of her proud heart, threw open the door of a huge and capacious cupboard, with shelf upon shelf covered with tempting pork pies, enough to have dined the flank companies of all the regiments of guards, and then shelf upon shelf again with her best china for company days. The commissioner fancied that he had at last found the labourer's paradise. And so he had. George is not "alone in his glory." Happily, in this part of the country there are many others of his class striving, with more or less success, to walk in the same path.

We have only to add that even yet, when not occupied on his own land, George goes out to work as a labourer just as he did at first. We ourselves farm a few acres, and invariably employ him for the benefit of his practical knowledge and experience; and we can with truth affirm, that under his auspices our green crops, our potatoes, our wheat, oats, and beans are *at least* as productive as those of any of our neighbours. We might say, *more so*, but we are not proud, and we do not wish to turn George's head.

In what we have now stated, we have not inserted one line or one word drawn from imagination or fancy, but have kept strictly and literally to facts. We have always had a high opinion of the force and power of industry. We have seen it misused and abused by thousands, who have then charged their wretchedness and disappointment upon fate or fortune. They have thrown away opportunities, been careless and extravagant, travelled through waste to want, and then accused everybody and everything, except themselves and their own improvidence; while, all the time, had they continually saved little by little, and so added little to little, they would have lifted themselves above the world's frowns and escaped from pinching misery. We have set before them an example which teaches them that this *has been* done, and therefore *can be* done again—an example which raises its warning voice against idleness and recklessness, as it proves—"WHAT INDUSTRY CAN DO."

LITERARY FORGERIES.—From "information derived from peculiar sources," it appears that nearly all the "Shelley Letters" recently published, with a preface by Robert Browning, are forgeries. The letters were, it seems, sold by two women to Mr. White, the bookseller, in Pall-mall, who gave a large price for them. They were afterwards purchased at Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's public sale, by Mr. Moxon, the publisher. The discovery was made in quite an accidental manner. Mr. Moxon had sent a copy of the book to Mr. Tennyson. During a visit which Mr. Palgrave was paying to Mr. Tennyson, he dipped into the Shelley volume, and lighted on a letter written from Florence to Godwin, the better half of which he at once recognised as part of an article on Florence written for the "Quarterly Review," so far back as 1840, by his father, Sir Francis Palgrave. This led to further investigations, which brought out facts proving the letters to be forgeries. The *Athenæum* is assured that there has been of late years a most systematic and wholesale forgery of letters purporting to be written by Byron, Shelley, and Keats—that these forgeries carry upon them such marks of genuineness as have deceived the entire body of London collectors—that they are executed with a skill to which the forgeries of Chatterton and Ireland can lay no claim—that they have been sold at public auctions and by the hands of booksellers, to collectors of experience and rank—and that the imposition has extended to a large collection of books bearing not only the signature of Byron, but notes by him in many of their pages—the matter of the letters being selected with a thorough knowledge of Byron's life and feeling, and the whole of the books chosen with the minutest knowledge of his tastes and peculiarities. But the "marvel" of the forgery is not yet told. At the same sale at which Mr. Moxon bought the "Shelley Letters," were catalogued for sale a series of (unpublished) letters from Shelley to his wife revealing the innermost secrets of his heart, and containing facts, not wholly dishonourable facts to a father's memory, but such as a son would wish to conceal. These letters were bought in by the son of Shelley—the present Sir Percy Shelley—and are now proved to be worthless fabrications got up for sale.

SCULPTURE.

Among all nations and peoples—the rudest equally with the most refined—representations of the human form have ever found especial favour. From the remotest antiquity have been recovered evidences which show the universality of this feeling. The grinning idol of the savage, and the classic groups of Greece and Rome have similar signification, because they exhibit the impulses of the human heart, which seeks in visible forms and outward ceremonies the invisible and inward yearnings for the true and beautiful.

By the word sculpture is understood the art of carving or cutting any material into a proposed shape or form. Though it is generally applied to those works produced in marble and stone, to the moulding and modelling of clay—called the plastic art—and the casting of metals and other materials, the word is also used occasionally in reference to engraved gems and the larger kinds of works produced by the goldsmith.

To trace the history of sculpture, we should have to travel backwards to almost the infancy of civilisation, and recount the triumphs of awakened man over the barbarisms of ignorance and slavery. The recent discoveries of Messrs. Botta and Layard, among the mounds of earth which once formed the city of Nineveh, have brought to light many highly-wrought specimens of sculpture, and there is even reason to believe that the art was practised before the flood. Indeed, the ruins of India and central America sufficiently attest its antiquity. Almost as universal as language, the art has risen from the rude forms of idol worship to a perfection which commands the admiration of the educated and refined among all peoples. From a remote antiquity the art of sculpture has been continually practised; and ancient as well as modern nations have made all kinds of materials subservient to its advancement. Thus we find, recovered from ruined palaces and desecrated tombs, the remains of figures, both human and animal, vases of all shapes, pedestals, lamps, and architectural ornaments, in marble, wood, ivory, basalt, terra cotta (literally baked earth), porphyry, stucco, granite, wax, clay, and the different kinds of metals.

All objects in sculpture may be classed under one or other of the following heads:—The production may be a figure or group, which stands by itself, and may be viewed from all sides, when it is technically called a "round;" or it may be partially raised from a back ground, in which case it is called a *relievo*. The degrees of relief, as defined by modern artists, are *alto* or high relief, where the objects project so as to be nearly distinct; *mezzo* or half relief, where not more than the face and half the figure is raised from the ground on which it is sculptured; and *basso*, or low relief, in which the chiselled figures are but slightly raised from the back-ground. There is also another variety of relief, which is found principally among the Egyptian and Syrian antiquities. The outline of the figures is sunk into the ground-work or plane of the material, and the different parts are then rounded off in the same manner as in *basso-relievo*. In works produced by this method, no parts project beyond the original face or ground of the stone; and to produce peculiar effects in this kind of *relieved intaglio*, the ancient artists were in the habit of introducing colours into various parts of their sculptures.

Having already said that various materials are used in the

THE PLAYMATES; BY C. MÜLLER OF BERLIN.

production of sculptures, we will endeavour to explain how, from a rude block of marble, the artist is enabled to produce those life-like representations of the human form which delight all beholders. We cannot in our small space attempt to speak of the various schools of art, or the famous works of the ancients; we must therefore confine our remarks to the mechanical process necessary to the artist in marble—leaving the explanation of iron and bronze-casting for a future paper.

FIRST LOVE. A MARBLE STATUE BY ALBERT WOLFF, OF BERLIN.

Having conceived and determined on his subject, the first object of the artist is to produce a representation of it on paper. He then goes on to make a model, *in little*, in clay, wax, or some equally plastic material. If this model be well built up, if it be true and natural, its transference to marble or bronze may be entrusted to inferior hands, the finishing touches being given by the artist himself. In the model the taste, genius, and skill of the producer are displayed to an even greater degree than in the statue itself.

The model complete, the next process is the erection of another clay figure, the exact size of the intended group or figure. A sort of skeleton or frame-work of wood or iron is made to assume the rough outlines of the statue, and on this is moulded—by means of certain simple instruments aided by the artist-mind and hand—the clay or other material into the forms designed. Now, whether it is intended that the statue should be draped or not, it has been usual with some sculptors to make their models nude; but this plan has not been adopted to any great extent among modern artists except where it has been necessary to show the muscular or other development beneath the drapery. It is said of Chantrey

THE FIRST STEP. BY PIETRO MAGNI, OF MILAN.

that his knowledge of anatomy was inferior to his skill in the disposal of clothes; and it will be recollected, probably, that his statues generally are dressed in the modern costume. To obtain the necessary grace and accuracy, draperies are usually placed upon lay figures, the details of which are copied by the artist; though in some few instances a living model is preferred.

When the clay figure has sufficiently dried and shrunk, a mould is made of it by covering it all over with gypsum or

plaster of Paris. After the plaster has become dry and hard, the clay within is carefully removed, and the result is an exact mould of the original design. After being carefully washed, the interior of the mould is brushed over with a composition of oil and soap, and then completely filled in all its parts with a semi-liquid mixture of gypsum, which in a few days becomes so throughly hardened as to allow of the removal of the outer body or mould. Means similar to these are employed by all artists, and thus is obtained an exact counterpart of the original clay model. A careful examination of the process as above detailed will, it is to be hoped, enable our readers to comprehend how the many plaster figures which they have seen at the Great Exhibition and elsewhere have been produced.

Having made his plaster cast, the sculptor may then transfer it to marble or other material. Technical rather than inventive skill, however, is necessary to produce the marble figure; and it is not by any means uncommon for the sculptor to confide this part of the work to other hands, reserving to himself merely the right of superintendence, till the figure approaches completion.

Having selected a proper block of marble, the first step is to what is called *point it out*. By means of a long steel needle attached to a pole or standard, and capable of being withdrawn or extended, loosened or fixed, by means of joints, &c., the exact situation of numerous points and cavities in the figure to be imitated are correctly ascertained. Pencil marks on the block of marble are made to show where such and such points occur in the model; and this process being repeated till the various distances to which the chisel may penetrate are discovered—in fact, till, in the technical language of the studio, the figure is entirely *pointed*—the marble is rudely blocked out, and the future statue begins to assume something like an intelligible shape. A superior workman, called the carver, now takes the figure in hand, and with extreme care copies all the minute portions of the model. By means of chisels, rasps, files and sand paper, he brings it to that state of semi-completeness in which several works were exhibited at the Crystal Palace. The sculptor then assumes his full authority, and gives the finishing touches to the statue, which stamp it as the work of a master hand and mind. Among the ancients it was not unusual for the artist to begin and complete his work; but the demands of the present day would not allow of such an expenditure of time, even were the sculptor willing to perform the laborious tasks of the carver and blocker-out. The ancients, there is reason to believe, produced their grandest effects by the chisel alone; among the moderns the file and the sand-paper are the roughest instruments which approach the surface of the work. Indeed, as before stated, it is to the perfection to which the clay model is brought that the success of the finished performance is due. Harmony of effect, beauty of expression, gracefulness of form and attitude, consistency of detail, and finish of surface, belong as much to the painter as the sculptor; both of whom, to achieve complete success, must possess genius and industry, taste and perseverance, fire and patience in almost equal degrees.

THE MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS. BY G. G. ADAMS.

These prefatory remarks leave us but small space to speak of the illustrations we have introduced into this article. The originals all appeared in the Great Exhibition; we have little need therefore to be over-critical.

In the "MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS" Mr. Adams has in no wise departed from the conventional type—an armed figure, a distressed mother, and an almost indifferent child; nevertheless, there is much to be admired in the vigour of thought displayed in this group. It is the fault of English artists—and a characteristic of the national character—that they seem afraid to give vent to all their fire. Whenever you look at a picture or a piece of sculpture by an Englishman, you cannot help thinking that in some particular the story is not all told. You gaze upon it, and drink in the sentiment of the episode, and pass away with the thought that that man can do better things. Of course there are exceptions to this, as to every other rule; and if we do not, in all cases, embrace the whole idea, we do not, in any, commit those extravagances so common among foreign artists—the "Phryne" of Pradier, for instance, a more detestable piece of vulgarity and extravagance than which, notwithstanding the award of the Council Medal, was never carved in marble. We speak of the idea and not of the execution of this figure.

Although we cannot speak without reservation of Mr. Adams' group, it must not be supposed that we introduce it into these pages merely to condemn it. On the contrary, there is much in it to commend, much to admire, much that a young artist would do well to emulate. The attitudes are free and vigorous, and the *posé* of the group unexceptionable. Two other artists chose the same subject, and it would be difficult to say which of them rendered it most happily. The visitor to the Exhibition, recalling the memory of each, must make his own selection.

Of the "First Step" little need be said, though much in the way of commendation might be advanced. Belonging to a less ambitious class of subjects than many which were exhibited by Raphael Monti and others, there is in this group nothing to detract from the honourable fame achieved by its author; but, on the contrary, as it appeals to the sympathies of a far larger audience, it will be remembered by hundreds of thousands on whose minds the representation of nude female figures, polished up to the last degree of finish, have made but small impression. The "Playmates" also deserves high commendation for the grace and freedom of outline, and the entire naturalness—if we may be allowed the expression—which characterises the whole composition. First Love is also an expressive and well-executed statue, which never failed to find admirers from among visitors of all ages.

Did it come within the compass of our space we should gladly attempt to review our impressions as to the sculpture in the Great Exhibition; but it does not. That it was creditable to the English as a nation there is little doubt; and that, had there been longer time allowed for preparation, the specimens would have been far more numerous and possibly of a somewhat higher character as a whole, appears equally certain. Into the relative merits of the various sculptors who exhibited we have no desire to enter—that task has already been sufficiently well performed by the jurors of Class XXX.; but we must say, in conclusion, that the "Eve" of Bailey, the "Virgin and Child" of Pradier, and the "Venus" of Canova are before the world as specimens of the artistic genius of England, France, and Italy, and none can say that one is greater or less than the other.

HOW HENRY BROUGHAM WAS MADE LORD CHANCELLOR.

Some curious revelations are made by Mr. Roebuck, in his "History of the Whig Ministry." The following will be read with interest. After speaking of the reform crisis in 1832, Mr. Roebuck tells us that "Lord Grey, when commanded by the king to form an administration, obeyed the injunctions of his majesty with the belief, 1st, that without Lord Brougham's co-operation he could not form an efficient government; 2ndly, that there was no objection on the part of the king to Mr. Brougham's receiving some important office. Under this impression, the first list of the proposed administration and its friends submitted to the king contained the name of Mr. Brougham as Master of the Rolls. To this arrangement, it is said, the king immediately and peremptorily objected. That the king should have so positively prohibited this arrangement, certainly seems strange. That the king had no invincible objection to Mr. Brougham, was made plain by the result. Why, then, should he, the king, have objected to his being Master of the Rolls? The office is certainly permanent, and he who holds it may sit, and often has sat, in the House of Commons; and Mr. Brougham, with such a permanent office and a seat in the Commons, would have been truly formidable, but not as regarded the king. The king would have had no reason to fear him. The persons who, under such circumstances, would, indeed, have had good cause for alarm were his whig friends, and from them would the objection most naturally come. But, nevertheless, the king himself, according to the statement of Lord Grey to the person most interested, did spontaneously and peremptorily object. An offer was in the meantime made to Mr. Brougham, through Lord Duncannon, with which the world became, in some manner not explained, acquainted, and on which most of the imputations which the opponents of Mr. Brougham so freely cast upon him entirely rested. Lord Duncannon was commissioned to inquire whether he would accept the office of Attorney-General. This offer was at once positively and (it is said) *calmly* refused, upon which Lord Grey declared that his hopes of being able to frame a cabinet were at an end, and waited upon his majesty for the purpose of communicating to him the failure of his negotiation, and the impossibility now of forming an administration. 'Why so?' was the king's inquiry. 'Why not make him Chancellor? Have you thought of that? The answer was, 'No—your majesty's objection to the one appointment seems to preclude the other.' 'Not at all, not at all,' was the king's reply. The reasons for the one appointment and against the other were said to have been then very clearly stated by his Majesty, and orders were given to offer Mr. Brougham the seals. Up to this moment no other communication than the one above described had been made to Mr. Brougham by or on behalf of Lord Grey, and up to this moment it was the intention of Mr. Brougham to retain his distinguished position in the Commons, untramelled by office; and when, from the marked lead he had taken in all the proceedings of the opposition, men were naturally led to ask and speculate upon what was to be his position in the new order of things, he quite as naturally attempted to satisfy the public curiosity respecting himself. He had done this in some degree on the 16th of November, when he consented to postpone his motion respecting reform; and again on the 17th, when Sir Matthew White Ridley proposed to postpone certain inquiries into election petitions, because of the absence of the ministers, Mr. Brougham took occasion to define the independent position he desired to hold, by saying—'He (Sir M. Ridley) says that ministers will not be in their places, and that therefore we cannot proceed. But I here beg leave to differ from the honourable baronet. We can do many things in these days without the assistance of ministers, and with respect to election petitions, we can do just as well without them as with them. I speak this with all due respect for the future administration, and with all due respect for the distinguished persons of whom it may be composed, and who will undoubtedly govern the country upon right principles. I have nothing to do with them except in the respect I bear them, and as a member of this house. I state this for the information of those who may feel an interest in the matter.' Having thus attempted to satisfy the curiosity of those who felt an interest in the matter, and having again on Friday, the 19th of November, presented petitions and spoken on them in the Commons, Mr. Brougham certainly surprised the world by suddenly, on the next Monday, November 22nd, appearing as Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords. This sudden change in the determination of Mr. Brougham resulted chiefly from considerations of party. Had he thought solely of himself, he could not but be aware of the great personal loss which he sustained by his elevation to the peerage. If the statements, however, made by Lord Grey were correct—if the successful formation of the whig administration depended upon Mr. Brougham's active co-operation, and if his refusal would have led to the reconstruction of the old tory ministry—then, indeed, we need not be surprised to find that Mr. Brougham should shrink from incurring the lasting anger and active emnity of the whole whig party by keeping aloof from them, and thereby preventing them, perhaps, for another quarter of a century, tasting the sweets of office. For thus ran the argument of those whig friends who induced him to accept the offer of the seals:—'If you refuse, Lord Grey will finally declare to the king that he is unable to form a cabinet. The whole whig party will ascribe this evil result to your selfishness. That circumstance upon which you insist as your chief pride, and which gives you your present power and importance—viz., the representation of Yorkshire—will only belong to you for the present parliament. A contest at the next election will be inevitable, and your whig friends will be either hostile or lukewarm. The enormous expense of a Yorkshire election is beyond the power of your purse, and you will have, therefore, to return, if you can find one, to some presentation borough or populous town. Your proposed measures, too, of reform will never be so likely to succeed as by the endeavours and under the auspices of a government pledged to bring forward and support some large scheme of parliamentary reform. As the chancellor of such a ministry, you will be called upon to render a service to the cause of reform which no other man can render, and which you cannot render in any other character. We see, and we acknowledge, the personal sacrifice we ask you to make. We know that if you simply look to personal considerations, if you think only of your own influence apart from all considerations of the public good, you will remain in the House of Commons, and wield the great power which your singular abilities confer upon you as a member of that house. But we appeal to higher motives, asking you to think less of yourself and more of your country, and to adopt that course which will give effect to the principles which during your whole political life you have endeavoured to advance.' This argument, thus skilfully employed, produced the effect desired, and Mr. Brougham passed almost directly from the bar of the house at which he had as counsel been engaged when this argument was used, to the woolsack, and took his seat as Lord Chancellor before the patent that created him a peer was made out."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

The histories of painters and poets are written in their works. There is seldom much of incident or excitement in the story of their lives—at least in the lives of those among them who have achieved the measure of success which entitles them to be ranked among the world's great. And it is well that it should be so; for it is surely more interesting to read of their triumphs over the difficulties that beset their paths, than to find them interfering with matters which belong rather to diplomatists, statesmen, politicians, grave talkers, profound thinkers, and the active spirits who make up the sum and substance of what is known as "the world." They, therefore, who expect to find the poet or the painter taking part in the questions which interest the generality of mankind, or sharing in the hopes, feelings, and passions of their contemporaries, will, in the greater number of cases, be doomed to disappointment. It is true that the complexion of the poet's works—and the painter must always be considered, in the lights of a poet, a creator—will, almost necessarily, be tinged with the colour of the times in which he lived; yet, for the most part, it will be found that he has looked deeper than the surface, and has sought inspiration at founts which are sealed and hidden from the general crowd. Thus it is that the artist-mind appears to stand alone and isolated, as it were, while all is busy, active, stirring, heart-engrossing life around him. Thus it is that we must judge of the poet—not by comparison with the minds of other men, but rather with reference to the soul-absorbing occupation to which he has devoted his anxious days and feverish nights. If we search the annals of the past, we shall discover the poet standing out from among his fellows as a bright star amid the nebulæ—as a light shining clear and steadily through the shadows of time. The poet must be a teacher, or he is nothing. But not always in his lifetime is the poet honoured. Not always is his worth allowed. Not always is his presence recognised. Not always are his teachings listened to. On the contrary, it has happened oftentimes that a Homer has begged his bread from door to door, though seven cities may have claimed him as their own, when nothing remained of him but his bones and the imperishable utterings of his heart.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

And so when we are speaking of the poets—a Virgil or a Raphael, a Tasso or an Angelo, a Shakspere or a Titian, a Byron or a Reynolds—we must bear in mind that they are a peculiar race—a people apart—a strange, inconsistent order of beings, whose faults and failings, and whose very virtues, must not be judged by the standard common among men. These remarks, however, apply rather to the general subject than to the painter whose portrait we here present to the reader. They may be borne in mind, however, when, in perusing the lives of men of genius, we discover traits of character and eccentricities of behaviour not altogether reconcilable with our previously-formed notions.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was born in the town of Plympton, in Devonshire, on the 16th of July, 1723. His father, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, was master of the Plympton Grammar-school, and a man of more than ordinary acquirements. Under the care of his father—who was taciturn and absent, and no more of a disciplinarian than scholars usually are—the youthful Joshua received his only education. At an early age, however, he discovered germs of the genius which was afterwards to distinguish him, and before he had arrived at his seventeenth year, had given such decided proofs of a liking and fitness for the painter's art, that his father consented to place him under the care of Thomas Hudson, then the most celebrated portrait painter in London. It appears, however, that the master had more skill than knowledge of his profession, and was not possessed of the requisites necessary for a teacher. After staying with him two years, during which time he had sufficiently advanced in his art as to feel himself competent to paint portraits, the youthful artist returned to his father's house in Devonshire, where he soon began to attract considerable notice. His separation from Hudson may, indeed, be considered a fortunate circumstance, as it enabled him to strike out and pursue the path in which he afterwards became so famous.

In 1749, he accompanied Captain, after Lord Keppel, in a voyage up the Mediterranean. At Minorca and other places at which the vessel stopped, he employed himself in painting portraits; and so well were his finances recruited by these means, that he was enabled to accomplish the pilgrimage, without which no artist-education is considered complete. To Rome, then, the student wends his way; and there, surrounded by the triumphs of the great past, his mind was enlarged and improved. It is said, however, that he was not at first so thoroughly imbued with admiration for the works of the old masters as might have been imagined. He himself confesses that, despite his early enthusiasm, he was disappointed at the first sight of the works of Raphael in the Vatican. "Notwithstanding my disappointment," he says, in his notes to the works of Du Fresnoy (published in 1782), "I proceeded to copy some of those excellent works. I beheld them again and again. I even affected to feel their merit, and to admire them more than I really did. In a short time a new taste and new perception began to dawn upon me, and I was concerned that I had originally formed a false opinion of the perfection of art; and since that time, having frequently revolved the subject in my mind, I am of opinion that a relish for the higher excellences of art is an acquired taste which no man ever possessed without long cultivation, great attention, and much labour."

On his return to England he painted a whole length portrait of his friend and patron, Commodore Keppel. This was so much admired by the town, that Sir Joshua rose at once into popularity, and took higher rank as a painter than any since the days of Sir Godfrey Kneller.

The history of Sir Joshua Reynolds from this period is but a record of art-successes. So greatly was his style admired, that the highest personages in the land deemed it an honour to have their portraits painted in it. He was probably the first English portrait painter who, while he preserved the likeness of the sitter in the most exact manner, so idealised and refined his subject as to render the finished picture of far higher value as a work of art than as a mere portrait. In fact, the English

school of portrait painters may be said to have been founded by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In that best of all biographies, "The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., by James Boswell, Esq.," and in other works of the time, we have frequent glimpses of Sir Joshua. Now, it is at his house in Newport-street, Covent-garden, where, in 1758, his time became so valuable as to oblige him, in the words of Johnson, to "raise his price to twenty guineas a head;" now among the associates of the Literary Club, founded by himself and Dr. Johnson; now at a dinner at the Crown and Anchor, in the Strand, in company with Goldsmith and Dr. Burney; and, lastly, in the painter's own house in Leicester-square, to which he removed in 1761, in which his greatest successes were achieved, and in which he died. This house afterwards became the residence of the Earl of Inchiquins, and was till lately occupied by the Western Literary and Scientific Institution. Hogarth, John Hunter, and Sir Isaac Newton also lived in Leicester-square, which has been classic ground to the poet ever since.

To give anything like a list of the pictures which Sir Joshua painted about this time, would exceed our limits. The visitors to the National and Vernon Galleries, and the privileged few who have the right of gazing at the Queen's collection at Buckingham Palace, the fine gallery of pictures belonging to the Earl of Grosvenor, in Grosvenor-square, and the pictures in the halls of the City companies and the houses of many of the aristocracy, will remember how they have stood in silent admiration before the "Tragic Muse," the "Age of Innocence," "Cymon and Iphigenia," and portraits innumerable.

On the institution of the Royal Academy, in 1768, Sir Joshua was unanimously elected president; and at the same time he received the honour of knighthood at the hands of his sovereign. Though the task of delivering public discourses was no part of the president's duty, Sir Joshua voluntarily undertook the duty. In distributing the prizes to the students on one occasion, he told them how it was that he determined on the delivery of lectures.

"If prizes are to be given," said he, "it appears not only proper, but almost indispensably necessary, that something should be said on the delivery of those prizes; and the president, for his own sake, would wish to say something more than mere words of compliment, which, by being frequently repeated, would soon become flat and uninteresting, and being uttered to many would at last become a distinction to none. I thought, therefore, if I were to preface this compliment with some instructive observations on the art, when we crowned merit in the artists whom we rewarded, I might do something to guide and animate them in their future efforts." Thus were produced those fifteen admirable discourses which have ever since been considered as models of just criticism and profound knowledge of art. From the foundation of the Royal Academy to the year 1790, Sir Joshua contributed no fewer than two hundred and forty-four pictures.

In his private life this great painter was of an eminent literary and companionable nature. He was the friend and patron of his less fortunate brethren; and, through his incessant industry, he became the possessor of an ample fortune. After his death, which happened on the 23rd of February, 1792, his pictures and works of art, collected with great care and taste from various parts of Europe, were sold for £16,947 7s. 6d. He was buried in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, near Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect of the building, and a statue, from the chisel of Flaxman, has since been erected to his memory.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds," says the illustrious Burke, "was one of the most memorable men of his time. In taste, grace, facility, happy invention, and the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the ancient masters. In portraits he went beyond them; for he communicated to that description of the art a variety, a fancy, and a dignity, derived from the higher branches, which even those who possessed them did not always preserve. His paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to be derived from his paintings. He possessed the theory as perfectly as the practice of his art. To be such a painter, he was the profound and penetrating philosopher. In the full affluence of fame, admired by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour never forsook him. His talents and social virtues rendered him the centre of a variety of agreeable societies, which were dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy—too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time could be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow."

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.—Chapter I.

By Xanthus.

The local customs observed at funerals, like those of marriage, of which we have already spoken [seeVol. I., p. 306], are also greatly modified by climate, race, religious opinions and civilisation; and will ever be deemed an interesting subject of investigation, since in all countries their observance affords to survivors a last opportunity of testifying their affection and respect for the beloved friends of whom the hand of death has deprived them. There is something wildly mournful in the ceremonials which are still kept up by many of the negro tribes in Central Africa. When the head of one of their families has breathed his last, his more distant relatives are summoned to wail over him by the loud cries of a female who goes about for this purpose tearing her hair, whilst the body is washed with oils and wrapped in straw mats and cotton cloths ready for interment; after which the different relatives assemble around it. The friends continue their audible lamentations over the deceased until the following day, when, amidst the beating of drums and violent shrieks of hired women, the remains are deposited in an oval-shaped hole in some lonely forest, which is then surrounded by thorns to deter wild animals from molesting it. These women are afterwards treated with palm wine, and for eight succeeding days they collect round the grave, morning and evening, to weep aloud; often saying to the dead man, "Hadst thou not wives, and arms, and horses, and pipes, and tobacco, wherefore then didst thou leave us?" In some places the negroes build a hut under ground in which the corpse is placed with supplies of food, water, and tobacco, and to the roof, which projects above-ground, are fastened the bow and arrows and lance of the deceased; these preparations being made, because they believe the soul of the departed frequently returns to the body for some time, after which they think it passes into some other form. A woman's grave is occasionally distinguished by a pestle and mortar being affixed to the roof, and the burial places of both sexes are ever regarded with great veneration, whilst an African prince is honoured by interment in his own habitation, and the anniversary of his death is dutifully commemorated by the reigning prince, who annually visits his abode, and offers up prayers, while he throws millet into the enclosure.

The Hindoos preserve many singular customs, and it is curious that amongst them cloth-dealers and weavers alone bury their dead; in all other cases the funereal rites are performed as soon as possible after decease, because those of the same household may not eat until they are concluded; they resemble those of the Africans, inasmuch as hired women, who tear their hair and shriek, continually attend. A Brahmin first ties a species of dog-grass, considered sacred, round the dead man's finger: purifies the house with holy water, and prayers are offered up, whilst fire is brought into the room, and cow-dung thrown into it, and the Brahmin whispers the ceremonial of initiation in the ear of the deceased. The principal mourners while this is being done, cause their heads to be shaved, in the hopes of thereby increasing the happiness of the departed in the next world. In the evening a hole is broken in the outer wall of the house, through which the corpse is carried, placed in a sitting posture upon an open sedan-chair; and preceded by torches and mournful blasts of long trumpets. On arriving at the cemetery, the friends, with praiseworthy caution, make sure that life is certainly extinct, and then throwing rice, butter, betel, and fruit on the pile, the body having been first laid upon it, the oldest relative present sets fire to the wood, and the corpse is consumed amidst loud wailing, music, and funeral songs. The ashes are afterwards collected and thrown, if possible, into one of the sacred rivers, such as the Ganges, the Kishna, and the Jumna, and which has previously received the ashes of the deceased's ancestors. Inferior castes, however, sometimes omit

the burning, and wrapping their dead in a coarse white sheet bury them like the Europeans do, only they shave their beard, head, and mustachios, and for several days fast from chewing their favourite betel. The inhabitants of some of the large Asiatic islands keep the corpse much longer, even the poorest, for several weeks, those of persons of rank being detained from burning for one to two years; and the interment of members of the royal family is attended by a terrible barbaric custom of sacrificing by the hands of executioners a certain number of their household slaves, selected by the king from the crowd of eager devotees, for those who do not thus offer themselves are imprisoned for life; the chosen ones are then put to death by the dagger before the royal corpse arrives at the burning pile. This long preservation of the body probably arises from the dislike naturally felt by all to be deprived of the last relics of the departed, which amongst the Hindoos are borne away for ever by their sacred streams; but in New. Holland, now better known us Australia, and where dead bodies are also sometimes burnt, the ashes are carefully collected and buried in spots marked by logs of wood. More commonly, however, the natives of that immense island place their dead in canoes without burning, along with a spear and a throwing-stick, and they are thus borne to the burial-ground whilst the attendants wave long tufts of grass backward and forward, as if exorcizing evil spirits. The canoes are placed in grass-lined graves to the music of drums, great care being observed in placing the canoe so as to let the sun shine on it; intercepting shrubs being cut down to facilitate the free passage of its rays; and small shrubs are planted over the grave when covered in, which is also distinguished by boughs and tufts of wild grasses.

Quitting these pagan nations, the still uncivilised hordes of Russia and her dependencies seem to afford a natural bridge for our passage over the gulph which divides the observances of heathenism from those of christianity, as it exists in more cultivated portions of the globe. As soon as death has taken place in Russia, a priest anoints the body with incense, to the accompaniment of prayers and sacred songs; and those who can afford it pay for a succession of priests to carry on similar religious observances day and night, until the interment, which generally takes place about eight days after death. Before the coffin is closed, every one kisses the departed; and a benediction having been pronounced, and incense poured on all present, the bier is carried into the church, preceded by choristers, and tapers born by priests. The 91st Psalm is sung, followed by the prayers and anthems of the Greek church, said to be often exquisitely beautiful; and when the body is lowered into the grave, the funeral anthem to the Trinity is duly performed, whilst the priest throws dust crosswise on the coffin, and pours oil from his lamp on its lid, the ceremonial concluding with a prayer for the everlasting happiness of the deceased. Sometimes a religious commemorative service is conducted in the church on the third, ninth, and fortieth days after the funeral, and another is celebrated annually, in addition, so long as the mourners survive. The more savage tribes drink mead at the grave from a bowl, with wax tapers stuck round the rim, their women at the same time keeping up a species of musical howl, and every one bowing to the ground and crossing themselves repeatedly; and the Siberians burn candles over their sepulchres, and not unfrequently dig away the earth from them at night, in order to introduce food into the sepulchre, money being buried with the dead, in the expectation that they will need it wherever their souls are gone.

A singular source of revenue to Spanish monastries arises from the sales of monks' and nuns' habits, in one of which every corpse except those of the grandees is interred. A public coffin is also kept in each church, which is used on all occasions, the body being buried without one, and it remains open while on its way to the burial-ground, and a rosary is placed in the hands of the deceased, or, if it be a young unmarried woman, she wears a crown of flowers, and carries a palm-branch in her hand. The sorrowing parents of children who die under seven years of age are obliged to listen to congratulations, since baptism is supposed to insure the entrance of their offspring into the kingdom of heaven. When they die before human beings become responsible—a period which the catholics have determined lasts seven years—the remains of these infant children, who are called "little angels in Heaven," are crowned with flowers, and dressed in white, as is the officiating priest; the bells ring joyful peals, and the thanksgiving Psalm is uplifted, "*Laudate pueri, Dominum,*" whilst no mourning garb is permitted to the bereaved relatives who follow their darlings to the tomb. An ancient custom is still observed in Spain of erecting crosses on the highway to the memory of those who perished by the hands of brigands, and the peasantry, as they pass them, throw a stone on the heap at the foot of each cross. In the Dutch states, the funerals of the rich commonly take place at night, by the light of large lanterns, a canopy sheltering the open car containing the hearse, and, if the deceased died unmarried, white gloves are worn—and black gloves if married. Numerous mourning coaches and a large retinue of undertakers generally attend, who are attired in the deepest mourning. But in country places, interments are conducted very simply, a common wagon generally conveying the coffin, as well as the nearest relatives. When young children are buried, bunches of flowers are fastened to the coffin, and the bearer carries in his mouth a green twig, whose leaves are afterwards strewn over the grave; and, after this part of the ceremony, the undertaker frequently returns thanks for their attendance to the friends assembled round the grave, who thence depart to their separate homes. In some cases the company return to the house of mourning, and partake of old Rhenish wine in goblets of green glass, used only on these mournful occasions—a custom in other districts compounded for by presenting each of the company with drink money at the grave. In Zeeland or Friesland much feasting goes on at funerals, and is thought to be a remnant of ancient customs when banquets used to be prepared amongst the northern nations after death had occurred, to propitiate the manes of the departed. In the South Sea Islands the savage custom is still maintained of survivors manifesting their sorrow for a deceased relative by bruising themselves with their fists, cutting and wounding themselves with clubs, stones, sharp shells, and knives, and striking their heads so violently as sometimes to occasion a temporary loss of reason. Their chiefs are buried in vaults lined with large stones, and they are usually eight feet long, six wide, and eight deep, and a kind of shed is erected over the grave, from which are suspended pieces of stuff with black stripes, the coarseness of the material being considered emblematic of deep grief. When the mourners return from the burial-ground, they sing aloud, that all who may be in the adjacent roads or fields may have time to hide themselves, as the sacrilege of looking on a funeral procession is punishable by death on the spot; and the same wild people evince their regret on losing a friend by burning their cheek bones, the places being rubbed with astringent juice, and the blood thus produced smeared round the wound to the diameter of two inches; and similar strange customs are often carried on for twenty days after the death of one of their chiefs. In Otaheite, when a person is known to have expired, the relatives assemble immediately to weep over the dead body, and the next day it is wrapped in cloth, and carried in a bier to the sea-shore, where the priest prays aloud, and sprinkles water around, but not on the corpse. This is repeated several days, whilst a shed is erected, differing in size, according to the rank of the deceased, in which the body is then placed, and left to waste away till the flesh is wholly gone. These sheds are adorned with garlands, and pieces of cloth and food are kept close at hand, the former being supplied to receive the tears of the mourners, as a sort of oblation. They also cut off and throw their hair into the bier. Finally, the bleached bones are delicately washed, wrapt up in cloth, and buried. These funeral observances vary considerably in the different islands of the Indian Archipelago, and the inhabitants of Sumatra testify their regard to the departed in a mode much more consistent with our notions of propriety on such sorrowful occasions. Each village possesses its own cemetery and its own broad plank, constantly kept purified with limes, on which the dead are conveyed to their resting place, swathed in white cloth. After the grave is dug, a cavity is cut in one side, just large enough to hold the corpse, which is laid within it, covered with flowers, and protected by two boards, fastened angularly to each other, one resting on the body, while the other fills up the open side of the cavity, its edge touching the bottom of the grave. When the excavation is filled up, small white streamers and shrubs, bearing a white flower, or marjoram roots, are neatly planted over the grave, which is duly visited by the survivors on the third and seventh days, and at the end of twelve months two or three long elliptical stones are placed at the head and foot, on which occasion a buffalo is dressed and devoured, its head being left their to decay in testimony of the honour which has been paid to the deceased in feasting to his memory.

SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

Wonderful Provision of Nature.—Although eels, notwithstanding their voracity, are not, perhaps, very destructive to salmon in their active state, their habits are such that they would exterminate the species, were it not for a very singular provision of nature, which, as we do not remember ever to have seen it dwelt upon or alluded to, it may be worth while to notice in passing. The history of their spawning is the converse of that of the salmon's, for whilst the latter is oviparous, and produces in fresh water, the former is viviparous, and produces in the sea; and it so happens that when the salmon is hurrying up towards the very sources of rivers on the great errand of generation, the eel is hurrying on the same errand to the depths of the ocean. Were the eel to remain in the river after the salmon roe is deposited, and covered in, its voracity, and habit of boring in loose gravel, and even under large stones, would disturb the beds, and lead to the annihilation of the whole salmon tribe. But at this critical time the two creatures are driven, by the same instinct, towards different poles; and before the eel re-appears in fresh water, the salmon roe has undergone a series of transmutations, emerged from its sub-aqueous dormitory, and becomes a little fish, fragile, indeed, and tiny, but in the highest degree vigilant and nimble—not capable of confronting a single one of its numerous enemies in the open field, yet disconcerting and defying them all by the celerity of its flight. Is this an evidence of design, or is it a stroke of chance?

The Formation of Pearls.—These jewels of animal origin, so highly prized for their chaste beauty, are only the rejected or superabundant secretions of a shell-fish, consisting of concentrically disposed layers of animal matter and carbonate of lime. In most instances they are consequences of the attempts of irritated and uneasy mollusks to make the best of an unavoidable evil; for, rendered uncomfortable—their peace of mind and ease of body destroyed—by some intruding and extraneous substance—a grain of sand, perchance, or atom of splintered shell—the creature incloses its torturing annoyance in a smooth-coated sphere of gem-like beauty. Would that we bipeds could treat our troubles so philosophically, and convert our secret cankers into sparkling treasures! It is not to be wondered at that the earlier naturalists ascribed the production of pearls to other causes than the true one, believing them to be congealed and petrified dew of rain-drops falling from heaven into the cavities of gaping shell-fish, thereby supplying the poets with a suggestive hopothesis, out of which many a beautiful verse and quaint conceit has sprung. There is, indeed, a version of malacology peculiar now to the poets, but originally derived from the fanciful dreamings of unobservant zoologists, or their credulous acceptance of the narratives of superstitious fishermen and exaggerating travellers. To it belongs such pretty but imaginary actions as the voyages of the nautilus, floating, with outspread sails and paddling oars, on the surface of unruffled seas, the terrestrial expeditions of the cuttlefish, and the dewdrop theory of pearls. Long after such errors had been investigated and exposed, and consequently expunged from the text-books of scientific students, they retain a tenacious hold of more popular treatises, and keep their accustomed place in the compilations put into the hands of children. Indeed, a general revision of all the pretended facts of science, stereotyped, as it were, in schoolbooks, is becoming more and more desirable every day.

Preparation of Phosphorus from Bones.—M. Donovan, in the *Philosophical Magazine*, recommends the following as the easiest and cheapest processes for obtaining phosphorus:—"Take of dense bones, crushed or broken into small pieces, as many pounds as may be deemed sufficient—say 10 avoirdupois pounds. Digest them in a mixture of six pounds of commercial nitrous acid and five gallons of water for a few days. When the bones feel perfectly soft and flexible, strain off the liquor, and add to it eight pounds of sugar of lead dissolved in a sufficiency of water. An abundant precipitate will appear; wash and dry it by heat in the manner already directed. Its bulk will be reduced to one-half if it be heated red-hot in a crucible. Mix it well with one-sixth of its weight of fine charcoal-powder or lampblack, and distil out of large earthen retorts properly prepared. The phosphate of lead resulting from the above process would, according to my trial, amount to 91¼ ounces avoirdupois. Giobert states that 100 parts of phosphate of lead, precipitated from urine by acetate of lead, afforded from 14 to 18 parts of phosphorus. If this be a correct estimate, the 91¼ ounces should return from twelve ounces to one pound of phosphorus. A large quantity of cartilage is also obtained, which is well calculated for making size, glue, and for many other purposes. The following is a shorter, neater, and less troublesome, although a little more expensive process for obtaining phosphorus, which may be employed when the quantity required is not very large. Take of unburnt shavings of hartshorn 1 avoirdupois pound; digest it for hours in a mixture of 17 ounces weight of commercial nitrous acid and one gallon of water. Strain the liquor, and add to it 1¼ pound of sugar of lead previously dissolved in a sufficiency of water; mix, and let the precipitate subside. Pour off the supernatant liquor; dry and wash the precipitate as already directed; mix it with one-sixth of charcoal powder or lampblack, and distil as before. The charcoal-powder or lampblack will in all cases afford a better product if previously well calcined in a crucible covered with sand, or in any close vessel. The waste of phosphorus, by solution in the gas evolved during the subsequent distillation, will thus be much lessened, and the same end will be further promoted by a previous exposure of the phosphate of lead to an obscure red-heat, which will also cause a reduction of bulk to one-half."

Improvements in the Manufacture of Boots.—Mr. P. Whebley has recently enrolled a patent for improvements in the manufacture of boots and in rendering them waterproof. The specification describes a new method of nailing and pegging the heels of boots and shoes; secondly, a method of producing a new material from scraps of leather and other substances; and, thirdly, an improved method of waterproofing. The machinery for nailing and pegging is described at length, but the *rationale* is simple. The heel of the boot is placed in a recess or cavity, made to receive it, in the upper plate of a fixed frame, and is secured there by a screw and last above. There are a number of small holes or perforations through a plate immediately under the heel of the boot; those agreeing in number and position with piercing tools, attached to a vertical slide, which being raised by the eccentric, the tool-plate will rise with it, and piercing-tools pass through the holes, and penetrate the heel of the boot, upon the downward movement of the vertical slide, the tools will be withdrawn; the action of the eccentric will now be suspended for a time. The attendant then slides the tool-frame so as to bring the second part of it over the vertical slide. This second part is somewhat similar to the first, and contains the nails or pegs previously placed in small recesses in the block, in which, under the nails, are also mandrills. The eccentric then again comes into action, and acting upon the vertical slide, pushes up the mandrills, and forces the nails or pegs into the holes in the heel of the boot previously made by the piercing tools. The descent of the vertical slide enables the boot to be removed and replaced by another, to undergo a like operation. The second part of the specification is: forming a composition of scraps or pieces of leather with gutta percha or caoutchouc. The scraps or cuttings of leather are first well washed in warm water; then taken out and partially dried; then steeped for a time in a solution of size or glue until fully saturated. It is then placed in a box or trough, the bottom and sides of which are perforated with holes to allow the escape of the superabundant portion of the solution. While in the box, it is submitted to a very considerable pressure to consolidate it. It is then taken in the state of a hard block to a cutting or rasping machine, which consists of apparatus arranged and worked somewhat like a chaff-cutting machine. By this operation, the composition is reduced to fine scraps or shreds; it is then steeped in warm water, and well washed to remove the glue. The washed shreds are then combined with melted gutta percha or caoutchouc in proper proportion, and reduced to a state of sheet or plate, by passing it between rollers, to any desired degree of thickness for the purposes required, and then used for many purposes to which ordinary leather is applicable. The third part is a mode of rendering boots and shoes waterproof. This is by employing thin sheets of gutta percha, and laying them over the lasts previous to the formations of the boots or shoes.

The Nizam's Diamond.—The *Calcutta Englishman* has the following from a correspondent at Hyderabad:—"The Nizam has contributed a large rough diamond, weighing seven tolahs, towards the payment of his debt to the company. The diamond was consigned to the minister the day before yesterday, and was yesterday brought to the resident, it is supposed, as part payment of the debt, and I hope it has been accepted. Taken in round numbers, the diamond weighs 400 carats, and is the largest diamond next to the Brazil diamond. The Koh-i-Noor, I have heard, weighs but 300. The diamond of the Nizam will not permit of its being cut into a perfect brilliant; and I therefore presume that the cutting being adapted to its shape, it need not lose more than one-fourth in the operation."

Currents of Water.—The distance to which currents can transport solid matter in the ocean may be well illustrated by the action of the gulf stream which sweeps from the Guinea coast by the Gulf of Mexico, and then traverses so great a portion of the North Atlantic, for it carries timber and tropical fruits within the influence of the littoral indraughts of Iceland, Norway, and Ireland. Major Sabine's observations on the sea-current of the Maragnon, show, at a distance of 300 miles from its mouth, the fresh water of that mighty river floats on the heavier water of the sea, and retains its earthy discolouration.

MISCELLANEA.

An Intellectual young Lady.—"Oh, mamma, I asked Miss Brown, what is dew? She says it is the moisture imbibed by plants during the nights of the summer months. Now, mamma, dear, dew is the condensation of aqueous vapour by a body which has radiated its atomic motion of caloric below the atmospheric temperature."

Horrid American Depravity.—A base wretch, in the form of a man, was a few weeks since introduced to a lovely and confiding girl of sixteen. He pressed her hand, and said, in a thrilling tone, that he thought the "recent fine weather had rendered the ladies more lovely than ever." She blushed, and said, "Very." Her parents considered the matter settled, but he basely deserted the young lady, after addressing this pointed language to her, and has never called at her house since. We are glad to hear that her friends have taken the affair in hand, and caused this monster to be arrested in a suit for breach of promise—damages laid at 6,000 dollars. The scamp will be cautious in future how he trifles with the affections of young ladies, and break in fragments their loving hearts—the toughest muscles, by the way, in the whole body!

An Unimaginative Wife.—Jean Paul Richter gives us the portrait of a wife who could count the strokes of the town-clock between his kisses, and could listen and run off to the saucepan, that was boiling over, with all the big tears in her eyes which he had pressed out of her melting heart by a touching story or a sermon. She accompanied in her devotion the Sunday hymns, which echoed loudly from the neighbouring apartments, and in the midst of a verse she would interweave the prosaic question, "What shall I warm up for supper?" and he could never banish from his remembrance that once, when she was quite touched, and listening to his cabinet discourse upon death and eternity, she looked at him thoughtfully, but upon his feet, and at length said, "Don't put on the left stocking to-morrow—I must first darn it."

Life Assurance.—It unfortunately happens, as no man believes he is likely to die soon, so every one is much disposed to defer the consideration of what ought to be done on the supposition of such an emergency, and while nothing is so uncertain as human life, so nothing is so certain as our assurance that we shall survive most of our neighbours. But it may, indeed, occur to any that the chances are very nearly balanced as to his dying at forty, and his reaching the uncertain age of forty-five, and that even five years may make a considerable difference in the amount of savings he may bequeath to his family. The determination to lay by often creates the power to lay by, and the first effort is the most difficult. Let it always be remembered that, in purchasing a life policy, a man purchases a certain amount of mental tranquillity, and thus he may actually extend his life by providing against the results of his death.

Easy to Take.—Dr. Goldsmith having been requested by a wife to visit her husband, who was melancholy, called upon the patient, and, seeing that the case was poverty, told him he would send him some pills which he had no doubt would prove efficacious. He immediately went home, put ten guineas in the paper, and sent them to the sick man. The remedy had its desired effect.

Sensible Ladies.—The young ladies of Dameriscotta, in the state of Maine, have recently formed themselves into a society for mutual improvement and protection. Among the resolutions adopted at a regular meeting, we find the following:—"That we will receive the attentions of no 'so-styled' young gentleman who has not learned some business or engaged in some steady employment for a livelihood. For it is apprehended that after the bird is caught, it may starve in the cage. That we will promise marriage to no young man who is in the habit of tippling, for we are assured that if he indulges that vice his wife will come to want, and his children go barefoot. That we will marry no young man who is not a lover of literature, for we have not only strong evidence of his want of intelligence, but that he will prove too stingy to provide for his family, educate his children, or encourage the institutions of learning."

Strength of Human Muscles.—Robert Francois Damiens, who attempted the assassination of Louis the Fifteenth, in 1757, after suffering the most unheard of tortures, was sentenced to be drawn in quarters by four horses. But although they exerted their entire strength, by drawing in four directions upon his limbs, for *fifty minutes*, the muscles were not torn from their attachments; and being still alive, the executioners were obliged to cut the tendons with a knife in order to answer the law, which was that the criminal's body should be drawn in quarters. Precisely the same course was resorted to in the case of Ravaillac, who assassinated Henry the Fourth, the horses being unable to dismember the criminal's body.

The Business of the Rich.—Surely that gentleman is very blind, and very barren of invention, who has to seek for work fit for him, or cannot discern many employments belonging to him, of great concern and consequence. It is easy to prompt and show him many businesses indispensably belonging to him, as such. It is his business to administer relief to his poor neighbours, in their want and distress, by his wealth. It is his business to direct and advise the ignorant, to comfort the afflicted, to reclaim the wicked and encourage the good by his wisdom. It is his business to protect the weak, to rescue the oppressed, to ease those who groan under heavy burdens, by his power—to be such a gentleman and so employed as Job was; who "did not eat his morsel alone, so that the fatherless did not eat thereof;" who "did not withhold the poor from their desire, or cause the eyes of the widow to fail;" who "did not see any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering;" who "delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him."

Charity.—Open thy hand to the poor according to thy ability. Meddle not with other men's occasions but where thou mayst do good, and hast a calling to it. And if it be in thy power to hurt thine enemy, let it pass; do him good if thou canst, and boast not of it: he that sees thee in private will openly reward thee. Lastly, let thy heart be kept always in awe of this want of charity, by continually remembering that thou hast of thy Saviour no other form of prayer to desire forgiveness for thyself, than that wherein thou covenantest to forgive others. All the other petitions we present to God absolutely: only this is conditional, that He forgive us as we forgive others. Our Saviour hath taught us no other way to desire it; and, in Matthew xviii., he shows God will no otherwise grant it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Clara S——n.—Language (says French) is the amber in which a thousand precious and subtle thoughts have been safely imbedded and preserved. It has arrested ten thousand lightning flashes of genius, which, unless fixed and arrested, might have been as bright, but would have also been as quickly passing and perishing as the lightning.

J. Lemming.—You are mistaken. "Elastic gum" is not, as you suppose, gutta percha, but Indian rubber. Gutta percha is *flexible*, but not elastic: Indian rubber is both flexible and elastic. Your proposed experiment, therefore, would prove a failure.

Thomas Kershaw wishes to know "what will stop the growth of a young man," and he states that "this is a question which greatly involves his interests!" Really, editors have strange questions put to them. Most young men are anxious to improve their growth. Our correspondent need not fear; certainly, if he can put such questions as this, *he* will never be a *great* man.

James Critchley.—We cannot undertake to give directions as to the most economical way of obtaining loans for the purchase of houses. We should think you might borrow £200, on the security you name, in your own neighbourhood.

A. B. C.—We have published "A Manual of the French Language," and are now publishing Lessons in French in the numbers of the "Popular Educator." Either of these you will find "easy and economical." You ask, also, "what they make porter of?" You had better inquire of some porter maker.

S. Thompson.—We believe the address of Messrs. Cowslade and Lovejoy is "Reading, Berkshire."

H. Brown.—Coarse house-sand is the sand usually employed, with charcoal, in filtering machines.

J. B.—A *copyhold* is a tenure under the lord of a manor; a holding by copy of court roll only; a tenure for which the tenant has nothing to show but the copy of the rolls made by the lords' court on such tenant being admitted to any parcel of land or tenement belonging to the manor. A *freehold* is land held in perpetual right. A freehold may be in deed or in law. A *freehold in deed* is actual possession of the land; a *freehold in law* is a right to such lands before entry. Some copyholds are as good as freeholds.

A Subscriber.—The English pronunciation is *Mez-zo-tin-to*; the Italian, *Met-zo-tin-to*. The former is that most commonly used.

A Labouring Man.—A History of America will, no doubt, appear in due course.

A Youth of Eighteen.—If you wish to travel with goods for sale, you must take out a hawker's licence, which, if you travel on foot, will cost 4s.; if with horse, 8s. You are scarcely eligible for the situation to which you refer.

Thomas.—The "pancreas" is that flat glandular viscus of the abdomen which in animals is called "the sweetbread."

Amico.—Your hint respecting etymology and pronunciation will be attended to.

Scraper.—Many receipts for razor paste are given. The following has been strongly recommended:—Prepared putty powder, one ounce; powdered oxalic acid, a quarter of an ounce; powdered gum, twenty grains. Make this into a stiff paste with water, and spread it evenly and thinly over the strop. With very little friction this paste gives a fine edge to the razor. Its efficiency is still further increased by moistening it.

T. Grove.—We are not aware that any person has ever attempted to estimate "the weight of the rock on which the equestrian statue of Peter the Great stands, at Petersburg."

Tyro.—Your question has been answered before. *Horse-power* is the power of a single horse to lift a certain weight in a given time; and this is fixed upon as a standard by which to estimate the power of steam-engines. Suppose, for example, one horse is able to lift a weight of 30,000 pounds one foot in every minute, then an engine capable of doing twelve times as much would be called *a twelve horse-power*.

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EGYPT; ITS EDIFICES AND ITS PEOPLE.

THE NILE.—THE ISLAND OF PHILAE.—ELEPHANTINE AND ITS RUINS.

THE traveller in Egypt will sometimes have a glimpse of that beautiful creature, the gazelle, with its graceful figure and beaming eyes, which has always been a favourite with Oriental poets, from whose writings it has been borrowed by our northern bards. It is the same animal which, under the name of the roe, is frequently alluded to in the Sacred Scriptures.

Nor will he fail to notice the palm-trees which grow in that remarkable country. One of these—the date palm—has its summit crowned with waving leaves, often six or eight feet in length, from which hang the clusters of dates—the fruit so valuable to many oriental people. In Egypt, the large leaves are used as fly-traps, to drive off the numerous flies that there cause much annoyance. Small bunches of the palm leaves also serve, in the houses, to cleanse the sofas and other furniture from dust. The lesser boughs are used for fences and bird-cages, and the large trunks sometimes form the timber of slight buildings, while the web-like integuments that hang among the boughs make excellent ropes. The Doum palm is another variety of this large and diversified class of trees.

Among the remarkable classes of people who are likely to attract the attention of the traveller, is that of the serpent charmers. The reptiles on which they exercise their art are chiefly cobras; perhaps because from their size and the deadliness of their venom, they offer the most surprising and convincing proofs of the charmer's skill. These men are generally of a separate and distinct caste, and arrogate, as might be expected, more credit for their powers than they are really entitled to.

THE SERPENT CHARMER.

"The charmer when he intends to draw forth serpents from their retreats," says Mr. Lane, "assumes an air of mystery, strikes the walls with a short palm-stick, whistles, makes a clucking noise with his tongue, and generally says, 'I adjure you by God, if ye be above, or if ye be below, that ye come forth; I adjure you by the most great name, if ye be obedient, come forth, and if ye be disobedient, die, die, die!' The effect produced on the serpent is, of course, not by the adjuration, but certainly by the knocking, and the whistling, and the clucking sounds, which experience has led the man to know will influence the snake; while the adjuration will have the effect designed on the by-standers."

The banks of the Nile are an unfailing source of interest, though unlike many others, since they have no water-plants, no weeds, or shrubbery, or anything of the kind at the water's edge, or for some distance from the shore. The height of the banks in most places; the scattered palm groves; the fields of grain ripening to the harvest; the villages seen at intervals, and as near the water as they can be placed, because of its all-essential importance; the flocks of sheep and goats; the occasional herds of cattle; now and then camels slowly trudging along; and when the river is getting low, the busy workmen at the shaduf or sakieh, giving note of the industry of the inhabitants—all these are features in an ever-varying scene, which rarely loses its interest or fails to gratify the beholder. But there is one extraordinary spectacle. The magnificent skies of southern Egypt, more glorious, or at least more marvellous, than aught ever seen in colder regions, exhibits stars spark-

ling like suns, while the surface of old Nile seems to glitter as if filled with diamonds.

The island of Philae has peculiar attractions. As its shore is neared, it is impossible not to be struck with the marked contrast of the scenery round about, and of that below the rapids. Usually, the banks of the Nile are of uniform height, without stones or rocks, save when the mountain range rises abruptly at the water's edge, and the eye sees, day after day, the same plain on either hand, with the villages, towns, and groves of palms, and the vast deserts in the distance beyond; but here, immense rocks not only encompass the river, and divide it into several smaller streams, but spring up in the very midst of the channel, and by their huge masses, and the lofty hills all around, give an air of wildness and almost sublimity to the scene. The island itself is picturesquely situated, and not inaptly deserves the name "beautiful," which has been given to it; and all surprise is lost that the Ptolemys should have chosen this remote and isolated spot for a grand temple, when it is gazed on for awhile, and its admirable position, and its adaptation to the purposes of religious solemnities are observed.

Clambering up a rather steep and high bank, the traveller is brought to the level of the ruined temples, which certainly present a most novel scene; for the whole island is devoted to the vast erections which have here been made; and not a living creature, or a sign of life, can anywhere be beheld. All the glory of Philae has passed away for ever, and its hundreds of priests and priestly attendants, and its crowds of worshippers, from the kings and nobles down to the peasant and the slave, are gone, and the place which once was theirs knows them now no more. Visitors wander through the ruins, and look upon the deserted halls and sanctuaries of pagan idolatry, alone and unattended, save perhaps by one or two little boys who have swam across the channel on a log of wood to salute them with the ever-ready cry of *bukshish!*

The principal building is the temple of the moon-crowned Isis; a stone staircase leads to the top of the temple or second storey. Here may be seen a chamber with a narrow portal, and a number of hieroglyphics and sculptured figures, which, according to Wilkinson, relate to the death and resurrection of Osiris, that deity of whom the Egyptian stood in such awe as to lower his voice and drop his eyes when he uttered the fearful adjuration, "By him that sleeps in Philae!" This interesting chamber is nearly over the western adytum, and is about fifteen feet long, by nine wide and eight high. Here, too, may be had a fine view of the island itself and the surrounding scenery. A large stone or rock on the edge of the water, opposite the northerly end of Philae, looms up very remarkably, and presents a form not unlike a vast altar or shrine; possibly it may have been used for some religious purposes. To the west appears the island of Biggeh, a wild and desolate spot, where are some few remains of early days, and one or two mud huts built in their midst; and to the south and west are seen the extent of the buildings here spread out, the narrow channels of the Nile, which flow on either side of this lovely island, and the arid and parched-up plains and hills of Nubia stretching away in the distance.

Passing through the portal the first propylon, there is a large open court, with a fine corridor on either hand, and near the commencement of the eastern corridor is the small chapel of Æsculapius. The sculptures on the propyla are colossal, and though in great measure defaced by the hand of violence, still evince the skill of the artist, and the taste and habits of the age. In the next passage-way, through the second propylon, appears the famous inscription which the army of Napoleon caused to be placed there, and which has not escaped disfigurement; and on emerging into the open space beyond, the travellers stand before the Great Temple, in all its imposing grandeur; while to the south, for a very long distance, appears a continued line of columns, more or less broken, on both sides of the area, terminating in what Irby and Mangles call "a large pylon formed by two moles:" here a lofty obelisk stands, and marks the extreme southerly end of the island. Formerly there were two obelisks, one on each side, at the close of the long colonnade; but at present only one remains, the other having been removed to England by Mr. Bankes many years ago. In this portion of the ruins are beheld the evidences of the uses to which the temples, after the fall of paganism, were devoted; for half-standing mud-huts, and great heaps of rubbish from their remains, lie all around, and, if possible, add to the desolateness of the scene: the same thing appears to be true in other parts of Philae, where such proofs of degradation of the living, contrasted with the grandeur of the ancient system of imposture and deception, are exceedingly painful.

At this point, too, is gained another fine view of the country above ancient Syene, and occasionally there is an opportunity to notice the difference between the Nubian race and the Arab population of the Lower Nile. The former are more brave and warlike, and, consequently, possessed of greater liberty than the people of the north. The fellahs of the villages are usually quiet and peaceable, and, having suffered from the hand of despotism being laid heavily upon them, are more degraded and less spirited than the dark-skinned inhabitants of the south. The island appears to be about two thousand feet in length, by perhaps three hundred feet in breadth in its widest portion. Nearly the whole is occupied by temples and buildings, spreading out a noble field for the examination and study of the chronologer and antiquarian.

Without dwelling upon the hieroglyphics or sculptures which abound on the walls and columns of the temples at Philae, attention may be directed to the character of the architecture, so different from that of every other land, and the singular brilliancy and clearness of the colours which have lasted so many centuries, and appear almost as if the work of the past year. In general, there is a heaviness about Egyptian buildings; the vast columns and immense stones which form the walls; the want of relief to a broad and high wall; and the singularly grotesque objects by which the artist sought to divert the attention from dwelling too closely upon the temple as a whole, appear to some as serious defects. Even Sir G. Wilkinson confesses that the architecture of the Ptolemaic period (during which Philae was devoted to the purposes of religious worship) has little to satisfy the mind or gratify the taste, and in speaking of Dendera, acknowledges that the style of the figure is graceless, the hieroglyphics profuse and ill-adjusted, the columns, looked at singly, heavy, perhaps barbarous, in appearance, and the walls tediously long and unrelieved; and though this language may appear too strong, as applied to Philae, it would perhaps, be generally felt that in these respects Egyptian architecture, as it now appears in ruins, is vastly inferior to that which prevailed in Greece and the west of Europe in later days.

At the same time it is but just to recollect that everything is seen under the greatest possible disadvantage, and, as the learned author of "Modern Egypt and Thebes" very properly says, "a temple did not present the same monotonous appearance (which it now does) when the painted sculptures were in their original state; and it was the necessity of relieving the large expanse of flat wall that led to this rich mode of decoration." But, however this may be, no one can look upon the richness of colouring which still exists, without astonishment; so balmy is the climate of Egypt, so remarkably free from dampness or moisture, and so well suited to the preservation of works of art, that to one who comes from a different climate, it seems well nigh impossible that he can be gazing upon decorations thousands of years old. Over head, he looks upon a ceiling representing the clear blue sky, bespangled with stars, and so fresh and brilliant are the colours, that it needs no particularly vivid fancy to imagine that the scene is veritably before him, and that the artist has not long since left the work which he has completed. On the walls and columns, over the pyla, and throughout the temple, he sees the green, and red, and yellow, and other colours used in adorning the sculptures, and in them too he recognises the same brightness and beauty, and hardly knows whether most to admire these, or mourn over the desolation which the ruins as a whole present.

Over the entrance to the main temple is sculptured that striking symbol, the winged orb. Two or three crosses of St. John, cut into the wall near the doorway, may be observed, and inscriptions in Greek under them, stating the fact that at one period our brethren in the faith of Christ here assembled to worship. This room is about forty feet square, and is adorned with ten noble columns, measuring fourteen feet round, and covered with carvings or sculptures of various sorts, many of which have been

defaced or plastered over as an easier way of hiding them from view. The capitals of the columns are all different in design, and have a singular effect, though it can hardly be considered good taste thus to seek ornament in an edifice of this sort. Doors are on either side, leading into smaller chambers, which once appear to have been elaborately adorned; the light comes from above, there being no windows in the room. Near one of the walls is a splendid block of granite, about five feet in length, which was probably used for an altar when the Christians occupied this apartment as a church.

Various inscriptions are to be found on the walls of the temple, some in Greek, stating how many nobles, warriors, statesmen, and others, came here to worship Isis, and beg her favour and protection; some in Italian, particularly one over the massive doorway to an apartment dedicated to the glory of Pope Gregory XVI. and the renown of the expedition which he sent out in 1841; and some in French, in the days of the older Republic, in which the names of the principal men are recorded with needless particularity, and the victories of the army are specified with all the grandiloquence of the Gallic nation. Besides these, the walls and columns, high and low, are disfigured with names of all sorts, and from all climes, perpetuating the memory of Mr. Softly's or Mr. Simpleton's visit to Philae. How important is it to the future traveller to know that Mr. S. has preceded him!

The rapids are no great matter; nevertheless, they are not to be despised, and except under skilful management, a boat would certainly be lost amid the rocks, if it should happen to get among them unawares. Looking from a hill near by at the cataract and its waters dashing down impetuously, several naked Arabs may sometimes be observed prepared to swim down the current, and exhibit their skill in reaching the smoother water below in safety. In they go, one or two with a log between their legs, but most of them without anything at all, and at one moment their heads will be above the water, and at another, not a trace of their tawny bodies will be visible. After a few minutes, dripping with the spray, they climb nimbly up the bank and demand *bukshish* for the sight which has been witnessed: it happily, will take only a few piastres to content them, and to send them off in high glee.

The modern town which answers to ancient Syene, presents few points of interest beyond those which all Arab towns and villages have in common. Syene was a place of importance in earlier days, being on the frontier of Egypt to the south; it is spoken of by the prophet Ezekiel, who denounced the judgments of God against the land of the Pharaohs:

> "Behold, therefore, I am against thee and against thy rivers,
> And I will make the land of Egypt utterly waste and desolate,
> From Migdol to Syene, even unto the border of Ethiopia."*

In later times, the emperor Hadrian sent Juvenal into banishment to this spot,† with the half-mock title of "Governor of the Frontier of Egypt," and it was here in exile that the great satirist died, four years subsequently, at the advanced age of more than fourscore years. At present, the most interesting objects in connexion with this vicinity are undoubtedly the quarries of granite, so well known under the name of syenite, or red granite. Nothing in Egypt is more calculated to impress the mind strongly with the skill and ability of the ancient inhabitants than what may here be witnessed. What instruments they must have possessed to separate from the solid mass such immense blocks of stone as are seen in every part of Egypt; and what machines they must have used to transport the obelisks, and statues, and sarcophagi to their destinations, often hundreds of miles distant! What is generally stated by writers on antiquities is scarcely credible, that this wonderful people had no tools of iron, but that all their work was postponed with so inferior a metal as copper or brass: if the fact be really so, it heightens the idea of their skill and capacity, and almost puts to shame the greatest efforts of art in modern times. It is a curious thing to see an obelisk nearly completed and wrought with care, lying as it were just ready to be removed; and it does not require much stretch of imagination to suppose that the workmen have only recently left it, and that instead of thousands of years which have passed away never to return, only a few days have elapsed since the skilful artisans of some old Pharaoh were singing merrily over their work.

Another very remarkable locality, up a steep ascent, gives an opportunity to observe the manner in which the ancient Egyptians used to cut off the blocks of stone. Several incisions about six inches deep and wide were made in the rock, at intervals of about ten inches; into these they appear to have driven wooden wedges, which being saturated with water by means of a small trench cut to contain it, expanded, of course, and broke off the block by their equal pressure. In some cases, probably, a violent blow or concussion was employed for the same purpose. "The nature of the rocks about Syene," Wilkinson says, "is not, as might be expected, exclusively syenite, but on the contrary, consists mostly of granite, with some syenite and a little porphyry. The difference between the two former is this—that syenite is composed of felspar, quartz, and hornblende, instead of mica, or solely of felspar and quartz; and granite of felspar, quartz, and mica. According to some, the ingredients of syenite are quartz, felspar, mica, and hornblende; but the syenite of antiquity, used for statues, was really granite. Indeed, many of the rocks of Syene contain all the four component parts; and from their differing considerably in their proportions, afford a variety of specimens for the collection of a mineralogist."*

Elephantine, the "Isle of Flowers," and according to Herodotus, the dwelling-place of the Ichthyophagi, or fish-eaters, lies opposite Aswán, and in many respects quite equals Philae in picturesqueness and beauty. M. Denon speaks of it and its ruins in very highly laudatory terms, as indeed, is his practice with nearly everything he saw in Egypt. No doubt the time was, when its temples, with the city of the same name, its quays and public edifices, which, as we are assured, were on the same grand scale as the sacred island of Philae, were exceedingly imposing and beautiful; but now it would be hard to find a more desolate-looking place than the major part of the island; and the few ruins that are still preserved, hardly repay one for the trouble of a visit, and for the sadness which arises in such a locality, and amid the ruins of such greatness. Here may be seen the scant traces of an ancient Nilometer, the remnants of an ancient quay, a mutilated statue of Osiris, a ruined granite gateway, and amid the heaps and rubbish of mud huts, and across the hills and fields, a small sarcophagus cut in the solid granite rock, but empty and disused, and without a mark to distinguish its age or owner. Much more attractive seem the green fields of grain, the stately palms, and the evidences of life, and of God's goodness and mercy; "for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust;"† and some will take more pleasure in going through the small village near the river, inhabited by Nubians, and catching a glimpse of their mode of life, than in all the remains of early grandeur which Elephantine presents to the admiring gaze of the traveller.

These poor people, dwelling in their mud huts, which would hardly be thought fit residences for the swine in our country, appear far from unhappy. Their wants are few and easily supplied; their climate, at some seasons, is delicious; their beautiful palms and other trees afford them shade from the scorching sun; and their huts, mean and contemptible as they are, according to our notions, serve to accommodate them and their numerous offspring in a style quite equal to their desires. But what *is* to be mourned over is their deep degradation in an intellectual and religious point of view. Nine out of ten know literally nothing more than the animals which they employ in cultivating the ground; and not one in a thousand ever attains to even the simplest rudiments of education: and then, when looked at as responsible creatures, as having souls, and as beings who will have to give account for the deeds done in the flesh, whether they be good or whether they

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* Ezek. xxix. 10.—xxx. 6. marg. reading.

† Some authorities mention other localities in Egypt as the place of his exile.

* Handbook for Egypt, page 417.

† Matt. v. 45.

be evil, what a sad picture do they present! Hardly any of them know aught, even of the false religion of the impostor, whose name serves to characterise them and thousands of others: seldom do the men pretend to pray, and the women, as, indeed, is the case everywhere under the detestable system which degrades them to the lowest possible level, never pray; and as they are never expected to have, so they never in reality have, any religion of any sort. O, is not this a matter to move the heart and bedew the eyes with tears! is there not reason for every Christian man, and woman, and child, to labour zealously and perseveringly, and to cry earnestly to God, to send help and lighten the darkness of myriads like these!

On this topic, however, we may not here enlarge. At present, the objects of interest along the Nile claim our attention, and we purpose to notice several of the most important points along the banks of the river, which, though contrary to what may appear the natural and proper order, is rendered necessary by the fact, that in ascending the Nile, we have left nearly everything to be examined at subsequent times. At Esneh, which is about a hundred miles north of Aswân, there are the ruins of

THE PALM TREE.

a vast temple, of which only the portico remains free from the mounds of rubbish and the huts of the villagers. The portico is of late date, containing simply the names of some of the Cæsars, as Tiberius, Vespasian, Trajan, &c. Wilkinson says: "The imposing style of its architecture cannot fail to call forth the admiration of the most indifferent spectator; and many of the columns are remarkable for elegance and massive grandeur. It was cleared out to the floor by order of Mohammed Ali, during his visit to Esneh in 1842."

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand;
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode,
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand!
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle reins were golden chains,
And with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night, he followed their flight
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream,
And the river horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed like a glorious roll of drums
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the blast of the desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away.

Misdirected Power.—Few things are more humbling to a mind whose sensibility is quickened by the nearness of death, than the recollection of wasted or misdirected powers. Many a trick played with conscience; many a tortuous scheme of policy, in which truth and justice were made of little account, are seen, it may be, for the first time in their real character, stripped of every subterfuge which disguised them; and the conscience revolts from its own handiwork. How pregnant with instruction are the bitter words of Wolsey!—words amongst his latest, and almost literally adopted by the greatest dramatist—"If I had served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs!" The last reflections of Newton taught him, too, humility; but a humility destitute of self-reproach. He felt the feebleness of his powers, the narrow limit of his opportunities, and his words serve, not as a warning to us to repudiate the pursuits he adorned with his genius, but as a lesson to reprove the presumption of self-confidence, and remind us that we do but touch the confines of truth. "I don't know," he said, "what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." Such is the beneficiting spirit of the inquirer; and the man who begins his investigations with this reverential self-diffidence, in emulating the temper of Newton, will be most likely to imitate his success.

ATMOSPHERIC RECORDERS.

Various instruments have been invented at different times for the purpose of registering the state of the atmosphere, the changes of the wind, the electrical state of the air, the fall of rain, and other natural phenomena. They are of vast importance in meteorological researches, where the changes of every element of research are perpetual, those which occur during the night being of equal importance to those which happen in the daytime. Many of our readers may have noticed, on the roof at the south-eastern corner of the Royal Exchange, a curious-looking little vane, with a number of lines attached to it, and probably wondered what its purpose was. That little vane is the outer portion of an Atmospheric Recorder which is placed in the underwriter's room in Lloyd's. Its purpose is to inform the ship-insurers as to the state of the wind at all times of the day and night. By an ingenious arrangement of cords from the vane above, a pencil is made to travel over an outline map of the world in the room below; and thus are the underwriters enabled, by a little calculation, to tell the probable state of the weather in all parts of the world, and increase or decrease the rates of insurance accordingly. This is an ingenious application of ordinary mechanical means to a very important end, and differs from that which is noticed below, inasmuch as no electrical agency is used. In the Crystal Palace there were exhibited many instruments of this nature, more or less complex. Mr. George Dollond, of St. Paul's-churchyard, exhibited an atmospheric recorder of which he is the inventor; and attached to the apparatus was a full description and explanation of it. For the purpose of enabling our readers to understand the operation of these instruments, we subjoin the particulars of the "Electro-magnetic Self-registering Vane," invented and constructed by A. Kruger, professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in the Gymnasium at Bromberg.

Observation of change in the direction of the wind by means of the common vanes, have numerous disadvantages. For not only is it difficult to mark the eight principal points with sufficient exactness for meteorological purposes, but at night it is utterly impossible to notice the variations, and in a majority of cases the vane is not visible from the place where the other meteorological instruments are in operation. The working of a vane placed over the house, and connected by bands with the observatory, is so complicated, that it is but seldom used. The above-named apparatus is

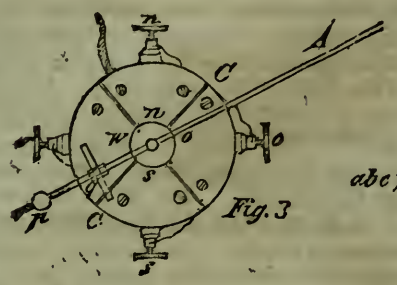


Fig. 3

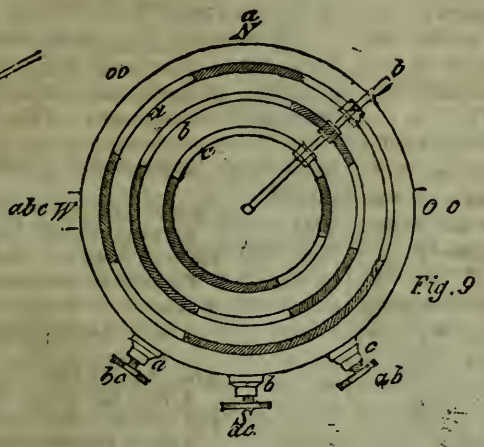


Fig. 9

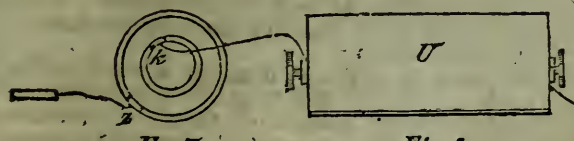


Fig. 7 Fig. 5

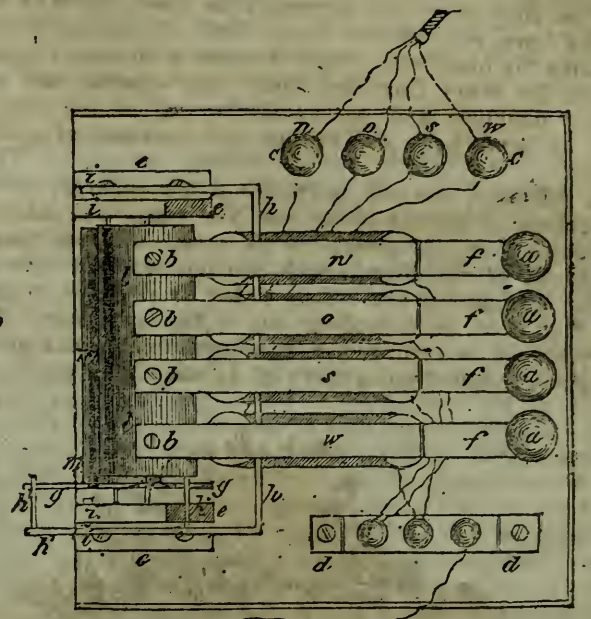


Fig. 1

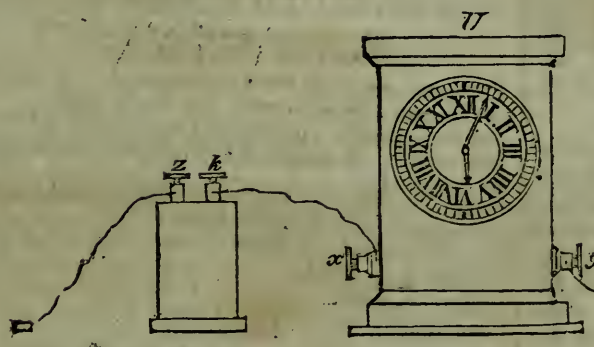


Fig. 8 Fig. 6

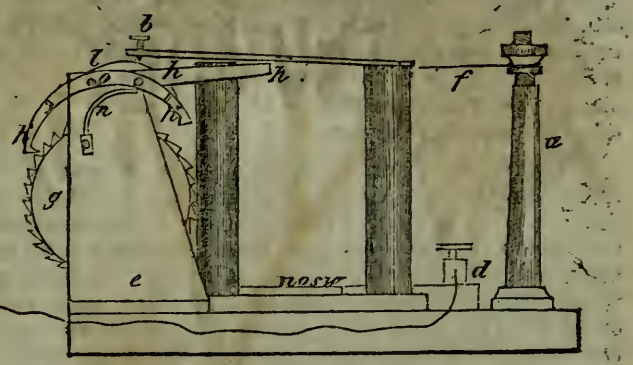


Fig. 2

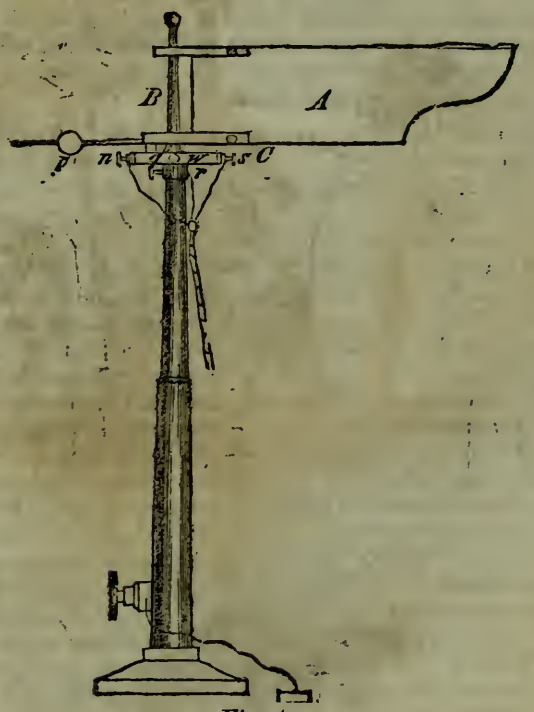


Fig. 4.

intended to remedy these disadvantages. It not only indicates the direction of the wind at any convenient distance from the vane, but also registers every change. The grand agent in operations of this kind is hydro-electricity. The action of this agent is different in the phenomena it exhibits from that of dry electricity, as shown by the ordinary electrical machine; for, whilst the latter exhibits its most remarkable properties by accumulation, even at rest, as in the charged jar, the electricity of the galvanic battery is scarcely perceptible, unless that which is called "the circuit" is complete. When the poles of the galvanic battery are connected by a continuous metal wire or other conducting substance—water, for instance—then, considering the battery as a conductor, the battery is said to be completed. The conducting circuit may be of any form, according to circumstances, the electricity excited during the time the battery is in action moving through it. Thus, in the anemometer before us (from the Greek *anemos*, the wind, and *metron*, a measure)—being provided with four electro magnets, each encircled with fifty feet of copper wire, and the galvanic circle being completed by quicksilver—the eight different points of the wind may be discovered at any time. By the same instrument the direction of the wind is hourly recorded. We will endeavour to explain *how*. The invention consists of—firstly, a registering apparatus; secondly, a vane; thirdly, a clock; and lastly, a galvanic circuit. The registering apparatus (figs. 1 and 2) consists of a system of four electro-magnets *n e s w*, which are connected by thin plates *f f f f* with the four brass columns *a a a a*, and can be adjusted by means of screws. These connexions are provided at the opposite ends with screws *b b b b*. Two cylinders of wood *l* and *m* turn on their axles in the brass sides E E. The cylinder *l* is situated immediately below the plates *b f*. The cylinder M is below the cylinder *l*, and is provided at its end with a catch-wheel *g*. A lever *h h*, bent twice at right angles, has its points of support in two conical sockets I I, which receive two screws through the brass side. The longest arm of this lever lies immediately below the plates *b f*, and is provided with the catch *d h'*, which stops the wheel G by means of the spring N. A long strip of paper is wound round the under-cylinder L, and is weighted at the free end, so as to be unrolled as soon as the catch is displaced. In the brass plate D are three screws; in the opposite side are four others *n e s w*.

The vane (figs. 3 and 4) consists of the tin vane A, which turns round the staff B. A small counterweight *p* balances it. Below the vane is a small round plate of ivory C, fastened to the staff by the screw R, in which are four brass sections, *n e s w*, each section being isolated by a narrow piece of ivory. A piece of metal *q*, which is fastened to the balanced end of the vane, and from the chord of an arc of 45 deg., passes gently over one or two, as the case may be, of the four sections. The four screws *n e s w* are connected with the sections.

The clockwork U, in figs. 5 and 6, completes the circle, which is broken between *x* and *y*. In the exhibited model quicksilver was used, as the mechanism was not of sufficient strength to form the connexion through a firmer metal.

In figures 7 and 8, *z k* is the galvanic power. The wire from one pole—for instance *k*—is carried through the clockwork to one of the screws *a*, and here divides into four branches *n e s w*. Each branch is coiled round one of the electro-magnets, and then proceeds to one of the four screws *a* (*n e s w*) *a*. Here they are twisted together, each being coated with gutta percha, and are led directly to the vane, where they end in the four sectional screws *n e s w*. The wire from the opposite pole enters the ground, and is connected by a wire with the vane. If, as an example, the vane points to *n*, the index at the balanced end immediately sweeps round to section *n*, and the current would take the following direction, as soon as the clock completed the communication:—It would pass through the wire connected with the section *n* to the electro-magnet *n* through *a*, and from thence round through the remainder of the circle. However, during the moment in which the clock completes the communication, the electro-magnet *n* becomes active; the metal hasp *n* dots the paper by means of the pointed screw *a*, which indicates a wind from the direction *n*; at the same time, the catch is raised, and the wheel *g* turns round the distance of one tooth, and the paper is unrolled for the same distance. If the vane indicates an intermediate distance, as S E, the indication sweeps across the sections *s* and *e*; at the same time, the current flows through the two branches S and E round the electro-magnets S and E, which mark S and E respectively in the manner already described.

The clock is also useful as a timepiece. To protect the four sections, the ivory circle can be covered by a tin hood fastened to the vane.

If the apparatus is only used for observations, and not for registering, the electro-magnets may be replaced by four multiplicators, with their indicators, which, when the circuit is completed, indicate the direction of the wind by the deflection of one or more needles. In this case a copper and a zinc plate, placed in damp earth at no great distance, are sufficient.

The inventor has succeeded in doing away with one electro-magnet and one wire in this invention. The wire divides into three branches, and surrounds three electro-magnets, and then connects itself with three points on the ivory circle, as in fig. 9. The ivory bears three concentric rings of metal *a b c*, which are partly sunk below the surface. The grooves are filled with an isolating substance. Each circle is connected with one of the screws, and by that means with one of the three wires. The point of the vane traverses in these circles with three cross pieces or three rollers; so that in particular directions of the wind the circle is completed either not at all, or through one or two or three branches, so that either none of the electro-magnets, or the multiplicators a, b, c, ab, ac, bc, or abc, are made active. The signs o, a, b, c, ab, ac, bc, abc, indicate the different directions of the wind. As the number of combinations is in all cases together $= 2^n - 1$, with *n* multicators $2^n - 1$ signs can be given. Therefore, if the direction of the wind is taken into consideration, in which the circle is not completed, 2^n directions may be observed with *n* multiplicators; for instance, with four multiplicators, *a b c d*, the following:—a, a, b, c, b, aa, ac, ad, bc, bd, cd, abc, abd, acd, bcd, abcd.

VISIT TO OLD CHESTER—EATON-HALL.

A LEAF FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

THE ancient city of Chester is situated south-west from Liverpool some sixteen miles, upon the river Dee. For its antiquity and memorable associations, no town in England is its equal. Its origin is of very remote date, but no reliable conclusion has as yet settled its exact foundation. In A.D. 61, the Twentieth Roman Legion garrisoned the place, and the walls were built, the same being extended in A.D. 73 by Marius, son of Cymbeline. On the point of its *very* early settlement, "King's Vale Royal" thus discourseth:—"The first name that I find this city to have been supposed to have borne was Neomagus; and this they derive from Magus, the son of Samothes, who was the first planter of inhabitants in this isle after Noah's flood, which now containeth England, Scotland, and Wales, and of him was called Samothea; and this Samothes was son to Japheth, the third son of Noah; and of this Magus, who first built a city even in this place, or near unto it, as it is supposed, the same was called Neomagus. This conjecture I find observed by the learned Sir Thomas Elliott, who saith directly that Neomagus stood where Chester now standeth." Under the memorable achievements of Julius Agricola, it became a Roman colony, and so continued for two or three centuries. It now contains twenty-seven thousand inhabitants. Amid its quaint old streets, time-battered walls, and ancient cathedral, the stranger finds a large field for contemplation. The walls, built of soft free-stone, are nearly two miles in circumference, and command an extensive and beautiful prospect of the surrounding country, embracing in the distance the hills of Wales.

It was a clear day in September when I visited Chester. A soft, hazy atmosphere threw a dreamy mellowness over the landscape, and, with the winding Dee before, the richly-cultivated meads around, and the grim old peaks in the distance shooting heavenward, the view was charming. I know every one does not recognise the beautiful, or reverence the antique; but I pity the man who can stand upon the embattled memorials of Chester, and enjoy no novelty of feeling or delight. To stand upon, walk upon, and touch the very ramparts of the old Roman Legion! You find yourself transfixed with a silence only equal to your dreaming mood.

The walls of Chester are the only perfect specimens of Roman fortification now to be found in the kingdom, and perhaps no sight-seeing in England would impress a stranger more forcibly. Here he stands upon the very work which has stood nearly eighteen hundred years. It is like addressing the dead of cen-

turies, and conversing with them in our own peculiar tongue. This would be the first emotion from which to recover: and as you emerge from this living tomb of feeling and memory, by degrees you find, scattered here, some rich and glorious evidences of a past race, and there, some faint tracery of an almost forgotten nation. O Tempus! "how have the mighty fallen!" The prestige, once a halo encircling the names, Vespasian, Trajan, Constantine, and the Cæsars, has faded into a venerable shadow, so dim, that you go softly for fear of chasing it away! But this is life! Happy the man who can walk with a quiet conscience even amid the humbler avenues of life, and at last compose himself calmly for the voyage to those regions from whence no navigator has ever returned. What a port is that!—the hulls and colours of all nations therein, but from which anchorage no piping blast or howling storm shall drift them. May it be ours to shun the reef and gain the port!

Of the many relics discovered in Chester, you have Roman pavements, altars, vases, rings, medals, stones with inscriptions, statues, tiles, and other indications of the dead race. Some thirty years ago, an altar was exhumed—now at Eaton Hall—upon which was this inscription:—

NYMPHIS
ET
FONTIBUS.
LEG XX
V V

Pure water springs up on the side of the town where this altar was found, which, no doubt, signified such a locality.

It is no more surprising than true, that, until recently, no spirit of inquiry or curiosity has been invoked by the inhabitants for these local antiquities of so renowned a nation. So in love are they with gain and self-aggrandisement, that these precious speaking memorials have never been fully appreciated.

The King's School, founded by Henry the Eighth, is a liberal institution. Twenty-four boys, of poor families belonging to the church, are maintained here for four or five years. They must come understanding the rudiments of grammar, and "given to learning," while the course of instruction is such as to qualify the pupils for any of the literary professions or commercial pursuits. There are also the Diocesan and Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster's Schools. The former has about two hundred pupils; the latter (gratuitous for the poor, established by the marquis) is capable of holding eight hundred scholars.

From Chester some three miles south is Eaton Hall, the home of the Marquis of Westminster. It is considered the best modern specimen of the pointed gothic in the kingdom, comprising a centre and two wings. It is built of light-coloured stone, brought from Delamere Forest, and the designs were furnished by Pordon. The building has been undergoing repairs for the past five years, and will not be finished for another twelve months. From this fact I was unable to enter and see its spacious and chastely-decorated rooms, and thus lost the view of the hall, saloon, ante-rooms, dining-room, drawing-room, library, the great staircase, state bed room, and chapel. In front you have a scene eminently beautiful—groves, gardens, the conservatory, mountains of Wales, Peckforton Hills, and Beeston Castle, with the gentle Dee, charming in its windings. I need not say here you have the perfection of English scenery. It is a survey that charms the eye, feasts the soul, and makes the pretensions of man and all his laboured ingenuity sink into insignificance.

The present marquis is of the noble house of Grosvenor, and traces his descent from illustrious Normans. At Eccleston, a pleasant little village two miles from Chester, stands a church of Gothic structure, built by the marquis, one of the best specimens of this order in England.

Eaton Hall is a lovely place, centering in a park three miles square, and, methinks, embraces all a mortal can desire. If you seek pleasantness, it is here; if beauty of God's world, it is here; if quietness, it is here; if splendour, it is here; if abundance, it is here. The effect such places and scenes have upon me is to make me appreciate more and more what the Creator has bestowed, while I am thankful I bear evidences of one living in a free and happy land. My country—God bless her!

WHITE'S HYDRO-CARBON GAS AT DUNKELD.

Dunkeld has taken the lead in introducing the hydro-carbon gas into Perthshire. This romantic city was first lighted up by it on the 23rd ultimo, to the no small delight of its inhabitants. The light is acknowledged to be both pure and splendid—the manufacture simple and easy—and the economy, as compared with the old process, very considerable. The apparatus is as suitable for coals and cannels as for resin, in combination with the gas from water. This water-gas is obtained by allowing a rapid succession of drops, or a small stream of water to fall upon a body of incandescent charcoal. A very large volume of pure water-gas is thus rapidly produced, which, being made to combine with the gas from our richer Scotch cannels, in its nascent state, is found to double and even treble the usual amount got from a given weight of coal, and of such purity that no smoke can be drawn from it. Surely such an invention must prove a general benefit, and can provoke no hostility either from the present owners of gas-works, or of coal-miners, the value of whose property it will considerably enhance.

We understand that, besides the various towns already lighted up by this system, some of the largest mills and manufacturing establishments in Lancashire and Yorkshire have adopted it, where twenty-four to forty thousand cubic feet per day (in winter) is required for one concern—a consumption equal to that of a good-sized town. Comrie, we learn, will be lighted by it within two or three weeks, and we doubt not with equal success.

This invention is exciting much interest abroad as well as at home. The government of Brazil have contracted for the lighting of the city of Rio Janeiro (exclusively) by this gas for the next 25 years—a city of 250,000 inhabitants—the preparations for which magnificent undertaking are now in full activity—Messrs. Laidlaw and Son, of Glasgow, the well-known extensive gasfitters and iron-founders, having a part of the large contract.

Dr. Franklin, Professor of Chemistry, Owen's College, Manchester, in his published report of this process, as applied to coals and cannels, thus sums up its striking advantages:—

1. It greatly increases the produce in gas from a given weight of coal or cannel, the increase being from 46 to 290 per cent., according to the nature of the material operated upon.

2. It greatly increases the total illuminating power afforded by a given weight of coal, the increase, amounting to from 12 to 108 per cent., being greatest when coals affording highly illuminating gases are used.

3. It diminishes the quantity of tar formed by converting a portion of it into gases possessing a considerable illuminating power.

4. It enables us profitably to reduce the illuminating power of the gases produced from such materials as Boghead and Lesmahago cannels, &c., so as to fit them for burning without smoke and loss of light.

5. In addition to these positive advantages, the use of this process does not incur any additional expense in the working of the apparatus, the wear and tear of retorts, or the purification of the gas; and, beyond a change of retorts, it involves no alterations in the construction of furnaces and apparatus at present employed in gas manufactories conducted on the old system.

UNKINDNESS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh! could I learn indifference
From all I hear and see;
Nor think, nor care, for others, more
Than they may care for me!
Why follow thus, with vain regret,
To serve a broken claim;
If others can so soon forget,
Why should not I the same?
Oh! could I learn indifference
From all I hear and see;
Nor think, nor care, for others, more
Than they may care for me!

There is no blight that winter throws,
No frost, however stern,
Like that which chill'd affection knows—
Which hearts, forsaken, learn!
What solace can the world impart
When love's reliance ends?
Oh! there's no winter for the heart
Like that unkindness sends!
Oh! could I learn indifference
From all I hear and see;
Nor think, nor care, for others, more
Than they may care for me!

ON THE MANUFACTURE OF PRESERVED FOOD.

As public attention has of late been directed to the use of preserved food in the navy, we take the opportunity of placing before our readers some certain information on this subject.

In the "good old times," if a vessel was sent to any distant part of the globe, it was not uncommon for half of her crew to be lost in the passage from the scurvy, and a large portion of the survivors so enfeebled by the disease as to be rendered unfit for service. When Anson set forth on his voyage of discovery, out of 400 men on board the Centurion, 200 died before the vessel reached the island of Juan Fernandez, and of the survivors only eight men were able to do their duty. The naval hospital at Haslar was always crowded with scorbutic patients; and so fatal was this disease, that in one year, out of 12,000 patients no fewer than 9,000 died.

The attention of the most eminent physicians of the day was directed to this appalling scourge, with the view of ascertaining its cause, and applying not only a remedy for the disease, but if possible, a means of prevention. It was satisfactorily shown that the want of vegetable food and the continued use of salted provisions was the cause; that the drinking of lemon-juice and the more frequent use of fresh provisions formed the surest preventives of this afflicting disease. It next became desirable to ascertain in what way these preventive measures could best be carried out in practice. As regards lemon juice, its incrustation in the form of citric acid at once presented a most portable and effective form for its conveyance, and every ship was directed to be furnished with a proper supply of that article.

THE BUTCHER'S SHOP.

THE KITCHEN.—MESSRS. RITCHIE AND M'CALE'S PROCESS.

As regards fresh provisions, many difficulties arose. The crew of a man of war, 800 or 1,000 strong, required whole flocks and herds of cattle to supply them with fresh meat; and where were these, and all the food necessary for their use, to be stowed away? About the year 1811, stimulated by the rewards offered by Napoleon, M. Appert devised a method of preserving animal and vegetable food, differing entirely from that previously adopted, and which consisted in enclosing partially cooked food in vessels either of glass or other material impervious to the air,

the bottles being filled as full as possible, and then hermetically sealed, after which they were exposed for some time to an elevated temperature, by being placed in boiling water. The object sought to be obtained was the exclusion of air, and so fixing the albumen of the meat as to render it incapable of being acted upon or decomposed by any minute quantity of air which might have remained behind.

It may be as well here to state that the decomposition which meat undergoes, and which renders it unfit for use, arises from the action of the oxygen of the air, in union with moisture, on the albumen or jelly constituents of the meat. If, therefore, we wish to keep meat sound and fit for food, we must use such means as will prevent the action of the oxygen of the air on the albumen before mentioned. Now the albumen may be rendered insoluble in moisture or water, or the moisture may be all abstracted from the meat, or the oxygen or air may be prevented coming into contact with the meat. In either of these cases, no decomposition takes place, and the meat remains sound and wholesome. Thus, in smoking or curing hams, we expose them if we apply any process, such as that of Appert's before-mentioned, by which means we can keep the meat out of all contact with the air, we also in this, as well as in the above-mentioned processes of drying and salting, keep it sound and fit for use. Independently of the injurious effects arising from the long-continued use of salt meats, another objection always attaches to it—viz., that in the process of salting, some of the most nutritious properties of the meat, such as the *kreatin* and *kreatinine*, which constitute the basis of muscular strength and power, and which should on no account be removed from the food we eat, are nearly, if not wholly, lost.

(*Continued in page 60.*)

to the heated air and smoke of burnt wood. This wood-smoke contains pyrolignous acid and creosate, which, together with the heat evolved, act on the albumen of the ham, and fix it or render it insoluble, so that by this means meat may be preserved without any previous salting. In the ordinary process of salting meat, the saline solution or brine formed by the action of the juices of the meat on the salt rubbed with it, act as a protecting shield from the influence of the air, inasmuch as it does not possess the power of absorbing oxygen from the air. Then, again,

THE PROVING ROOM.

THE STORE ROOM.

THE ARABIAN ASTROLOGER.

A MOORISH LEGEND.

MANY hundred years ago, say the old Moorish chronicles, long before Mohammed Aben Alhamar founded his kingdom, an Arab king, named Aben Habuz, reigned in Granada. In his youthful days he had led a life of constant foray and depredation; but now that he was old, he wished to end his days at peace with the world, and in quiet possession of what he had wrested from his neighbours. These commendable intentions of the pacific Aben Habuz, however, were sadly frustrated by certain neighbouring princes who were disposed to call him to account for the scores which he had run up with their fathers. Certain districts of his own territories, also, which during the days of his vigour he had treated with a high hand, were prone, now that he languished for repose, to rise in rebellion, and threatened to invest him in his capital. Thus he had foes on every side, and as Granada is surrounded by wild and craggy mountains, which hide the approach of an enemy, the unfortunate Aben Habuz was kept in a constant state of vigilance and alarm, not knowing in what quarter hostilities might break out. While he was harassed by these perplexities and molestations, an ancient Arabian physician arrived at the court of Granada. His grey beard descended to his girdle, and he had every mark of extreme age, yet he had travelled almost the whole way from Egypt on foot, with no other aid than a staff marked with hieroglyphics. His fame had preceded him. His name was Ibrahim Ebn Abu Ajeeb; he was said to have lived since the days of Mohammed, and to be the son of Abu Ajeeb, the last of the companions of the prophet. When a child, he had followed the conquering army of Amru into Egypt, where he had remained many years studying the dark sciences, and particularly magic, amongst the Egyptian priests.

This wonderful old man was gladly received, and honourably entertained, by the perplexed Aben Habuz. He would have assigned him an apartment in his palace, but the astrologer preferred a cave in the side of the hill which rises above the city of Granada, being the same on which the Alhambra has since been built. He caused the cave to be enlarged, so as to form a spacious and lofty hall, with a circular hole at the top, through which he could see the heavens and behold the stars, even at mid-day. The walls of this hall he covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics, with cabalistic symbols, and with the figures of the stars in their signs. The sage Ibrahim soon became the bosom counsellor of the king, who applied to him for advice in every emergency. On one occasion, when Aben Habuz was inveighing against the injustice of his neighbours, and bewailing the restless vigilance which he had to observe to guard himself against their invasions, the astrologer, when he had finished, remained silent for a moment, and then replied: "Know, O king, that when I was in Egypt, I beheld a great marvel devised by a pagan priestess of old. On a mountain, above the city of Borsa, and overlooking the great valley of the Nile, was a figure of a ram, and above it a figure of a cock, both of molten brass, and turning upon a pivot. Whenever the country was threatened with invasion, the ram would turn in the direction of the enemy, and the cock would crow; upon this the inhabitants were apprised of the approaching danger, and enabled to guard against it in time."

"God is great!" exclaimed the pacific Aben Habuz, "what a treasure would be such a ram to keep an eye on these mountains round me, and then such a cock to crow in time of danger! Allah Akbar, how securely I might sleep in my palace with such sentinels on the top!"

The astrologer waited until the ecstacies of the king had subsided, and then continued:

"After the victorious Amru (may he rest in peace!) had finished his conquest of Egypt, I remained among the ancient priests of the land, studying the rites and ceremonies of their idolatrous faith, and seeking to make myself master of the hidden knowledge for which they are renowned. Whilst thus employed, I succeeded in discovering a wondrous book of knowledge, which contained all the secrets of magic and of art. It had been given by Allah himself to Adam after his fall, and was handed down from generation to generation to king Solomon the Wise, and by its aid he built the temple of Jerusalem. Its resting-place, in a chamber of the central pyramid, was made known to me by an ancient priest; thither I penetrated, into the very heart of the pyramid, and found the precious volume lying on the breast of the mummy of the high priest who had aided in rearing that stupendous pile. I seized it with a trembling hand, and groped my way out of the pyramid, leaving the mummy in its dark and silent sepulchre, there to await the final day of resurrection and judgment."

"Son of Abu Ajeeb," exclaimed the wonder-struck Aben Habuz," thou hast been a great traveller, and hast seen marvellous things; but of what avail to me is the secret of the pyramid, and the volume of knowledge of the wise Solomon?"

"This it is, O king! by the study of that book I am instructed in all magic arts, and can command the assistance of genii to accomplish my plans. The mystery of the talisman of Borsa is familiar to me, and such a talisman—nay, one of greater virtues—can I make."

"O, wise son of Abu Ajeeb," cried Aben Habuz, "better were such a talisman than all the watch-towers on the hills of Granada. Give me such a safeguard, and the riches of my treasury are at thy command."

The astrologer set to work to gratify the wishes of the king. He caused a great tower to be erected upon the top of the royal palace, which stood on the brow of the hill of the Albaycin. In the upper part of it was a circular hall, with windows looking to every point of the compass, and before each window was a table, on which was arranged, as on a chess-board, a mimic army of horse and foot, with the effigy of the prince who ruled in that direction, all carved in wood. On each of these tables was a lance, no bigger than a bodkin, on which were engraved certain Chaldaic characters. This hall was kept constantly closed, by a gate of brass, with a great lock, of which the king kept the key. On the top of the tower was the bronze figure of a Moorish horseman, fixed on a pivot, with a shield on one arm, and his lance in rest.

Soon after the talisman was finished an opportunity occurred for testing its virtues. Tidings were brought one morning by the sentinel appointed to watch the tower, that the face of the bronze horseman was turned towards the mountains of Elvira, and that his lance pointed to the pass of Lope.

"Let the drums and trumpets sound to arms, and all Granada be put on the alert," ordered Aben Habuz.

"Fear not, O king!" said the astrologer; "Dismiss your attendants, and let us proceed alone to the secret hall of the tower."

On reaching the brazen gate, they unlocked it and entered. When they approached the seeming chess-board, the mimic army was seen to be all in motion. The horses pranced, the warriors brandished their weapons, and there was a faint sound as of a distant army on its march.

"Behold, O king," said the son of Abu Ajeeb, "a proof that thy foes are even now in the field. They are advancing through the pass of Lope, and if you would produce a panic and a bloodless retreat, strike these figures with the butt-end of this magic lance; but would you cause deadly feud and carnage, strike with the point."

"Son of Abu Ajeeb," chuckled the exulting Aben Habuz, "I think we will have a little blood!" So saying, he thrust a magic lance into some of the mimic effigies, and belaboured others with the butt end; the former fell as dead upon the board, and the rest, turning pell-mell upon each other, took to flight. The pacific monarch was with difficulty prevented from exterminating his foes. Scouts were despatched to the pass of Lope, and returned with the intelligence that a Christian army had advanced through the heart of the mountains, almost within sight of Granada, where a dissension had broken out amongst them. They had turned their weapons against each other, and, after much slaughter, had retreated over the border. In the first transport of his joy, Aben Habuz offered the aged maker of the talisman whatever he chose to ask for.

"The wants of an old man and a philosopher, O king," he answered, "are few and simple. Grant me but the means of fitting up my cave as a suitable hermitage, and I am content."

"How noble is the moderation of the truly wise!" exclaimed the king, secretly pleased at the cheapness of the recompense. He summoned his treasurer, and bade him advance whatever money the fitting-up of Ibrahim's hermitage might require. The astrologer now gave orders to have the cave still further enlarged, and had ranges of apartments formed in connexion with his astrological hall. These he fitted up in the most magnificent manner, furnish-

ing them with luxurious ottomans and rich divans; "for," said the reasonable Ibrahim, "I am an old man, and can no longer rest my bones on stone couches, and these damp walls want covering." He had baths, too, constructed, and provided with all kinds of perfumes and aromatic oils; "for a bath," said he, "is necessary to restore the suppleness of the frame withered by study, and counteract the stiffness of age." He caused the apartments to be hung with innumerable silver and crystal lamps, which he filled with a fragrant oil, prepared from a receipt discovered by him in the tombs of Egypt.

"I am now content," said the sage to the complaining treasurer; "I will shut myself up in my cell, and devote my time to study. I desire nothing more, except a trifling solace to amuse me at the intervals of my mental labour. I would fain have a few dancing women," said the philosopher.

"Dancing women!" echoed the surprised treasurer.

"Dancing women," replied the sage, gravely. "A few will suffice; for I am an old man, and a philosopher, of simple habits, and easily satisfied. Let them, however, be young and fair to look upon; for the sight of youth and beauty is refreshing to old age."

All things have an end, and the desires of the son of Abu Ajeeb were at last satisfied. The talismanic horseman and the mimic chess-men kept Granada from irruptions of the foe, whom the mysterious discomfitures sustained from time to time had rendered less ready to invade the territories of the peaceful Aben Habuz. One day, however, the mystic horseman veered suddenly round, and, lowering his lance, made a dead point toward the mountains of Guadix. The old monarch, tired of prolonged tranquillity, hastened gladly to the tower, but the magic table remained quiet. Puzzled at the circumstance, he despatched a troop of horsemen to scour the mountains. After three days, they returned, bringing with them a Christian damsel, of surpassing beauty, whom they had captured as she slept at noon beside a fountain. No traces of an enemy had been met with. The damsel was brought into the presence of the king, and his old heart grew warm at the sight of such transcendant loveliness.

"Fairest of women," said the enraptured monarch, "who and what art thou?"

"The daughter of one of the Gothic princes who lately ruled over this land. He has been driven into exile, and his daughter is a captive."

The cautious and far-seeing Ibrahim warned the king against being caught by her seductive charms, assuring him that she was the enemy pointed at by the magic warrior, and advising that she should be given up to himself, who had counter-spells that would set her witchcraft at defiance. The sage counsel and disinterested proposal of the philosopher found no favour in the eyes of the enamoured Aben Habuz. The disappointed Ibrahim retired in high dudgeon, and shut himself up in his hermitage, after giving a last warning to the infatuated king. For a time, the dangerous captive held the heart of Aben Habuz in delightful monopoly. He gave himself up to the full sway of his passion, and neglected all the affairs of his kingdom. The Zacatin of Granada was ransacked for the most precious merchandise of the east. Silks, jewels, precious gems, exquisite perfumes—all that Asia and Africa yielded of rich and rare—were lavished upon the obdurate princess. With all his assiduity and munificence, the venerable lover could make no impression on her heart. Whenever he began to plead his passion, she struck a silver lyre which she had when taken captive in the mountains of Guadix. There was a mystic charm in the sound. In an instant the monarch began to nod; he gradually sank into a sleep, from which he awoke wonderfully cooled in the ardour of his passion. Thus baffled, he alternately pleaded and slept, while all Granada groaned at the treasures lavished for a song. An insurrection broke out in the city, but it was speedily suppressed by the royal guards. A recurrence of these disturbances led Aben Habuz to think of retiring from the duties of his royal office to some quiet abode, where he might urge his suit, undisturbed by outward cares. In his perplexity, he sought the offended sage, whom he found amid the luxuries of his hermitage, chewing the bitter cud of resentment. Aben Habuz approached him with the appearance of regret at what had happened, and, in a conciliatory speech, made known his wishes. The softened astrologer regarded him for a moment from under his bushy eyebrows, and replied—

"And what wouldst thou give if I could provide thee such a retreat?"

"Thou shouldst name thy own reward, and, as my soul liveth, it should be thine," answered the king.

"Thou hast heard, O king," rejoined the sage, "of the garden of Irem—one of the prodigies of Arabia the Happy?"

"I have heard of that garden; it is regarded in the Koran, even in the chapter entitled 'The Dawn of Day.'"

"Even such a paradise, where the delights of heaven are enjoyed upon earth, can I make thee here, on the mountain above thy city."

"Make me such, O wise son of Abu Ajeeb! and ask any reward, even to the half of my kingdom."

"Alas!" replied the modest Ibrahim, "thou knowest I am an old man, and a philosopher, and easily satisfied. All the reward I ask is the first beast of burden, with its load, that shall enter the magic portal of the garden."

The monarch gladly agreed to so moderate a stipulation, and the astrologer began his work. In three days, by the power of his incantations, the garden and its palaces were complete. Its beauties can be "better imagined than described." All that could please the eye, or gratify the heart, was within it. At a late hour on the evening of the third day, the astrologer approached the king to "report progress," and announce that the earthly paradise was ready for his possession.

"Enough!" cried Aben Habuz, joyfully; "to-morrow, at the first dawn, we will ascend, and take possession."

The happy monarch slept but little that night. The first rays of the sun had scarcely forced their way over the snowy summit of the Sierra Nevada, when Aben Habuz, accompanied by the Gothic princess, on a white palfrey, and a splendid *cortege*, in the midst of which walked the astrologer, ascended the hill of the Albaycin. It was in vain that the eager king sought for the palaces and embowered terraces of the earthly paradise.

"Nothing, O king," explained the sage, "can be seen until you have passed the magic portal, on whose front you perceive the mystic hand and key which guard the entrance."

In silent wonder, Aben Habuz reined in his steed to gaze at the potent talismans, but the palfrey of the princess proceeded, and bore her in at the portal, to the very centre of the barbacan beyond.

"Behold," cried the astrologer, "my promised reward—the first animal, with its burden, that should enter the magic gateway!"

Wakening from his reverie to a consciousness of the trick, the enraged king exclaimed—

"Base son of the desert! name the richest gem in my treasury, or load the strongest mule in my stables with the wealth it contains, but presume not to juggle with thy king!"

"My king!" echoed the sage, derisively. "The monarch of a molehill to claim sway over him who possesses the talismans of Solomon! Farewell, Aben Habuz! reign over thy petty kingdom, and revel in thy paradise of fools! For me, I will laugh at thee, in my philosophic retirement."

So saying, he seized the bridle of the palfrey, smote the earth with his staff, and sank with the Gothic princess through the centre of the barbacan. The earth closed over them, and no trace of the opening remained. In vain did a thousand workmen dig. The flinty bosom of the hill resisted their implements, and the sage and his prize were nowhere to be found.

Aben Habuz was in time gathered to his tomb, and, after centuries rolled away, the Alhambra was built on the eventful hill. The spell-bound gateway still remains entire, and now forms the *Puerta de la Justicia* (Gate of Judgment), the grand entrance to the fortress. The old invalid sentinels, who mount guard at the gate in the summer nights, hear the strains of the princess's lyre soothing the love sick astrologer to sleep, and, yielding to their soporific power, doze quietly at their posts. And as the tale circulates around the winter firesides of the Andalusian peasantry, the credulous listeners devoutly cross themselves, and offer up an *Ave Maria* to be preserved from the charms of the Arabian astrologer.

HYDRAULIC MORTAR of a most excellent quality may be made of burnt clay, ground to powder, and of pulverised blue lias lime, mixed in the proportion of 2½ parts of the former to one of the latter. These substances are to be ground together between rollers, after which they are ready for use. This mortar has been employed with great success, for hydraulic works, on the Great Northern Railway.

THE MANUFACTURE OF PRESERVED FOOD.

(*Continued from page 57.*)

It appears, from what we have stated on a former page, that the best process for preserving meat is that of enclosing it in air-tight vessels, and keeping it in this state until required for use.

meat and vegetables are cut up and placed in the tin canisters, which are then filled as full as possible with *bouilli*, or good meat soup. The top of the canister, having a small hole in its centre, is thus carefully fixed on by hammering, and securely soldered down; these operations are represented by the engravings in the first column of this page.

The canisters are next placed in the framework of iron piping which traverses a cast-iron vessel, as represented below.

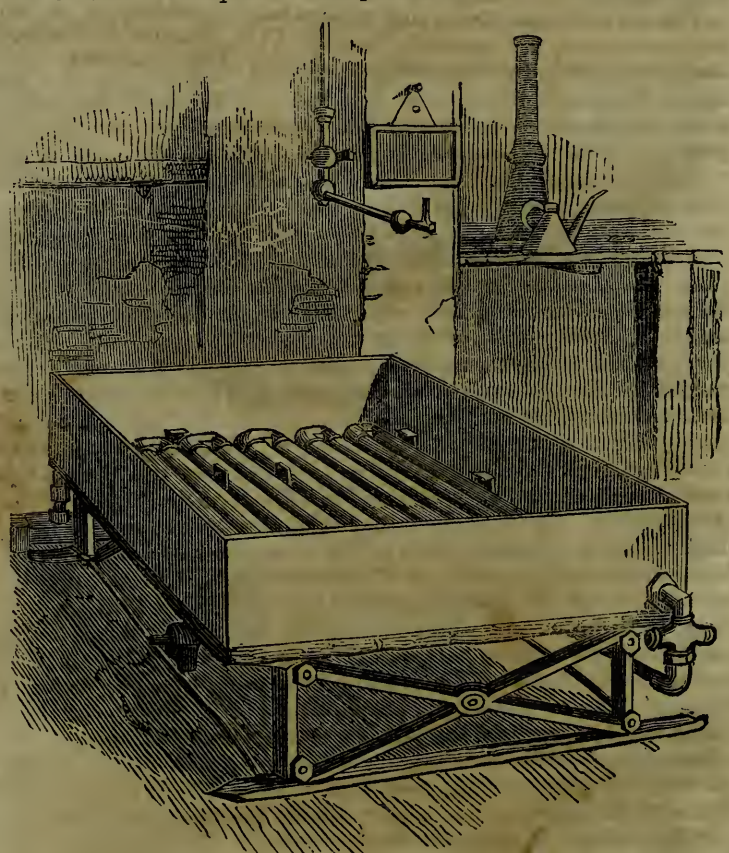
THE CANISTER FACTORY.

Appert's original process has since been greatly modified, and tin canisters are now used in the place of glass bottles. Other contrivances have been introduced with the view of more effectually securing the benefits resulting from this air-excluding process, and although there have been some recent failures in the case of preserved provisions supplied to the navy, yet those failures have arisen, not from unsoundness in the principle, but from some neglect or want of due precaution in carrying it out. We believe also that but a small quantity of the preserved provisions supplied were actually injured, but that the introduction

of parts of animals unfit for food (a practice to be highly reprobated and severely punished) has been the chief cause of the extensive condemnations of preserved food which have recently been made. We have taken some trouble to investigate the subject, and have been permitted to examine an establishment now in extensive operation, in which we have witnessed the successive processes necessary to the due preservation of Messrs. Ritchie and M'Cale, of Houndsditch, whose method of preparing preserved provisions we will proceed briefly to describe.—animal and vegetable food. We allude to the establishment of

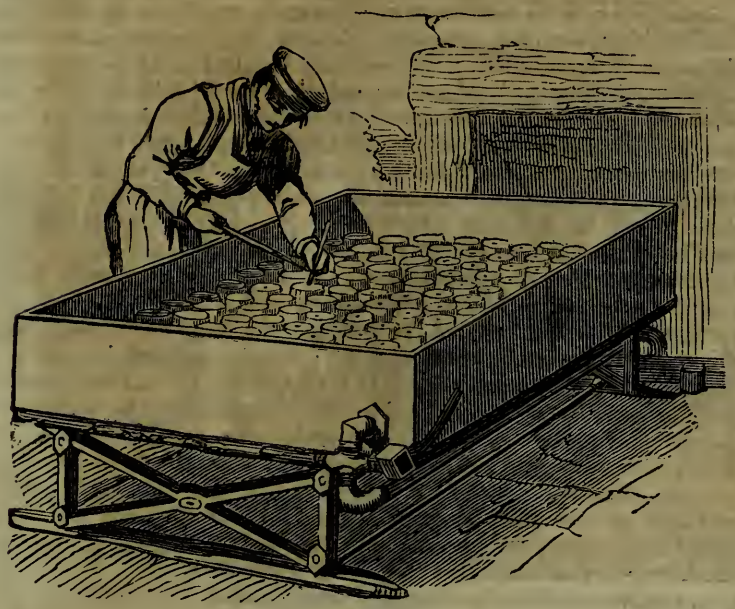
From the Butcher's Shop we pass to the Kitchen in which the

This vessel is then filled to a certain height with a solution of chloride of calcium (called also muriate of lime), and heat applied to raise the temperature of this bath. Solution of chloride of calcium requires a temperature of 230 deg., to make it



boil; with a bath therefore of this kind the manufacturer is enabled to heat the contents of the canister to the temperature at which they boil (212 deg.), without the solution itself acquiring a boiling temperature; the advantages therefore of the chloride

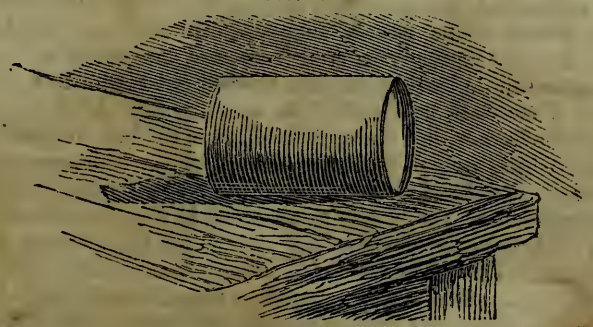
of calcium baths are, that the requisite boiling temperature is secured to the contents of the canisters, and that too without such an escape of vapour from the surface of the bath, as would interfere with the next operation, that of soldering down the holes which, as before mentioned, are made in the covers of the canisters. As soon as the contents of the canisters are cooked, the hole in the canister is securely soldered. As this soldering process could not be effectively accomplished whilst the current of heated steam is issuing from the hole, the operator first applies a wet sponge to the surface of the cover, which has the effect of instantaneously condensing the steam, and of affording an opportunity for effecting the soldering process. This operation is shown in the accompanying illustration.



SOLDERING UP.

The canisters thus securely soldered, are then allowed to remain a certain time, according to their size, in the chloride of calcium bath, the temperature of which is thus gradually increased: here another advantage of the chloride of calcium is shown, inasmuch as by its means such a heat may be obtained, as will suffice to insure the complete fixation of the albumen in the food, and thus afford a further safeguard against decomposition.

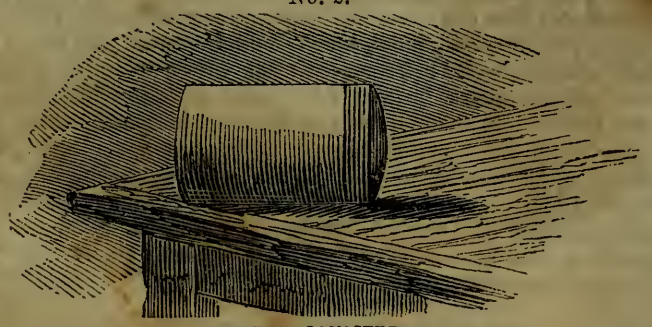
No. 1.



A GOOD CANISTER.

The canisters are now transferred to the proving-room, as shown in the annexed sketch, when they are subjected to a temperature of 90 deg. Fahrenheit—a temperature quite sufficient

No. 2.



A BAD CANISTER.

to develop decomposition, should the contents of the canisters be in such a condition as to supply the required elements thereof.

If the canisters pass the ordeal of the proving-room, they are from thence taken to the store-room, where they are painted and labelled for the market.

The illustrations in the other column represent a good and a bad canister. In the case of No. 1, it has experienced a slight collapse from the pressure of the external air, whilst No. 2 shows that gases have been engendered within from the decomposition of the food, causing a swelling out of the canister.

In a manufacture of this kind, of course much of the success of the operation depends on the perfect condition of the canister. It is therefore necessary to have these made on the premises, under the constant inspection of the manufacturer himself. The illustrations in the opposite page represent the interior of Messrs. Ritchie and M'Cale's canister factory. As we before stated, these canisters are made of tin, or rather tin-plate (iron coated with tin), no other metal having been found to answer the purpose so well.

A GREAT MAN LOST TO THE WORLD.

"AN OWRE TRUE TALE."

MANY years ago—in the summer of the year 1815 it was, or thereabouts—a wealthy merchant of New York took charge of a little boy who had been left an orphan. The parents of this little boy had been actors of some slight celebrity in the theatres of the United States; but dying within a short period of each other, they left behind them, in a state of the completest destitution, three young children. The eldest of these was called Edgar. He was a handsome boy of about six years of age, with a quick eye, an active spirit, and a remarkably intelligent countenance. The merchant of whom we speak had known the parents of the child; and out of pity for its helplessness, he and his wife, who had been blessed with no children, adopted it as their own.

How happily the ardent boy passed his days in the house of his benefactor; how he was beloved by those two childless people; how he became the favourite of a large circle; how, in the strength of their great affection, the merchant and his wife brought him to England, so that nothing might be wanted to make him a gentleman in mind as well as person; how he spent some four or five pleasant years under the care and teaching of a reverend gentleman near London; how he came back again to the city of his birth to finish his education; and how he was generally looked upon as the rich merchant's heir—it would take long to tell. But we would fain linger on this portion of our story; fain dwell upon his precocious wit and aptness for learning; fain make much of his feats of strength and agility—his ease and grace on horseback, his dexterity in fence, and race, and stream, and his success in all that seemed to promise for him a brilliant future. But the truth must be told, no matter how unwilling the teller. He was sent to the college of Charlottesville, amply provided with money. In those days dissipation among the students of colleges was unhappily but too common; and among the most dissolute and extravagant, the wildest rufflers of the town, the hardest drinkers and the most daring gamblers, there was ever to be found one more wild and desperate than them all—and that one was Edgar, now a good-looking free-hearted young fellow of eighteen. Friends advised with him, and he made fair promises in plenty; tutors remonstrated, and he declared that he would amend and win the highest honours yet; companions tempted and wine allured, and he embraced the filthy syren, and so fell. Instead of coming home from the university with honours, he was summarily expelled.

One would think that disgrace so public would have broken his proud spirit; but it did not. Because his benefactor refused to pay the gambling debts he contracted at college, the wilful young man wrote him a violent and abusive letter, quitted his house, and soon afterwards left his country with the avowed intention of joining the Greeks, who were at that time in the midst of their struggle with the Turks. He never reached his destination, and nothing was known or heard of him for more than a year. At last, however, he was found, and in circumstances which left no doubt as to the manner in which his European experiences had been bought. One morning the American minister at St. Petersburgh was summoned to save a countryman of his own from the penalties incurred through a drunken debauch. He came in time to rescue the prodigal Edgar from a prison; and through his influence he was set at liberty and enabled to return to the United States.

The first to greet him on his landing was his old patron, the merchant, who was now alone in the world, for his wife had died while Edgar was away. But he took the wanderer to his arms,

and led him back to the quiet home he had quitted so ungraciously. The question then arose as to what should be done for the youth; and on his expressing a wish to become a soldier, interest was made with the merchant's friends, and Edgar was entered as a scholar in the military academy at New York. For a little time all went on well; the young cadet was assiduous in his studies, became the favourite of the mess, and was looked upon by the officers and professors as one of their most promising pupils. But alas, and alas! the old habits of dissipation were too strong to be given up all at once. He neglected his duties; he drank to excess; he disobeyed orders; he openly sneered at the regulations of the academy—and, in ten months from his matriculation, he was cashiered.

Disgraced and humiliated, where could the wretched man find refuge but in the home of his adopted father? Thither, then he went, and was again received with open arms. During Edgar's stay at the academy the merchant had married again to a lady some years younger than himself. Time passed on; but, just as the sun of happiness seemed about to shine once more upon him, a quarrel took place between Edgar and the lady, which severed for ever all ties of friendship between the merchant and his *protegé*. Another circumstance, which is scarcely fit for mention here, was hinted at, and which, if true, throws a dark shade upon the quarrel and an ugly light upon the character of Edgar. Whatever the cause, however, the merchant and his adopted son parted in anger, never to meet again! and when the former died, the latter shared no portion of his wealth.

Again thrown upon the world by his own misconduct, the young man tried his hand in a field common to young men, and wrote several poetical pieces and articles in the American magazines. These were so well received that he was almost tempted to believe that he could obtain a living by literature. But his old habits returning, he despaired of success in his new avocation, and enlisted as a private soldier in the United States army. He was soon recognised by a former companion in the military academy, and great interest began to be felt for him among the officers. It was proposed to buy a commission for the talented and handsome young man; but just as friends began to rally round him, and just as their plans seemed about to prosper, he deserted.

For more than two years the world knew nothing of his whereabouts; and, it may be, had almost forgotten him.

In 1833, however, the proprietors of an American magazine offered two prizes for the best poem and tale which should be suitable to their pages. Numerous MSS. were sent for competition, and a day was appointed on which the arbitrators should meet to judge of the merits of the various productions. Almost the first manuscript that was opened claimed attention, from the remarkable beauty and distinctness of the hand-writing. One of the arbitrators read a page or two, and was charmed. He called the attention of his friends to the tale, and they were so much pleased with it that it was read aloud from beginning to end, and all admitted that it was worthy the highest prize. The "confidential envelope" was opened—a Latin motto was discovered. No other tales were read, and the award was immediately published. But where to find the author, so that the prize-money might be paid? The publisher and arbitrators had not to wait long. In the evening following the announcement, a young man came to the office to claim the prize. He was pale and thin, even to ghastliness, and his whole appearance bespoke dissipation, want, and illness. A well-worn coat, buttoned up to the chin, concealed the want of a shirt, and imperfect, wretched boots, discovered the absence of stockings. But he looked a gentleman, nevertheless; for his face and hands, though haggard and attenuated, were clean and spotless; his hair was well arranged, his eye was bright with intelligence, and his voice and bearing those of a scholar. The publisher and the arbitrators were interested extremely. They inquired into his history, and finally offered him employment on the magazine for which the tale had been written.

A little money judiciously applied soon altered the appearance of the young man, and in a short time he took his post as second editor of a monthly magazine, with the means and position of a gentleman.

Now here was an opportunity of retrieving his lost character. Here were friends ready not only to overlook the past, but to assist in making his future calm and free from care. Here was a public ready to listen to his teachings, and a patron ready to reward his labours. For a little while all went on well, and those who knew him began to congratulate themselves upon the happy change. Those who before admired his genius were beginning to respect his integrity. He was happy and successful in his new avocation. He married a young and beautiful girl, his cousin; he found for himself a cottage, which the care, economy, and gentle temper of his wife converted into a HOME, and he was beginning to be a happy man. It would be well if our story could end here; but, oh for human frailty! oh for good resolutions made without prayer to God! oh for principles in which He assists not! the young husband of that fair young wife fell back again into evil courses, and forfeited the respect of employers and the sympathy of friends, through his devotion to the accursed bottle!

It were a weary tale to tell how often he repented, and was forgiven; how he passed from the editorship of one magazine to that of another; how he went from state to state and from city to city a hardworking, aspiring, sanguine, talented man, bearing about him the curse of irresolution, never constant but to the "seductive and dangerous besetment" of strong drink; how friends advised with him, and publishers remonstrated; how at one time he had so far conquered his propensity as to call himself, in a letter to a friend, "a model of temperance and other virtues;" and how, at another, he forfeited the occupation which was the sole dependence of his little family by frequent relapses into his old disgraceful habits; how he committed, under the excitement of intoxication, faults and excesses to which no gentleman would plead guilty; how he borrowed money of his friends without the means or intention of returning it; how he forfeited the esteem, even while his talents commanded the admiration, of the public; how he succeeded in bringing many literary speculations into life which his vicious habits and inattention to business murdered in their youth; how he became a confirmed drunkard, with only now and then a fitful hour or so in which to throw off on paper the vagaries of a mind rich in learning and imaginative fancies; how his young wife died broken-hearted, and how he became so reduced as to be able no longer to make an appearance among his friends; how his wife's mother, constant to his falling fortunes and ever anxious to conceal his vices, went with his MSS. from office to office, and from publisher to publisher, in search of the means to support him; how for a little while he shook off the lethargy of intoxication, and again appeared in the polite circles of New York; how he was caressed, and fêted, and congratulated; how the efforts of his pen were sought by rival publishers; how he was engaged to be married a second time to a beautiful young woman, and how the engagement was finally broken off through his return to his pernicious habits. It were a weary tale indeed.

The melancholy story of this man's life was soon to close—the golden thread to be rudely snapped asunder—and by his own hand. He had partly recovered from his dangerous courses, and was engaged in delivering lectures in different towns in the United States. They were well attended, and it was with something like renewed confidence that the well-wishers of the lecturer watched his conduct, which was now distinguished by extreme sobriety. He even appeared to have renewed his youth and strength; and it was with pleasure that his friends again received him into their houses. At one of these he met with a lady with whom he had been formerly acquainted. Their friendship was renewed, and they were engaged to be married. Everything seemed to promise well; the dawn of a better day appeared; and reformation so long in coming, seemed to have come at last. But it was not to be. On a sunny afternoon in October, in the year 1849, Edgar set out for New York, to fulfil a literary engagement, and prepare for his marriage. He arrived at Baltimore, where he gave his luggage to a porter, with directions for him to convey it to the railway station. In an hour he would set out for Philadelphia. Well, he would just take a glass before he started—for refreshment's sake, that was all. Oh, fatal hour! In the tavern he met with some old acquaintances, who invited him to join them. In a moment all his good resolutions—home, duty, bride, honour—were forgotten; and, ere the night had well set in, he was in a state of filthy intoxication. Insanity ensued; he was carried to a public hospital; and, on the night of Sunday, the 7th of October, he died a raving madman, without a friend or a child beside his pillow. He was only thirty-eight years old when this last dreadful scene of his life-tragedy was enacted.

* * * * * *

READER,—What you have read is no fiction. Not a single circumstance here related, not a solitary event here recorded, but happened to EDGAR ALLAN POE, one of the most popular and imaginative writers of America. Comment would be an insult and an impertinence.

EXERCISES FOR INGENUITY.

In resuming a feature hitherto confined to The Supplementary Number of the Working Man's Friend, it is our wish not merely to amuse but also to instruct. Such questions, therefore, as are likely to bring into operation the thinking powers of our correspondents will be freely admitted. The exercises for ingenuity will be continued monthly; and we invite the co-operation of our readers in rendering this department of our work entirely their own. Many of the examples given below have appeared before. Solutions received before May 15th will be acknowledged in Number 34.

1. Plant four trees equally distant from each other every way.—John Summers.

2. How many separate words can be derived from the words Demonstration and Grandfather.

3.
Five hundred begins it, five hundred ends it,
Five in the middle is seen;
The first of all figures, the first of all letters,
Take up their stations between.
Join all together, and then you will bring
Before you the name of an eminent king.

4. The inscription on a guinea ran thus: Georgius III., Dei Gratia, M B.F. ETH. REX, F.D B., ET LDSR. L.A. T. ET E. What is its meaning in Latin and English?

5. The mean diameter of the earth is 7,900 miles, and the circumference 3 1-7th the diameter. If a man were to travel completely round the earth, how many yards would his head go farther than his feet?

6.
I'm neither man, fish, beast, or bird,
Insect or reptile none;
Yet live and breathe,—though, on my word,
My origin was bone.
As soon as you have found my name
All doubts will disappear;
Then fail not to reveal the same
Unto us without fear.

Required a poetical solution.

7. A person selling a certain amount of 3½ per cent. stock at 92¾, and investing the proceeds in the 2½ per cents., thereby increases his half yearly dividend by 6 per cent. At what price did he purchase the last mentioned stock?

8. Two Arabs sat down to their repast in the desert; one had five loaves, and the other three. A stranger coming up, requested to be allowed to eat with them, which request the Arabs agreed to. After eating, the stranger laid down eight pieces of money, and went upon his way. The owner of the five loaves then took up five pieces of money as his share, and left the three for his friend; but the latter objected to this arrangement, and insisted on having one-half. Not agreeing between themselves as to the proper division of the money, the case was brought before the cadi of the next town they arrived at, and this was his judgment: "Let he who had the five loaves have seven pieces of money, and he who had the three loaves content himself with one." Was this sentence just?

9. A banker discounting a bill for £3,030 for 73 days by the common method, deducts six shillings more than he would have done had he taken the true discount. Find the rate per cent. per annum at which the bill was discounted, and interpret the negative result.

10. Curtail and behead a town in France, comprised of letters five;
And your mother you will then disclose as sure as you're alive.

11. Mathematicians affirm that of all bodies containing the same superficies, a *sphere* is the most capacious. They may not, however, have considered the amazing capaciousness of a body whose figure is now required. Of this body it may be truly affirmed that, supposing its greatest length 9 inches, its greatest breadth five inches, and its greatest depth 3 inches; yet under these dimensions it contains a solid foot.

12. There is a certain number which is divided into four parts. To the first part you add 2, from the second part you substract 2, the third part you multiply by 2, and the fourth part you divide by 2, and the *sum* of the addition, the *remainder* of the substraction, the *product* of the multiplication, and the *quotient* of the division all equal and precisely the same. How is this?

13. What is the first money purchase recorded, and what was the object purchased?

14. Why does the sun extinguish a kitchen fire, and yet not put out the flame of a farthing candle?

15. On being asked how old he was, a gentleman replied—"The date of my age 60 years ago is double my present age." How old was he?

16. The following charade by the late Mr. Praed, is given by Miss Mitford in her "Literary Recollections." She acknowledges her inability to discover its meaning: can any of our readers assist her?

Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,
Sooth, 'twas an awful day;
And though in that old age of sport
The tafflers of the camp and court
Had little time to pray,
'Tis said that Sir Hilary muttered there
Two syllables by way of prayer.

My first to all the brave and proud
Who see to-morrow's sun;
My next with her cold and quiet cloud
To those who find their dewy shroud
Before to-day be done.
And both together to all blue eyes
Which weep when a warrior nobly dies.

17. What is the origin of the word stationery?

18. Divide the number 13 into three parts, so that their squares may have equal differences, and the sum of their squares may be 75.

19. The distance between the centres of two wheels, (to turn each other) is 10 inches, and the number of teeth in one wheel is 40, and in the other 30. It is required to find their diameters.

20. I am a verb. Head me with a *C* and I am *to struggle;* with an *H* and I am the sunshine of life; with an *M* and I appear full of gloom; with a *P* and I am elevated to the highest pontificial dignity; with an *R* and I am indispensable to seamen and builders; begin me with a *T* and end me with an *R* and I represent a character by which no man would care to be known.

21. Can any of our readers furnish an arithmetical solution of the following problem by Sir Isaac Newton:—If 12 oxen will eat 3⅓ acres of grass in 4 weeks, and 21 oxen will eat 10 acres of grass in 9 weeks, how many oxen will eat 24 acres in 18 weeks—*the grass being allowed to grow uniformly.*

22. Before noon a clock which is too fast, and points to afternoon time, is put back 5 hours 40 minutes, and it is observed that the time before shown is to the true time as 29 is to 105. Required the true time.

23. Three persons are disputing about their money. Says A to B and C—"If eleven sovereigns were added to my money, I should have as much as you both." Then replied B, "If eleven sovereigns were added to my money, I should have twice as much as you both?" And then said C, "If eleven sovereigns were added to my stock, I should have three times as much as you both." How much had each?

24. A poor old apple-woman bought a certain number of apples at four a penny, and the same number at three a penny. She sold them all out at the rate of seven for twopence, and to her great surprise she found that she had lost sixpence. How many apples of each kind did she purchase?

25. I went into the woods and got it; I sat down and looked for it, and not being able to find it, brought it home with me.

26. In what time will £54 17s. 6l. double itself, at 3¼ per cent. per annum, compound interest?—H. A.

27.
Ingenious artist, pray disclose
How I *nine* trees can so dispose,
That there *ten* rows shall formed be
And every row be formed of *three*?

28. The fore-wheel of a carriage makes six revolutions more than the hind wheel, in going 120 yards; but if the periphery (or boundary line) of each wheel be increased one yard, it will make only four revolutions more than the hind wheel in the same space of time. Required the circumference of each wheel.

29. How many kings have been crowned in England since the conquest?

30. A certain man owed twenty shillings to four persons, but had only nineteen shillings with which to pay them. Strange to say, he made it appear upon paper that he could pay each creditor his demand without deduction from any. How was this?

31. How can a mechanic file a square hole with a round file, and fill an oval hole with a round stopper?

32. The gift of heaven and the motion attending it, added together, make an early flower.

33. Two persons have incomes of the like sums; A saves 1-5th of his; B spends £80 per annum more than his friend, and finds himself at the end of four years £220 in debt. Required the income and expenditure of each.

34. It is required to divide 116 into 4 such parts, that, the first *increased* by 5, the second *diminished* by 4, the third *multiplied* by 3, and the fourth *divided* by 2 shall each be equal.

MISCELLANEA.

EASE FOR MAN.—By the year two thousand (says an American paper) it is probable that manual labour will have utterly ceased under the sun, and the occupation of the adjective, "hard-fisted," will have gone for ever. They have now in New Hampshire a potato-digging machine, which, drawn by horses down the rows, digs the potatoes, separates them from the dirt, and loads them up into the cart, while the farmer walks alongside, whistling "Hail, Columbia!" with his hands in his pockets.

YANKEE WIT.—At Jackson, Dan Russell, the union candidate for auditor of public accounts in Mississippi, was suddenly called upon for a speech by enthusiastic shouts from the audience. Rising upon the speaker's stand, he thus commenced:—"Fellow-citizens, you have called on me for a few remarks. I have none to make. I have no prepared speech. Indeed, I am no speaker; I do not desire to be a *speaker*; I only want to be an *auditor*." We need hardly say that the well-timed pun brought down the house.

PIECEWORK—One very remarkable instance of great earnings, consequent on extraordinary skill, seems worth mentioning. The wages of a founder in the metal mills amounted, on one occasion, to 22s. or 23s. a day, he working by the piece at rates of payment less than were allowed by Mr. Jellicoe, a great private manufacturer at Gosport. Sir Samuel Bentham instituted a full inquiry on the subject, and found that the metal-mill operative had happened that week to have been employed on very difficult brass-castings, that he was expert enough to rarely fail of success, though ordinarily, in other hands, several imperfect castings had to be rejected for every one that was accepted. Sir Samuel, of course, sanctioned payment of the full sum set down, and had the satisfaction to feel that government were gainers thereby to a great amount; for much fuel was saved, as also that loss of metal always consequent on a re-melting of imperfect castings.

HUNTER'S ONLY PUN.—The celebrated John Hunter is said to have made but one pun in his life, and that was when lecturing in the Windmill-street School of Medicine. In demonstrating the jaw-bone, he observed that the bone was known to abound in proportion to the want of brains. Some students at the time were talking instead of attending to the lecture, upon which Hunter exclaimed—"Gentlemen, let us have more *intellect*, and less *jaw*."

THE CHARMS OF MIXED CONVERSATION.—Historians tell us that it took seven studious years of an ancient philosopher's life to ascertain why so many women, each a professor of natural loquacity, could converse together, day by day, in twos and threes and fours, but especially in twos, on the same (to their individual selves) personal subjects—all, of course, talking simultaneously, and none hearing what was said by a co-gossip. At last he hit upon the reason. Each woman heard but her own remarks, and was consequently delighted with the wit and sprightliness of the conversation. This philosopher died full of years and honours. He married a dumb lady. There is no such gossip in our day.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.—A lady, talking over a lecture advocating woman's voting, the other evening, said, "La! what's the use? Is there any woman worth trusting with a vote who can't make two men, at least, vote as she likes?"

A COLUMN OF USEFUL RECEIPTS.

PAINTING ON GLASS FOR THE PURPOSE OF MAKING A MAGIC LANTHORN.—Take a good clear resin, any quantity, melt it in an iron pot; when melted entirely, let it cool a little, and, before it begins to harden, pour oil of turpentine sufficient to keep it liquid when cold. In order to paint with it, let it be used with colours ground in oil, such as are commonly sold in colour-shops.

TO ENGRAVE ON GLASS.—Cover a plate of glass with a thin coat of wax, surrounded by low edges of the same substance. Sketch the figures with a sharp-pointed instrument, pour on a quantity of fluoric acid, and expose the whole to the sun's heat. The strokes made in the wax will be soon observed.

TO WRITE ON GLASS BY THE RAYS OF THE SUN.—Dissolve chalk in aquafortis to the consistency of milk, and add to it a strong solution of silver. Keep this liquor in a glass decanter well stopped. Then cut out from a paper the letters you would have appear, and paste the paper upon the decanter, which is then to be placed in the sun in such a manner that the rays may pass through the spaces cut out of the paper, and fall upon the surface of the liquor. The part of the glass through which the rays pass will turn black, and that under the paper will remain white. The bottle is not to be moved during the process.

TO GILD WRITINGS.—Letters written on vellum or paper are gilded in three ways: in the first, a little size is mixed with the ink, and the letters written as usual; when they are dry, a slight degree of adhesiveness is produced by breathing on them, upon which the gold-leaf is immediately applied, and, by a little pressure, is made to fasten with sufficient firmness. In the second method some white-lead or chalk is ground up with strong size, and the letters are made with this by means of a brush. When the mixture is almost dry, the gold is laid on and afterwards burnished. The last method is, to mix up some gold powder with size, and to form the letters of this by means of a brush. It is supposed that this latter method was that used by the monks in illuminating their missals, psalter, and rubrics.

TO REMOVE GLASS FROM OLD SASHES.—American potash, three parts; and one part unslaked lime; lay it on both sides with a stick, and let it remain twenty-four hours; the putty will then be soft enough to cut out easily.

TO TRANSFER A PRINT TO GLASS.—When a lithographic or other print is required to appear on glass, the glass is first coated with dilute copal varnish, and the paper containing the print is dipped in warm water; and, while the varnish remains adhesive, the paper is placed on the varnish, with the print side down, and then gently pressed till all the parts adhere. Or several folds of soft paper may be placed on the print, and a piece of plank or other weight placed thereon to keep the print and varnish in contact till both are dry. Then the print, being again moistened with water, may be peeled off, leaving the ink of the print adhering to the glass. The several parts of the print may then be painted with appropriate colours on the glass, and finished with a ground-coat over all.

GLASS-GRINDERS' CEMENT.—Melt pitch, and add thereto one-fourth of its weight each of finely-powdered wood-ashes and hard tallow. This is for coarse work whilst grinding; but a composition for that of a lighter description consists of four pounds of black resin, to which is added a pound each of beeswax and whiting, previously heated red-hot, and still warm; or shellac melted and applied to the pieces previously warmed.

CEMENT FOR BROKEN GLASS.—Broken glass may be cemented so as to be as strong as ever by interposing between the parts glass ground up like a pigment, but easier of fusion than the pieces to be joined, and then exposing them to such a heat as will fuse the cementing ingredient without melting the pieces to be united. A glass for cementing pieces of broken flint-glass may be made by fusing some of the same kind of glass, previously reduced to powder, with a little red lead and borax, or with borax only.

[The above are extracted from a highly-useful, cheap, and cleverly-written little book, called the "Receipt-book for the Million," published by Edwin Dipple, Strand, containing upwards of four thousand receipts.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TENTERDEN.—The "Handbook on Emigration" is in the press, and will probably be ready by the time you see this.

R. COUSINS.—We know nothing of the society about which you ask, nor can we undertake to recommend any particular building society.

"YOUR CONSTANT READER."—The house-tax is charged upon all houses worth the annual rent of twenty pounds or upwards. If the ground storey be used as a shop or warehouse, the tax is 6d. in the pound; if not used for any such purpose, it is 9d. in the pound.

AN ABSTAINER.—You are much below the mark. From a return recently obtained by Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P., it appears that the total number of persons in England, Wales, and Scotland, licensed to sell beer or spirits, is 116,142.

J. G. (Sheffield) asks:—Can a woman legally marry a second husband, her first husband being yet alive, but transported?" Certainly not; though, no doubt, some poor females, under such circumstances, would be "transported" at the idea of being able to do so legally!

HENRI wishes to know if, "when a person dies *intestate*, and the property is in Chancery, how long it must remain there before the right heir can claim it?" We suppose he might "*claim*" it at any time. When he would *obtain* it is quite another matter.

A TRADESMAN.—The exports of British and Irish produce and manufacture *have* been increasing. The monthly returns, just printed, state that, in the month ending March 5 last, the declared value of such exports was £5,353,552; being an increase over the corresponding period of the year 1851 of £613,274.

GEORGE CLARK.—A parliamentary paper has recently been printed showing that, on the 20th of November, 1850, there were 1,097,581 individual depositors in savings banks, whose deposits, with interest, amounted to £27,198,563. There were 12,912 charitable institutions depositing with savings banks, amounting to £655,193, and 7,506 friendly societies to £1,077,326. The total depositors numbered 1,112,990, and the amount, with interest, £28,930,982. There were, besides, 586 friendly societies in direct account with the commissioners of the National Debt, and the amount deposited was £2,277,340.

EDWARD PARKINS.—Never despair. Baron St. Leonards, the new Lord Chancellor, is said to be the grandson of a well-known hairdresser, who formerly resided on High Pavement, in the borough of Nottingham. Several branches of the family, not so enterprising and talented, or so fortunate, as Sir Edward Sugden, may still be found in the neighbourhood.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We dare not undertake to say how long it will be before you become a good player on the violin. But if, as you state, you have a good violin, a good ear, a good master, and a determination to practise; and if, at the same time, you understand music, as you further state, we think you may safely reckon upon soon becoming a proficient.

L. STANTON.—We must decline interference in your misunderstandings with the Mendicity Society; but you should remember the old adage "Beggars must not be choosers."—As to your suggestions respecting farmers planting gooseberry and currant trees, pear and apple trees, in their hedges instead of quickset, in order to benefit the poor, we fear that such trees would be greatly exposed to what a friend of ours in Kent calls "the finger blight."

TEETOTALINUS.—We cannot insert reports of teetotal meetings, but if you are, as you say, "a constant reader of 'The Working Man's Friend,'" you must have seen that we regard the teetotal movement as one of vital importance to the interests of individuals and the general community.

AN ASPIRANT.—Your verses will not suit us; the sentiments are excellent, but as to your powers for versification, we must say, "Try again."

REUBEN SMART.—You should write to the publisher of the work about which you inquire.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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EGYPT: ITS EDIFICES AND ITS PEOPLE.

THE CITY OF THEBES.

THEBES would be interesting under any circumstances, for it would be difficult to find, anywhere along the banks of the Nile, a more lovely plain spread out to the view, or a more imposing rampart of hills in the distance, to give character and nobleness to the scene, than that on which arose this ancient and far-famed city. On either side of the river, the cultivated land stands back for some two or three miles, not only presenting a rich carpet of green on which the eye loves to rest, but also serving as a magnificent site for the many great and glorious temples that were here exhibited. Often has the traveller attained some elevated position, either among the hills or the massive ruins; and, when compelled to regard the extent not less than the beauty of this plain, which is nearly thirty miles in circumference, he has not known whether more to admire the mighty monuments of the wealth and power of the ancient Egyptians, or their judgment in selecting a scene which would most fitly display their progress in the arts and refinements of life.

LUXOR RESTORED.

Though we use the term Thebes in speaking of the great city which once exercised such wide sway in Egypt, there is no modern town which will answer to this name, but there are several villages, known as Luxor, Karnak, Medínet Habú, &c., which occupy the site of the ancient capital of the Pharaohs. So long ago as the time of Cambyses, the Persian conqueror, B.C. 525, Thebes received a blow to its prosperity, from which it never recovered; for the son of Cyrus spared no efforts to destroy the proud monuments of Egyptian power and glory, and, with a zeal more akin to insane fury than aught else to which it can be likened, he sought to lay in ruins the metropolis of the country which he had conquered. Subsequently; too, one of the Ptolemys, B.C. 116, on occasion of a revolt against his authority, marched against Thebes, and wreaked his vengeance upon it in a manner which it is impossible to characterise in the terms which it deserves; and there can be little doubt, that quite as much of the mischief which has been done to the temples and monuments in and about Thebes, is to be attributed to the deep and insatiable resentment of Ptolemy Lathyrus, as to the hatred manifested by the Persians against a system of worship and religion most odious in their eyes.

Ever since, Thebes has borne but the name of what it once was; it has passed from under the domination of the Roman, the Saracen, the Turk, and the French; and it was for nearly half a century under the iron rule of Mohammed Alí, who, whatever else he may have done for Egypt, did not manifest any very enlightened views in respect to preserving its antiquities from the rapacity of rival collectors or the singular proceedings of certain distinguished savans. Its importance lost, and its glory taken away by the rise of the new capital, Memphis, which, in its turn, has given place to another, where the present Pasha rules supreme, this once mighty capital of a great empire exists no more; but the traveller is compelled to

wander from village to village, and seek in different spots the remains of grandeur which, even in their ruins, strike him more forcibly than he knows how to express. He approaches this deeply interesting region from the north, gliding over the bosom of the same mysterious river, which, for ages, has fertilised and blessed the land of Egypt; he sees before him, on either hand, a plain of several miles in breadth, and some six or eight miles in length, bounded by a line of hills or mountains, which seem, as it were, to inclose this lovely valley with an impassable wall, and render it as secluded as the most devout lover of retirement could desire. In almost every direction, he beholds the evidences of the vast wealth and power of the ancient Egyptians, in the same massive remains of temples, the obelisks, the colossal statues, the avenues of sphinxes, and the towering propyla.

On the west bank he rides over the plain, passes the petty villages, or collections of mud huts, and in an hour's time, finds himself at the top of the mountain range, where he is even more astonished than ever at the wonderful necropolis of ancient Thebes, and spends several days most profitably, in wandering amid, and penetrating into, the tombs of the mighty dead. Here, too, he finds the remains of the Memnonium or Remeseum, the temple-palace of Kúrneh, the great temple at Medínet Habû, the vocal Memnon and its fellow-statue, both the work of Amunoph III., B.C. 1430; and as he surveys the scene immediately before him, with the Nile flowing on ever in its silent majesty, and the vast collection of ruins on the opposite bank, he cannot but admire the grandeur of conception and the extent of resources, which characterise the edifices of this ancient metropolis. Crossing again to the east bank, he sees, almost at the river's side, the ruins of the temple at Luxor, in such strange and offensive connexion with mud huts, stables, pigeon-houses, squalid children, noisy dogs, and such like things, which so effectually destroy all the romance with which imagination is apt to invest the relics of bygone ages; he gazes at the mutilated statues, and the magnificent obelisk whose fellow now graces the Place de la Concorde in Paris; and perhaps he thinks how much more noble and fitting this splendid block of syenite granite appears here, though in the midst of ruins, and exposed to the ignorance of the villagers, no less than the culpable and disgraceful thoughtlessness of some of those who travel, apparently without object, than its companion statue does, in the midst of the gay world of fashion and pleasure.

Leaving Luxor, he mounts his donkey, and, riding in a southerly direction about two miles, he arrives at Karnak, where, doubtless, are the most ancient remains of the glory and greatness of Thebes, and where the successive monarchs of old seem to have lavished all their care, and striven each to outdo the other in works which should add to the renown of the metropolis, and carry down their names to the most remote generations. Visiting this last of all, the traveller finds Karnak to surpass all that he could have imagined; and he is for a time bewildered, and lost in the most profound astonishment, as he wanders amid ruins which cover so vast a space, and indicate a previous condition of glory and splendour, far, far beyond all that the world has ever since beheld. He spends some days here in endeavouring to gain a clear idea of what is before him; and leaving it with regret when his allotted time is expired, he is ashamed to acknowledge to himself how little, after all, he has really learned, and how incompetent he is to pretend to speak with precision of what it contains. Most thoroughly, too, does the conviction force itself upon his mind, that, to appreciate Thebes, he must take up his residence here, and, being well prepared by previous study of Egyptian history and antiquities, must give months, where he has had to be content with days, and even hours.

Commencing our examination with the temples and places on the west bank, Belzoni's tomb, unlike most of the others, is entered by a steep staircase, which, according to Wilkinson, descends twenty-four feet in perpendicular depth on a horizontal length of twenty-nine, and certainly seems to mar the effect which is gained by the gradual slope, a descent usually chosen in constructing the tombs. A short distance further on, a second staircase is found, by which a descent is made some twenty-five feet lower, and passing along a passage of about thirty feet in length, an oblong chamber is reached twelve feet by fourteen, where formerly was a deep pit, which Belzoni filled up, and which appeared to form the limit of the tomb; his sagacity, however, and the skill he had acquired in detecting the hidden chambers which were formed with so much care by the ancient Egyptian kings to conceal their mortal remains and protect them from the hand of violence, enabled him, after great labour, to effect an entrance into the secret portions of this truly magnificently adorned burial-place. No wonder that Belzoni was delighted at his success, for rarely does it fall to the lot of man to witness a scene at all comparable with what is here exhibited to the admiring gaze of the visitor. Hall after hall, and chamber after chamber, not more remarkable for size and extent than for beauty of sculpture and elegance of decoration, lie open to inspection; and the feelings with which they are beheld by a serious mind are inexpressible.

Belzoni gives an account of the sarcophagus which he found in the vaulted saloon, or grand hall, and which Wilkinson thinks was a cenotaph of the deceased monarch. "The description," he says, "of what we found in the centre of the saloon, merits the most particular attention, not having its equal in the world, and being such as we had no idea could exist. It is a sarcophagus of the finest oriental alabaster, nine feet five inches long, and three feet seven inches wide. The thickness is only two inches, and it is transparent when a light is placed in the inside of it. It is minutely sculptured within and without with several hundred figures, which do not exceed two inches in height, and represent, as I suppose, the whole of the funeral procession and ceremonies relating to the deceased. I cannot give an adequate idea of this beautiful and invaluable piece of antiquity, and can only say that nothing has been brought into Europe from Egypt that can be compared with it. The cover was not there; it had been taken out and broken into several pieces, which we found in digging before the first entrance."* The numerous chambers, filled with hieroglyphics, of which Wilkinson speaks in detail; the freshness of colour; the variety of design; the interest attaching to many of the figures and subjects, particularly those which are said to represent a procession of four different people or races, red, white, black, and white again, four by four, followed by Ra, "the sun;"† the drawings in one of the halls which have never been finished by the sculptor; the various Egyptian divinities; and such like matters, are points respecting which the larger volumes of Wilkinson and others can alone give satisfaction.

Bruce's, or the Harper's tomb—so called from the interesting figures of two minstrels, playing on harps of rather an elegant form, which were copied by the distinguished traveller just named, and furnished to Dr. Burney for his "History of Music"—and also from himself—unlike that of Belzoni, descends gradually from the entrance, and in its whole length of four hundred and five feet, reaches only thirty-one feet below the level of its mouth. Most of the tombs are constructed on this plan, and consist of a straight passage, about twelve feet wide and ten high, cut into the side of the soft limestone rock, and having on each side of the main hall a number of small chambers. The principal interest connected with this tomb, is undoubtedly on account of its throwing light upon the every-day life of the ancient Egyptians; and though the nature of the rock was not very favourable for sculpture, and a large part of the tomb is too much defaced to enable the visitor readily to recognise the design of the artist, still sufficient remains to render Bruce's tomb one of the most attractive of them all. In one of the chambers are represented the various processes connected with culinary operations, as the slaughtering of oxen, the putting the cauldrons over the fire, the kneading of some substance with the feet, the making of bread, where the

* Compare Russell's Ancient and Modern Egypt, p. 223. This sarcophagus has long been in Sir John Soane's museum, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, London.

† This is the view advanced by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who thinks that the four red figures are Egyptians; the white, a nation of the north; the black, a southern people; and the other white figures an eastern tribe, all intended to typify the four divisions of the world, or the whole human race. Earlier writers, quoted by Dr. Russell, give a different view of these sculptures, supposing that the period referred to is the time of Pharaoh Necho, who conquered Jerusalem and Babylon (see 2 Kings, xxiii. 29, &c.), and his son Psammis or Psammuthis, who made war upon the Ethiopians: hence the people indicated would be the Jews, Ethiopians, Persians, and Egyptians. The opinion of Wilkinson is, however, entitled to the greater weight, from the fact that no Egyptologer except himself, has devoted the time and attention to Thebes which it deserves.

dough is kneaded by hand, &c. In another chamber is a great variety of warlike instruments, helmets, spears, daggers, clubs, standards, &c. In another are to be seen specimens of household furniture, as chairs, sofas, couches, and numerous ornamental articles for the drawing-room or parlour, of which Wilkinson truly remarks, that they prove that the ancient Egyptians "were greatly advanced in the arts of civilisation, and the comforts of domestic life." One other chamber only demands a passing notice—viz., that from which the tomb generally derives its name. The harpers and their instruments have an additional interest from the circumstance of the name of Bruce being written just over one of them. The minstrels are blind, and the harps have eleven and thirteen strings; they are performing in the presence of the god Ao or Hercules, and might easily be taken for persons of the same rank in life, and the same occupation, as the wandering musicians of modern days.

The variety in the style, subject, and execution, of the other tombs of the kings is not great, and after all it requires a very extensive preparation to enjoy and profit by most of the objects in which these mansions of the dead abound. The tomb styled by the Romans the Tomb of Memnon, which Wilkinson has described, is certainly well worthy inspection, and appears to have been greatly admired by the Greek and Roman visitors, who have recorded on the walls their sentiments, in inscriptions of some length. Nos. 14 and 15, according to Wilkinson, have several points of interest, illustrative of Egyptian life and manners. The tomb belonging to the priest Petamunap, is very remarkable for its extent, and the profusion of its decoration; and it has been calculated, that the area of the excavation is twenty-two thousand two hundred and seventeen square feet, and with the chambers of the pits, twenty-three thousand eight hundred and nine; and that it occupies nearly an acre and a quarter of ground. The bats often take up their residence in such numbers in this tomb, that it is extremely disagreeable to penetrate into its recesses. In every direction, too, the scandalous manner in which the tombs and mummy-pits have been rifled, and the fragments of human remains scattered about, excite one's indignation at the heartlessness of travellers and antiquarian collectors, and the cupidity of the uncivilised Arabs.

Among the private tombs, by far the most curious and interesting is the one which Wilkinson has marked 35, for "it throws more light upon the manners and customs of the Egyptians than any hitherto discovered." Certainly there could not be a more striking and apt illustration of the words of Moses, than is afforded by the remarkable painting of the brickmakers: "The Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigour; and they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field: all their service wherein they made them serve was with rigour"—(Exod. i. 13, 14.) Osburn, after stating that this one is the tomb of Rek-sharé, the chief architect of the temples and palaces of Thebes under Pharaoh Moeris, says, "Never, perhaps, has so striking a pictorial comment as this upon the sacred text, been before recovered. The physiognomy of the Jews it is impossible to mistake; and the splashes of clay with which their bodies are covered, the air of close and intense labour that is conveyed by the grouping on the left side of the picture, and, above all, the Egyptian taskmaster seated with his heavy baton, whose remorseless blows would doubtless visit the least relaxation of the slaves he was driving from their wearisome and toilsome task of making bricks, and spreading them to dry in the burning sun of Egypt, give a vivid impression of the exactitude of the Scripture phrase, 'all their service wherein they made them serve was with rigour.' The inscription at the top of the picture, to the right, reads, 'Captives brought by his majesty' (Moeris), 'to build the temple of the great god.' This means, either that Moeris was the king 'that arose that knew not Joseph, and that reduced the children of Israel to servitude;' or, more probably, that the family or gang of Israelites which are here represented, had been marched up from Goshen, and attached especially to the building of the temples at Thebes."*

Passing by the Memnonium or Remesseum, the small temple to the east, called *Dier el Medíneh*, from having been the abode of the early Christians, and the temple-palace (as it is termed) of Kúrneh, which are not, by any means, unworthy notice, but hardly require attention here, in the midst of so many other imposing ruins in Thebes, it would scarcely be right to omit all mention of the great temple at Medínet Habu, and the Colossus, with which we are familiar under the name of the "Vocal Memnon." The ruins of the temple are easily visited in the course of a day, and strike the attention the more forcibly from their extent, character, and historical associations. Like all the ruins of Egypt, these are in the midst of surrounding objects which offend the eye and the taste, and afford clear evidence of the degradation of the present race of inhabitants. Heaps of dirt and rubbish, the half thrown down mud huts of the villagers, who usually took up their residence in the midst of the old temples and ruins, and the here-and-there scattered proofs of a miserable existence in the squalid children shouting for bukshish, and the few goats which constitute all the wealth of their parents, give an air of desolation to the scene which can hardly fail to impress the beholder with sad reflections. This temple-palace dates back, according to Wilkinson, to the time of Rameses III., B.C. 1235. Passing what are called lodges, the traveller arrives at a lofty building, resembling a pyramidal tower on either hand: these, together with the oblong court and gateway at the end, and the chambers on the inner or north side, give a good idea of the pavilion of the king, who made his royal residence in a locality such as this. Here, in one of the large courts, as at Philae, it seems not a little curious that no two columns are alike, and that the artist has bestowed more care and labour to make each one different from the other, than to give them all that elegant symmetry and finish which, to our notions, render the Grecian style so attractive.

"The next area," says Wilkinson, "is far more splendid, and may be looked upon as one of the finest which adorn the various temples of Egypt. Its dimensions are about one hundred and twenty-three feet by one hundred and thirty-three, and its height from the pavement to the cornice thirty-nine feet four inches. It is surrounded by an interior peristyle, whose east and west sides are supported by five massive columns, the south by a row of eight Osiride pillars, and the north by a similar number, behind which is an elegant corridor of circular columns, whose effect is unequalled by any other in Thebes. Nor do the colours, many of which are still preserved, tend a little to add to the beauty of its columns, of whose massive style some idea may be formed from their circumference of nearly twenty-three feet to a height of twenty-four, or about three diameters." There is something rather grand and very interesting in the sculptures of a historical character on the walls of this vast court, commencing at the inner face of the tower. Despite all the defects of perspective drawing, and the want of proportion in many ways and in many portions of the figures, even the most casual observer must render the tribute of praise to the general effectiveness of the whole, and the singular accuracy and minuteness of most of the details. He cannot well fail, also, being impressed with the temple, as a whole, and as illustrating the main features of Egyptian architecture, in a manner most likely to make a deep and lasting impression. It is quite possible, nay, perhaps probable, that he will feel disposed to condemn these vast edifices, in which the land of the Pharaohs abounds, as heavy and in measure unmeaning, as deficient in the gracefulness and beauty of the Grecian style, and as evidencing a false taste; but he will find them grow upon him, and he will see reason to acknowledge, that in their palmy days, when all the richness of colour, and elegance and profusion of decoration, were brought to bear; and when there was everything in keeping, both in surrounding objects and in the minds of the people, the temples of Egypt must have equalled, if not surpassed, all edifices in the world. Even now, too, the pilgrim wanderer amid the ruins needs no very vivid imagination to lead him to the conviction, that the ancient inhabitants of the fertile valley of the Nile were a people wonderfully advanced in the arts of civilised life, and truly great in those things which it took the western world ages to attain.

The position of the Colossi, one of which was known as the Vocal Memnon, is very fine, and doubtless in the days when they were uninjured and surrounded by the magnificence

* Osburn's Antiquities of Egypt, pp. 220, 221.

which characterised Thebes under the Pharaohs, they formed objects of wonder and admiration to all beholders. They are about a mile and a half from the river, which they look towards; they stand in the middle of a broad plain, and not very far from the various ruins recently described. It seems highly probable that these and other colossi formed part of the *dromos* or paved approach to the temple, now no longer existing, on this bank of the Nile. This fact would accord with the name of "Royal Street," which, as Wilkinson states, is mentioned in some papyri found at Thebes, and which led to the river opposite Luxor, with which it communicated by means of a ferry. By the gradual rise of the land, the *dromos* is covered with alluvial deposit to the depth of about seven feet, and of course a large part of the pedestal on which the Colossi stand is below the present surface of the ground; this is to be taken into account in estimating their height and vast proportions.

The height of either Colossus is 47 feet, or 53 above the plain, with the pedestal, which, now buried from 6 feet 10 inches to 7 feet below the surface, completes to its base a total of 60. They measure about 18 feet 3 inches across the shoulders, 16 feet 6 from the top of the shoulder to the elbow; 10 feet 6 from the top of the head to the shoulder; 17 feet 9 from the elbow to the finger's end; and 19 feet 8 from the knee to the plant of the foot. The thrones are ornamented with figures of the god Nilus, who, holding the stalks of two plants peculiar to the river, is engaged in building up a pedestal or table, surmounted by the name of the Egyptian monarch—a symbolic group, indicating his dominion over the upper and lower countries. A line of hieroglyphics extends perpendicularly down the back, from the shoulder to the pedestal, containing the name of the Pharaoh they represent.

"On the lap of the statue," Wilkinson states, "is a stone which, on being struck, emits a metallic sound, that might still be made use of to deceive a visitor who was predisposed to believe its powers." Possibly all this was well studied beforehand by the priests, for the stone of which the Colossi are constructed is, according to the same authority, "a coarse, hard grit-stone, 'spotted,' according to Tzetzes' expression, 'with numerous chalcedonies, and here and there covered with black and red oxide of iron.'" It can hardly be supposed, that they left themselves open to detection by any ordinary means; and if they kept the stone from which the sound was made to issue concealed in the lap of the statue, no ordinary observer could possibly discover by what means the priests rendered the colossus vocal.

The Colossi have little or none of their former beauty and grandeur remaining. Most probably it was the Persian conqueror who broke down and destroyed the upper part of the Vocal Memnon, though Strabo was told that a shock of an earthquake did this damage. Its appearance is now much inferior to that of the other, defaced and mutilated as that is, since the restorer of the upper part, whoever it may have been, has piled up five layers of sandstone, which form the body, head, and upper part of the arms, but have nothing of the finish and workmanship of the rest of the statue. Doubtless it once wore the same semblance of massive elegance, if the term may be allowed, which even now can be detected in the other colossus, where the head-dress is beautifully wrought, and which has its shoulders and back comparatively quite uninjured; but no words can express too strongly their present desolate, disfigured and ruinous condition. Though the name of Memnon is used in connexion with this Colossus, it has really no more to do with that rather doubtful personage than the obelisks at Alexandria have with Cleopatra, by whose name they are commonly called. In reality, these statues were erected by Amunoph III., B.C. 1430, or, according to Osburn, B.C. 1687, who was supposed also to bear the name of Phamenoth; and the title which the vocal statue has attained is owing to a blunder of the Romans, who were noted for their contemptuous treatment of subjects which did not particularly interest them or minister to their national pride. The researches into hieroglyphics since the days of Champollion, have determined with precision to whom the Colossi belong, and as Sir G. Wilkinson declares, "Amunoph once more asserts his claims to the statues he erected."

The ruins of Luxor are of transcendent interest. Passing through the broad spaces between the columns which face toward the river, and admirable in their great size and imposing appearance, even in their present degraded and unworthy position, there is an open space beyond, where was once a large court connected with the other parts of the temple; but now nothing can be more repulsive than the appearance of everything connected with these ruins. Not only are the huts of the fellahs built in and about the temple, but heaps of filth lie in every direction; pigeon-houses are stuck up against the walls; different rooms, filled once with splendid sculpture and elegant decorations, are now used for stables for cattle, and disgust one by the ordure which it is necessary to encounter in order to inspect some interesting point: and beside all, the living objects in the way of men, women and children, are scarcely less repulsive to one's feelings and wishes. These remarks are true of every part of the ruins at Luxor. Mounting upward, now through a fellah's hut, now over the top of habitations into which one can look without difficulty, and now clambering up a narrow stone staircase, half in ruins, the top of the large pyramidal towers which form the grand entrance to the temple, and face northerly in the direction of Karnak, is reached. Perhaps nowhere could one obtain a better position in which to look abroad over the grand plain where Thebes once stood in all her glory, and in which to muse over her fallen greatness, and her majesty even in ruins, than the top of this noble gateway.

The obelisk which stands in front of the propylon just spoken of, at a distance of about thirty feet, is certainly one of the most beautifully executed things which Egypt presents to the admiration of the lovers of art. It is not surpassed by the larger one at Karnak; and it appears in far better preservation than that which now adorns the great Square in Paris. It is of the finest kind of red granite, has received a polish and beauty of finish inimitably fine, and rises to a height of about eighty feet, being about seven feet square at the base. Its four sides are covered with a profusion of hieroglyphics, which are "no less admirable for the style of their execution, than for the depth to which they are cut, which in many instances, exceeds two inches." The freshness of colour, and the precision and accuracy of the sculpture, are perfectly astonishing; and did we not know positively, that the obelisk, as well as other grand objects at Thebes, were executed so many ages gone by, we should not deem it possible that any works of art could retain their beauty and elegance for more than three thousand two hundred years.

Directly behind the obelisk and the spot where its companion stood, are two colossal sitting figures of Rameses II., placed on either side of the plyon or gateway; but, like all the statues already noticed, they are greatly mutilated and broken; these are also half-buried in the sand and earth, which has gradually accumulated about them. Though concealed to a considerable extent by the huts of the villagers, and evidently not in their best condition, the battle scenes sculptured on the front of the towers are forcibly illustrative of the skill and taste of the artists so many centuries ago; and, to use the language of Mr. Hamilton, it is impossible "to view and to reflect upon a picture so copious and so detailed, as this I have just described, without fancying that we saw here the original of many of Homer's battles, the portrait of some of the historical narratives of Herodotus, and one of the principal groundworks of the description of Diodorus; and to complete our gratification, we felt that, had the artist been better acquainted with the rules of perspective, the performance might have done credit to the genius of a Michael Angelo, or a Julio Romano. To add to the effect, in front of this wall had been erected a row of colossal figures of granite; fragments of some of them, still there, sufficiently attest their size, their character, and the exquisite polish of the stone."

It is rather an interesting ride from Luxor, in a northerly direction, towards Karnak, through the fields of *halfeh* grass, and passing by the many interesting sites of ancient ruins, the tomb of a noted sheikh, portions of an old wall, &c. As the traveller draws near the temple, he begins to see the evidences of there having been an avenue or street of great size, connecting Luxor with Karnak, even as the former was connected with the temples and palaces on the west bank. Fragments—for they can hardly be called more—of Sphinxes, arranged on either hand, show the direction of the street, and even in their almost shapeless condition, give one something of an idea of the grandeur of the approach to Karnak in former days.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

Somebody has said that London is deficient in historical memories. Never was there a greater mistake; for its every street is a romance to those who care to read it. About the newer parts of the town we grant that there is little of interest to be told; but in the dark byeways, the old city thoroughfares, and those parts of Westminster which a century since were considered the "west end," the philosophic pedestrian can scarcely wander without coming in contact with numerous incidents of the past. Here the dwelling-place of poet or painter, there the scene of some great tragedy; in one place the site of an old mansion the name of which has become identified with the history of our country, in another the name of a square or street which recalls the exciting events in which the great men of a former generation took active part; the sight of a bit of old wall built into the side of a house brings back the memory to the time when Ethelbert king of Kent founded the first church dedicated to St. Paul; a walk among the ruins of a neglected neighbourhood shows us the spot where Caxton set up the first printing press in England; the removal of a few old houses in the city to make way for a new thoroughfare reveals the crypt of a famous mansion, and gives us a glimpse of the cunning workmanship of our ancestors; and the mere digging of a foundation discovers relics in wood, and stone, and pottery, and precious metal, which tell of a time when the Romans were a potent people among the painted savages of Britain.

And so, whenever we have to say anything of the men who flourished in our past history, we look around, and try if we can discover their whereabouts in London. We speak of Milton, and we remember that he lived in divers strange, unfashionable places; we talk of Nelson, and our thoughts immediately take flight to Piccadilly and St. Paul's, where he lived, and where a nation wept around his tomb; we have but to name the names of Byron, and Scott, and Coleridge, and Southey, and Chatterton, and Bloomfield, and Fielding, and Reynolds, and Lawrence, and Hood, and Pope, and Johnson, and Richard Savage, and a host of others, and a thousand images rise up in our mind of the houses in which some of them were born, in which some of them lived and made merry in jovial companies, and in which others of them died, too early for their fame and the world's good. And the close pent-up churchyards where their mortal parts repose, serve but to form a sombre back-ground to our mind's picture. Who shall fill up the gaps in the histories here so feebly hinted at, and say, when the task is done, that London wants historic memories?

Thus, if we come to apply these remarks to the subject of our portrait, we can easily imagine that, to the lover of art, the place where Hogarth was born, the houses in which he lived, and the spot where he was buried, are, as it were, classic ground. Thus, the church of St. Bartholomew, adjoining the market of Smithfield, where he was baptised in 1697; the house in Cranbourne-alley, Leicester-square (now known as the Golden Angel), in which he served his apprenticeship to Ellis Gamble, the engraver; the tavern in Clare-market, called the Bull's Head, in which he was used to meet his brother members of the Artists' Club; the church of St. Paul's, Covent-garden, in which he was married to Jane Thornhill; the auction-rooms under the Piazza, now known as George Robins's, in which he gratuitously exhibited his "Marriage a-la-Mode" to an admiring public; the house in Leicester-square, now the Sabloniere Hotel, in which he lived and died in 1764; and the pretty little churchyard of Chiswick, in which he was buried—come to be cleansed of the dust and soil of every-day associations, and are erected into waymarks in art's history. Thus, ever to the artist mind, do the haunts and homes of genius become—with all reverence be it said—as so many consecrated spots amid the waste places of the earth.

It is not our intention here to attempt anything like a biography of Hogarth. Enough if we jot down one or two of the circumstances by which his life was distinguished; enough if, in brief notices like this, we lead the reader to search out for himself, in more ambitious mediums, the reasons why such and such a man is worthy the remembrance of mankind; enough if we are allowed to lead the way to a study of biography in the most comprehensive sense of the term. "The proper study," says the poets, "of mankind, is man."

The life of William Hogarth, like that of most professional men, is a mere enumeration of the triumphs which he acheived in his art. He was born in a small house in the parish of St. Bartholomew, on the 10th of December, 1697. It appears—what, indeed, is of very small consequence—that his family was originally of great respectability in Westmoreland; but at the time of the artist's birth his father was in rather poor circumstances, being occupied during the day-time as a corrector of the press, and in the evening teaching Latin to a few pupils. Who was the mother of our artist is not known, but that she was of a kind and affectionate disposition appears sufficiently plain from the manner in which her son on more than one occasion spoke of his youth.

From his earliest years Hogarth discovered an aptness for drawing, though of his education we have no certain intelligence. When he became sufficiently celebrated to attract the attention of the public, there were not wanting those who accused him of ignorance even of his native language. His father was poor; but being a scholar, it is not likely that he would have neglected to teach his son. And it must be recollected, too, that much of the bad spelling of which Hogarth is accused has been found on his pictures, where it was probably designedly painted; and that in his day, correct spelling, even among educated men, was not by any means universal.

At about the age of fourteen, Hogarth was apprenticed to Ellis Gamble, an engraver and goldsmith. Whether he had any education or not, he seems to have early discovered that the learning of his father was no protection against sorrow and want; and it is not unlikely that the father made choice of a business for his son which accorded most readily with the means at his disposal. Indeed, the choice may be considered a fortunate one, for it allowed the youthful artist an opportunity of study and practice in design which a more ambitious course might probably have denied him.

There is an anecdote told of him during his apprenticeship, which is highly characteristic of the genius of the future satirist. Being at Highgate one Sunday with some companions, and the weather being warm and the way dusty, they went into a public-house and called for some refreshment. There happened to be other customers in the house at the time, who to free drinking added fierce talking and some fighting. During the quarrel which ensued, one of them received a blow on his head with a quart pot. The blood running down the man's face gave him such an extremely ludicrous appearance that our young artist could not resist the occasion.

So taking out his pencil, he drew such and exact and laughable sketch of the combatants, that on showing it to them they were ashamed of their unseemly quarrel, and shook hands. On other occasions Hogarth seems to have indulged his humour for caricature to an even greater extent; and thus in a little while he gained much celebrity among his companions.

How long he staid with Gamble, or whether he served the full term of his apprenticeship, is not known. Various anecdotes are told of this period of his life, which are more amusing than true;—such, for instance, as his having been seen by Nollekens, the sculptor, carrying his master's sickly baby about Leicester-fields. Hogarth, we are told by Allan Cunningham, had at this period ceased to have a master for more than seventeen years, was married to Jane Thornhill, kept his carriage, and was in the full blaze of his reputation when Nollekens was born. So much for biographical accuracy.

From engraving shop bill-heads, shields, crests, supporters, coronets, and cyphers, Hogarth appears to have passed into the employment of the booksellers, for whom he was in the habit of etching vignettes and illustrations. In this way he embellished "Mortrage's Travels" with fourteen cuts, and the "Golden Ass of Apuleius," printed in 1724, with seven more. For the five volumes of "Cassandra," published in 1725, he made frontispieces; in 1726 he illustrated an edition of Butler's "Hudibras"—"a work," says Walpole, "that marked him as a man above the common." But in all these productions there was little of the satiric fire for which his after works became so celebrated; little of the peculiar humour so observable in the better known productions of his pencil; little of the free and happy touch which rendered his pictures so unmistakably original.

From employment like this, the transition to portraits and conversation pieces was easy and natural. He began to find patrons, and was, on more than one occasion, employed by the rich and learned. In 1729, he produced a sketch which made some noise, led the way for future success, and called forth the real strength of his powers. For it must be understood that the best friends of Hogarth claim no higher place for him among the painters than that of a faithful delineator of character; for beauty of finish, or elegance of colour, they—or he—make no pretension. It happened that in the year abovenamed, that one Bambridge, warden of the Fleet-prison, and Huggins his predecessor, were accused of breaches of trust, extortions, and cruelties, and were sent to Newgate. On one of their examinations before the House of Commons, Hogarth was present, and made notes of the scene. Of this performance Walpole speaks in the following high terms:—"The scene is a committee of the Commons. On the table are the instruments of torture. A prisoner in rags, and half-starved, appears before them, and the poor man has a good countenance, which adds to the interest. On the other side is the inhuman gaoler. It is the very figure which Salvator Rosa would have drawn for Iago in the moment of detection. Villany, fear, and conscience are mixed in yellow and livid upon his countenance; his lips are contracted by tremor; his face advances as eager to lie; his legs step back as thinking to make his escape; one hand is thrust forward into his bosom, and the fingers of the other are catching uncertainly at his button-holes. If this was a portrait, it was the most striking that ever was drawn—if it was not, still finer."

About this time it appears that Hogarth attended Sir James Thornhill's academy. Whether he was a successful pupil or not, does not appear; but that he had studied female character with some success, appears by his winning the heart of his teacher's daughter. On the 23rd of March, 1729, Hogarth, being then in his thirty-second year, married Jane, the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill. It was a stolen match, and of course the knight was mightily offended at our painter's boldness, and refused to be reconciled to the imprudent pair. Soon afterwards, however, Hogarth commenced that famous series of pictures entitled the "Harlot's Progress;" and Lady Thornhill being fond of her son-in-law, advised him to lay some scenes of it in the way of Sir James. The advice was taken; and when the knight saw the pictures, and understood whose hand had produced them, he was much pleased. "Tell Hogarth," said he, "that the man who can furnish scenes like these wants no portion with a wife." The quarrel, therefore, between the father and daughter was quickly made up.

The course of Hogarth's life henceforth is but the history of his various paintings. In 1733 the "Harlot's Progress" took the town by storm; and the artist has himself told us what first led him to "turn his thoughts to painting and engraving subjects of a modern kind and moral nature—a field not broken up in any age or country."—

"The reasons which induced me," says Hogarth, "to adopt this mode of designing were that I thought both critics and painters had, in the historical style, quite overlooked that intermediate species of subjects which may be placed between the sublime and the grotesque. I therefore wished to compose pictures on canvas similar to representations on the stage, and further hope that they will be tried by the same test, and criticised by the same criterion. Let it be observed that I mean to speak only of those scenes where the human species are actors; and these, I think, have not often been delineated in a way of which they are worthy and capable. In these compositions, those subjects that will both entertain and inform the mind bid fair to be of the greatest public utility, and must therefore be entitled to rank in the highest class. If the execution is difficult, though that is but a secondary merit, the author has a claim to a higher degree of praise. If this be admitted, comedy in painting, as well as in writing, ought to be allotted the first place, as most capable of all these perfections, though the sublime, as it is called, has been opposed to it. Ocular demonstration will carry more conviction to the mind of a sensible man than all he would find in a thousand volumes, and this has been attempted in the prints I have composed. Let the decision be left to any unprejudiced eye; let the figures in either pictures or prints be considered as players, dressed either for the sublime—for genteel comedy or farce—for high or low life. I have endeavoured to treat my subjects as a dramatic writer; my picture is my stage, my men and women my players, who, by means of certain actions and gestures, are to exhibit a dumb show."

To this series succeeded several smaller subjects of a satirical nature, which met with immense success at the hands of the public. In 1736, Hogarth painted and presented to St. Bartholomew's-hospital two scripture subjects—"The Pool of Bethsaida," and "The Good Samaritan." The "Rake's Progress" followed soon after; and so great was its success that twelve hundred subscribers were obtained for the set of engravings before they had left the artist's hands. "The curtain was now drawn aside," says Walpole, "and his genius stood displayed in its full lustre." From time to time he continued to give these works, which should be immortal, if the nature of his work will allow it. Even the receipts for his subscriptions had wit in them. Many of his plates he engraved himself, and often exchanged faces etched by his assistants, when they had not done justice to his ideas.

About this period he had frequently recourse to the law to protect his copyrights from piracy; for the booksellers' finding his style popular, had no hesitation in copying his engravings in an inferior manner, and selling them at a lower price. In 1745, however, he procured an act of Parliament to be passed, on the principle of literary copyright, which effectually protected his interests.

In the same year appeared his "Marriage à-la-Mode," a series of eight pictures, now in the National Gallery. "The Roast Beef of Old England," "Gin Lane" and "Beer Street." "The Four Stages of Cruelty." France and England," and other less known pictures succeeded each other till almost the moment of his death, which took place at his house in Leicester-square on the 26th of October, 1764.

"It has been observed," says Hazlitt, "that Hogarth's pictures are exceedingly unlike any other representation of the same kind of subjects—that they form a class, and have a character, peculiar to themselves. It may be worth while to consider in what this general distinction consists. In the first place, they are in the strictest sense historical pictures; and if what Fielding says be true, that his novel of Tom Jones ought to be regarded as an epic prose poem, because it contains a regular development of fable, manners, character, and passion, the compositions of Hogarth will, in like manner, be found to have a higher claim to the title of epic pictures than many which have of late arrogated that denomination to themselves. When we say that Hogarth treated his subjects historically, we mean that his works represent the manners and humours of mankind in action, and their characters by varied expression. Everything in his pictures has life and motion in it. Not only does the business of the scene never stand still, but every feature and muscle is put into full play; the exact feeling of the moment is brought out, and carried to its utmost height, and then instantly seized and stamped on the canvas for

ever. The expression is always taken *en passant*, in a state of progress or change, and, as it were, at a salient point. Again, with the rapidity, variety, and scope of history, Hogarth's heads have all the reality and correctness of portraits. He gives the extremes of character and expression, but he gives them with perfect truth and accuracy. His faces go to the very verge of caricature, and yet never we believe (in any single instance) go beyond it. They take the very widest latitude, and yet we always see the links which bind them to nature; they bear all the marks and carry all the conviction of reality with them, as if we had seen the actual faces for the first time, from the precision, consistency, and good sense with which the whole and every part is made out. They exhibit the most uncommon features with the most uncommon expressions, but which are yet as familiar and intelligible as possible, because, with all the boldness, they have all the truth of nature. Hogarth has left behind him as many of these memorable faces, in their memorable moments, as perhaps most of us remember in the course of our lives, and has thus doubled the quantity of our observation."

THE TOY OF THE GIANT'S CHILD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

It is the lofty Insellberg—a mountain high and strong—
Where once a noble castle stood—the giants held it long;
Its very ruins now are lost, its site is waste and lone,
And if he looks for giants there, they are all dead and gone.

The giant's daughter once came forth, the castle gate before,
And played with all a child's delight before her father's door;
Then sauntering down the precipice, the girl would gladly go,
To see, perchance, how matters went in the little world below.

With few and hasty steps she passed the mountain and the wood,
At length approaching near the place where dwelt mankind she stood;
And many a town and village fair, and many a field so green,
Before her wondering eyes appeared, a strange and curious scene.

And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all the scenes around,
She saw a peasant at her feet a-tilling of the ground;
The little creature crawled about so slowly here and there,
And lighted by the morning sun, his plough shone out so fair.

"Oh, pretty plaything! cries the child, "I'll take thee home with me."
Then with her infant hands she spread her kerchief on her knee,
And cradling man, and horse, and plough, so gently on her arm,
She bore them home quite cautiously, afraid to do them harm.

She hastes with joyous steps and glad (we know what children are),
And spying soon her father out, she shouted from afar—
"Oh, father! dearest father! what a plaything I have found!
I never saw so fair a one upon our mountain ground!"

Her father sat at table then, and drank his wine so mild,
And smiling with a parent's smile, he asked the happy child—
"What struggling creature hast thou brought so carefully to me?
Thou leap'st for very joy, my girl! come, open, let us see!"

She oped her kerchief cautiously, and gladly you may deem,
And showed her eager sire the plough, the peasant, and his team;
And when she'd placed before his sight the new-found pretty toy,
She clasped her hands, and screamed aloud, and cried for very joy.

But her father looked quite seriously, and shaking slow his head,
"What hast thou brought me here, my girl?—this is no toy," he said.
"Go, take it to the vale again, and put it down below:
The peasant is no plaything, child! how could'st thou think him so?

So go, without a sigh or sob, and do my will," he said:
"For know, without the peasant, girl, we none of us had bread;
'Tis from the peasant's hardy stock the race of giants are—
The peasant is no plaything, child—no, God forbid he were!"

MONUMENT TO FENIMORE COOPER.—It was determined, at a meeting which was held in New York during the last month, to erect a statue to the memory of that most original of American writers, Fenimore Cooper. There were present at the meeting Dr. Bethune, Mr. Bancroft, Washington Irving, and our countryman, Mr. G. P. R. James, besides several gentlemen well known in the United States. Letters of adhesion were read from Messrs. Longfellow, Prescott, Hawthorne, and Dana. Mr. Webster presided, and Mr. Bryant read a long and eloquent discourse on the life and writings of the romancist, and the meeting passed off with the greatest enthusiasm.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "WORKING MAN'S FRIEND."

SIR,—Having seen in the public papers a proposition for rendering the Crystal Palace permanently available for the public use by purchase, I beg to suggest, for consideration, the question (not yet mooted that I know of), how far might it be practicable and advisable to form a Joint Stock Company for its purchase, and the carrying out the great and good designs mentioned in the newspapers?

Do you think one hundred thousand shares of one pound each would not be subscribed for in a week?

That amount per share would give the *masses* of the people an easy means of participating in the proprietorship, and would have a beneficial moral influence upon the industrial classes of the metropolis.

The sum of £100,000 would both pay the purchase money of the building, and leave about £30,000 to be applied to the making it into a winter garden, and the other excellent purposes already contemplated.

I think there can be no doubt the receipts for admission would be so ample as to cover all expense of keeping the property in repair, the payment of a good dividend to the shareholders, salaries of gardeners, clerks, servants, police, insurance, ground rent (if any), &c., &c., and to leave a very large surplus available for the future necessities of so magnificent a work.

The surplus would perhaps, in a little time, purchase the houses, if purchaseable, of all the Goths and Vandals, and stupid and selfish grumblers and monopolists, whose natures forbid the desire to benefit mankind.

I should be obliged to you or any one else to consider how far the following estimate, &c., in case this proposal of a Joint Stock Company were acted upon, might be trusted to. Such a plan seems to me to be free from the objections inseparable from that of a few monied men purchasing the building as a mere personal lucrative speculation.

The fact of fifty thousand artisans of London becoming £1 shareholders in the concern, could not fail to have a good and lasting effect upon the morals of the people.

100,000 Shares at £1	£100,000
Purchase of Building, say	70,000
Expenses converting it into a winter garden, &c.	30,000
Capital subscribed	£100,000

RECEIPTS.

4,000 *Yearly* admission tickets at £1	£4,000
6,000 *Quarterly* ditto, at 5s., being £1 a-year	6,000
10,000 *Monthly* ditto, at 1s. 8d., being £1 a-year	10,000
10,000 *Weekly* ditto, at 5d., being £1 a-year	10,000
30,000 tickets	£30,000
10,000 *Daily* money-payments at 1d., being £1 6s. a-year	13,000
Yearly receipts	£43,000

EXPENDITURE.

Shareholders' Dividend on Subscribed Capital, £100,000 at 10 per cent	£10,000	
Repairs of Building, Insurance, Ground Rent (if any), Salaries of Gardeners, Police, Clerks, Servants, &c.	6,000	16,000
Probable yearly surplus		£27,000

Of the 30,000 tickets enumerated, probably there might be actual visits daily, as under:—

Of the 1st class, say	2,000
2nd „	4,000
3rd „	7,000
4th „	7,000
	20,000
Add 5th money payments	10,000
Average number of persons daily	30,000

In the event of the building not being permitted to rest upon its present site, it might be removed to some other situation.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
J. JOLLIE.

Hartlepool, April 25th, 1852.

Postscript.—Some time ago I made an estimate of the expense of bringing the Mineral Waters from Bath in pipes underground to the Crystal Palace, from which I conclude that a penny extra from a certain number daily for a large draught, or several draughts, of the Spa water would render such a project a payable one, and beneficial to the public health.

A PLEA FOR THE BEGGARS.

A FOREIGNER, on being shown about the west-end streets of London, asked, "Where are the beggars?" His polite and well-bred conductor—who for thirty years had never acknowledged to have been eastward of Temple-bar, and who knew nothing of "the City" except as a place where money might be raised on good security—assured him that they were almost unknown in that locality—"The police here, my dear friend, are too many for them," he said, with a half-pitying kind of air, and so dismissed the subject.

THE DOOR OF THE WORKHOUSE.

And was not the man of St. James's quite right? Do you ever see any number of vagrants about the west-end streets—or rather about the main thoroughfares of Westminster and Pimlico? No, no. If the stranger in London wants to know where to find the beggars, he must not inquire of his wealthy friends, or his fashionable acquaintance; *they* are not likely to give him much information on the subject. He must be content to see the beggars where they are to be found—in the dull back-streets of unfashionable neighbourhoods, about the doors of the minor theatres at night, beside the workhouse walls, in the byeways and unknown parts of the great wilderness called London, in the extreme suburbs, where the hardworking poor make their homes—for the poor appeal to the poor invariably; and seldom appeal in vain.

The beggars of London are a class distinct from those poor persons who have some kind of occupation—lucifer-match selling for instance; and it is to be feared that, in the greater number of instances, mendicity has become a trade rather than a necessity. Indeed in certain districts the same groups of beggars may be recognised day after day, and week after week, till the feelings become hardened, and the pedestrians no longer notice their appeals.

Go into High Holborn, the Tottenham Court-road, Newington Causeway, or Whitechapel, if you would see the beggars of London in their every-day guise. Stand just outside the door of a metropolitan workhouse if you would study the character of the suburban vagrant. Look at the group the artist has depicted. There can be no manner of doubt that they are poor and hungry, in rags, and misery, and filth; but it is also patent to the police, and the relieving-officers, and the beadle of the parish, that they have an invincible antipathy to work, and a sort of hereditary love of sunshine and rags. And rags, say some hard-hearted

folk with full stomachs and well-fitting broadcloth, are not really so very unpleasant in warm weather as people might imagine. But only look at the miserable, degraded, starved,

THE HIRED CHILD.

and shoeless wretches, and ask yourselves, oh comfortable moralists! whether it is likely they came into that condition of their own choice. Some grave people, with a genius for statistics, have discovered that every tenth person in London rises from his resting-place in the morning without the means of getting a breakfast. Is it possible that this miserable tithe of the great metropolis *prefer* hunger and cold, or that they remain in the wretched condition in which we see them of their own free will? It is well to be certain that we are quite just before we condemn a whole class for the sins of a few. It may be, and doubtless is, the fact, that, having once fallen into a low, desponding state; having once learned to accept assistance at the hands of the benevolent; having once become inured to the misery of a life in the streets—these outcasts from society no longer feel an inclination to raise themselves in the social scale. Nor can we be surprised to discover that the hard necessity of living should be ignored by a class for whom so little sympathy is shown by the general public. It is so easy to beg, and so difficult to procure employment. Ask any one of the crowd about the workhouse door whether they like the life they lead, and you may be pretty sure of the kind of answer you would get.

Of all the strange sights which London presents to the visitor, no stranger or more appalling one can arrest his attention than this same group about the workhouse-door. The shivering wretches at the pavement-side—even though we admit, for the sake of argument, that they try to look as haggard and miserable as possible—cannot, surely, raise themselves from out the mire of vice and degradation into which they have sunk? It may be—who knows?—that the woman and her children have known the comforts of a better state. We cannot persuade ourselves that even the professional beggars can be much in love with their trade, even though they succeed well enough during the day to make merry over a tripe supper in a St. Giles's cellar at night.

Rags and tatters, and a hired child! How often do we not turn round in the street to gaze upon some mother's face in which the remnants of beauty yet remain—to glance at a little countenance, which might be an angel's, in its look of sweet repose—to feel a minute's pity for their misery, and then pass on.

What matters it even if we give to the undeserving; is it not better that we should bestow our charity upon the worthless, than that any really wanting should be neglected?

A thought like this sometimes comes across the mind of the stranger, and he straightway makes his notions practical. It was a good impulse in him, and it was good to indulge it; but only ask of the policeman at the street-corner, at sight of whom the vagrants have vanished most mysteriously, what he knows of them. The chances are about a thousand to one that he will tell you that the very interesting group—the mother in rags, with a pretty infant in her arms, and the chubby children with such innocent-looking faces and beautiful hair—are the most incorrigible beggars in his beat, "a lot he can't get rid of no-how!"

Well, what are we to do with these kind of people? Are we to allow them to go on starving in our streets—filling our workhouses, to the exclusion of honester folk—defrauding the benevolent of the money which might be better bestowed—sealing up the hearts and closing the purses of those who discover their guilt, as discover it they must sooner or later? These are questions which are easy enough to put, but how difficult to answer! Questions which have puzzled the lawmakers, and magistrates, and keepers of the public streets, these fifty years. "The poor ye have always with you:" how shall we distinguish between the really poor and those who feign poverty for bad ends—between the deserving pau-

THE BEGGAR FAMILY.

pers and the vagrant family of hired children? And how, having separated the one class from the other, shall we dispose of their real or fancied claims? Poverty is the great stumbling-block for political and moral reformers; and the question is, how to remove it.

PORUS TAKEN BY ALEXANDER.

The artists are often the best annotators of history. In the Great Exhibition of 1851 they made us think, in spite of ourselves, of various passages in our early reading, which we had well nigh forgotten amid the cares of life and the more pressing claims of contemporary events. Thus, in the exquisite silver *alto-relievo* shown in page 76, it was absolutely necessary, before we could properly appreciate its worth, to read up the story which it was meant to tell. But when we *did* take the trouble of remembering the exploits of the Macedonian conqueror—and when we read again the story of Alexander's Indian expedition, laden as he was with spoil and weary with conquest—our appreciation of the artist's labours, and our admiration of the singular fidelity with which the whole story had been worked out, grew more and more. It *may* happen that some of our readers have not the book beside them; a few sentences, therefore, may help to make the meaning of the picture plain.

Alexander, the son of Philip of Macedon, after having, in a series of the most extraordinary battles, led the Greeks into the very heart of Persia, and by an invincible heroism and determination, succeeded in triumphing over the ancient enemies of Greece, at last turned his thoughts towards a new field of conquest. With this view he led his troops to anticipate greater glory than they had hitherto shared, and taught them that in the conquest of India lay the crown and triumph of all their enterprises.

Early in the spring of the second year of the hundred and thirteenth Olympiad (B.C. 327), Alexander began to make preparations for this remote and dangerous enterprise. Having appointed a general to govern in his absence, he turned his face southward, and in spite of the difficulties which everywhere beset his path—in spite of the rugged nature of the country which he had to pass through with his army—in spite of the opposition of the warlike tribes who harassed his troops at every step of their progress—he fought his way through the obstacles which opposed him, and at last found himself on the fertile banks of the river Indus.

On the eastern bank Alexander received the submission of the neighbouring princes. Of these, Taxiles, who was the most considerable, brought, besides other valuable presents, the assistance of seven thousand Indian horse, and surrendered his capital, Taxila, the most wealthy and populous city between the Indus and Hydaspes. But the king, who never allowed himself to be outdone in generosity, restored and augmented the dominions of Taxiles.

The army crossed the Indus about the time of the summer solstice, at which season the Indian rivers are swelled by heavy rains, as well as by the melted snow, which descends in torrents from Paropamisus. Trusting to this circumstance, Porus, a powerful and warlike prince, had encamped on the Shantrou, or Hydaspes, with thirty thousand foot, four thousand horse, three hundred armed chariots, and two hundred elephants. At an inconsiderable distance from the main body, his son commanded a detachment, consisting of the same kind of forces, which were all well accoutred, and excellently disciplined. Alexander perceived the difficulty of passing the Hydaspes in the face of this formidable host; a difficulty which must be greatly increased by the elephants, whose noise, and smell, and aspect, were alike terrible to cavalry. He therefore collected provisions on the opposite bank, and industriously gave out that he purposed to delay passing the river till a more favourable season. This artifice deluded not the Indians; and Porus kept his post. The king next had recourse to a different stratagem. Having posted his cavalry in separate detachments along the river, he commanded them to raise in the night loud shouts of war, and to fill the bank with agitation and tumult, as if they had determined at all hazards to effect their passage. The noise roused the enemy, and Porus conducted his elephants wherever the danger threatened. This scene was repeated several successive nights; during which the barbarians were fatigued and harassed by perpetual alarms. Porus discovering, as he fondly believed, that nothing was intended by this vain noise, but merely to disturb his repose, at length desisted from following the motions of the Macedonian cavalry, and remained quiet in his encampment, having stationed proper guards on the bank.

The false security of Porus enabled Alexander to effect his long meditated purpose. At the distance of about eighteen miles from his camp, and at the principal winding of the Hydaspes, there stood a lofty rock, thickly covered with trees; and near to this rock, an island, likewise overrun with wood, and uninhabited. Such objects were favourable for concealment: they immediately suggested to Alexander the design of passing the river with a strong detachment, which he resolved to command in person, as he seldom did by others what he could himself perform; and, amidst the variety of operations, always claimed for his own the task of importance or danger. The Macedonian phalanx, the new levies from Paropamisus, together with the Indian auxiliaries, and one division of the cavalry, remained under the command of Craterus. They had orders to amuse the enemy by making fires in the night, and by preparing openly during daytime to cross the Hydaspes. While these operations were carrying on by Craterus, Alexander having collected hides and boats, marched up the country with a choice body of light infantry, the archers and Agrians, the Bactrian, Scythian, and Parthian cavalry, together with a due proportion of heavy-armed troops; the whole a well assorted brigade, adapted to every mode of war required by the nature of the ground, the arms or disposition of the enemy. Having receded from the bank to a distance sufficiently remote for eluding the observation of Porus, he advanced towards the rock and island; and in this secure post prepared to embark, after taking such precautions against the vicissitudes of war and fortune, as could be suggested only by the most profound military genius. The orders given to Craterus were precise: should the Indians perceive, and endeavour to interrupt the passage to the rock and island, he was in that case to hasten over with his cavalry; otherwise not to stir from his post, until he observed Porus advancing against Alexander, or flying from the field. At an equal distance between the bank, where Alexander meant to pass, and the camp where Craterus lay, Attalus and Meleagur were posted with a powerful body of mercenaries, chiefly consisting of Indian mountaineers, who had been defeated by the Macedonians, and taken into the pay of the conqueror. To provide for any unforeseen accident, sentinels were placed along the bank, at convenient distances, to observe and repeat signals.

Fortune favoured these judicious dispositions. A violent tempest concealed from the enemy's out-guards the tumult of preparation; the clash of armour and the voice of command being overpowered by the complicated crash of rain and thunder. When the storm somewhat abated, the horse and infantry, in such proportions as both the boats and hides could convey, passed over, unperceived, into the island. Alexander led the line, accompanied in his vessel of thirty oars by Seleucus, Ptolemy, Perdiccas, and Lysimachus; names destined to fill the ancient world, when their renown was no longer repressed by the irresistible diffusion of their master's glory.

The king first reached the opposite bank, in sight of the enemy's out-guards, who hastened, in trepidation, to convey the unwelcome intelligence to Porus. The Macedonians meanwhile formed in order of battle; but before meeting their enemies, they had to struggle with an unforeseen difficulty. The coast on which they landed was the shore of another island, disjoined from the continent by a river commonly fordable, but actually so much swelled by the rains of the preceding night, that the water reached the breasts of the men, and the necks of the horses. Having passed this dangerous stream with his cavalry and targeteers, Alexander advanced with all possible expedition, considering, that should Porus offer battle, these forces would resist till joined by the heavy infantry; but should the Indians be struck with panic at his unexpected passage of the Hydaspes, the light-armed troops would thus arrive in time to attack and pursue them with advantage.

Upon the first alarm given by his out-guards, Porus detached his son to oppose the landing of the enemy with two thousand horse, and one hundred and twenty armed chariots. These forces, arriving too late to defend the bank, were speedily broken and put to flight by the equestrian archers; their leader and four hundred horsemen were slain; most of the chariots were taken; the slime of the river, which rendered them

unserviceable in the action, likewise interrupting their flight.

The sad news of this discomfiture deeply afflicted Porus; but his immediate danger allowed not time for reflection. Craterus visibly prepared to pass the river, and to attack him in front; his flanks were threatened with the shock of the Macedonian horse, elated by recent victory. In this emergency the Indian appears to have acted with equal prudence and firmness. Unable to oppose this complicated assault, he left part of the elephants under a small guard, to frighten, rather than resist, Craterus's cavalry; while, at the head of his whole army, he marched in person to meet the more formidable division of the enemy, commanded by their king. His horse amounted to four, and his foot to thirty thousand; but the part of his strength in which he seemed most to confide, consisted of three hundred armed chariots, and two hundred elephants. With these forces, Porus advanced, until he found a plain sufficiently dry and firm for his chariots to wheel. He then arranged his elephants at intervals of a hundred feet; in these intervals he placed his infantry a little behind the line. By this order of battle, he expected to intimidate the enemy, since their horse, he thought, would be deterred from advancing at sight of the elephants; and their infantry, he imagined, would not venture to attack the Indians in front, while they must be themselves exposed to be attacked in flank, and trampled under foot by those terrible animals. At either extremity of the line, the elephants bore huge wooden towers, filled with armed men. The cavalry formed the wings, covered in front with the armed chariots.

Alexander by this time appeared at the head of the royal cohort and equestrian archers. Perceiving that the enemy had already prepared for battle, he commanded a halt, until the heavy-armed troops should join. This being effected, he allowed them time to rest and recover strength, carefully encircling them with the cavalry; and meanwhile examined, with his usual diligence, the disposition of the Indians. Upon observing their order of battle, he immediately determined, not to attack them in front, in order to avoid encountering the difficulties which Porus had artfully thrown in his way; and at once resolved on an operation, which, with such troops as those whom he commanded, could scarcely fail to prove decisive. By intricate and skilful manœuvres, altogether unintelligible to the Indians, he moved imperceptibly towards their left wing with the flower of his cavalry. The remainder, conducted by Cœnus, stretched towards the right, having orders to wheel at a given distance, that they might attack the Indians in rear, should they wait to receive the shock of Alexander's squadrons. A thousand equestrian archers directed their rapid course towards the same wing; while the Macedonian foot remained firm in their posts, waiting the event of this complicated assault, which appears to have been conducted with the most precise observance of time and distance.

The Indian horse, harassed by the equestrian archers, and exposed to the danger of being surrounded, were obliged to form into two divisions, of which one prepared to resist Alexander, and the other faced about to meet Cœnus. But this evolution so much disordered their ranks and dejected their courage, that they were totally unable to stand the shock of the Macedonian cavalry, which surpassed them as much in strength, as it excelled them in discipline. The fugitives took refuge, as behind a line of friendly towers, in the intervals that had been left between the elephants. These fierce animals were then conducted against the enemy's horse; which movement was no sooner observed by the infantry, than they seasonably advanceed, and galled the assailants with darts and arrows. Wherever the elephants turned the Macedonians opened their ranks, finding it dangerous to resist them with a close and deep phalanx. Meanwhile, the Indian cavalry rallied, and were repelled with greater loss than before. They again sought the same friendly retreat; but their flight was now intercepted, and themselves almost entirely surrounded, by the Macedonian horse; at the same time that the elephants, having lost their riders, enraged at being pent up within a narrow space, and furious, through their wounds, proved more formidable to friends than foes, because the Macedonians, having the advantage of an open ground, could everywhere give vent to their fury.

The battle was decided before the division, under Craterus, passed the river. But the arrival of these fresh troops rendered the pursuit peculiarly destructive. The unfortunate Porus lost both his sons, all his captains, twenty thousand foot, and three thousand horse. The elephants, spent with fatigue, were slain or taken; even the armed chariots were hacked in pieces, having proved less formidable in reality than appearance, could we believe that little more than three hundred men perished on the side of Alexander. An obvious inconsistency too often appears in the historians of that conqueror. With a view to enhance his merit, they describe and exaggerate the valour and resistance of his enemies; but, in computing the numbers of the slain, they become averse to allow this valour and resistance to have produced any adequate effects.

The Indian king having behaved with great gallantry in the engagement, was the last to leave the field. His flight being retarded by his wounds, he was overtaken by Taxiles, whom Alexander entrusted with the care of seizing him alive. But Porus, perceiving the approach of a man, who was his ancient and inveterate enemy, turned his elephant and prepared to renew the combat. Alexander then despatched to him Meroe, an Indian of distinction, who, he understood, had formerly lived with Porus in habits of friendship. By the entreaties of Meroe, the high-minded prince, spent with thirst and fatigue, was finally persuaded to surrender; and being refreshed with drink and repose, was conducted to the presence of the conqueror. Alexander admired his stature (for he was above seven feet high) and the majesty of his person; but he admired still more his courage and magnanimity. Having asked in what he could oblige him? Porus answered, "By acting like a king." "That," said Alexander with a smile, "I should do for my own sake, but what can I do for yours?" Porus replied, "All my wishes are contained in that one request." None ever admired virtue more than Alexander. Struck with the firmness of Porus, he declared him reinstated on his throne; acknowledged him for his ally and his friend; and having soon afterwards received the submission of the Glausæ, who possessed thirty-seven cities on his eastern frontier, the least of which contained five thousand, and many of the greatest above ten thousand inhabitants, he added this populous province to the dominions of his new confederate. Immediately after the battle, he interred the slain, performed the accustomed sacrifices, and exhibited gymnastic and equestrian games on the banks of the Hydaspes. Before leaving that river he founded two cities, Nicæa and Bucephalia; the former was so called, to commemorate the victory gained near the place where it stood; the latter situate on the opposite bank, was named in honour of his horse Bucephalus, who died there, worn out by age and fatigue. A large division of the army remained under the command of Craterus, to build and fortify these new cities.

FABLE TO BE LEARNT BY BEGINNERS.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THERE lived a diver once, whose boast
Was, that he brought up treasures lost,
However deep beneath the sea
Of glossy-hair'd Parhenope.
To try him, people oft threw in
A silver cross or gold zecchin,
Down went the diver "fathoms nine,"
And you might see the metal shine
Between his lips or on his head,
While lazy Tethys lay abed,
And not a Nereid round her heard,
The green pearl-spangled curtain stirr'd.
One day a tempting fiend threw down,
Where whirl'd the waves, a tinsel crown,
And said "O diver, you who dive
Deeper than any man alive,
And see where other folks are blind,
And, what all others miss, can find,
You saw the splendid crown I threw
Into the whirlpool: now can you
Recover it? thus won, you may
Wear it . . not once, but every day,
So may your sons." Down, down he sprang
A hundred Nereids heard the clang,
And closed him round and held him fast . .
The diver there had dived his last.

THE CAPTURE OF KING PORUS BY ALEXANDER. A BASSO-RELIEVO IN SILVER, WITH 217 FIGURES, EMBOSSED BY HAND. BY J. SZENTPETRIJ, OF PESTH, IN HUNGARY. EXHIBITED AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—(*See page 74.*)

THE ROSICRUCIANS.

"At the dawn of philosophy its dreams were not yet dispersed," says the author of *The Amenities of Literature*, "and philosophers were often in peril of being as imaginative as poets. The arid abstractions of the schoolmen were succeeded by the fanciful visions of the occult philosophers; and both were but preludes to the experimental philosophy of Bacon and Newton, and the metaphysics of Locke. The first illegitimate progeny of science were deemed occult, and even magical; while astronomy was bewildered with astrology, chemistry was running into alchemy, and natural philosophy wantoned in the grotesque chimeras of magical phantoms, the philosophers themselves pursued science in a suspicious secrecy, and were often imagined to know much more than the human faculties can acquire. These anagogical children of reverie, straying beyond 'the visible diurnal sphere,' elevated above humanity, found no boundary which they did not fathom —no altitude on which they did not rest. The credulity of enthusiasts was kept alive by the devices of artful deceivers, and illusion closed in imposture."

These remarks form a fit introduction to a sketch of the remarkable sect of visionary speculators whose name stands at the head of this paper. It is right, at the outset, to admit that their very existence has been denied; but this position has but little authority to support it, in the face of that which proves it to be an historical fact. The influence which this secret fraternity exercised upon opinion during their short career, and the permanent impression which they have left upon European literature, invest their history with a peculiar interest. Wild and visionary though they were, they were not without their uses. Before their time, the superstitions of Europe had been peopled only by the dark and disgusting creations of monkish imaginations; of these the Rosicrucians purged them, and substituted in their stead a race of mild, graceful, and beneficent beings.

This remarkable society, whose doctrines formed so singular a compound of religious mysticism and fanciful romance, though it only became known to the public in the seventeenth century, is said to have originated in Germany three centuries earlier. Their reputed founder, from whom they took their name, was Christian Rosenkreuz, or "Rose-cross," a German nobleman and philosopher, who travelled in the Holy Land, towards the close of the fourteenth century. The story of his life, which is given in a German work, published at Frankfort in 1617, and called *Fama Fraternitatis des löblichen Orden des Rosenkreuzes* (Report of the laudable Fraternity of the Rosicrucians), says, that whilst on his travels, Rosenkreuz fell sick at Damascus, where he was visited by some learned Arabs, who claimed him as their brother in science, and unfolded to him, by inspiration, all the secrets of his past life, both of thought and action. They then restored him to health by means of the philosopher's stone, and afterwards instructed him in all their mysteries. In 1401, he returned to Germany, says the same authority, and drawing a chosen number of friends around him, he initiated them into the mysteries of the new science, having previously bound them by oath to keep it secret for one hundred years. The adepts lived together in a building, which they called *Sancti Spiritus* (sacred spirits), where their founder died, in 1484, at the age of 106 years. The place of his burial was kept a profound secret, and the society renewed itself by the successive admission of new members, in silence and obscurity, according to the last injunction of their master, who directed the following inscription to be placed on a door of their building: "*Post CXX. annos patebo*"—after one hundred and twenty years I will open.

Such is the probably half-mythical account of their origin, which is contained in the work we have mentioned. Many have disputed this remote antiquity, and affirmed that the first dawning of the Rosicrucian doctrine is to be found in the theories of Paracelsus (a German alchemist and physician, who died in 1541), and the dreams of Dr. Dee (a famous English philosopher of the 16th century), who, without intending it, became the actual, though never the recognised, founders of the Rosicrucian philosophy. Whatever may have been the true origin of the sect, one thing is certain, that its existence only became publicly known in the year 1605. At that time it created a great stir amongst the mystical Germans. No sooner were its doctrines promulgated, than all the visionaries, Paracelsists, and alchemists flocked around its standard, and vaunted Rosenkreuz as the new regenerator of the human race. Michael Maier, the physician of the emperor Rudolph, became initiated in its mysteries, and having travelled over all Germany seeking confidential instruction from its members, published a report of the laws and customs of the new fraternity, in 1615. An abstract of these published ordinances of the society will be the best and most concise explanation of its doctrines. They asserted, in the first place, "That the meditations of their founders surpassed everything that had ever been imagined since the creation of the world, without even excepting the revelations of the Deity; that they were destined to accomplish the general peace and regeneration of man before the end of the world arrived; that they possessed all wisdom and piety in a supreme degree; that they possessed all the graces of nature, and could distribute them among the rest of mankind, according to their pleasure; that they were subject to neither hunger, nor thirst, nor disease, nor old age, nor to any other inconvenience of nature; that they knew by inspiration, and at the first glance, every one who was worthy to be admitted into their society; that they had the same knowledge then which they would have possessed if they had lived from the beginning of the world, and had been always acquiring it; that they had a volume, in which they could read all that ever was or ever would be written in other books till the end of time; that they could force to, and retain in, their service the most powerful spirits and demons; that, by virtue of their songs, they could attract pearls and precious stones from the depths of the sea or the bowels of the earth; that God had covered them with a thick cloud, by means of which they could shelter themselves from the malignity of their enemies, and that they could thus render themselves invisible from all eyes; that the first eight brethren of the "Rose-cross" had power to cure all maladies; that, by means of the fraternity, the triple crown of the pope would be reduced into dust; that they only admitted two sacraments, with the ceremonies of the primitive church, renewed by them; that they recognised the fourth monarchy and the emperor of the Romans as their chief, and the chief of all christians; that they would provide him with more gold, their treasures being inexhaustible, than the king of Spain had ever drawn from the golden regions of eastern and western Ind." Such was the Rosicrucian confession of faith. They had six rules of conduct, which prescribed,

First, That, in their travels, they should gratuitously cure all diseases.

Secondly, That they should always dress in conformity to the fashions of the country in which they resided.

Thirdly, That they should, once in every year, meet together in the place appointed by the fraternity, or send in writing an available excuse.

Fourthly, That every brother, whenever he felt inclined to die, should choose a person worthy to succeed him.

Fifthly, That the words "Rose-cross" should be the marks by which they should recognise each other.

Sixthly, That their fraternity should be kept a secret for six times twenty years.

These laws, they asserted, had been found in a golden book in the tomb of Rosenkreuz, and as the prescribed time from his death had expired in the year 1604, the doctrines were accordingly promulgated, for the benefit and enlightenment of mankind. For some years these enthusiasts made numerous converts to their doctrines in Germany; but they excited little attention in other parts of Europe. In 1623, however, they made their appearance in Paris, and threw all the learned and the credulous into commotion. One morning the walls of the city were found covered with placards, to the following effect:—"We, the deputies of the principal College of the Brethren of the Rose-cross have taken up our abode, visible and invisible, in this city, by the grace of the Most High, towards whom are turned the hearts of the just. We show and teach without books or signs, and speak all sorts of languages in the countries where we dwell, to draw mankind, our fellows, from error and from death." At this strange announcement, some wondered, but more laughed. Two books, however, were shortly afterwards published, which excited real alarm and curiosity amongst all parties, about this dreadful and secret brotherhood. The first

of these works was called, a history of "The frightful Compacts entered into between the Devil and the pretended 'Invisibles'; with their damnable Instructions, the deplorable Ruin of their Disciples, and their miserable end." The other book was entitled an "Examination of the new and unknown Cabala of the brethren of the Rose-cross, who have lately inhabited the city of Paris; with the History of their Manners, the Wonders worked by them, and many other particulars." In these books, which, as we have said, caused great alarm, it was stated that the Rosicrucian society consisted of thirty-six persons in all, who had renounced their baptism and hope of salvation; that it was directly from Satan that they received the power which they possessed of transporting themselves from one end of the world to the other with the rapidity of thought; that they could speak all languages; that they had unlimited supplies of money; that they could render themselves invisible and penetrate into the most secret places, in spite of bolts and bars; and that they could infallibly tell the future and the past. Such were a few, and not the most heinous, of the attributes ascribed to this mysterious society by the two books which we have mentioned. In the midst of the commotion raised by these generally-believed disclosures, a second placard appeared on the walls of Paris, containing the following announcement:—"If any one desires to see the Brethren of the Rose-cross from curiosity only, he will never communicate with us. But if his *will* really induces him to inscribe his name in the register of our brotherhood, we, who can judge of the thoughts of all men will convince him of the truth of our promises. For this reason we do not publish to the world the place of our abode. Thought alone, in unison with the sincere *will* of those who desire to know us, is sufficient to make us known to them, and them to us."

In vain did the Parisian police endeavour to find out the publishers of these strange manifestoes; the church, however, soon took up the matter, and denounced them as heretics and sorcerers of the blackest dye. Their very name—it was affirmed—was derived from the garland of roses, in the form of a cross, hung over the tavern tables in Germany as the emblem of secrecy, and from whence has come the common saying *sub rosa* (under the rose). To these and other aspersions the attacked brotherhood replied by a lengthened exposition of their real doctrines. In this defence they denied that they used magic of any kind, or that they had any intercourse whatever with his Satanic Majesty. They declared that they had already lived for more than a century, and expected to live for many centuries to come; and that the knowledge of all things which they possessed had been communicated to them by the Almighty himself, as a reward for their great piety. They reiterated the assertion that their society had been founded by, and derived its name from, Christian Rosenkreuz, and consequently denied the derivation of their name which had been put forth by their enemies. They disclaimed all interference with the peculiar politics or religious opinions of any set of men; whilst, however, they denied the rightful supremacy of the pope, and denounced him as a tyrant. They likewise affirmed their innocence of the charges of immorality which had been brought against them; and declared, on the contrary, that the first vow taken on entering the society was one of chastity, the smallest infringement of which at once and for ever deprived the transgressor of all the advantages and powers which he had previously enjoyed. In contradiction of the old monkish superstitions of sorcery and demonology, they denied the existence of all such malevolent spirits, and asserted that, instead of being beset by such beings as these, man was surrounded by myriads of beautiful and beneficent beings, all anxious to promote his happiness. The air, they said, was peopled with sylphs, the water with undines or naiads, the inner parts of the earth with gnomes, and fire with salamanders. These half-angelic beings who possessed great power, and were unrestrained by the barriers of space or the obstructions of matter were the friends of men, and desired nothing so much as that men should purge themselves of all uncleanness, and thus be enabled to see and converse with them. They watched constantly over mankind by night and day, and sought to win for themselves human love that they might thus share the immortality of human souls, and at last enter with them into the regions of eternal bliss.

The excitement produced by these attacks and replies, though violent, was shortlived. One Gabriel Naudé, a publisher, dealt the finishing blow in France to the fantastic doctrines of the brotherhood, in a work called "Advice to France upon the Brethren of the Rose-cross." The invisible fraternity and their marvellous powers soon ceased to be spoken of, and the stir which they had raised gradually died away. But though thus unsuccessful in France, their doctrines still flourished in Germany and in England, where they had made many converts. At the head of these latter was Robert Fludd, a learned physician, distinguished for his science and his mysticism. The father of English Rosicrucianism was the son of Sir Thomas Fludd, treasurer of war to queen Elizabeth in France and the low countries. He received his education at St. John's College, Oxford, and afterwards spent some years in travelling through France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. It was in this latter country that he first adopted the Rosicrucian philosophy. On his return to England he graduated as Doctor of Medicine, and practised as a physician in London with considerable success. His earnest advocacy of the cabalistic doctrines soon caused him to be looked upon as one of the high priests of the sect. His works in defence of the new philosophy were considered worthy of replies and refutations by Keppler, the celebrated German astronomer and mathematician, and Gassendi a distinguished French philosopher. After his death, in 1637, the Rosicrucian theory lost much of its ground in England. He had left behind him no one equally zealous in the cause with himself; and consequently the efforts of the English Brethren were confined to the publication at considerable intervals of obscure and unimportant works, which only served to show that the folly had not entirely died out. One of these books was published in London in 1652, and was called "The Fame and Confession of the Brethren of the Rosie-cross," by an alchemist, who called himself *Eugenius Philalethes*. A few years afterwards, another enthusiast, named John Hayden, who styled himself "the servant of God and the secretary of Nature," put forth his "New Method of Rosicrucian Physic, for the cure of all diseases, freely given to inspired Christians." In his preface to this medley of nonsense and mysticism, he says, "I shall here tell you what Rosiecrucians are, and that Moses was their father, and he was the child of God. Some say they were of the order of Elias, some of Ezechiel, others define them to be the officers of the generalissimo of the world; that are as the eyes and ears of the great king, seeing and hearing all things, for they are seraphically illuminated as Moses was, according to this order of the elements, earth refined to water, water to air, air to fire." Such is the jargon that could find not only readers, but dupes, in England less than two centuries ago.

Whilst Fludd in this country was propagating his vagaries,

> "All strange and geason,
> Devoid of sense and ordinary reason,"

the cabalistic philosophy had an equally zealous apostle and head in Germany, in the person of Jacob Böhmen. This enthusiast, of whom it will be sufficient to say that his opinions were of the most orthodox absurdity, was born at Görlitz, in Upper Lusatia, in 1575, and followed, till his thirtieth year, the occupation of a shoemaker. At the age mentioned, he heard of the Rosicrucian doctrines, and embraced them with the greatest zeal. He abandoned his trade, and took to book-writing on his adopted vagaries, which he explained and defended in language as sublimely ridiculous as any that has been employed in the same cause. His death, in 1624, affected Rosicrucianism in Germany much as Fludd's had done in England. He left behind him many disciples but none equal in energy or zeal to himself. As the seventeenth century wore on, believers in the cabalistic doctrines, gradually became fewer and less clever in their defence, till at length the cherished fancies of Maier, Böhmen, Fludd, and the other high-priests of the sect, whose names we have left unmentioned, died away. Feeble and partial adherents occasionally were heard of, but the Rosicrucians, as a society, had passed away before the light of a more advanced philosophy and a truer science. Though we have spoken of the sect only in connexion with England, France, and Germany, it had some disciples in the other nations of the continent; they were

greatly inferior, however, both in numbers and enthusiasm to those of the three countries mentioned.

Such, then, is a brief sketch of the history and doctrines of the Rosicrucians. Out of their romantic theories, the reader need hardly be told, legends and tales innumerable have sprung, all full of mystery and wonder—the wild, the fantastic, and the marvellous. With these graceful and exciting creations the literature of England, France, and Germany is largely stored. Amongst them Shakspere's "Ariel" stands pre-eminent. To the same source are we to trace the airy tenants of Belinda's dressing-room, in Pope's charming "Rape of the Lock," and Fouque's exquisite "Undine." With such obligations to the Rosicrucians, no lover of poetry or romance can wish that they had never existed.

NOTES ON THE MANUFACTURES OF SHEFFIELD.

During the passage of some railway bills through the houses of parliament, in the session of 1845-46, affecting the interests of Sheffield, a variety of information was elicited relative to the manufactures of Sheffield. Amongst other points, the quantity of coal annually consumed formed an important branch of inquiry, to obtain a correct estimate of which, Mr. Scholefield (at present one of the aldermen of Sheffield) took a statistical account of the number of hearths, &c., used in each of the various departments of Sheffield trade, and thus, by ascertaining the average consumption of coal or coke per hearth, he arrived at a tolerably accurate account of the quantity of coal annually consumed. These statistical accounts—which have not hitherto been made public—are useful, not only for the purpose of showing the quantity of fuel consumed, but as presenting us with a view of the productive power of Sheffield, the diversity of the several branches of trade there carried on, and their relative comparison to each other. We have found it quite impossible to ascertain the total quantities or numbers of articles in the various departments of trade manufactured at Sheffield—*i.e.*, how many gross of files, razors, &c., are annually made; nor can any approximative calculation be made on this head from either the number of hearths or the number of hands employed in each branch:—

MANUFACTORIES CONSUMING COAL.

		Tons per annum.
9	Anvil, vice, and hammer makers.	936
40	Button makers' furnaces	416
5	Ditto, boiling furnaces	208
10	Coach and railway spring makers	1,040
15	Axletree makers	780
42	Grinding-wheel fires—20 fires each	4,200
60	Comb-scale pressers' furnaces	624
70	Razor-scale pressers' furnaces	455
45	Flat pressers' furnaces	292
226	Table haft and scale pressers' furnaces	2,350
		11,301 tons.

MANUFACTORIES CONSUMING SOFT COKE.

		Tons per annum.
72	Razor makers' hearths	650
346	Table knife makers' hearths	2,249
270	Pen and pocket-knife makers' hearths	1,404
270	Scale and spring makers' hearths	1,404
130	Fork and butchers' steel makers' hearths	676
575	File makers' hearths	7,010
100	Whitesmiths' hearths	1,820
300	Edge-tool makers' hearths	6,240
25	Brace, bit, and joiners' tool makers' hearths	260
170	Scissor makers' hearths	663
60	Blacksmiths' hearths	1,092
300	Saw makers' hearths	1,560
50	Sheep and shear makers' hearths	650
19	Spade and shovel makers' hearths	395
10	Garden shear makers' hearths	143
1	Machine makers' hearth	62
5	Chair-makers' hearths	130
14	Sack needle makers' hearths	72
17	Lancet and fleam makers' hearths	44
		26,514 tons.

As $1\frac{3}{4}$ ton of coal are required to make one ton of soft coke, 46,402 tons of coal would be annually consumed by the above.

25 brass-founders' furnaces, with 60 holes, consuming coal and coke, require 1,388 tons of coal annually.

39 iron-founders, consuming coke, and 26 iron-founders, consuming coal only, require, together, 10,233 tons of coal.

In 1846 there were, in Sheffield, 179 steam-engines of 3,061 horse-power, consuming 79,586 tons of coal per annum.

The daily "get" of coal in the Sheffield, Rotherham, and Barnsley districts, was, at that time, 6,014 tons; and it was estimated that as much as 13,060 tons could be "got" by means of shafts then in use.

We conclude this notice with some information relative to the number of hands employed in most of the various branches of Sheffield manufacture—information which has been kindly furnished us by some intelligent friends, who have taken considerable pains to obtain the most accurate information on the subject:—

File makers, forgers, strikers, and cutters, together about 2,000. Boys and women, 800; grinders, 220; hardeners, 212: total, 3,232.

Spring-knife makers.—Hafters, 1,450; scale and spring forgers, 160; blade forgers, 320; pocket-blade grinders, 100; pen-blade grinders, 320: total, 2,350. Some 600 apprentices added to the above would give a grand total of about 3,100, or rather more.

Saw makers.—Men and boys, about 300. Women in the proportion of one to eight men.

Saw-handle makers.—Men and boys, 230.

Saw grinders.—Men and boys, 225.

Edge tool makers.—Forgers, 200; grinders, 250; strikers, 200: total, 650.

Fork makers.—Forgers, 60; grinders, 120: total, 180.

Scissor makers.—Forgers, 140; grinders, men, 240; boys, 130; filers, dressers, putters together, &c., about 660: total, 1,170.

Razor makers.—Grinders, men, 260; boys, 160.

Table-knife makers.—Hafters, about 1,200; boys, about 300; forgers and strikers, 850; grinders, 800: total, 3,150.

Scythe makers.—Forgers, strikers, and grinders, 165.

Joiners' tool makers, about 220.

Britannia metal makers.—Smiths, 130 men; 40 to 50 boys.

Things Wonderful and True.—With a very near approach to truth, the human family inhabiting the earth has been estimated at 700,000,000; the annual loss by death 18,000,000. Now the weight of the animal matter of this immense body cast into the grave is no less than 624,300 tons, and by its decomposition produces 9,000,000,000,000 cubic feet of gaseous matter. The vegetable productions of the earth clear away from atmosphere the gases thus generated, decomposing and assimilating them for their own increase. This cycle of changes has been going on ever since man became an occupier of the earth. He feeds on the lower animals and on the seeds of plants, which in due time become a part of himself. The lower animals feed upon the herbs and grasses which, in their turn, become the animal; then, by its death, again pass into the atmosphere, and are ready once more to be assimilated by plants, the earthy or bony substance alone remaining where it is deposited, and not even these unless sufficiently deep in the soil to be out of the insorbent reach of the roots and plants and trees. Nothing appears so cannibalising as to see a flock of sheep grazing in a country churchyard, knowing it to be an undeniable fact that the grass they eat has been nurtured by the gaseous emanations from our immediate predecessors; then following up the fact that this said grass is actually assimilated by the animal, and becomes mutton, whereof, perhaps, we may dine next week. It is not at all difficult to prove that the elements of which the living bodies of the present generation are composed have passed through millions of mutations, and formed parts of all kinds of animal and vegetable bodies, in accordance with the unerring law of nature; and consequently we may say with truth that fractions of the elements of our ancestors form portions of ourselves. Some of the particles of Cicero's or Æsop's body, peradventure, wield this pen. Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till we find it stopping a bung-hole?

"Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away!
Oh, that that earth which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

BANKRUPTCY EXPLAINED.—The following "reasons for being so far back" were recently given in to the trustee on a bankrupt estate by the person failing, a grocer in a small business:—1st. Not having any experience in the small trade, so that I could not buy to advantage, and perhaps giving the little profit I had in overweight. 2nd. Selling a good quantity of sugar, and a very small quantity of tea—the sugar at a great loss, and tea being the only article that I have a profit on; so I lost more on the one than I gained on the other; and, beside the loss, I had 3d. to pay on every cwt. for carriage. 3rd. Lost about £4 by oil-cistern and syrup-casks bursting. 4th. Lost a great deal owing to provisions coming down in price every other day; and last, Not taking much above what would keep us for this some time back, although it had been all profit together.

ENJOYMENT OF LIFE.—Two wealthy gentlemen were lately conversing in regard to the period when they had best enjoyed themselves. "I will tell you," says one, "when I most enjoyed life. Soon after I was twenty-one, I worked for Mr. ——, laying stone-wall at twenty cents. per day." "Well," replied the other, "that does not differ much from my experience. When I was twenty, I hired myself out at seven dollars per month. I have never enjoyed myself better since." The experience of these two individuals teaches that happiness does not depend on the amount of his gains or the station he occupies; that very small beginnings, with industry and prudence, may secure wealth.

ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.—Girls, do you want to get married, and do you want good husbands? If so, cease to act like fools. Don't take pride in saying you never did housework—never cooked a pair of chickens—never made a bed—and so on. Don't turn up your pretty noses at honest industry—never tell your friend that you are not obliged to work. When you go a-shopping, never take your mother with you *to carry the bundle.*

BITTER BEER.—In the *Medical Times and Gazette* appears an article under the above head, from which we learn that the fashionable longing for bitterness having surpassed the bitterness of hops, manufacturers have, in despair, resorted to a more potent bitter, in the shape of strychnine, the active principle of *nux vomica*, one grain of which, the writer remarks, will have more effect than a canister of gunpowder, producing tremours, and in some cases permanent ill health. The strychnine, it appears, is manufactured in large quantities in Paris, but its destination was for some time unknown to the French government. It was discovered, however, on inquiry, to be intended for exportation to England, to fabricate bitter beer, and not for home use, as the penalties for falsification in Paris are so stringent, that the pernicious use of this drug does not prevail. To give a bitterness to a pint of beer, the quantity of strychnine, it is stated, must be equal to a medicinal dose, and will, in a very short time, inevitably give rise to symptoms of poisoning. The lovers of a "morning draught," as a "strengthener and appetiser," had best be cautious.

NEW MODE OF PACKING BOUQUETS.—Mr. Meredith, gardener to the Duke of Sutherland, has invented a plan by which cut flowers in bunches may be sent to any distance without injury. Two parallel lines of string, about an inch apart, are fastened between the four opposite sides of a square wooden box, so as to intersect each other in the centre, but at different levels. The shank of the bouquet is then to be passed down where the lines of cord intersect, imbedded up to the flowers in damp moss, and tied firmly to the bottom of the box. In this way the bouquet is kept firmly in one position, and travels safely.

A VALUABLE RELIC.—There was exhibited, at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries lately, a highly curious collection of Anglo-Saxon female personal ornaments, such as amulets, pins, rings, chains, &c., which had been found at various times in digging for foundations, &c., in different parts of the country. At the same meeting, Mr. R. Cole placed before the members some valuable relics found in South America. Among them was a female figure in a stooping posture, about eight inches in height, which had evidently been the support of a very large and, perhaps, highly valuable cup. The figure alone was composed of as much pure gold as would manufacture several hundred sovereigns.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—The present means of insulating the wires of the electric telegraphs on the various lines of railway, appear, according to Mr. F. R. Nindon—who read a paper lately on the subject at the Institution of Civil Engineers—to be extremely defective. To obviate one of the principal causes of imperfection, it is proposed to surround the insulators with a metallic substance, so as to prevent dew from being deposited on the porcelain cups of which the insulators are composed. The metal being a bad absorbent, the radiation from the porcelain is greatly checked, and the cup thus prevented from cooling down below the dew point. The adoption of these metallic coverings would, it was argued, render the working of the wires more certain in their action, and obviate the necessity of expensive underground operations.

RESTORATION OF THE ROYAL TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—This subject is attracting considerable attention among the architects, antiquarians, and lovers of the fine arts. It is proposed to restore the tombs in the various chapels of the abbey to a state similar to that in which they were at the time of their erection; but, that the repairs should not altogether destroy the feeling which many possess for ancient remains, it is thought by Mr. Digby Wyatt and others, that a portion of each shrine, &c., should be left in its present state, as has been done with the arch of Titus at Rome. By this means, not only would these magnificent works of art be rescued from further decay, but their actual condition at the time of repair would be seen. At a meeting of the Institute of British architects, on the 22nd ult., it was determined to present a petition to the Queen, "praying her Majesty to appoint a commission for the purpose of taking into consideration the dilapidated state of the royal tombs in Westminster Abbey."

SLEEP.—There is no better description given of the approach of sleep than in one of Leigh Hunt's papers:—"It is a delicious movement, certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labour of the day is gone. A gentle failure of the perceptions creeps over you; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more, and with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. PYE and others who consult us on the subjects of courtship and matrimony, must excuse us if we decline answering their inquiries. We cannot furnish him with any specific for the cure of females given to hysterics.

A SCHOOL TEACHER.—We believe that most congregations of protestant dissenters, if not all, have English schools in connexion with their congregations or chapels; if not day-schools, at least Sunday-schools.

B. T. W., and, strange to say, two other correspondents, wish us to decide what they state to be a matter of some importance: "Whether *upwards of a hundred* means below or above a hundred?" Are any of our correspondents sufficiently versed in arithmetic to furnish a reply?

A. JOHNSTON.—A portrait and brief memoir of Napoleon will be found in No. 7 of "The Working Man's Friend," New Series.

MARTHA.—You may bleach your "excellent straw hat" by exposing it to the fumes of burning sulphur in a close chest or box; or by immersing it in a weak solution of chloride of lime, and afterwards washing it well in water. The former is a very unpleasant process; and, as in your neighbourhood there are several poor, industrious women, who will cleanse your hat nicely for a few pence, why should you give yourself so much trouble?

A TYRO.—"Civil law" is commonly defined to be that law which every particular nation or society of people has established for its own use, which is now as frequently called "municipal law," to distinguish it from that law which was used by the Romans, and collected under the auspices of the emperor Justinian into a code or body of laws.

R. A. (Dublin.)—A paper on "Telegraphic Communication" appeared in "The Working Man's Friend," New Series, No. 7; and on "Submarine Telegraphs" in No. 21.

LECTOR AB INITIO.—Salt is good, useful, valuable. Never mind what was said to you in your "almost daily lecture" against it, nor what Dr. Howard says against it. Take it with "your meat," your "soup," &c. But because the moderate use of salt with fresh provisions conduces greatly to health, it by no means follows that salted provisions do so, especially if used for a length of time, or, as you term it, "continuously."

JAMES.—You will find a full and interesting account of the KOH-I-NOOR in Vol. 7, page 324, of "The Working Man's Friend." For an answer to your other inquiry, we must refer you to M. Kossuth.

E. H.—It is not necessary that you should deposit your will in any particular place. You should have it properly witnessed and signed. You may then keep it in your own desk, or in any drawer or place you may choose in your own house. Wills of deceased persons, especially if the property be large, or if it be likely to be contested, or if the survivors "administer" to the property, are deposited in the Will-office in Doctors'-commons on the payment of a small fee. The original is retained, and a copy is given to the persons concerned, also on payment of a small fee. Wills so deposited—the will of any person—may be examined by the payment of one shilling, and a copy of the whole, or of any portion, may be had at a small charge *per folio*, that is, 70 words.

R. W. jun.—You can have the first volume of "The Working Man" complete; or if you have the numbers, our publisher can supply you with a case for binding them. "The Popular Educator" will be made up in half-yearly volumes, containing *twenty-six* numbers.

W. G. T.—Most of the questions you put respecting photography you will find answered in the Manuals or Handbooks of Photography, many of which are now published.

A YOUTH.—The best way to improve yourself in composition will be to read and study the most approved standard publications, and to write down your own thoughts freely after such reading. As to what you term "revolutionary societies" and debating clubs, perhaps the less you have to do with them the better.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE

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EGYPT: ITS EDIFICES AND ITS PEOPLE.

KARNAK AND DENDERA.

As the visitor passes over a dromos, or continuation of the avenue which leads to Karnak, a very imposing pylon, or gateway, attracts the attention: it was the work of Ptolemy Euergetes and Berenice, his sister (B.C. 246), who, according to the abominable practice of those days, was his wife and also his queen. Such gateways are very lofty, they have thick and very solid walls, and are highly decorated with sculptures, generally in *intaglio*, and a profusion of hieroglyphics. This particular one is a fine specimen of them, and may be compared with edifices like Napoleon's grand triumphal arch in Paris, which was erected for a purpose somewhat similar to that which appears to have prompted the monarchs of Egypt, at different periods, to add to the extent and glories of Karnak. Proceeding through this Ptolemaic gateway, another avenue, similarly adorned with Sphinxes, leads to the pyramidal towers of a temple behind this gateway. Here an idea may be formed of Homer's "hundred-gated Thebes," an expression which, as there are not the slightest traces of city walls, or gates, almost certainly refers, if it be more than a poetic expletive to the propyla, or gateways of the temples.

RESTORATION OF THE RUINS OF KARNAK.

The front, or main entrance of the grand temple is on the north-west side, affording the first view of the most splendid temple in the world. Its extent is almost bewildering. From an immense doorway the eye looks into a building whose width is between three and four hundred feet, and length nearly twelve hundred feet; its walls are proportionately thick, massive, and lofty; while hundreds of columns, so large and grand as to excite unbounded astonishment, are seen at various distances, and in diverse positions, and form a feature in the scene unlike any the traveller has ever beheld. Then, there are the vast propyla, the lofty obelisks, the extensive courts, the sanctuary of red granite, and other objects which no words can adequately describe, but which cannot fail to excite in the most phlegmatic German or Englishman intense emotion. What destruction has the hand of violence wrought! Portions of columns are strewn about—broken walls meet the eye—and massive stones lie under the feet!

Thousands of hieroglyphics are there, many of them deeply important in an historical point of view, and sculptures, illustrative of so many and such various subjects, are found on every wall. "Never," says lord Lindsay, "were pages more graphic. The gathering, the march, the melée—the Pharaoh's prowess, standing erect, as he always does, in his car—no charioteer—the reins attached to his waist—the arrow drawn to his ear—his horses, all fire, springing into the air like Pegasuses—and then the agony of the dying, transfixed by his darts, the relaxed limbs of the slain—Homer's truth itself; and, lastly, the triumphant return, the welcome home, and the offering of thanksgiving to Amunre—the fire, the discrimination, with which these ideas are bodied forth—they must be seen to judge of it."

But let us look more particularly at the great hall of assembly. Having entered, be it remembered, through the pylon or doorway, crossed an open court or area nearly three hundred feet in length, with a double line of columns down the centre, and come to the propyla and entrance leading into the great

hall, a wall rises up aloft some eighty or ninety feet, and more than thirty feet in thickness. What immense blocks of stone are these—what strength they possessed—what towers of defence against assault they must have proved—what lintel stones are those over the doorway, more than forty feet in length! Let us enter the hall, and look about us. "It measures," says Wilkinson, "170 feet by 329, and is supported by a central avenue of twelve massive columns, 66 feet high (without the pedestal and abacus) and twelve in diameter; besides 122 of smaller, or (rather) less gigantic dimensions, 41 feet 9 inches in height, and 27 feet 6 inches in circumference, distributed in seven lines on either side of the former." Stop for a while and examine one of these columns, so massive, wrought with so much skill, and adorned with such a variety of sculpture; what singular design has been displayed—what strange conceptions of art—what surprising accuracy in execution, along with equally surprising errors and faults; go which way we will, and the *coup-d'œil* is strikingly grand and impressive. So many of the columns are standing, and in good preservation, that we could not have a finer specimen of Egyptian architecture than this, and the few that are prostrate, or half-fallen, afford us an opportunity of looking at them; and wondering as much as we will at the powerful means employed to cut out of the quarries and put in their present places such extraordinarily large blocks of stone. Notice the sculpture on one of these columns; generally it is in intaglio, sometimes in bas-relief; what singular beauty and nobleness the heads and faces present, especially those of the female figures; but what strangely ill-proportioned persons many of them have! One of the female figures, five feet two inches high, has a waist of five inches, and a foot of fourteen inches in length, and this was the usual proportion. Observe how nearly the artist approached to the perspective, and yet how sadly deficient his work is from ignorance of that important point in art; and particularly notice the prominence given to a religious view of all subjects, in the constant introduction of the gods and goddesses, the offerings made to them, and the hieroglyphics expressing the adoration of the deities, and the care of the kings to promote their worship and honour. Look, too, at the walls of this grand hall or chamber; and, remembering that the king in whose reign it was erected lived some three thousand two hundred and thirty years ago, note the freshness and beauty of the colours, the bright blue, the dazzling vermillion, the pale green, the lovely yellow, and many others. Does it not seem well nigh impossible that these colours could have lasted through so many centuries, and be even now strikingly beautiful? Observe, likewise, what is sculptured on the walls. You may not be capable of reading with fluency the story which the hieroglyphics tell, and, without much previous study, you will not see the reason or propriety of many things which appear very singular, not to say grotesque; but, nevertheless, you can enjoy such points as are open to the view of all; you can see what progress the ancient Egyptians had made in the arts of sculpture, painting, and architecture; you can form something of an idea of their warlike spirit, of their wealth, their luxury, their amusements, their occupations, and their religious sentiments and conduct; and you can appreciate their greatness in some or many respects, and mourn over their degradation and superstition in those matters which most truly manifest what spirit men are of. And when we have spent hours in this way, in endeavouring to gain knowledge and instruction, and in the enjoyment of a scene the like to which the world nowhere else presents, we may seat ourselves on some fragment of a column, or on one of those immense blocks of stone which lie strewn around, and in melancholy mood, listening to the chirping of the birds who now inhabit these desolate halls, may muse over the destruction which awaits the might, majesty, and dominion of man.

Vast as is the main temple, and astonishing as it is in every respect, it does not constitute all that meets the eye and fills the mind with inexpressible emotions. There is the avenue of sphinxes through which Karnak is approached from the south, and a majestic pylon, of the days of the Ptolemies. Other and grander things are in the vicinity. Numerous buildings and smaller temples are not far off, which, by themselves, would be imposing and grand, but being near the principal temple, are considered as nothing by comparison. Here one sees a prodigious gateway, of polished granite, covered with sculpture, and adorned with colossal statues; and there, some other edifice, not directly connected with the great temple, but included in the ruins, meets the view; and, mingled with the evidences of later life, and the sad falling off from former greatness—in the mud huts of the peasantry, sometimes built in and upon the remains of ancient temples—tends to deepen the impression which Karnak, as a whole, is calculated to make, on the mind and memory of the least imaginative person. Add to this, too, the consideration, that Karnak was, after all, only a part of old Thebes; that it was connected with Luxor by the dromos of Sphinxes; that Luxor was connected with the splendid temples, palaces, obelisks, and statues, on the west bank; and that the whole covered a circuit of, it is said, thirty miles; and nothing more will be needed to prove, that on this plain are the grandest, most astonishing, and most interesting ruins in the world. Denon, a French traveller, who accompanied the expedition which Bonaparte sent into Egypt, exclaimed, "One is fatigued with writing; one is fatigued with reading; one is stunned with the thought of such a conception (as Karnak demands). It is hardly possible to believe, after having seen it, in the reality of the existence of so many buildings, collected at a single point, in their dimensions, in the resolute perseverance which their construction required, and in the incalculable expenses of so much magnificence. On examining these ruins, the imagination is wearied with the idea of describing them. Of the hundred columns of the porticos alone of this temple, the smallest are seven feet and a half in diameter, and the largest twelve. The space occupied by this circumvallation contains lakes and mountains. In short, to be enabled to form a competent idea of so much magnificence, it is necessary that the reader should fancy what is before him to be a dream, as he who views the objects themselves occasionally yields to the doubt, whether he be perfectly awake."

Of course it will be understood that various monarchs of Egypt, to gratify their pride or vanity, or manifest their piety, made various additions to the earlier structures. Wilkinson is of opinion, that no part remains of the original foundation of the temple; but as the name of Osirtasen I., the Pharaoh who ruled Egypt in the days of Joseph, or earlier, as Osburn thinks, has been found on some prostrate columns, near what was the sanctuary, it proves that we have here not only the oldest building in Thebes, but ruins which carry us back about three thousand six hundred years. Later kings added the obelisks and the chambers near the sanctuary. Thothmes III., in whose reign the Exodus took place, "made large additions to the buildings and sculptures, as well in the vicinity of the sanctuary as in the back part of the great inclosure; where the columnar edifice (to the south-east), the side chambers, and all the others in that direction, were added by his orders." Subsequently, Osirei, a great conqueror, and his son Remeses II., probably the far-famed Sesostris, beautified and enlarged the bounds of the temple: the former added the grand hall, spoken of above, and the latter caused to be designed and executed, very many of those striking sculptures on the north-east side, which illustrate the extent and variety of his martial achievements. The son of Remeses II. continued the work begun by his illustrious father, and built the area in front, with massive propyla, preceded by granite colossi, and an avenue of Sphinxes; and succeeding monarchs adding still more and more, the several edifices by degrees became united in one grand whole, connected either by avenues of Sphinxes, or by crude brick inclosures. After the time of Cambyses, B.C. 525, who manifested such intensity of rage against the monuments and temples of Egypt, some other, but less important additions were made, and various repairs and sculptures were introduced, as late as the last ages of Egyptian independence. Ptolemy Lathyrus, however, B.C. 116, exasperated against the rebellious citizens of Thebes, appears to have done this ancient city greater injury than even the Persian conqueror; and as we are informed, reduced it to so deplorable a state, that it "no longer deserved a rank among the cities of Egypt." Since that period, it has gradually sunk into insignificance, and for ages has lain in ruins.

Before leaving Karnak, and its astonishing remains of ancient art and magnificence, one of the most interesting sculptures in the whole temple must be noticed, particularly on account of its connexion with Scripture history. Some time before

the visit of the French and Italian commission to Egypt, in 1828, Champollion le Jeune had discovered, on the exterior south-west wall, near the doorway, the cartouche, which proved, on examination, to refer to the capture of Jerusalem by the Egyptian king, called Shishak in the Bible. The passage in which this expedition is spoken of is as follows:—"It came to pass, that in the fifth year of king Rehoboam, Shishak, king of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem, because they had transgressed against the Lord, with twelve hundred chariots, and threescore thousand horsemen; and the people were without number that came with him out of Egypt; the Lubims, the Sukkiims, and the Ethiopians. And he took the fenced cities which pertained to Judah, and came to Jerusalem." It having pleased God to warn the king and princes of the consequences of their disobedience and sin, they found grace to repent and humble themselves, so that he did not destroy them, or pour out his wrath upon Jerusalem, by the hand of Shishak: nevertheless, says the Lord, by his prophet, they shall be the servants of the king of Egypt, "that they may know my service and the service of the kingdoms of the countries. So Shishak, king of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem, and took away the treasures of the house of the Lord, and the treasures of the king's house; he took all: he carried away also the shields of gold which Solomon had made."* This was in the year B.C. 971, according to the usual chronology. On the king's return to Egypt, various sculptures were added to the walls of the temple at Karnak, illustrating his conquests, and the cities and countries which he had subdued, this of the "kingdom of Judah," among the rest.

Here may be observed the figure of a captive, bound and attached to a large number of others on the same wall. The king, whose proportions are colossal, is represented as standing erect and threatening, with his arms stretched out, the group of prisoners and foreigners, whom he is holding by the hair with one of his hands. He conducts before the Theban triad (*i. e.* Amn, Neith, Khunsu), the chiefs of more than thirty nations, whom he has subdued: they are bound by the neck, and each of them has near him an embattled shield or buckler, in which is inscribed the name of the conquered country or city. The prince is one of these: he has a pointed beard, and the physiognomy of an Asiatic, and the name of his kingdom is written in the shield. The king, whose arms effected all this, bears the name of Sheshonk, the Sesonchis of Manetho's lists, and evidently the same as Shishak of the Scriptures. The hieroglyphics are arranged according to the manner in which the phonetics are to be read: they are as Chevalier Bunsen gives them, IUTAHA MALUK, the "king-kingdom of Judæa." Wilkinson expresses the hieroglyphics by YOODA-MELCHI: Champollion-Figeac gives JOUDA HAMALEK; but all amount to the same thing in substance.

The ruins at Dendera, or Tentyra, are situate on the west bank of the Nile, four hundred and sixteen miles from Cairo, opposite Kineh, which is a modern town of some importance, because of its proximity to Kosseir, on the Red Sea, and its connexion with the probable course which the overland travel and trade to India will assume. According to Wilkinson, the name Tentyra, in Coptic *Tentoré* or *Nikentore*, seems to have originated in that of the goddess Athor or Aphrodité, who was particularly worshipped there; and the hieroglyphics, as well as the Greek inscription on the front of the main temple, show that it was dedicated to the goddess of love and beauty. Entering a rather fine pylon, and walking several hundred feet up a narrow dromos, with walls of crude brick on either side, which leads directly to the portico of the temple, a descent by steps of some twenty feet brings the visitor to the level of the floor, and affords an opportunity to inspect an Egyptian temple in a better state of preservation than any hitherto described. The massive columns of the portico are but little injured by time or violence; the walls are all standing, and the sculptures and hierogylphics in a state of comparative completeness; the roof is preserved; and the interior rooms and chambers, though more or less defaced from various causes, enable one to form a good idea of the internal arrangements of an ancient temple, devoted to the worship of an Egyptian deity. The portico is supported by twenty-four columns, the circumference of each of which is nearly twenty-nine feet. The portico is open to the front, above the screens that unite six of its columns; and in each of the sidewalls is a small doorway. To the portico—according to Wilkinson—succeeds a hall of six columns, with three rooms on either side; then a central chamber, communicating on one side with two small rooms, and on the other with a staircase. This is followed by another similar chamber (with two rooms on the west and one on the east side), immediately before the isolated sanctuary, which has a passage leading round it, and communicating with three rooms on either side. The total length of the temple is about two hundred and twenty feet, by ninety-four, or across the portico a hundred and fifteen feet: its date, according to the inscription on the fillet of the cornice of the portico, is of the time of the Emperor Tiberius.

The circumstance just mentioned will account for the fact, which is quite evident even to an inexperienced observer, that the temple at Dendera is of a later and a declining style of art. In the wonders of ancient Thebes, despite of all defects, there is a nobleness and massive grandeur in the architectural remains of the temples, obelisks, statues, &c., which cannot but attract the attention of the most unscientific visitor. Here, however, the capitals of the columns appear deficient in taste, quite to the extent with which they are over-ornamented; they want the simplicity and grace which characterised the earlier works of art in Egypt; the sculptures are not executed with the skill and care which might have been expected; and, as has been asserted, the hieroglyphics are ill adjusted, and in crowded profusion. But though the temple of Dendera is open to criticism, it wears an imposing appearance, and is not devoid of beauty and grandeur; and by the older travellers, before its actual date was known, it was spoken of in terms of the highest, nay, most extravagant admiration, However it may be esteemed by those who come after the present race of Egyptologers and travellers, there can be no doubt, that it will always be looked upon with interest, as a noble specimen of architecture, as it existed in the days of the early Roman emperors, and when science was on its decline in the land of the Ptolemies.

On the roof of this temple is sculptured a zodiac, which was asserted by some authors here, as well as on the continent, to be of extraordinary antiquity. M. Jomard, finding also another at Esneh, made the date of one of them at least 1923 years before the Christian era, and as a medium, assigned three thousand years as the most probable period during which they had existed on the occurrence of that event. M. Dupin made the zodiac four thousand years old at the very least; while M. Gori would not diminish aught of seventeen thousand years. All these calculations were directed either expressly or implicitly against the chronology of Moses, which they affected to consider as completely exploded. Infidels exulted as they anticipated the downfall of Christianity, or as they thought it had already taken place. But short-lived, indeed, was their triumph: Champollion, by deciphering its hieroglyphics, had read upon the zodiac of Dendera the titles of Augustus Cæsar, and upon that at Esneh the name of Antoninus; and thus it is manifest that the temple said to be four thousand years older than the Christian era, was built about the time of its commencement; while that at Esneh, to which an antiquity had been assigned of at least seventeen thousand years before that period, ought to have been dated one hundred and forty years after it. And such shall still be the result of the discoveries in which men are engaged; the more enlightened and persevering the examination of nature and art, the more abundant will be the evidence of the authority of Scripture, which came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

* 2 Chron. xii. 2—9.

THINNESS OF LEAF-GOLD.—In the process of gold-beating the metal is reduced to laminæ or leaves of a degree of tenuity which would appear fabulous, if we had not the stubborn evidence of common experience in the arts as its verification. A pile of leaf gold to the eighth of an inch would contain 282,000 distinct leaves of metal! The thickness, therefore, of each leaf is in this case the 282,000th part of an inch. Nevertheless, such a leaf completely conceals the object which it is used to gild; it moreover protects such objects from the action of external agents as effectually as though it were plated an inch thick.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

A FRENCH romance of the time of Louis XIV., of which the following are the principal details, was long regarded by many with intense interest. A youthful prisoner, of noble appearance and great personal beauty, was secretly sent to an island on the coast of Provence, wearing on his journey an iron mask, which was so contrived that he could take his meals without uncovering his face, the disclosure of which was to be followed by instant death. His rank appeared from the fact, that on Louvois, the king's minister, paying him a visit, he stood while addressing him, and treated him with the greatest respect. One day the prisoner traced some words with a knife on a silver plate, and threw it from a window into the sea. A fisherman brought it to the governor of the island, who, finding he could not read, dismissed him, saying he "was fortunate in his ignorance." On this officer being appointed to the command of the Bastille, his prisoner was conveyed secretly to Paris, and continued under his charge; but his table was amply provided, all his requests were granted, and rarely was the governor seated in his presence. He was fond of lace and of fine linen, and amused himself by playing on the guitar. The very tone of his voice inspired interest; he was never known to complain, nor did he ever give the slightest intimation of his character and rank. The mystery respecting him remained unbroken to the last. Even the physician, who frequently attended him, never saw his face, though he was in the habit or looking at his tongue. He died in 1703, and was buried at night in the cemetery of St. Paul. The darkness gathered about him still continued impenetrable. The successor of Louvois, M. de Chamillart, when on his death-bed, was entreated by his son-in-law to tell him who this prisoner was. He replied, it was a solemn secret of state, which he had promised never to reveal.

That curiosity should be greatly excited by such a tale, and that the imagination should determine, despite of all difficulties, *who* was its hero, was naturally to be expected. At one time the prisoner was an Armenian patriarch; at another a minister of finance who had fallen into disgrace. Some determined that he was a son of Louis XIV. and Mademoiselle de la Vallière, overlooking the fact that he was said to have been buried twenty years *before* the mysterious prisoner; while others, equally sagacious, affirmed that he was the Duc de Beaufort, who, to all appearance, had been beheaded by the Turks at the siege of Candia. Other speculations, however ingenious in the view of their authors, were of no more value.

But, amongst these, there was one that the man in the iron mask was a private agent of Ferdinand Charles, duke of Mantua, and that he suffered his long and strange imprisonment for having disappointed the French monarch in a secret affair of state, the particulars of which could not be disclosed without involving the principals in shame. That this is the most probable solution of the mystery is established in a work extracted from documents in the French archives, by the late Lord Dover. The tale most likely to be true is as follows:—

When Louis XIV. had reached the height of his gradeur, and his courtiers were still intent on gratifying his ambition, the Abbé d'Estrades, his ambassador to the Venetian state, was desirous to obtain for him the town of Casal, a fortress in the territory of the duke of Mantua, and capital of the Montferrat. The town was the key of Italy; but an uneducated and dissipated prince was likely to surrender it for some pecuniary advantage, when subtilely plied for this purpose by a French ambassador. At this time there was a native of Bologna, a bachelor of laws, in the university of that place, and a senator of Mantua, Count Matthioli, who had been a minister highly favoured by the duke's father, and who still busied himself in watching public affairs, which, with regard to the duke's interests, were somewhat endangered from the power of the Spanish government at Milan, and the growing influence of the house of Austria in his dominions. This man was therefore selected to be the agent of D'Estrades, and easily led the duke to believe that his only escape from formidable evils depended on his seeking the protection of France, especially as he understood that Louis, on paying him a sum of money, was to send French troops into Italy, at the head of whom he was to be placed.

So confident was D'Estrades of the success of the plot, that, in a letter to Louis, he expressed his delight at Casal being about to be annexed to the crown of France; and, though he addressed a tyrant, he blessed his fortune for affording him the honour of serving a monarch whom he revered as a *demigod*. But formidable difficulties often arise in the path of the plotters of evil. The duke, closely watched by the Austrians and his mother, a lady of that family, not being able to receive D'Estrades publicly, promised him an audience in the ensuing carnival at Venice, when they were to meet in disguise, while Louis, cautiously intent on his selfish purposes, flattered the hopes which the duke entertained.

At length the duke and D'Estrades met by midnight at Venice—the former being impatient for the conclusion of the treaty, from his being in urgent need of French protection; and the result was that Matthioli was despatched to Paris, where the compact was drawn up that the duke should receive 100,000 crowns for admitting a French force into Casal, while the agent of this scandalous artifice obtained a large reward, and promise of preferment for his relations.

The fact is strangely overlooked, that he who offers to injure others for you is likely to render you a victim as readily for them; and so it was in the present instance. Instead of Matthioli returning to France, as had been agreed, he made a variety of excuses for delay, and at last declared that his master, the duke, had been compelled to execute a treaty which would prevent his keeping his engagement with France. It was plain, therefore, that Louis had been duped, and that, too, by the obscure minion of a petty Italian prince, whom he instantly ordered to be imprisoned, and to be allowed no intercourse with any one. Matthioli was not then in Paris; but soon after meeting D'Estrades at Turin, and boldly urging the payment of his expenses in the late treaty, the abbé met the crafty demand with equal artifice, and on their arriving together within the French territory, the agent of his nefarious stratagem was arrested. Thenceforward, and for a space of more than twenty-four years, Matthioli remained a prisoner—first at Pignerol, next at Exiles, then at the Isle of St. Marguerite, and lastly in the Bastille. In November, 1703, a slight illness came on, and he died the next morning, at the age of sixty-three. As every means had been adopted during his life to conceal his real name and history, so on his decease the keepers scraped and whitewashed his prison-walls, reduced to ashes even the doors and window-frames of his apartments, and melted down all the silver, copper, or pewter vessels which had been used in his service. When the records of the prison were made public, in 1789, it was found that the leaf referring to him had been removed.

Thus the charms of an attractive romance are—if this account be true—totally destroyed. The mask which excited such interest was not an iron one. It appears to have been of black velvet, fitted to Matthioli's face with strong whalebones, fastened with a padlock behind his head, and still further secured by a seal. The prisoner, so young, noble, and dignified, was a man who had "fallen into the sere and yellow leaf;" and his clothes, whatever they might have been at first, were ordered to last him for three or four years together. Above all, he was a designing politician, and the ready tool of D'Estrades, who thought him well adapted to his atrocious purposes. This story suggests an impressive moral.

APRIL.—A SONNET.

BY JOHN GREET.

HAIL! lusty APRIL, with thy garniture
Of virent herbs, and wide-distending buds;
Come, with thy ruddy cheek, and bosom pure,
And pipe thy vernal music through the woods.
Tend meadows tessellate with virgin flowers,
Pleach floral wildings for thy sister May,
While hamadryads trim their sylvan bowers,
And lark and blackcap weave a dainty lay.
Emblem of life! though girt with changeful hue,
Thou still canst smiles of hope and cheer dispense,
As. from the chalice of thine upper blue
Droppest the sweet fructific influence.
Thy charms are many; but, as fervid bard of yore,
Be mine to worship at the daisy's shrine, be mine its mysti
lore.*

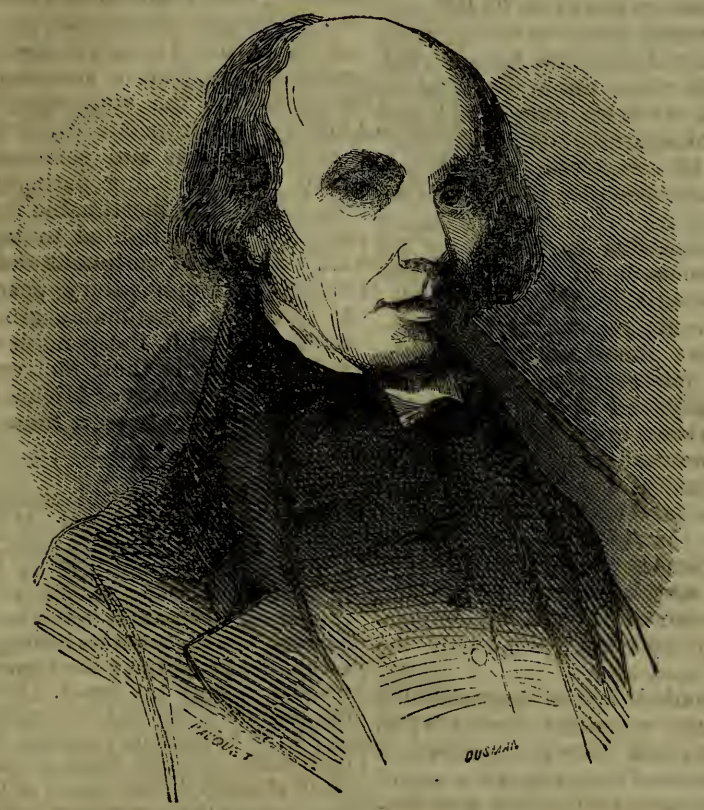
Leamington Spa.

* It is said that the poet Chaucer was wont to lie for hours looking wit admiring contemplation on the daisies. [The above sonnet would ha appeared at an earlier date had it arrived.—ED.]

JOHN FLAXMAN.

In speaking of our favourites, we are apt to begin with the heroic; thus, then, we may make use of the family tradition of the Flaxmans:—Four brothers fought, side by side, for liberty and the parliament, in the celebrated battle of Naseby. James, the eldest, was shot through both arms in pursuing the king; Francis, the second, died upon the field of victory; the third brother followed the fortunes of the triumphant army, and distinguished himself in Ireland. John, the fourth and youngest, survived the conflict of that day, and retired from the profession of arms to become a farmer in Buckinghamshire. The second in descent from this farmer was a poor artist—a moulder of figures for the sculptors, and the keeper of a little shop in New-street, Covent-garden, for the sale of plaster-cast and so on. Well, this obscure man was in the habit of going from place to place in search of employment, accompanied by his wife, and in the course of one of his professional pilgrimages his second son was born in the city of York. The day was the 6th of July, and the year 1755, on which John Flaxman first saw the light.

He was a poor, weak, deformed child, when, at the age of six months, his father and mother brought him home to their house in London. The father was a worthy man; but of the mother of the little boy we know little, except that she is said to have been rather remiss in her household duties. In the various biographies of Flaxman, the future sculptor and royal academician, is spoken of, in his fifth or sixth year, as a quiet, solitary child, sitting on a high stool behind his father's shop-counter, surrounded by books and papers, and getting up and down and moving about the house by means of two crutches. Allan Cunningham draws a touching picture of the youth at this period. His weakness prevented him from associating with the children of his own age, and he had to seek amusement through many a solitary hour by himself. His mother was frequently in the shop with her husband, watching over the health and education of her patient little favourite. His grave but cheerful deportment, his thirst for knowledge, and his love of drawing, began to attract the notice of the customers; and, as the customers of a figure-dealer are generally people of some information and taste, they could not avoid perceiving that this was no common child; they took pleasure in looking at his drawings, in hearing him describe such books as he read, and in the rapture of his looks, when, in their turn, they told him of poets, sculptors, and heroes. It was discovered, too, that, child as he was, he had not confined himself to the copying of figures around him, but had dipped into Homer, and attempted to think and design for himself.



FLAXMAN.

From such a beginning it was easy to prefigure a future of renown. The solitary child was the mental father of the man. He laboured at his studies incessantly, and actually made a number of small wax and clay models, some of which are still in existence, and are said to possess considerable merit.

But what should a sick, crippled child and its fond father do with ambitious thoughts? What the utility of fostering that which might afterwards be but a vain hope? When in after years his name became famous in the world, who remembered the little boy with the bright eyes and pale cheeks who sat behind his father's counter? Few indeed, and yet, to the habits of study there engendered the world is probably indebted for much that made the after works of the sculptor celebrated.

In his tenth year, however, a great change was observable; and before he had entered his eleventh, he had thrown away his crutches and his melancholy and began to enjoy life. Who now so full of animal spirits? Who now so jubilant of health and gaiety as young John Flaxman? But he was not forgetful that his father was still a poor man, and that if he would rise in the world—as his young dreams had promised him he would—he must be up early and work hard. He had determined to be a sculptor; and as his health and strength increased he drew and modelled most industriously. Indeed, all who knew him seemed to look forward to his future success as a thing of course.

About this time his mother died; and his father, setting his affairs in order, took a larger house in the Strand, and soon afterwards married again.

In 1770, being then in his fifteenth year, Flaxman—having for a long time past assiduously prepared himself for the occasion—became a student at the Royal Academy. He carried his simple, earnest nature from his father's shop to the studio and the lecture-room; and in the same year he exhibited a waxen figure of "Neptune," which was much admired. This was his first really public work; in 1827 he exhibited a marble statue of John Kemble, which was his last—a period of fifty-seven years intervening. To trace the long succession of famous drawings, statues, historical subjects, and busts, which through all these years appeared with the name of Flaxman engraved on them in the imperishable characters of genius, would be to write the real history of Flaxman. Such a course is, however, neither within our space nor scope; as we have said on more than one occasion, it is the chief object of the Friend to *promote* rather than to *satisfy* inquiry.

In his fifteenth year Flaxman gained the silver medal of the academy; and in time he became a candidate for the gold one, the reward of the highest merit. At this period he is thus described by one who knew him well:—"Though little, and apparently weak of body, he was both active and strong—a match for most of his companions in feats of agility, and more than a match for them in all that regarded genius. He had an earnest, enthusiastic look, and the uncommon brightness of his eyes and the fineness of his forehead were not to be soon forgotten. His fellow-students perceived his merit—the grave, the mild, and the proud boy was generally respected; and when he became, in opposition to Engleheart, a candidate for the gold medal, all the probationers and students cried out 'Flaxman! Flaxman!'"

Notwithstanding his high hopes, Flaxman did not win the prize. That he felt disappointed and deeply hurt, there is no doubt, but his failure did not make him discontented or morose; he did not blame his fortune or curse his unlucky stars; nor did he even accuse Sir Joshua Reynolds and the academicians of want of foresight and judgment in choosing another before him—as he might have done, and yet not been far from wrong; but when the news of his failure reached him he burst into tears; and he himself tells us, that this sharp lesson humbled his pride, and made him determine to redouble his exertions, so as to put it, if possible, beyond the power of any one to make such a mistake for the future.

He went on working and studying nevertheless; and as his father could not afford to support him altogether, he did what many other great men have done as well as he—that is to say, he sought employment which would provide for his wants while his probationary years went on. It does equal honour to employer and employed, the one to pay for talent and the other to exert those gifts with which he may be endowed on even humble works. Thus, when we hear that for several years John Flaxman was employed by the Wedgwoods in making designs for their pottery, we feel that no better apprenticeship could be found for a young and ambitious artist.

For ten years Flaxman continued to exhibit his works at the Academy—busts, clay models, plaster-figures, and some few works in marble. In 1782 he quitted his paternal roof, took a house in Wardour-street, Soho—a street since desecrated by art's shams—and took unto himself a wife. When Reynolds heard of his marriage he told him that he was "spoilt for an artist." Flaxman had wedded a quiet, loving girl called Ann Denman, and when he heard this saying of the President's, a cloud for a moment hung upon his brow: going home, he said to his young wife, "Ann, I have long thought that I could rise to distinction in art without studying in Italy, but these words of Reynolds have determined me, I shall go to Rome as soon as my affairs are fit to be left, and to show him that wedlock is for a man's good rather than for his harm, you shall accompany me. If I remain here I shall be accused of ignorance concerning those noble works of art which are to the sight of a sculptor what learning is to a man of genius, and you will be under the charge of detaining me."

In this resolution the quiet wife concurred, and though five years elapsed before it could be put into practice, to Rome at last he went. A picture of Flaxman's house in Wardour-street at this time is thus preserved in the words of one of his familiar friends:—"I remember him well, so do I his wife and, also his humble little house in Wardour-street. All was neat, nay, elegant; the figures from which he studied were the finest antiquities; the nature which he copied was the fairest that could be had; and all in his studio was propriety and order. But what struck me most was the air of devout quiet which reigned everywhere; the models which he made, and the designs which he drew, were not more serene than he was himself, and his wife had that meek composure of manner which he so much loved in art. Yet better than all was the devout feeling of this singular man; there was no ostentatious display of piety; nay, he was in some sort a lover of mirth and sociality; but he was a reader of the Scriptures and a worshipper of sincerity, and if ever purity visited the earth she resided with John Flaxman."

In the "Eternal City," surrounded by the imperishable works of the great masters, Flaxman remained from 1787 to 1794. In Rome he saw, he tells us, that "the great artists of Italy approached, as near as the nature of their materials would permit, the illustrious poets of the earth; that they had impressed on all their works a grave beauty and divinity of sentiment which almost justified the superstitious adoration of the people. Into art, in fact, Italy poured out the first flood of her spirit; her young and enthusiastic vigour was directed to the task, and works of surpassing beauty became as abundant as flowers in spring. Learning was not then universal; men of genius had not been taught to dread the application of other rules than those of nature; the fulness and overflow of knowledged had not produced querulous taste and captious criticism; and though there was much that was objectionable, there was thrice as much of what was noble and magnificent."

During all the time of his stay in Rome, however, he had to work hard, and his illustrations of Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus, and Dante, remain to attest his industry and talents. On his return to his native country, he was received as an equal of Banks, Bacon, and Nollekens. Fortune now seemed to smile upon him, and for more than thirty years his name stood highest on the roll of England's sculptors. After being elected an associate, and afterwards an academician, he was at last requested to accept the Professorship of Sculpture in the Royal Academy. In 1801 he commenced his famous series of lectures on art, and in 1826 he died. A singular occurrence preceded his death. The winter had set in, and as he was never a very early riser a stranger found him one morning at breakfast about nine o'clock. "Sir," said the visitant, presenting a book as he spoke, "this work was sent to me by the author, an Italian artist, to present to you, and at the same time to apologise to you for its extraordinary dedication. In truth, sir, it was so generally believed in Italy that you were dead, that my friend determined to show how much he esteemed your genius, and, having this book ready for publication, he has ascribed it 'To the memory of Flaxman.' No sooner was the book published than the story of your death was contradicted, and the author affected by his mistake, which, nevertheless, he rejoices at, begs you will receive his work and his apology."

In less than a fortnight afterwards, the President and Council of the Royal Academy followed him to his grave, in the churchyard of St. Giles in the Fields. On his tombstone are these words:—

JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A., P.S.

Whose mortal life was a constant preparation for a blessed immortality: his angelic spirit returned to the Divine Giver, on the 7th of December 1826, in the seventy-second year of his age.

"The elements of Flaxman's style," says Sir Thomas Lawrence "were founded on Grecian art—on its noblest principles, on its deeper intellectual power, and not on the mere surface of its skill. Though master of its purest lines, he was still more the sculptor of sentiment than of form; and whilst the philosopher, the statesman, and the hero, were treated by him with appropriate dignity, not even in Raphael have the gentler feelings and sorrows of human nature been treated with more touching pathos than in the various designs and models of this inestimable man. Like the greatest of modern painters, he delighted to trace from the actions of familiar life the lines of sentiment and passion; and from the populous haunts and momentary peacefulness of poverty and want, to form his inestimable groups of childhood and maternal tenderness with those nobler compositions from Holy Writ, as beneficent in their motives as they were novel in design. In piety the minds of Michael Angelo and Flaxman were the same—I dare not assert their equality in art."

WORKING MEN'S MEMORIAL TO THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL.—Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P., the chairman of the committee, in a letter to the London papers, says:—"The committee appointed at the public meeting held on the 7th August, 1850, at the Whittington Club-room, to collect subscriptions from the working classes for a memorial to the late Sir Robert Peel, have closed their labours, and the auditors having, on the 6th inst., examined all the accounts and certified their accuracy, it may be satisfactory to you, readers to know the result. Including the subscriptions begun at the Belvidere Hotel, Pentonville, there has been received the sum of £1,737 6d., chiefly in penny subscriptions; and that amount has been paid into the bank of England, to be invested in Three per Cent. Consols, in the names of three trustees, and in the course of next month the committee will decide in what manner that sum shall be employed, so as to confer the greatest possible benefit on the working classes. The committee have already decided that the yearly interest of the fund shall be applied to educational purposes, under the title of 'The Working Men's Memorial to Sir Robert Peel,' and they will spare no endeavours to render its application judicious. It appears, on examination, that these subscriptions have been received from upwards of 350 towns and villages; while in other towns the subscription that was commenced for this fund became sufficient in amount to establish a local memorial, which the committee in every case encouraged. The number of individual subscribers is about 250,000, amongst whom are English workmen at St. Petersburg, who have contributed £5 towards the fund. The expenses of the committee for printing, sending out between 4,000 and 5,000 circulars, and answering applications for books, lists, office charges, &c., amount, on the whole, to £295 14s. 9d. up to the present time, and the committee intend to defray the whole of that amount by contributions from their own number, and from other friends of the late Sir Robert Peel, so that the entire amount of subscriptions collected shall remain applicable for the purposes above stated. A complete list of the names of the persons and places from which subscriptions have been received, and of the amount subscribed at each place, has been prepared; and should there be funds sufficient, this list will be published, so as to satisfy every subscriber that his mite has been received, and will be applied for the objects intended."

A COLUMN OF STATISTICS.

THE ARMIES, NAVIES, AND NATIONAL DEBTS OF EUROPEAN COUNTRIES.

Countries.	Debt.	Army. Men.	Navy. Ships.	Navy. Guns.
	£			
England	834,000,000	129,000	678	18,000
France	221,740.000	265,463*	328	8,000
Austria	183,400,000	405,000†	156	600
Prussia	30,000,000	121,000‡	47	114
Russia	122,170,000	700,000	175	7,000
Spain	216,700 000	160,000	50	721
Turkey	6,666,700	220,000	66	800
Holland	121,830,000	50,000	125	2,500
Belgium	27,500,000	90.000	5	36
Portugal	26,700,000	38,000	36	700
Naples	16,667,000	48,000	15	484
Papal States	20,000,000	19,000	5	24
Sardinia	20,000,000	38,000	60	900
Bavaria	13,667,000	57,000	..	..
Denmark	13,340	20,000	33	1,120
Schleswig and Holstein	666,700	..	..	..
Saxony	7,250,000	25,000	..	..
Hamburg	5,666,700	1,800	..	..
Baden	5,500,000	18,000	..	..
Hanover	5,061,330	21,000	..	..
Wurtemberg	4,666,700	19,000	..	..
Greece	4,176,700	8,900	34	131
Mecklenburg-Schwerin	1,666,700	4,700	..	..
Tuscany	1,666,700	12,000	10	15
Frankfort	1,166,700	1,320	..	..
Brunswick	1,133,400	3,000	..	..
Hesse-Darmstadt	1,033,400	42,000	..	..
Electoral Hesse	1,000,000	11,000	..	..
Lubeck	1,000,000	490	..	..
Saxe-Weimer	666 700	2,000	..	..
Anhalt-Dessau	583,340	700	..	..
Bremen	500,000	500	..	..
Saxe-Coburg Gotha	422,670	1,200	..	..
Saxe-Meiningen	416,700	2,400	..	..
Nassau	333,400	3,500	..	..
Parma	300,000	5,000	..	..
Anhalt-Bernburg	216,700	300	..	..
Saxe-Altenburg	216,700	1,000	..	..
Sweden	no debt.	34,000	340	2,400
Norway	216,700	23,000	160	560
Oldenburg	200,000	600	..	..
Hesse-Homburg	143,340	350	..	..
Schwartzburg Rudoltstadt	42,000	540	..	..
Schwartzburg Sonderchausen	10,000	450	..	..
Danubian Principalities	no debt.	6,800	..	..
Servia	do.	3,000	..	..
Modena	do.	3,500	..	..
Lippe-Detmold	do.	820	..	..
Five German Principalities,	do.	2,555	..	..
Switzerland	do.	69,500	..	..
	1,906,977,320	2,690,368	2,323	44,105

THE IMPORT AND EXPORT TRADE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.—From recent official returns, printed by order of the House of Commons, we learn that in 1822 the value of the imports into the United Kingdom, calculated at the official rates of valuation, amounted to only £30,531,141, and in 1850 they reached to £100,460,433. In 1822 the exports from the United Kingdom were £53,470,099, and in 1850 they had reached to £197,309,876. There is also an increase in the value of the articles and produce of manufacture of the United Kingdom exported. In 1822 the real or declared value was £36,966,623, and in 1850 the value of such exports amounted to £71,367,885. There has been an improvement in the trade of this country until it has reached its present high state, as evidenced by the document now printed.

EXPORTS FROM THE UNITED STATES.—The value of the cotton exported from the United States for the year ending June, 1851, was 1,123,153 dollars, 17 cents. The value of the exports of breadstuffs for the same period was 20,051,373 dollars, being 18,104,134 dollars less than the preceding year. A dollar is about 4s. 6d. English.

* The army now number nearly 400,000 men.
† In 1848 the number was 626,000.
‡ The war footing is 492,000.

SCENES IN HUNGARY.

ABOUT two leagues from Karansebes, upon a conical hill which rises near the foot of the mountain Mika, there is a small square tower, which popular tradition, supported by some amount of historical testimony, alleges to have once been the prison of the gay and celebrated Publius Ovidius Naso; and it has received a local habitation and a name by calling the building "Ovid's Tower." However romantic and poetic popular belief may be, however, it is not always well to allow our feelings even in these small matters to get the better of our reason; and Mr. Paget, who has published an able work upon "Hungary and Transylvania," has had to support his adoption of the common story by proof drawn from the exiled poet's own writings. "I know," says he, "that the learned have assigned Tomi, on the Black Sea, as the place of Ovid's exile; but I feel fully persuaded that a part of his sufferings, at least, took place in this secluded valley on the banks of the Danube, for what other place so well answers to the description conveyed in his plaint:—

"Lassus in extremis jaceo populisque locisque
Heu quam Vicina est, ultima terra mihi!"*

Be this as it may, the Wallachian peasantry profess still to retain amongst them memories of Ovid and of the Emperor Trajan, and say that, when the latter marched against the Dacians, the Roman soldiers eagerly pressed forward to visit the prison of the illustrious poet.

For the information of those of our readers who are not familiar with the Latin classics, we may mention that Ovid was a Roman knight, and was born at Sulmo in the year 83 B.C., and, like Moore, manifested even in boyhood his *penchant* for poetry. He was sent to Rome to receive his education at an early age. His residence in the gay capital into which conquered Greece had infused the love of art and science, gave a still further impulse to his poetic tastes; and when, in conformity with the requirements of a polite education at that age, he was sent to Athens, he soon added to the piquant delicacy of the Greek rhetoricians the gloomy passion and fulness of Latin muse. His father was anxious that he should devote all his attention to the cultivation of forensic eloquence, that he might shine in the great dissensions which were then agitating the empire, and thus open to himself the path to fame and wealth. But neither the prayers nor entreaties, nor the brilliant prospects held out to him, could cool in the young aspirant the ardour of his first love.

Ovid continued to write poetry, and nothing else. His first efforts were happy and successful. Augustus, who, like many other despots, wished to gloss over the despotism which he was establishing by his patronage of letters, invited him to court, and loaded him with favours. But it is seldom that good fortune long attends genius and love, and Ovid fell a victim to the infatuation, which has proved fatal to so many. It was not enough that he should sing the praises of his inamorata, and, in doing this, reveal to the public gaze all the follies of a licentious and frivolous life; but he resolved upon reducing love-making to a system, and commenting upon and explaining the rules which should regulate it. He therefore published a poem entitled, *De Arte Amandi*, or the Art of Love; witty, brilliant, and sparkling in the highest degree, but famed for its immorality even in a licentious age.

He had previously in some way or other incurred the displeasure of Augustus, and the appearance of this poem furnished an excuse for banishing him from Italy. He was sent to Tomos, in Thrace, and there kept in confinement.

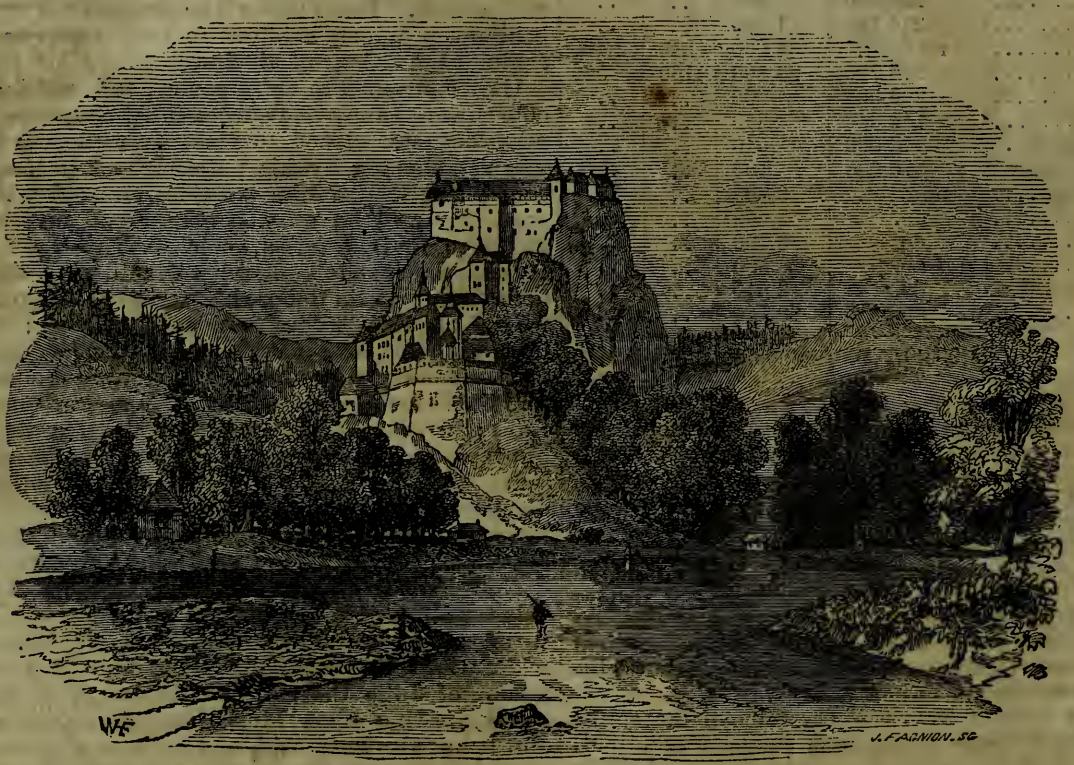
Nothing is known as to the real nature of his offence; but it is certain that it was not the *Ars Amoris*. There have been various conjectures hazarded about it. Some have said that while Ovid had enough of the courtly graces to win the favour of Julia the empress, he had not discretion enough to avoid drawing upon himself the suspicions of her husband. But it has also been said, and perhaps with greater truth, that Ovid had been an involuntary spectator of some of the scandalous enormities which then disgraced the palace, and that Augustus could no longer endure the presence of one who

* It is impossible to give in a translation the touching pathos of the original:—"Wearied and wobegone, my lot is cast amongst far-off lands and foreign people. Alas! how near I am to the end of the world!"

had been the witness of his own disgrace. It was in vain that the poet sought to disarm his anger, or move the pity of his successor Tiberius. The remainder of his days were spent in solitary exile on the banks of the Danube, where he died in A.D. 17, at the age of fifty-seven.

TOWER OF OVIDA.

The castle of Arva, in former times the property of the Thuzzi family, is in the county of Thurvez, upon the banks of the river Oag. Everything about this old feudal stronghold remains exactly as it was two hundred years ago. Once we pass the great gate we see nothing around us that does not belong to the fifteenth century. There is still the Gothic chapel, and the little oratory to which the lady often retired to implore God's protection for her husband, and pray for his triumph over the Turks. And there still is the great hall with its rude pavement and lofty vaulted roof, where the return of the knight victorious was celebrated with joyous banquets, while the walls around look grim with old weapons. And there is the boudoir in which the *chatelaine* embroidered with her maids, and its latticed window from which she looked so often with throbbing heart waiting for news from the army; and there is the chamber of the seigneur, with portraits of all the great men of that great family mouldering on the dusty walls. All belong to a past age and another state of things, ere the unbought grace of life and cheap defence of nations had been displaced by the hireling agents of brutal despotism.



CASTLE OF D'ARVA.

THE ROYAL FAMILY AT HOME.

PERHAPS some of our readers may have fancied occasionally that the domestic life of Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace is one of state and grandeur—costly robes of richest velvet and ermine, jewels and proud looks, gold and silver, and cold formality. Now, we are not about to tell them that we have had the honour and felicity of being present at any royal *reunion*, much less that we have any real knowledge of the manner in which our beloved queen and her husband pass their time when not engaged in public matters. On such subjects they are probably as well informed as we; and know precisely when "the Queen and Prince Albert took their early walk on the slopes," or when the "Prince of Wales and the royal children took a drive in the Home Park." It is not, therefore, to be expected that we can increase their information to any great extent as to the manners of the Royal Family at Home. On that subject the painter seems to have had greater opportunities than we. Let him speak. We may be allowed a word or two in connexion with the picture nevertheless. And in that which follows we beg that we may not be misunderstood.

From the days of the Norman Conqueror to those of his royal descendant, no monarch has been so entirely popular, so completely beloved by the people, as our most gracious queen, Victoria the First; nor, on the other hand, has any monarch deserved better of her people. We are not of those from whose pens flow the words of eulogy as readily as the will can write them, nor are we to be classed among the haters of royalty and the revilers of state, simply because it *is* state, and only because it *is* royalty. We believe that no form of government is so well suited to the mixed character of Englishmen as the institution of king, lords, and commons; and, notwithstanding all that may be advanced in favour of what is called pure democracy and republican institutions, we hold our faith and fealty to monarchy firm and unshaken. We are the most democratic and liberty-loving people under heaven, and our government is the freest from abuse. Indeed, all our great institutions—trial by jury, coroner's inquests, the right of public meeting and public speaking, and the possession of a free press, are more truly republican—that is, more truly under the government of the many—than those of any nation under the sun.

The experiences of the past year have shown us that the Queen of Great Britain and her royal husband can not only feel for and understand, but can actually anticipate the wants, wishes, and prejudices of all classes of the people. At one time Victoria and Prince Albert are seen passing unattended through the crowd in the Crystal Palace; at another they are discovered among the looms of Manchester, looking with observant eyes upon the doings of the sons of labour. Now the prince is taking the lead in promoting the publication of working men's lectures; then the Queen is occupied in bestowing her patronage on an institution for the teaching of the young, or the harbouring of the old and weary—at all times doing good, and doing it unassumingly.

And so it has happened that the millions whom Victoria calls her people have come to regard her doings and sayings, and comings and goings, hither and thither, with peculiar interest; and that their affection for her person extends even to the Royal Family at Home.

THE ROYAL FAMILY AT HOME. AFTER THE PICTURE BY WINTERHALTER.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.—Chapter II.

By Xanthus.

The Japanese dispose of their dead either by interment or burning—a sick person generally fixing beforehand which he prefers. The rich keep the body twenty-four hours, but the poor only twelve; and the latter do not go into mourning, which the former wear for fifty days, during which time they stay at home, and, avoiding all excitement, live on a spare diet of rice, fruit, and vegetables; they are also careful to shave their heads and cut their nails before attending an interment, as either act is forbidden during the fifty days' mourning. Their coffins are square or round tubs, in which the corpse is doubled up, or placed in a kneeling posture, and these dolorous receptacles are made secretly by the relatives of those advanced in life, that the wood may be well seasoned enough to take the varnish whenever death occurs; and when a person of quality is buried, the coffin is conveyed in a palanquin, preceded by attendants bearing flags, lanterns, and artificial flowers. It is first taken to the temple, and set down before the image of the god, whilst the priests chant hymns; and on an oblong tablet are inscribed the name of the departed and the day of his decease. Sweatmeats and fruits are placed before this tablet, and a box of burning incense—the eldest son, or the chief mourner, saying prayers beside it, followed by all the other mourners in succession. Bells, drums, and trumpets, are next sounded, the women and spectators now returning home, whilst the male relatives attend the body to the grave, which is distinguished by a flat stone, and near to it a hut is erected, in which a servant is placed, who notes down the names of all friends who attend there to pray for the dead during a period of seven weeks; at the end of which time the chief mourner calls on all mentioned in the list to return thanks for the payment of this last tribute of respect. Another wooden tablet is set up in the abode of the deceased, and sweetmeats, fruit, and tea, placed before it, candles being lighted night and day, and the whole household pray before it, morning and evening, and the servant who sets victuals before it three times daily besides, offers up a prayer each time. Daily also a priest attends to read prayers to the household for seven weeks, and the son, or chief mourner, goes in his coarse mourning dress to pray by the grave every day, regardless of inclement weather, and wearing a rush hat over his face, through which he can see without being recognised. These tablet services, with variations too tedious to mention, and at gradually lengthening intervals are continued to some extent as long as the family survives—a practice become less common amongst the Japanese than it used to be. When the body is burned, the youngest child present sets fire to the pile, and the calcined bones are collected in an urn, which is then buried.

The funeral ceremonies of the Chinese, in many respects, resemble the above. The term of mourning, during which a Chinese may perform no public function, is still observed for twenty-seven months, when they wear coarse sackcloth, and a cord to begin with, followed by a period when the coat, boots, and upper garments are made of white cotton; and this is succeeded by a third period, when silk vestments may be worn. The whole of a person's property is sometimes consumed in performing his funeral rites—a most childish procedure on the part of the natives of a celestial empire; and if a person dies too poor to admit of being interred with suitable magnificence, the body is kept sometimes for years, that it may at last be buried with due honour. Instead of keeping their preparation of a good coffin secret, like the natives of Japan, it is to the Chinese a matter of great interest during their life-time; and a son will occasionally sell himself as a slave, to enable him to present his father with the acceptable gift of a handsome coffin. When death occurs, the universal Oriental custom of women howling is regularly observed; and the funeral processions are preceded by persons bearing pans of perfume, and blue and white streamers; whilst much pains is taken to select an agreeable burying-ground, it being supposed that particularity in this respect consults the feelings of the dead. The Chinese cemeteries are commonly ornamented by cypresses: and while the coffins of the poor are merely housed under a thatched shed, those of the rich are placed in strongly-built sepulchres, shaped like a horse-shoe, and tastefully ornamented; and if the deceased be a mandarin, a large white tablet is also placed before his vault, on which stand candlesticks, vases, censers, and figures of men and horses, cut out of paper, which it is believed will be useful to the defunct in another world.

We have spoken of the funeral customs of Russia, but that empire includes so many distinct nations, that we must find room for a brief description of the observances maintained by one of its numerous Tartar tribes, whose religion partakes of Oriental paganism, blended with some idea of a Supreme Being. This tribe of the Yakutes dress their dead in their best apparel, binding their arms straight down as far as the waist, and depositing them in very thick coffins, with a knife, flint, steel, tinder, and a supply of provender to support them on their journey to the region of spirits. Their funerals are superintended by a priest; and the favourite horse of the departed, together with a well-fed mare, accompany the train of mourners to the place of burial. Two graves being dug, the horse is slain and interred in one, and the coffin placed in the other, the poor mare being slaughtered and dressed for the funeral banquet, and her skin hung up above the graves, over which the priest prays that demons will not injure the deceased; and the ceremonial is ended by filling up the graves, which are situated, if possible, under a tree. Most Yakutes, preferring to be interred in a wood, generally select the trees they like best whilst alive under which to be buried.

Amongst the Swiss cantons, Christianity is too far advanced to supply many details of funerals, since they are severally conducted according to their respective Protestant or Roman Catholic persuasions, much as they are in England; but their graves, at least in the Catholic districts, are more carefully kept. Flowers ever-fresh grow over them, and gilt crosses and other images are erected, whose inscriptions with portraits of the deceased, and other devices, are sedulously attended to by the survivors, who constantly visit and pray by the tombs of their beloved ones. In German Friburg the women wear a somewhat curious mourning garb; the lower portion of their countenances being hidden by a white cloth, and another closely covers their heads and falls down over their shoulders; to these white veils are added a jacket, petticoat, and apron, of black cloth, blue stockings, and buckles of prodigious size.

In Portugal an observance is maintained of admitting freely all acquaintances during the first eight days after death has taken place; and who, attired in black, come in crowds to offer condolences to the real mourners, who are obliged to receive them, sitting in heartless state the observed of all careless observers and indifferent callers. The Portuguese always inter in their churches, and at night; and, like the Spaniards, they only use the coffin to convey the body to the grave; infants, whose parents cannot pay the expense of a funeral, are often exposed on the steps of the cathedral, a little cup being placed on their breast, into which the charitable drop sufficient to induce the rapacious priests to take the trouble of burying them. A curious festival is annually commemorated in Thibet in honour of the departed. It takes place at night, and much rejoicing is occasioned by calm fair weather on these occasions, which are graced by extensive and brilliant illuminations of the monasteries, villages, and towns—the large lamps which burn in the open air shining effectively amongst the groves of willow-trees. The profound stillness of the night is solemnly broken in upon by slow regular tolling of the nowbut, trumpet, gong, and cymbal; bells also mingle their sonorous, melancholy tones with these musical instruments, and with the loud recitation of prayers, carried on by devout inhabitants and the priests. Alms are distributed to the poor extensively at this festival, and acts of benevolence are then considered to possess peculiar merit.

The funeral obsequies amongst Mahometan nations are generally much simpler than in Pagan or semi-civilised Christian countries. When a Mussulman is about to die, he is laid on his right side towards Mecca, in which posture he is also buried. A chafing-dish with burning perfumes is brought into the apartment, and the imam of the mosque attends to read the 36th chapter of the Koran and confession of faith to the dying man. When all is over, a sabre is laid on the body, which is washed with aromatic substances, and the forehead, nose, hands, and feet, with camphor. It is then enclosed in a sheet, and four men carry the bier to the grave, followed by the male relatives, who maintain strict silence, and upon the pall is placed a piece of sacred silk from Mecca; the grave is filled up with earth and reeds to the height of a hand's breadth, in the shape of a camel's back; it is not allowed to be covered with anything but turf and flowers, nor is it lawful to sit or walk upon it. The imam repeats a prayer, and calls the deceased thrice by his name, and that of his mother, or if that be unknown, the Virgin Mary is substituted in its stead for men, and that of Eve for women. The cemeteries are situated outside of towns, and planted with evergreens and cypresses; and the graves on which myrtles are planted are tended with great care—those of the rich being occasionally decorated with marble columns erected at the head, supporting a sculptured turban for men, and a vase for females; and sometimes open chests of marble are placed over a distinguished tomb, with a moral inscription, such as—"This world is transient and perishable; to-day mine, to-morrow thine." Sultans are buried in superb sepulchral chapels, in which are large

chandeliers with abundant tapers, pavements of marble, porcelain, and golden ornaments, lamps constantly burning, and four to six keepers, who continually recite chapters of the Koran for the repose of their souls.

The Persians inter their dead much in the same manner, only clusters of tombs are frequent, which have a curious effect. Those who can obtain burial, they say, close to a holy personage will be favoured by him at the day of resurrection. The Persians, however, do not pay the regard to their graves which the Turks do, and often use the stones which cover them as materials for building. They wear mourning of a pale brown colour for forty days, during which time they moan and sigh frequently, eating scarcely any food for the first eight days, and receiving visits of condolence, whilst the women rend their garments and water the grave with tears two or three times in each week.

Our neighbours of the Emerald Isle still retain many ancient burial usages; and, on the death of a relative, a messenger summons all his friends, who assemble at the house of the deceased. On the arrival of the first detachment the keena is raised—a loud mournful wailing, said to exert great effect when given by a female who possesses a very musical voice; this ceremony over, pipes, whisky, and tobacco, are handed round, and conversation goes on concerning the event, and many other topics; but whenever a fresh arrival takes place, the wild mournful keena is again raised, and is repeated at intervals all day, with clapping of hands, done to mark the time during the howl. Towards midnight the young men adjourn to a barn or out-house, and matches are played with great spirit between candidates of different parishes. These games are still known by their old names of hot-loof, sitting and standing brogue, frimsy-framsy, &c. If the deceased bear a high character in the neighbourhood, the wake is conducted with quiet respect, and the games with as little noise as may be; and the body is laid out on a board covered with a fine white sheet, while large wax mould candles are lighted all round it. If the face be left exposed, and the corpse be waked on the bed, crosses and flowers are stuck up above and around it; the rest of the furniture being removed from the chamber, in order to leave room for plenty of seats for the company, before whom the best of eating and drinking that the family can afford is placed with Irish warmth of prodigality and hospitality. The Irish, too, frequently visit the graves of the departed, saying prayers by the crosses placed at their heads, planting the prettiest wild-flowers on the turfy heaps, and sometimes suspending white chaplets, cut out of the best writing paper, over the remains of their loved ones.

We have spoken of the joyful manner in which the death of an infant is celebrated in Spain. A similar feeling seems to prevail in Paraguay; and when a young child expires in that far off country, if of high rank, a large party assemble at its father's house, as if to celebrate some happy festival; while music, singing, and supper, proceed in the brilliant routine of an evening party in England. The small coffin is placed on a kind of throne at one end of the drawing-room, richly adorned with artificial flowers, and huge wax-lights in great numbers stand round it, blazing in gilded candlesticks of carved wood, and of enormous size, while over the head of the coffin is hung a silver image of our Saviour, looking down upon the tiny body, which is dressed in its gayest apparel. Noisy joyful music precedes the corpse when, on the next day, it is taken to the cemetery, followed by priests, and the child's godfather bearing an enormous wax candle four feet long, and a jesting troop of friends, servants, and relations, who, when the coffin is deposited in the ground, return to the house of mourning, there to renew the same mockery of rejoicing and feasting.

With a brief account of the funereal rites of the North American Indians, we must now conclude a paper already too long, though its subject is by no means exhausted. When a Red Indian dies, the body is decked in its best clothing after oiling, feasting, and being supplied with bow and arrows, tobacco, knife, flint and steel, and provisions, to support the deceased until he reaches the land of spirits; soft skins are then wrapt around it, and so fastened with thongs as to exclude all air. It is next placed on a light scaffold above the height of man, its feet carefully presented towards the rising sun. Many of these frail scaffolds may be seen near a wigwam village; the bodies of chiefs distinguished by coverings of scarlet or blue cloth. Catlin says that not a day of the year passes on which Indians may not be seen prostrated near these erections tearing their hair, weeping bitterly, and uttering piteous lamentations. When the scaffolds decay, the bones are buried by the nearest relatives of the departed, and the skull is placed on a bunch of freshly gathered sage (kept constantly renewed), and is then placed in a Golgotha or circle, where are hundreds of other skulls, each preserving a space of eight or nine inches between; and in the centre of these circles is a small raised mound, supporting two buffalo skulls and many other curious and mysterious symbols, which are believed to possess the power of protecting the Golgothas intact. Here, too, the survivors attend almost daily, talking in tones of fond endearment to the skull they love most, and which is distinguished by a mark; and here they bring dishes of their choicest food freshly cooked, which they set before the skull, and return for the dish the following morning. Here, too, Catlin tells us, "it is not unfrequently the case that the woman brings her needlework with her, spending the greater part of the day sitting by the side of the skull of her child, chatting incessantly with it, while she is embroidering a pair of mocassins; and perhaps overcome with fatigue, falls asleep with her arms encircled round it, forgetting herself for hours."

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY ON THE CRIMINAL CODE.

One of the first and most beneficial consequences of the release of the national energies from the absorption of war—says Mr. Washington Wilks in his "History of the Half Century"—was seen in the number of attempts at the amendment of the laws and the amelioration of the social condition. Foremost amongst these were Sir Samuel Romilly's enlightened and benevolent labours for the mitigation of penal services. The first success of that eminent lawyer and philanthropist—characters not often combined, yet unquestionably capable of blending with great effect—was in 1808, when he carried a bill abolishing the punishment of death for stealing from the person to the value of 5s. Pursuing the plan he had laid down for his guidance—that of attempting the removal of these disgraceful statutes one by one, rather than the establishment of any general principal of penal law—he brought in three bills in 1810. Stealing from a shop to the value of 5s., from a house or ship to the value of 40s. were capital offences; and against this frightful barbarity his three bills were directed. The first was carried in the Commons, but lost in the Lords; the second and third rejected on their introduction. But in the next session they were reintroduced, with a fourth, applying to the capital offence of stealing from a bleach ground; which last was carried. In 1813, the new House of Commons carried the bill relating to shoplifting; but it was again rejected by the Lords. Romilly rested awhile, weary and discouraged, but not hopeless. In 1816, he revived his attempts on the law punishing shoplifting with death, which he justly regarded as the worst of the sanguinary code. He combated the plea of necessary severity, so often and successfully urged against him, with the fact, that juries now constantly refused to convict, and consequently that the crime increased, especially among children; a boy not ten years of age then lying in Newgate under sentence of death for this offence. These arguments prevailed with the Commons; but the Lords were still swayed by the vague fear of endangering property, which the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice evoked. In 1817, it was not likely any diminution from the terrors of the law would be permitted; and in the year at which we have arrived, success in the Commons was obtained only to be again annulled by the peers. There is no more striking indication of the advance we have made upon the habits of our fathers than this—that whereas life is now taken only for life, and a growing feeling is in the country against even that exaction of supposed equivalents—Romilly—a man of great personal and political influence, at the head of his profession, eminent for eloquence and legal skill—spent his best years, from 1808 to 1818, in trying to persuade the legislature to exempt petty thieves from the gallows; and prevailed only in taking pocket watches and bleaching linen from the long list of articles to purloin which was death. It affords, too, another instance of the anticipation of legislative by public opinion. It was not till one institution of the country set itself in opposition to another, that juries rendered bad laws inoperative by pious frauds, and prosecutors preferred to connive at theft rather than to be parties to judicial murder, that those laws were ameliorated. The understanding and the morals of the legislating class were too fitly represented by a circumstance related by Romilly:—"While I was standing at the bar of the House of Commons, a young man, the brother of a peer, came up to me, and breathing in my face the nauseous fumes of his undigested debauch, stammered out, 'I am against your bill; I am for hanging all.' I was confounded; and endeavouring to find out some excuse for him, I observed that 'I suppose that he meant that the certainty of punishment affording the only prospect of suppressing crime, the laws whatever they were, ought to be executed.' 'No, no,' he said; 'it is not that. There is no good done by mercy; they only get worse. I would hang them all up at once.'" It was upon such material as this that the Eldons and Ellenboroughs of the age stamped the impress of their fallacious logic and of a barbarous antiquity.

THE IRON-MAKING RESOURCES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.*

However successful the Exhibition of 1851 may have been, regarded as subserving the great purpose for which it was designed—namely, to illustrate the progress made up to the present time in the various departments of the arts and manufactures of the world; and, however wonderful the vast collection of objects of wealth and industry with the skill and science of modern civilisation then brought together, it may certainly be asserted that the Exhibition itself displayed in no one of its details any more remarkable instance of modern progress than the vast and stately building which rose with almost magic rapidity from the ground, and which was no less admirable for its beauty and simplicity than for its amazing vastness, and its perfect adaptation to the purposes for which it was intended. The very conception of the idea, and the successful execution, of the Crystal Palace, brings prominently forward the great Iron-making resources of the kingdom, and the extraordinary degree of perfection to which some of the branches of our iron manufactures have attained. Whilst the other branches of manufactures have been illustrated by a careful selection of the most perfect results attained in their own departments, the most remarkable illustration of the present condition of the iron manufacture is to be found in the building itself, which spread its lofty roof and walls of light over all it held, and guarded with such perfect care and fitness the boundless stores of wealth collected together from so many parts of the world. The guardian and basis of the Exhibition itself—the Crystal Palace—illustrates no less admirably how the iron-making resources of the kingdom underlie all departments of manufacture, and become the very foundation on which all modern progress must rest, aiding and assisting every other branch of manufactures, and connecting all together in one great bond of unity. It is natural, therefore, that a prominent place should have been assigned in the Exhibition to the iron-making resources of the kingdom, and it was wisely determined that an attempt should be made to collect, in the mineral department, so comprehensive a collection of the various iron ores of Great Britain as should enable the people to form some idea of our general iron-making resources. No similar attempt had been made before, and, consequently, this was one of some difficulty, and the execution could only be considered approximately successful.

It will be necessary, therefore, in the first place, to take a view of the rise and progress of our iron manufacture, in order to give an idea of its rapidity during the last half-century, Its history may be divided into two periods—the first extending from the earliest historical notice of it which we possess down to the introduction of coal as fuel for smelting, and the second extending from that period to the present time. England was early celebrated for her iron manufacture, and there are few districts where iron ores are now found in which remains of old workings do not exist, and in some districts it is clear that smelting with the charcoal of the forests was extensively carried on. This was the case not only in the districts where iron manufacture is now worked, but in those in which it has long ceased; and the red hæmatites of the carboniferous limestones of Lancashire, the Forest of Dean, and Somersetshire, the argillaceous limestones of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, Staffordshire, and South Wales—all now great iron-making localities—were worked at very early periods; while the iron ores of the green sand and wealden clay formations of Sussex, Surrey, and Kent, and the hæmatites of the Devonian beds of Somersetshire, and even the hæmatitic conglomerates of Brockwell and Minehead, which have now ceased to be iron-producing districts, were formerly largely worked. Traces of ancient workings have also been found in the ore districts of Northamptonshire, which have only attracted attention since the exhibition, which show they were known to the Romans. The early iron trade was at its greatest height in 1615, where, according to "Sturtevant," as quoted by Dudley in his "Metallum Martes," there were in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, eight hundred furnaces, which, if worked 40 weeks a year, would produce 180,000 tons. Various causes led to a decline in the manufacture, and in 1740 it was only 17,350 tons, produced by 59 furnaces. Attempts to employ coal for smelting were made in 1620, but its use for fuel was only established in 1740, the second epoch in the manufacture of iron, which in 1788 rose to 70,000 tons; in 1800, to 180,000; in 1825, to 600,000; and in 1851, to 2,500,000: South Wales producing 750,000; Scotland, 775,000; South Staffordshire and Worcestershire, 600,000; and other districts, 400,000. In 1851 the exports were upwards of 1,200,000 tons, not including tin plates, hardware, cutlery, and machinery, the declared value of which was—tin plates, £1,018,951; hardware and cutlery, £2,826,132; machinery, £1,164,933; and adding to this pig iron, bars, wrought iron, wire and castings, the whole value of the exports of iron was £10,424,139. The causes of this increase are traceable to the demand made by the rapid expansion of all our arts and manufactures, to improve machinery and apparatus, and to the vast and almost inexhaustible supplies of coals and iron our mineral fields contain. As regards the two first, this country only possesses them in common with the world at large, but as regards the last, it possesses a marked pre-eminence, the United States alone being able to bear any comparison as regards the area of coal and iron fields, but possessing no argillaceous ironstone, which exists in this country in such abundance, alternating with beds of coal in our coal-fields, so that coal and ore are constantly obtained together by the same working. This proximity exists in no other country; and in the Exhibition there were four hundred specimens of the argillaceous ironstones of England, while the only other country that possessed any specimens was the United States and those amounted only to three or four. Besides the argillaceous ironstone, there are carbonaceous deposits of iron ore peculiar to this country, and the "blackband" ironstones of Scotland, Northumberland, North Staffordshire, and South Wales, are unknown elsewhere, and these supply nine-tenths of the iron produced. The quantity of iron produced is—in Scotland, 775,000 tons; South Wales, 700,000; South Staffordshire and Worcestershire, 600,000; Shropshire, 90,000; North Staffordshire, 55,000; Yorkshire and Derbyshire, 105,000; North Wales, 28,000; Forest of Dean, 26,000; Whitehaven, 12,500; Northumberland, 90,000. The ironstones are divided into the argillaceous ironstones and the blackbands or carbonaceous ironstones. The former consists of oxide of iron, alumnia, silica, manganese, soda, potash, phosphoric acid, titanium, crystals of nickel, zinc, copper, and lead, the quality varying according to the predominance of any of these components. The cost of raising this class of ores is greater than any other, being from 4s. to 9s. a ton; but from their superior quality and proximity to coal, they are extensively used. The second class, the blackband or carbonaceous ironstones, are not so varied, and owing to their general thickness, are raised at 1s. 6d. to 2s. a ton. The two principal constituents of blackbands are oxide of iron and carbonic acid, silica, and alumnia existing only in a small proportion, The iron they produced has a greater tendency to "cold-shortness" than any other class, owing to the phospohric acid it contains; and are best adapted for foundry purposes, for which indeed Scotland is pre-eminent. The localities in which it exists are Scotland, Northumberland, North and South Wales, North Staffordshire, parts of South Staffordshire and the Clee Hills. The discovery of "Blackbands" in Scotland was made in 1801 by Mr. Muskett, and the power of using it in blast furnaces by means of the hot blast was a new era in iron manufacture, causing an increase in Scotland from 37,500 tons in 1830, and 196,960 in 1839 to 750,000 in 1851. The next most important blackband districts are North Staffordshire and South Wales—the Llynvi Valley bed being the most remarkable—and in the Anthracite district, of Ystabyfera and Groscedwin, as well as in those of Pont-y-Pool, Nant-y-glo. Ebba Vale and Sirhowy blackbands are to be found, as well as in the Cardiff vales, in North Wales, and the Clee Hills, and also in the lower carboniferous beds of Northumberland and Durham. In some districts beds of coal sometimes change into beds of blackband ironstone; and the extent of deposits of ironstone alternately with beds of coal may be gathered from the fact that the entire area of the coal-fields of England, Wales, and Scotland, is estimated at 5,768 square miles; although in some of the coal fields the argillaceous ironstone do not exist in quantities sufficient to enable them to be worked, yet they are part of our iron manufacturing resources, since that fuel is required for smelting the carboniferous oolitic beds. The most important iron ores, after the coal-measures, are the hæmatites or red oxides, which are found in carboniferous limestone formations, the most important deposits of which are in Lancashire and the Forest of Dean. This class has been worked at an early period, and, though not rich as a class, is, from its large masses, produced at a low cost of 2s. or 3s. a ton. Some of the hæmatites in the northern districts are considered the finest quality in the kingdom, and are largely shipped, while the large percentage of iron they contain, 60 to 65 per cent., render them of great importance. This ore is found also in Scotland, Somersetshire, Devon, and the Isle of Man, but has been worked only to a limited extent. There is also a valuable class of these ores, the "Brown Hæmatites" of Durham, similar to those used in Belgium, which is little used, owing to the deficiency of means of transport. This country is by no means rich in the micaceous iron-ores of the northern countries of Europe and the United States which are considered the finest class of iron ore known, although some of them exist to a small extent in Dartmoor and other parts of Devon. Of pure white carbonate, the Sparms

* The substance of a lecture delivered at a meeting of the Society of Arts, by S. H. Blackwell, Esq., F.G.S., of Dudley, Worcestershire, forming one of a series of discourses in connexion with the Great Industrial Exhibition of 1851.

iron of the German mineralogist, no specimen was exhibited in the Exhibition, but it has since been found to exist in West Somersetshire.

The next class of ores, the discovery of which marked a new epoch in the iron trade, and which have occurred simultaneously with the development of facilities of transport by railway, are those which occupy a position at the base of the oolitic formation, which commence on the east coast of this island from the south bank of the river Tees to Scarborough, stretching through Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Rutlandshire, Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, and Dorsetshire to Lyme Regis, where being turned aside by the granite formations of Devon, it is prolonged into France. It was first worked at Middlesborough in the north, where two or three years ago deposit of iron was discovered by a workman, and the bed of which was found to be 15 feet thick, and to contain 30 per cent. of iron, and could be raised at a less cost than the blackbands of Scotland. Its character is peculiar, being in parts of a greenish blue colour, and in others of a brownish tinge; and, from its peculiar qualities, it can be produced at 3s. to 3s. 6d. a ton. The existence of this oolitic formation in Northamptonshire, has been long known; but it was only till after the Exhibition that its real value has been ascertained. The supply of this ironstone for all practical purposes will be inexhaustible for a long series of years, and is found to be most valuable for mixing with the argillaceous stones of South Staffordshire, which cannot otherwise have long maintained its manufacture of pig iron.

The first great improvement in the manufacture of iron, and the base of all subsequent advance, was the smelting of iron by coal, which was known in 1620, but not fully applied till 1740. The weekly production of iron from the first coke furnaces was only 10 or 12 tons, in 1788 it was 17 to 18, in 1796 30 tons per furnace, in 1825 it was 42 tons per furnace, and in 1851 the average weekly produce was upwards of 100 tons per furnace. In South Wales, Scotland, and South Staffordshire, there are furnaces capable of producing 200 tons per week. Thus, in little more than a century, the improvements have been so great, that two furnaces now produce a larger quantity of iron than the entire furnaces in blast in 1740, whilst the general iron trade has so extended itself, that now several single firms produce from four to five fold the entire make of the kingdom in 1740. This increase during the last twenty-five years is owing to the system of heating the blast previously to its being forced into the furnace, which was first introduced in Scotland, raising the quantity of iron made there from 20,000 tons in 1820, to 200,000 in 1839, or to 775,000 in the twelve following years; and it was gradually introduced all over England.

The next improvement was the application of waste gases to raising steam and heating the blast. The result of these improvements on prices and increased supply have been very great. From 1803 to 1820, pig iron averaged from £7 to £9 a ton, being protected by a duty of £6 10s. on foreign pig iron. In 1825, this duty was reduced to £1 10s. From 1825 to 1847 the price fluctuated from £2 17s. 6d. to £7 per ton, and from that year to the present it has ranged from £3 10s. to £2 12s. 6d. Every reduction of price has been followed by increased demand, and the removal of protection has led to greater attention, both to economy of production and the quality of iron, which has to compete with foreign iron; and the result has been a gradual lessening of the demand for expensive foreign iron, from which steel was formerly universally made, and thus extending most materially the hardware and cutlery trades of this kingdom.

Not fewer than 650,000 to 700,000 persons are employed in the various branches of the iron trade, who are all well paid, and are as a class intelligent, though from the nature of their occupation less cultivated than it is hoped they will soon be.

It is impossible not to be struck with the vast and almost inexhaustible supplies of iron which we possess, and with the wonderful fact that the extraordinary demand which railways and other requirements have produced should have led, not to an increased price, but to the constant discovery of new and cheaper sources of supply. In this respect the iron trade illustrates most strikingly what appears to be a general law—that the natural resources of the world are invariably developed at the times when the progress of society most require them, and when that progress is already such as to enable us to avail ourselves to the greatest advantage of new discoveries. Thus with the iron manufacture; at first the stores of fuel which our forests contained, and the iron ores which cropped out at the surface of the ground, were amply sufficient for our purposes; then came the knowledge of the power of smelting with coal, and with this knowledge the steam-engine placed in our hands the vast stores of mineral fuel of our coal-fields. The modern system of railways next produced a demand for iron of an unprecedented character; and simultaneously with this demand occurred the introduction of the hot blast and the use of the black bands of Scotland. The more intimate connexion of the old and the new world by means of transatlantic steamers, is followed by the discovery of Californian and Australian gold; giving to the commercial and civilised world at large an activity and a movement such as it has never before witnessed—causing streams of population to flow in unprecedented numbers from the older countries of Europe to comparatively new regions, and bidding fair to make the vast and magnificent countries of Central America and Australia the seats of great and important empires.

And these populations—not isolated as the colonists of old, not struggling with long periods of poverty and slow growth, but springing up rapidly into flourishing communities—all take with them into their new homes the social wants and requirements of the older countries which they have left. Iron steamers will be required to continue their connexion with those countries, and to carry on the extensive commerce they will originate; new lines of railroad will be necessitated, not from towns to towns, but from state to state, and even from ocean to ocean. And not only in America are these mighty movements at work, but elsewhere also. In India, with its 180,000,000 of population, railroads must be laid down; the government of that country cannot be held without them; its natural resources cannot be developed without them; the rapidly-extending requirements of our cotton manufacture will necessitate them; and every line of railway that is laid down will lead to the demand for ever-increasing quantities of iron; and even in our own country the sanitary measures to which such attention is now being directed, will require an extremely large and increasing supply of iron, both for an abundant supply of water to the dense populations of our manufacturing districts, and also for purposes of building, which the rapidly-increasing prosperity of our working classes will no longer permit to be overlooked as in the past.

If the increase during the last twenty-five years has been so great—from 600,000 tons to 2,500,000—there is every reason to expect an equal increase during the next twenty-five years, as the general requirements of society must develop themselves in an equal (if not in an accelerating) ratio; and how to supply these requirements another great source of iron is disclosed to us; to the argillaceous and blackband ironstones of our coal fields, and the hæmatites of our carboniferous limestones are added the oolitic ores, with the rich percentage of iron they contain, and the low cost at which they can be raised, and their exhaustless supplies. Can this constant progression of means—this constant development of one resource after another—as society requires it, be other than a wise and most beneficent arrangement, which has for its purpose the advancement of society to an even higher and higher point, and the attainment of that amity among all the nations of the earth which must ultimately prevail. Nor does it appear a less wise and beneficent arrangement that these stores of mineral wealth so needful for the world's progress should exist in climates temperate as our own, which has produced the strong and vigorous Anglo-Saxon race to whom work is less a toil than a passion, amongst whom there are so many who do not shrink to devote even their entire lives to the development and execution of some great enterprise. But if the Anglo-Saxon race has been given so large a proportion of the mineral riches of the world, it must not be forgotten that equal to the power thus committed to their care is the responsibility thereto attached, and they must of necessity be the guiders and promoters of the advancing civilisation of the present; seeing that the very basis of that civilisation is to be found in the increased and increasing power to adapt to the requirements or society the great physical resources of the world, and that the science and skill of the present day would be comparatively powerless, but for the stores of iron and coal by which that science and that skill can be rendered available. The steam-engine, the railroad, and the electric telegraph, the characteristic features of the present day, are indeed preparing a quiet revolution for the world; breaking down class interests and substituting universal interests in their place; they are fast uniting in one bond of unity the entire human race, and are leading rapidly, to use the words of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, "to the accomplishment of that end to which indeed all history points, the realisation of the unity of mankind." For ourselves, it should not be sufficient that in the hands of a higher power than our own, we are unconsciously working out the designs of Providence, but we should strive to discern the coming changes which are arising around us; that thus conscious whereunto our work is tending, we may be enabled to place ourselves in harmony therewith. That we have earnest workers amongst us, men working with noble aims, with no party, or mainly national spirit, but in the great cause of humanity itself, the Exhibition of 1851 has clearly shown. May its promoters long be remembered with honour, and may the important benefits which it already appears to have conferred upon all our principal trades, be productive of the results for which its promoters so nobly worked!

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

[Under this head we shall from time to time make such selection from the literature of the day as will keep our readers well informed as to the merits of the Books of the Season.]

PUBLIC BULL-FIGHT AT MADRID.—The Plaza de Toros stands immediately outside of the gate of Alcala. It holds fourteen thousand people, and during summer always fills; indeed, the tickets then are generally at a premium. I was surprised to find that on a Monday, being the bull-fight day, the cab-drivers raise their fares, having so many demands to satisfy. I walked slowly up the Calle del Alcala, watching the excited populace, and at half-past three o'clock found myself seated on one of the upper benches, looking down on the vast amphitheatre and the motley company there assembled. The boxes resemble balconies, those of private parties being partitioned off from the space allotted to the rich public. Below them are wooden forms, also protected from wind and rain; while the crowd occupy stone seats around the ring, uncovered, but protected from the arena, first by a circular walk, and then by a palisade six feet high. A stone step surrounds this palisade on the inside to enable the chulos, who assail the bull with flags, to leap out of his way when he turns to attack them. From the windows of the passage, behind the boxes, you obtain a fine view of Madrid and the Guadarama hills. A strong guard of soldiers attends every bull-fight, for the spectators sometimes become mischievous, and their rulers think that rows may end in revolution. Government owns the Plaza de Toros at Madrid, and gives the net proceeds to the charities. Before the performance commenced, the crowd of cloaked figures below became very noisy, and every now and then a sombrero was tossed into the arena to raise a laugh at the expense of its owner. Soon after half-past three o'clock, a yell of impatience echoed through the amphitheatre; then sounded the trumpets and drums, and the actors entered to exhibit themselves and bow to the director, who sat in his elevated seat near the box of royalty. First came the matadors and chulos on foot, all richly dressed in parti-coloured garments and jackets of silver twist. The province of the former is to end each act by stabbing the bull in a vital part with a two-edged sword, while the animal tries to gore a bright red flag, which they hold in the left hand. The latter run round the brute with flags of other colours, to excite his ire and make him rush more furiously to the conflict. The picadors followed on horseback, gaily attired, and wearing armour under their clothes to protect them when unseated from the horns of the bull. Behind them, adorned with fantastic trappings, entered two teams of three mules each, which drag the carcasses out of the arena when all is over. This ceremony being ended, the combatants dispersed, the trumpets sounded again, and in rushed an infuriated brown bull, unhorsing one picador in his wild career, and in a moment afterwards hurling another horse and rider to the earth. A third time he charged, and again his assailant rolled in the dust; but the chulos kept him, with their flags, long at bay over the body of the fallen man. His fourth charge proved more successful, for his horns, entering the poor horse's belly, caused instantaneous death. A fifth time the bull assaulted a picador, and his unfortunate steed shared a similar fate. Again and again the brute returned to gore the mangled body, from which flowed torrents of blood. This amusement he seemed to relish, for the chulos could not for a long time tempt him from the spot: but the audience loudly expressed their disapprobation by shouting "Cavallo," in which most lustily I joined. Then the drums sounded, the picadors retired, and the chulos, advancing to the bull, adroitly stuck into his neck barbed rods, called banderillas, in order to render him more furious. Then came the matador with his bright red flag and sword, and plunged the latter up to the hilt in the animal. But he had missed his aim, and another sword had to be procured. A second time he stabbed him, and then proved more successful, for the bull instantly fell; the spectators cheered, the military band struck up a lively tune, and the mules were driven in at full speed into the arena to drag out the carcasses. As soon as these were removed, a large black and white bull rushed madly into the ring, bellowing with fury. His first exploit was to drag out the entrails of a horse, which, throwing its rider, galloped in this maimed state several times round the arena, till caught by a spectator who leaped the palisade. Six times did another picador charge this combatant, and four times he and his stead parted company; but they rose again to renew the conflict. The sixth rencounter proved fatal to the horse, and only a few minutes elapsed before two other chargers also breathed their last. The third bull showed evident symptoms of cowardice. He fled from the picadors and refused to charge. So the chulos ran for squibs, and stuck them into his neck, which rendered him furious enough. The matador, whose duty it was to slay the animal, missed his stroke several times; the audience each time raised a louder and louder yell, hearing which the poor man seemed to tremble from head to foot; at length the bull crouched down from exhaustion, and a chulo despatched him with a dagger. The fourth bull was soon killed. The fifth animal, a huge black one, charged the first picador he saw, hurled him to the ground, and leaping over his prostrate enemies, bounded madly away. But his ardour speedily cooled, and he refused to face the foe. Just as the drum sounded for the matador to despatch him, I left the circus, for it began to get both dark and cold, but not a single person out of the 9,000 present departed before me, although, perhaps, all of them had seen the same spectacle hundreds of times previously. Men, women, and little children seemed quite absorbed with the contests, and expressed their interest by constant shouts, especially of applause, when some poor worn-out horse, gored by the infuriated animal, bit the dust. Although the mangling of horses is a spectacle repulsive to every humane mind, yet this great national amusement was neither so disgusting nor so exciting as I expected. Instead of prancing high-mettled Castilian steeds, eager to encounter an enemy, you find in the ring emaciated and broken-kneed old horses, the worn-out hacks no longer useful to the cab-drivers, so terrified that their riders can with the greatest difficulty induce them to face the bull, and so feeble that they die almost without a struggle. The most horrible scenes occur when the horns of the beast drag out their entrails, or enter often into their bodies without touching a vital part. I saw one white charger which had been gored so frequently, that a spectator would have imagined him painted red. He had three legs out of four broken, but notwithstanding, when I left my box, his rider had not dismounted. As to the interest caused by the conflict, I do not see how any one can feel it to be so great as that felt in a good horse-race, or a spirited run with the fox-hounds. There is no uncertainty, no doubt, as to the result; the bull must kill the horses, and the matador must kill the bull.—*Baxter's "Tagus and the Tiber."*

STRANGE APPETITES.—My old friend, Mr. Judd, Surgeon-Major of the Scotch Fusilier Guards, was once sent for to relieve a man who was said to have eaten a hat; on his arrival, he found a young man, a soldier, exceedingly ill, and in great pain. Mr. J., not believing the hat-story sent for the landlord of the public-house, where the fact was confirmed by the whole staff of the establishment, that the patient had really eaten a hat (of course cut into pieces) for gold! Under suitable treatment this cormorant recovered: bnt not immediately.—In the Museum, at the College of Surgeons, is a large bottle full of needles, weighing many ounces—nay more than a pound, which were swallowed by a woman, who could not have been in her senses; she lived many months afterwards, however, and instead of being emaciated, got fat! Needles are, nevertheless, not recommended as an article of diet, for this was a case of *post hoc*, and not *propter hoc.—The Stomach and its Difficulties, by Sir James Eyre.*

NAPOLEON'S MODE OF LIFE AT ELBA.—In a few days the Emperor, eager to take possession of his future abode, was established, with his household, his guard, and his sister Pauline, in the buildings of the ancient chateau and in the principal houses of the town. He hastened to order such erections and improvements to be made as might conduce to the comfort of himself or his court, together with barracks for his 1,500 troops. He armed and reviewed the militia of the island, and animated them with some degree of military patriotism, as if he still wished to keep up the game of sovereignty and love of country. He resumed the habits and surrounded himself with all the luxuries of French palaces, having, to all appearance, only changed his seat of Government. This might have been, perhaps, from a desire to disarm the suspicions of Europe, from the very outset, by assuming the aspect of a happy ambition easily gratified by such trifles; or he might have felt sufficiently great within himself to preserve, without derision, the etiquette and vanity of a great empire on a desert rock of the Mediterranean; or he might have been acting in conformity with his somewhat theatrical character, the comedy of power and royalty to the audience of his own followers and the continent of Europe. The autumn of 1814 and the whole winter were passed in this manner by Napoleon; luxury mingling with simplicity, and festivity with retirement in his residence. The wreck of his immense fortune and the first instalments of the allowance secured to him by treaty appeared to have been devoted by him to the embellishment of the island and to the acquisition of a small fleet, destined, as he alleged, to the commercial and military service of his new subjects. To this flotilla he had given a flag as to a naval power intended to maintain a position, and to make itself recognised and respected in the waters of the Mediterranean. Works of art, furniture, books, and the journals of Europe arrived for him incessantly from Genoa, Leghorn, and Paris. The eyes of the world were upon this little island. English travellers, with whom curiosity is one of those passions which neither distance nor national shyness can prevent the gratification of, flocked from London, from Rome, from Naples, and from Tuscany, to gaze upon the man whose hatred had so long made their island tremble [! !] and imprisoned England within the limits of its ocean. Neither upon the shores of Greece, of Asia, or of Italy could they find any monument or any ruin so imposing as this Prometheus of the West. They gloried in only having caught a glimpse of him; and in their correspondence and their journals they boasted of a word or a gesture by which the hero, within his circle, might have repaid their importunate adulation. London and Paris resounded with the lightest step and the most trifling word of Napoleon, who, on his part, affected to receive the travellers with ease and grace, as one who had laid aside all arms and conquered all hatred, and who demanded nothing more in

this world than an asylum, in every heart, a favourable souvenir in all imaginations. Pauline Borghese, the most beautiful and most worshipped woman of her time, had transferred her court and attracted her admirers to the island of Elba. She adorned the exile of her brother, gave life and soul to it, impassioned it with her charms, and made it touching by her fidelity to misfortune. She constituted the splendour and the grace while she did the honour of his saloons. Concealing thus, under the guise of pleasure and of trivial occupations, a more serious and political devotion, she travelled, under the pretext of visiting her sisters and brothers, from Elba to Rome and Naples, and from Rome and Naples to Elba; an ambassadress without seeming importance, and free from suspicion, whose very volatility shielded her in the eyes of the continent from all imputation of sinister intentions.—*Lamartine's History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France.*

Analysis of our Present Language.—We might almost reconstruct our history, so far as it turned upon the Norman conquest, by an analysis of our present language, a mustering of its words in groups, and a close observation of the nature and character of those which the two races have severally contributed to it. Thus we should confidently conclude that the Norman was the ruling race, from the noticeable fact that all the words of dignity, state, honour, and pre-eminence (with one remarkable exception) descend to us from them—sovereign, sceptre, throne, realm, royalty, homage, prince, duke, count, ("earl," indeed, is Scandinavian, though he must borrow his "countess" from the Norman,) chancellor, treasurer, palace, castle, hall, dome, and a multitude more. At the same time the one remarkable exception of "king" would make us, even did we know nothing of the actual fact, suspect that the chieftain of this ruling race came in not upon a new title, not as overthrowing a former dynasty, but claiming to be in the rightful line of its succession; that the true continuity of the nation had not, in fact, any more than in word, been entirely broken, but survived, in due time to assert itself anew. And yet, while the statelier superstructure of the language, almost all articles or luxury, all that has to do with the chase, with chivalry, with personal adornment, is Norman throughout; with the broad basis of the language, and therefore of the life, it is otherwise. The great features of nature, the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, the water, the fire, all the prime social relations, father, mother, husband, wife, son, daughter, these are Saxon. The palace and the castle may have come to us from the Norman, but to the Saxon we owe far dearer names, the home, the hearth, the house, the roof. His 'board," and often probably it was no more, has a more hospitable sound than the other's "table." His sturdy arm turns the soil; he is the boor, the hind, the churl; or if his Norman master has a name for him, it is one which on his lips becomes more and more a title of opprobrium and contempt, the villain. The instrument used in cultivating the earth, the flail, plough, sickle, spade, are expressed in his language; so too the main products of the earth, as wheat, rye, oats, bere, *i. e.*, barley; and no less the names of domestic animals. Concerning these last, it is not a little characteristic to observe, and Walter Scott has put the observation into the mouth of the Saxon swineherd in *Ivanhoe*, that the names of almost all, so long as they are alive, are thus Saxon, but when dressed and prepared for food become Norman—a fact, indeed, which we might have expected beforehand; for the Saxon hind had the charge and labour of tending and feeding them, but only that they might appear on the table of his Norman lord. Thus ox, steer, cow, are Saxon, but beef Norman; calf is Saxon, but veal Norman; sheep is Saxon, but mutton Norman; so it is severally with swine and pork, deer and venison, fowl and pullet. Bacon, the only flesh which may ever have come within his reach, is the single exception. Putting all this together, with much more of the same kind, which might be produced, but has only been indicated here, we should certainly gather, that while there are manifest tokens as preserved in our language, of the Saxon having been for a season an inferior and even an oppressed race, the stable elements of Saxon life, however overlaid for a while, had still made good their claim to be the solid groundwork of the after nation as of the after language; and to the justice of this conclusion all other historic records, and the present social condition of England, consent in bearing testimony.—*From the Study of Words, by R. C. French, B.D.*

The Death of Blake.—The crowning act of a virtuous and honourable life accomplished, the dying admiral turned his thoughts anxiously towards the green hills of his native land. The letter of Cromwell, the thanks of Parliament, the jewelled ring sent him by an admiring country, all reached him together out at sea. These tokens of grateful remembrance caused him a profound emotion. Without afterthought, without selfish impulse, he had served the commonwealth day and night, earnestly, anxiously, and with rare devotion. England was grateful to her hero. With the letter of thanks from Cromwell, a new set of instructions arrived, which allowed him to return with part of his fleet, leaving a squadron of some fifteen or twenty frigates to ride before the Bay of Cadiz and intercept its traders: with their usual deference to his judgment and experience, the Protector and Board of Admiralty left the appointment of command entirely with him; and, as his gallant friend Stayner was gone to England, where he received a knighthood and other well-won honours from the Government, he raised Captain Stoaks, the hero of Porto Ferino, and a commander of rare promise, to the responsible position of Vice-Admiral in the Spanish seas. Hoisting his pennon on his old flag-ship, the St. George, Blake saw for the last time the spires and cupolas, the masts, and towers, before which he had kept his long and victorious vigils. While he put in for fresh water at Cascaes road he was very weak. "I beseech God to strengthen him," was the fervent prayer of the English resident at Lisbon, as he departed on the voyage. While the ships rolled through the tempestuous waters of the Bay of Biscay, he grew every day worse and worse. Some gleams of the old spirit broke forth as they approached the latitude of England. He inquired often and anxiously if the white cliffs were yet in sight. He longed to behold the swelling downs, the free cities, the goodly churches of his native land. But he he was now dying beyond all doubt. Many of his favourite officers silently and mournfully crowded round his bed, anxious to catch the last tones of a voice which had so often called them to glory and victory. Others stood at the poop and forecastle, eagerly examining every speck and line on the horizon, in hope of being first to catch the welcome glimpse of land. Though they were coming home crowned with laurels, gloom and pain were in every face. At last the Lizard was announced. Shortly afterwards the bold cliffs and bare hills of Cornwall loomed out grandly in the distance. But it was now too late for the dying hero. He had sent for the captains and other great officers of his fleet to bid him farewell; and, while they were yet in his cabin, the undulating hills of Devonshire, glowing with the tints of early autumn, came full in view. As the ships rounded Rame Head, the spires and masts of Plymouth, the woody heights of Mount Edgecombe, the low island of St. Nicholas, the rocky steeps of the Hoe, Mount Batten, the citadel, the many picturesque and familiar features of that magnificent harbour rose one by one to sight. But the eyes which had so yeaned to behold this scene once more were at that very instant closing in death. Foremost of the victorious squadron, the St. George rode with its precious burden into the Sound; and just as it came into full view of the eager thousands crowding the beach, the pierheads, the walls of the citadel, or darting in countless boats over the smooth waters between St. Nicholas and the docks, ready to catch the first glimpse of the hero of Santa Cruz, and salute him with a true English welcome, he, in his silent cabin, in the midst of his lion-hearted comrades, now sobbing like little children, yielded up his soul to God.—*Robert Blake, Admiral and General at Sea. By Hepworth Dixon.*

LITTLE MARY,

AND THE WAY SHE WOKE UP IN THE MORNING.

"Oh! I'm so happy," the little girl said,
As she sprang like a lark from her low trundle-bed;
"'Tis morning, bright morning! Good morning, papa!
Oh give me a kiss for good morning, mama!
Only just look at my pretty canary,
Chirping his sweet 'good morning to Mary!'
The sunshine is peeping straight into my eyes;
Good morning to you, Mr. Sun, for you rise
Early to wake up my birdie and me,
And make us as happy as happy can be."

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl,"
And the mother stroked gently a soft clustering curl—
"Happy as can be—but think of the One
Who waken'd this morning both you and the sun."
The little one turned her bright eyes with a nod—
"Mama, may I say, 'Good morning to God?'
"Yes, little darling one, surely you may—
Kneel as you kneel every morning to pray."

Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes
Looking up earnestly into the skies;
And two little hands folded gently together
Softly she laid on the lap of her mother.
"Good morning, dear Father in Heaven," she said,
"I thank thee for watching my snug little bed;
For taking good care of me all the dark night,
And waking me up with this beautiful light.
Oh, keep me from naughtiness all the long day,
Blest Jesus, who taught little children to pray."
An angel looked down in the sunshine and smiled,
But she saw not the angel—that beautiful child!

Poetry and Prose.—One day in spring Sir Walter Scott and Lady Scott strolled forth to enjoy a walk around Abotsford. In their wanderings they crossed a field where a number of ewes were enduring the frolic of their lambs—"Ah," exclaimed Sir Walter, "'tis no wonder that poets, from the earliest ages, have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence!" They are, indeed, delightful little animals, returned her ladyship, 'especially with mint sauce!"

MISCELLANEA.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A CANDLE.—It is not everybody who understands the bit of philosophy involved in the burning of a candle. We may readily suppose—and the supposition is not a very absurd one—that the wick is intended to burn and to give light. Such, however, is not the case. The parallel, or nearly parallel fibres of the wick form the walls of numerous minute tubes, up through which any liquid will ascend by the power of what is called capillary attraction; and it is in this minutely-divided state that oil of melted tallow is best fitted for combustion. The heat of the candle melts the upper part of the tallow, which then in a liquid state ascends the little tubes of the wick, and is there burned; it is true that the wick is burned also, but this is not a necessary condition of the arrangement, the candle would give forth its light even if the wick were formed of an incombustible material.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead.

GUARD AGAINST VULGAR LANGUAGE.—There is as much connexion between the words and the thoughts as there is between the thoughts and the words; the latter are not only the expression of the former, but they have a power to re-act upon the soul and leave the stains of their corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use one profane or vulgar word, has not only shown that there is a foul spot on his mind, but by the utterance of that word he extends that spot and inflames it, till by indulgence it will soon pollute and ruin the whole soul. Be careful of your words as well as your thoughts. If you can control the tongue that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able to control the mind and save that from corruption.

AN INVALUABLE CURIOSITY.—Horace Walpole tells a lively story of an old porcelain vender, who had an exceedingly rare and valuable jar on which he set an almost fabulous price. One hot summer a slight volcanic shock, such as even these isles occasionally experience, jogged his house about his ears and split his precious vase. To an ordinary mind this accident would have been calamitous, but the china seller rose superior to fortune. He doubled the price of the article immediately, and advertised it as "the only jar in the world which had been cracked by an earthquake." Whether he got his money is not added, but he certainly deserved it.

ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.—Mankind are indebted to Queen Elizabeth and Lord Burleigh for the first printed newspaper, which was entitled the *English Mercurie*. The earliest number is still in the British Museum Library, and bears the date of July 23, 1588. During the civil wars periodical papers, the champions of the two parties, were very extensively circulated, and were edited by such writers as Needham, Birkenhead, and L'Estrange, all men of considerable ability. In the reign of Anne there was but one daily paper, the *Daily Courant*. The first provincial journal in England was the *Orange Postman*, started in 1706, at the price of a penny, but a halfpenny was not refused. The earliest Scottish newspaper appeared, under the auspices of Cromwell, in 1652.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILLIAM IBBOTSON.—You can purchase the solidified milk of the patentees, but the mode of preparing it is kept a secret.

SELINA has written to us in such a very polite style, that we at once furnish an answer to her inquiry as to "the best mode of washing silks." Having never washed silks ourselves, we were obliged to consult a "Selina" of our own. She informs us that no silks look well after washing, however carefully it be done, and that this method should never be resorted to but from absolute necessity. She recommends that faded silks should be sponged with warm water and soap, then laid upon a flat board and rubbed with a dry cloth, after which they should be ironed *on the inside* with a very smooth-faced flat iron. If the iron be applied at once to the silk, it should be passed quickly and smartly over it; or it may be ironed *on the right side* if a thin paper be spread over it, to prevent the iron from glazing it.

INQUIRER.—The Gorgons, or *Gorgones*, according to classical mythology, were three sisters, daughters of Phorces and Ceto. They were named *Stheno*, *Euryale*, and *Medusa*, all said to be immortal except the last-named. They are represented with their hairs entwined with serpents. Their hands were said to be of brass, their wings of the colour of gold, their bodies covered with impenetrable scales, their teeth as long as the tusks of a wild boar; and it was further said that they could turn to stone all on whom they looked. The Gorgons are said to have resided in the inland parts of Lybia, near the Lake of Triton, or the gardens of the Hesperides. *Perseus* is also said to have rendered his name immortal by the conquest of Medusa. The narrative states that he cut off her head, and that the blood that dropped from the wound produced the innumerable serpents that infest Africa. The horse *Pegasus* also arose from the blood of Medusa, as did *Chrysaor*, with his golden sword. It is further stated that Perseus, after performing wonderful exploits with the head of Medusa, placed it on the ægis of Minerva, which he had used in his expedition, and that it still retained the same petrifying power as before.

Y. Z.—You will find some easy and familiar lessons on music and singing in "The Popular Educator."

JAMES MASSIE.—We see no impropriety in your "claiming relationship to a gentleman" if you are, indeed, related to one, though you be "a working man." But if you have not the proofs of this in your own possession, it is quite impossible that we can help you to them. If we understand your long letter rightly, the alleged relationship is somewhat equivocal in its character.

G. R. H. (Newcastle).—It is not likely that the articles on "Cromwell and his Times," published in the early volumes of "The Working Man's Friend," will be reprinted in a separate form. A large portion of the matter, with some valuable additions, will be found in Dr. Ferguson's History of England, which forms four volumes of "*John Cassell's Library*."

A. B. C.—We fear that the marks "you allowed to be made in your flesh when a youth," however they may "disfigure you," must remain in your flesh till the end of your days. At least *we* know of no chemistry by which they can be obliterated.

E. PLURIBUS UNUM.—We have an answer ready for you. Please to favour us again with your address, as we have mislaid the one you sent.

T. D. D. asks, "Which of the sciences is most worthy of studying?" That depends entirely upon the occupation or course of life you think of adopting. The study of navigation, for example, would be waste of time to a youth who intends to be a cabinet-maker or a mason.

L. E. M.—You may safely invest your property in the way you mention. The New 3¼ per Cent. Consols are generally accounted the most profitable. The rate of interest is about 3¼ per cent. You need not fear the effect of "political events" to produce any material alteration in the value, or to weaken or endanger the security.

A. B. C.—You should obtain advice from an experienced medical practitioner; but beware of using just any drug that may be recommended. We fear the case you mention is beyond the reach of medicine.

W. M. T.—We cannot undertake the binding of books, but covers suitable for "The Working Man's Friend" may be obtained at our office, or by an order given to any bookseller.

J. T.—The cases of instruments and boxes of colours, for cheap sets of which the Society of Arts offered premiums, are now ready, and may be had of the makers.

D. I. (Stockport)—Lessons in French have already been published in "The Working Man's Friend," and have been reprinted in a separate and revised form in a sixpenny book, which may be had at our office, or by order on any bookseller.

H. ALFD.—We know of no law to prevent a man from marrying "his own mother's brother's first wife's sister's daughter" if he prefers her to any other woman.

CYMRO.—It is impossible for us to judge of the reasonableness of your surgeon's charges. Doctors' bills are not pleasant things, though their patients too frequently forget that a fortune is often sacrificed to qualify them for their profession, and that they are put to great expense to maintain appearances.

A SUBSCRIBER.—"*Beat*" is the proper word. In the sense to which you refer, it means *a track* or *district*. "*Bate*" or "*bait*" would be nonsense.

A. Z. M. N.—Bird's Patent Filter, mentioned in "The Working Man's Friend," No. 25, may be obtained at the Wenham Lake Ice Company, 364, Strand. It is a fact that artesian wells, however numerous, will not supply sufficient water for the consumption of the metropolis.

L. MARTIN.—The "choir organ" is that part of the larger instrument used in cathedrals to accompany the choir or singers. It is softer-voiced than the rest of the instrument.

W. W. will find a description of the telescope in No. 22. A "compound achromatic microscope" consists of two or more combinations of lenses, by one of which an enlarged image of the object is formed, and by means of the other, or eyeglass, a magnified representation of the enlarged image is seen.

W. P. S.—A *common* marriage licence will cost you 10s.; a *special* licence, £5. Marriage by *ban*—that is, after having been "asked," as it is called, three times in a church—renders a licence unnecessary. The above charges do not include the fee to the clergyman, &c. The Registrar is the person to whom application must be made for licences.

H. F. B.—There are many receipts for making French polish, and it may be bought ready made at any respectable varnish-makers. It may be prepared as follows:—Pale shell lac, one pound; mastic, two ounces; alcohol (spirits of wine of 90°), one quart. It must be made in the cold, by frequently stirring or shaking the ingredients together in a well-closed bottle or other vessel. French polish is used without filtering. There are several varnishes proper to be used on wood, but the preparation of them is somewhat troublesome and expensive, and they may be easily procured in small quantities from any varnish maker.

A CONSTANT READER.—You require no licence to sell books in a shop; but if you go about either town or country offering them for sale, you become a hawker, and will require a hawker's licence, for which you will have to pay £1; or if you employ a horse or ass, £8. We mention this the more particularly, because, in No. 29, owing to a misprint, 4s. and 8s. are named instead of £4 and £8. You may obtain books at the wholesale prices at any publishers or large booksellers. The usual allowance is 25 per cent.

E. BODEN.—Apply at our office.

W. B.—Johnson's Dictionary, from 1s. upwards.

B. WINTERBORN.—We cannot answer.

A YOUNG TEETOTALER.—Cyder *is* intoxicating, and its use is therefore proscribed.

C. ELLIOTT'S lines have been received.

DARWEN'S hints will be borne in mind.

C. S., J. R., and S.B.—Received.

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EGYPT: ITS EDIFICES AND ITS PEOPLE.

THE HOLY LAND.—JOURNEY THROUGH THE DESERT.

THE route to the Holy Land from Egypt, is, like that of the ancient Israelites, through the Wilderness. One of the most peculiar features of the journey is the mode of travelling, camels being almost universally used to carry both passengers and luggage. The species of camel employed for this purpose has one large hump on the back, while the Bactrian has two, one on the shoulders, and the other on the croup, and its height is said to be considerably greater than that of the Arabian camel.

A CARAVAN ABOUT TO SET OUT.

In order that the traveller may experience as little inconvenience as possible while seated on the camel's back, a large pack-saddle of straw is fitted to his sides, in order to raise them, so to speak, to the level of his hump. On the top of this rude saddle a framework of wood is placed, by means of which loads of merchandise can be fastened to the animal or heavy panniers hung to his sides.

The arrangement for riding is a little different; the wooden frame has two short, round pieces of wood, reaching up in front about eight inches and the same in the rear, making a surface or saddle for the rider about two feet in length between these short posts: here are placed the cushions, or something of the sort, on which the traveller sits, and the pieces of wood, both before and behind, prevent his sliding backwards or forwards, and often save him from falling off the camel's back. The animals trained for riding are usually termed dromedaries, but are in no other respect distinguishable from the ordinary camels. Unlike a horse, in beauty as well as in speed and intelligence, the camel stands too high to be mounted by means of stirrups; consequently, it is compelled to kneel and bring its huge body nearer to the level of the traveller before he can get upon its back. The driver standing at its head, makes a singular clicking or gurgling sound in his throat, which the animal understands, and after a few moments and some growls of discontent, the camel falls upon the knees of its fore legs, then bends its hind legs partly under its body, and finishes by stretching out its fore legs upon the ground, and

remains thus, its belly touching the sand, as long as may be required. In this position it is easy to mount; and the rider being fairly astride, the camel gets up again. It first raises its hind legs, and then scrambles up on its fore legs. The effect of this is to give the rider a sudden pitch forwards and almost as sudden a pitch back again to a level position; unless he is very careful and has got perfectly secure on his seat, he is almost certain to be thrown over the camel's head, which is no trifling matter. In general, persons ride without stirrups, but some rather timid riders prefer the European method, as it prevents their legs from dangling about. At first the rider is apt to feel that his position is rather too elevated for comfort, and it is not to be wondered at if he looks somewhat anxiously at the height from the ground, and thinks very seriously of the chances of a broken head, or neck, it may be, in case he is thrown off unawares. But a little experience reconciles him entirely to this arrangement, when he has spent a hot day in the desert. On the sand the heat is intolerable, but on the camel's back there is usually a tolerably free circulation of air, and the traveller feels the value of his lofty elevation, and is glad at any price to purchase some exemption from the power of the burning sun.

All being ready, the camel-driver leads the animal forward, and the rider immediately finds that the motion produced by its long strides and peculiar gait, is by far the most singular he has ever experienced. Now he pitches forward, now backward, now sideways, and now he experiences a movement consisting of a mixture of all three. For a while he is in great terror of falling off, and grasps the pommels, if they may be so called, of the wooden saddle with desperate earnestness; and if his head is not well, or he is easily affected with nausea, he *may* feel something of what is commonly called sea-sickness; ladies not unfrequently suffer in this way. But, supposing that he escapes this mishap, he is some little time before he dares look around or try to enjoy the novel scene. He still feels suspicious and is uneasy at the growling and unpleasant noises of the camels, as he does not yet understand the habits of the animal, and suspects that some dreadful accident will most certainly occur before he arrives at the end of the first stage. By and by, too, his back begins to ache, and he finds this perpetual see-saw sort of motion, which is not discontinued for a moment, so unnatural and so hard a trial of the muscles of that part of the body, that he is soon fatigued and convinced that he can never endure the ride for any great length of time. And when towards evening he dismounts, running the same risk of a fall as when he went through the operation of getting upon the camel's back, he aches all over so much, his limbs are so stiff, and he is so completely fagged out, that he is ready to lie down almost in despair, and groan bitterly over the prospect before him.

This is usually the first day's experience: on the second, he finds camel-riding somewhat more tolerable; on the third, he becomes quite reconciled to it; and subsequently, when he is entirely at home in his place, riding in any one of a half-dozen different positions which he may choose, forwards, backwards, sideways, cross-legged, and so on, and is so much at ease as to read comfortably, and even make notes as he goes along. And at last the traveller gets rather to like this kind of locomotion, and actually finds that he can go through more on the back of a camel than on horseback; he is convinced, too, that for a long journey the former is preferable to the latter in many respects, and has advantages which cannot be attained in any other way.

The camel is, indeed, invaluable to the Arab, for it is to him what the reindeer is to the Laplander. It has been justly styled "the ship of the desert," and without it the Arabs like the Africans, would be unable to cross the seas of sand which stretch around him on every side, or to carry that merchandise which is now readily transported by means of the caravan. It has been eloquently said in an address to the camel—

"Where the hot air is not stirred
By the wing of singing bird,
There thou go'st untired and meek,
Day by day, and week by week;
With thy load of precious things,—
Silks for merchants, gold for kings;
Pearls of Ormuz, riches rare,
Damascene and Indian ware—
Bale on bale, and heap on heap,
Freighted like a costly ship!
And when week by week is gone,
And the traveller journeys on
Feebly, when his strength is fled,
And his hope and heart seem dead:
Camel, thou dost turn thine eye
On him kindly, soothingly,
As if thou wouldest, cheering, say,—
'Journey on for this one day;
Do not let thy heart despond,
There is water yet beyond!
I can scent it in the air—
Do not let thy heart despair!'
And thou guid'st the traveller there."

A traveller thus describes the events of a day or two spent in the desert:—

"We rose usually at daybreak, so as to secure an early start in the pleasantest part of the day. Our toilet was very simple, it being enough if we could get our hands and faces clean; our breakfast was equally simple, and soon despatched. Next came the packing up; the tent was struck, the camels were made to kneel down and receive their loads, our dromedaries were arranged for riding, and in the course of an hour and a half, we took up our line of march. Under no circumstances could we manage to save time here, where it was so important, for hurry as much as we chose, there were just so many camels to load, and just so much to do, and we found that it always took about the same amount of time to accomplish all this in; consequently seven, or a little before was our usual hour of starting. For a while, the temperature was very delightful, and the bright sun, shining in all his glory, gave something of an air of animation even to the desert; but towards noon, and during the middle hours of the day, the heat became at times well-nigh unbearable; and had it not been that almost always we had plenty of wind in our elevated positions on our dromedaries, I fear that besides having my face and hands burnt black, I, at least, should have suffered much more serious injury from exposure to the scorching rays of an African sun at this period of the year. But we did not stop on account of the heat, nor fortunately were we impeded by any storms or any mishap of any kind: on we travelled, slowly, it is true, but steadily, not making much, but always doing something, our faces set towards the East, and our thoughts and hearts intent upon reaching the Holy City. At one time, our way was through the soft deep sand, into which our poor beasts would sink over the hoofs and labour exceedingly in getting onwards; at another, we came upon some level tracts, where the salt water had lain, but being dried up, there was now presented a curious appearance as the salt lay like scattered snow or ice upon the surface of the ground; sometimes the surface of the desert was nearly a plain, covered with only here and there some prickly shrubs, clumps of bushes, stunted grass, &c., but, more generally, we met with low hills and valleys, and more variety and unevenness of ground than I had been led to expect. For miles and miles, on our right hand and on our left, we beheld vast broad hills and mounds of fine, light, yellowish sand, which had drifted from one place to another just like snow drifts, and at every high wind, kept changing more or less its position; and we could not but be struck with the desolate and disheartening look which such a scene presented to our eyes. The life and beauty which the cultivated and fruitful regions of the earth offer to the admiration and gratitude of the beholder, are here extinct; and the spirit of man sinks within him, as he contemplates a prospect so terrible, were there no hope of escape from it, and so fearful, were he condemned to pass in such a spot the remainder of his days. As I gazed upon the desolate wilderness, through which we travelled, I felt as never I had felt before, the severity of that punishment which the rebellious Jews brought upon themselves; and while riding slowly onward, or at night, in our tents, I read in my Bible of the wandering of the children of Israel with a deeper and clearer sense of the meaning of God's holy word than it had been my lot at any previous time to attain. How forcible appeared now the

expressions of Scripture respecting what this stiff-necked people were compelled to undergo!

'A desert land . . . the waste howling wilderness.'

'That great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where there was no water,'

'Wherefore have ye made us to come up out of Egypt, to bring us in unto this evil place? It is no place of seed, or of figs, or of vines, or of pomegranates; neither is there any water to drink.'

'The soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way. And the people spake against God, and against Moses, Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? for there is no bread, neither is there any water; and our soul loatheth this light bread.'

'While the meat was yet in their mouths,
The wrath of God came upon them,
And slew the fattest of them.
And smote down the chosen men of Israel.
* * * * *
Therefore their days did he consume in vanity,
And their years in trouble.'

'Neither said they, where is the LORD
That brought us up out of the land of Egypt,
That led us through the wilderness,
Through a land of deserts and of pits,
Through a land of drought, and of the shadow of death,
Through a land that no man passed through,
And where no man dwelt?' *

Would God that there were such an heart in Christian people that they would ponder upon these things, and that they would consider and know that He will not at all spare the wicked, nor suffer to go unpunished the guilty nations who break His commandments or set at naught his holy will!

"Towards midday, we usually halted for a short time to lunch and to give our camels an opportunity to browse awhile upon the prickly shrubs and stunted bushes which are found in considerable abundance nearly everywhere in the desert. We would, on such occasions, spread our seggadeh upon the clean sand, and Antonio, our servant, having set before us a cold chicken, or something of the sort, with some dates, oranges, &c., we enjoyed our repast as well as the burning sun would admit, and quenched our thirst, as best we might, with the dark reddish coloured water which was carried in leathern buckets attached to our camels' sides. Remounting again, we pressed onward with renewed vigour; now, one after another new or strange thing met our view. Here and there, we beheld some groves of palms which looked doubly refreshing and attractive in the midst of the waste and dreary desert on all sides: occasionally some dome-covered tomb of a sheikh or Mohammedan saint, served to add variety to the scene: very frequently, we came upon the carcasses and bones of some poor camels which had dropped down with fatigue or thirst, and had been abandoned to the vulture and beasts of prey that watch the track of caravans in the desert unceasingly: and at such times we thought of the touching lines of the poet Collins:—

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past;
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contained a scanty store;
The sultry sun hath gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
* * * * *
'"Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crowned fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales, bestow;
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around,
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Shiraz' walls I bent my way!"'

"At one time, we saw the desert quails, some small birds, lizards, and several of that beautiful and most graceful animal the gazelle, who, with ears erect and bright glancing eyes, looked timidly at us for a few moments, and then bounded fleetly off to a place of greater security; at another, not a vestige of life was visible, all was silent as the grave and gloomy as the sepulchres of the dead, and our spirits sank within us, and we longed once more to revisit the abodes of men and look upon the green fields, the trees, and gardens of an inhabited land: occasionally, though but rarely and in the neighbourhood of marshy places, there appeared a larger bird or two, and we were forcibly reminded of the striking figure used by the Psalmist when he was overwhelmed by affliction and poured out his complaint before the Lord;—

'I am like a pelican of the wilderness;
I am like an owl of the desert,'" *

"Now we saw the mirage, that singular illusion, which often deceives the most experienced, and which for the moment, gladdened our eyes with the prospects of quiet and refreshing lakes, and trees on their banks, most desirable for their enticing shade, only to depress our spirits the more when the conviction forced itself upon our minds, that all which we beheld was unreal and baseless as a dream: now, again, we came upon flocks of goats, cropping the scanty herbage which they could find in the desert, and not far off we noticed a Bedawy encampment, with some children, females and noisy dogs, close by, the former hiding themselves under the coarse blankets rudely supported on sticks stuck in the ground, and peeping out at the Frank strangers, the latter barking and snarling most disagreeably. As the day advanced, we found out, occasionally, what it was to travel through the territories of the wild sons of the desert, for, at intervals, some keen black-eyed Bedawin suddenly started forth, as it were from the ground, and in peremptory tones, demanded tribute for the privilege of crossing *their* desert; a demand, which on the whole, we deemed it best to satisfy for the sake of peace, though with our large party, we might easily have resisted all such claims.

"About five o'clock in the afternoon, our thoughts began to be turned to our evening encampment, and between that and sundown, we looked out rather anxiously for a good place to pitch our tent in. This being obtained, the caravan halted, and the tired camels being made to kneel, were released from their loads, and turned loose to roll in the sand, and browse upon the various sorts of nutriment, which a kind Providence has furnished for them, even in the arid desert. In the course of an hour or so, we were comfortably seated in our tent (which consisted of canvass, upheld by a single pole in the centre, and kept in its place by numerous ropes, fastened to pins driven into the sand), and were glad to sit down to our dinner, and refresh our jaded bodies. Generally, we were too much fatigued, to do more than write down some brief notes of the day's events; and, save, perhaps, a stroll out to gaze at the bright stars, and listen, if so I may speak, to the profound and solemn stillness of the vast desert, we rarely pretended to attempt anything in the way of occupation. At an early hour, we lay down on our beds, which were much like the ordinary cot bedsteads, only arranged to fold up into small compass, and commending ourselves to the protection of Him, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, we slept as only the weary and wayworn pilgrims rest, in security and peace. Sometimes in the night I was aroused by the low-toned and monotonous songs of the Arabs, who take this method of keeping themselves awake, and manifesting their watchfulness, or by the braying of a donkey, or the noisy and sharp barkings of the wolfish Bedawin curs; but never had I or my companions any cause of apprehension from the attacks of robbers, or the thievish propensities of many of the lawless inhabitants of the desert. We suffered no loss whatever, during our entire journey from Cairo to Gaza."

The group of mountains to which Sinai belongs, and which also includes other remarkable summits, is surrounded on all sides by deserts occupied only by tribes of Bedawin Arabs. The mountains are penetrated by deep chasms, edged by bare perpendicular ledges of rocks, and the whole has a singularly wild and sterile appearance.

The convent of St. Catherine, founded by the emperor Justinian, is situated in a valley on the slope of the mountain.

* Deut. xxxii. 10; viii. 15; Numb. xx. 5; xxi. 4, 5; Ps. lxxviii. 31, 33; Jer. ii. 6.

* Ps. cii. 6.

MOUNT SINAI.

Being exposed to the attacks of the Arabs, it has been built in a peculiar manner and has much of the appearance of a fortress. It is an irregular, quadrangular edifice, surrounded by high and solid walls, and covers a considerable extent of ground. To prevent being surprised by their troublesome neighbours, the entrance-gate, which is rarely opened, is built up; and on ordinary occasions, all access to the convent is by an entrance about thirty feet from the ground, to which travellers and provisions are raised in a basket by means of a windlass.

The interior of the convent presents little that is worthy of note; all the apartments and chapels being built of rough stone, without order or symmetry, and communicating by crooked and dark passages. The Church of the Transfiguration is, however, an exception to the rest. It is eighty feet in length, and fifty-three in breadth, and is paved with marble, adorned with a variety of figures.

It is a curious fact that there is a Mohammedan mosque within the precincts of this convent. It has also, at a little distance, an excellent garden, producing fruits, plants, and vegetables, in the utmost profusion. It is reached by a subterraneous passage, secured by iron gates. The climate is temperate in consequence of the elevation.

The ascent to the mountain which lies to the south-west commences close to the convent. It is steep, but the labour of ascending has been greatly facilitated by steps cut in the rock. At the height of about five hundred feet from the convent is a spring of fresh and cold water, covered by a rock which protects it from the sun and rain. After ascending a little higher the traveller gains the summit of Mount Horeb, which forms, according to Laborde, a kind of breast from which Sinai rises. On continuing the route from this halting-place by a path still more rugged and steep than before, the summit of Sinai is reached, the apex of a peak, not more than fifty yards across at its widest part.

It should, however, be remarked, that the names of Horeb and Sinai are used interchangeably in the inspired books of Moses, to denote the mountain on which the law was given. The most obvious and common explanation of this circumstance is, to regard Sinai as the general name for the whole cluster, and Horeb as designating a particular mountain; much as the same names are employed by Christians at the present day. So, too, the Arabs now apply the name Jebel-et-Tûr to the whole central granite; while the different mountains of which it is composed are called Jebel Kâtherin, Jebel Musa, &c. Robinson, on looking at the subjects during his sojourn in the convent, he was led to a similar conclusion; applying the names, however differently, and regarding Horeb as the general name, and Sinai as the particular one. This conclusions seems to be favoured by two circumstances. One is, that before and during the march of the Israelites from Egypt to the place where the law was given, the latter is called only Horeb; just as the Arabs now speak of going to Jebel-et-Tûr; while during the sojourn of the Hebrews before the mountain, it is spoken of, with one exception only, as Sinai; and after their departure it is again referred to, exclusively as Horeb. The other and main fact is, that while the Israelites were encamped at Rephidim, Moses was commanded to go on with the elders before the people, and smite the rock in Horeb, in order to obtain water for the camp. The necessary inference is, that some part of Horeb was near to Rephidim; while Sinai was yet a day's march distant.

CONVENT OF ST. CATHERINE.

Gaza is a name which calls to mind some of the many interesting portions of the Old Testament history. It was once a city of great importance, and figured largely in the eventful life of Samson, the mighty champion of his oppressed country. A considerable part of the city is situated on a high hill, between one and two miles from the sea, and is therefore a very prominent object to any one who looks upon it from thence

with interest. The modern city is mainly in the valley, on the east and north. To the south-east is a hill of no great height, called by some writers "Samson's Mount," as being the hill mentioned in the book of Judges, * to which that mighty man carried off the gates of Gaza. This hill may properly be said to be *before*, that is *towards*, Hebron, since there is no reason to suppose that the gates were carried to any great distance. All vestiges of the ancient walls and ancient strength of Gaza have disappeared, and nothing remains to mark its former extent except the bounds of the hill itself on which it stood. Even the traces of its former existence, its vestiges of antiquity are very rare, consisting of occasional columns of marble or gray granite, scattered in the streets and gardens, or used as thresholds at the gates and doors of houses, or laid upon the front of watering-troughs. One fine Corinthian capital of white marble lies inverted in the middle of a street running from north to south, along the eastern foot of the hill.

AFRICAN PROVERBS.

If there be still any adherents among us of the once universal "baboon theory," and any extreme depreciators of "African intellect" we beg leave to refer them to the Rev. Samuel Crowther's recently published *Yoruba Vocabulary* for a confutation of their favourite dogma. The Yorubans are natives of Africa, living on the coast between Lagos and Abomey. This book not only shows that an "African" can become a highly educated being, but proves, what is far more to the purpose, that a whole African race, numbering 3,000,000, exists, possessing a language highly refined and developed, abounding in expressions which could only have arisen among a people in a state of considerable civilisation, and rich in proverbial sentences exhibiting, not only a shrewd and worldly-wise, but also a gentle and moral people. "You think yourself very wise," says the Yoruban, "but you can't tell me what nine times nine makes." "The club-collection will be due six days hence; when you have taken your share let me know." What this club-collection is, is explained by another proverb—"Every 17 days is the gathering of the Egbas;" but few of our readers will be prepared for the assertion that these Yoruban "savages" have a regular system of benefit clubs, the members of which meet every 17 days, and that in Abbeokuta alone there are more than a thousand such clubs. Here are some more of these proverbs:—"Consideration is the first-born, Calculation the next, Wisdom the third." "When the goat has fed it returns home; when the sheep has fed it returns home; not returning home after feeding ruins the character of the pig." "Everything has its price, but who can set a price upon blood?" Here, too, is a sentiment one would not have looked for from a "savage:"—"Because friendship is pleasant, we partake of our friend's entertainment, not because we have not enough to eat in our own house." "A wild boar, in place of a pig, would ravage the town; and a slave make a king would spare nobody." "The time may be very long, but a lie will be detected at last." He who shares his friend's prosperity, but does not move a hand to help him in his work, is selfish; for he who eats the sweet should be ready to eat the bitter." "The stocks are not pleasant, but they are good for a rogue." "The trader never confesses that he has sold all his goods, but when asked he will only say 'Trade is a little better.'" Here is one which might be recommended to the Dean and Chapter of Rochester in the matter of Mr. Whiston:—"I have the protection of powerful friends; you cannot involve me in ruinous law expenses"—an expression which makes one wonder if there is a sable Lord Chancellor at Abbaokuta, and whether there be chancery-suits in that happy land.—Here, too, is another of the same kind:—"A man walks at ease in the presence of his defamer; a man steps proudly in the presence of his abuser; when he knows that neither of them has twenty cowries in his house;" from which one is tempted to infer that Mammon is worshipped among the Yorubans as well as ourselves. One or two more, and our string of proverbs is complete. Among the East African tribes it has been said that the idea of gratitude does not exist; not so among the Yorubans—"An ungrateful guest is like the lower jaw, which when the body dies in the morning, falls away from the upper by night time." Some "savage" tribes have no sense of pity, but the following Yoruba proverb closes our illustration with a beautiful inculcation of that feeling:—"A slave is not a senseless block of wood. When a slave dies his mother hears nothing of it, but when a free-born child dies there is lamentation; yet the slave, too, was once a child in his mother's house."

* Judges xvi. 3.

THE HISTORY OF THE PEARL.

Very few persons who visited the Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations, came away without noticing the splendid collection of precious stones contributed by Mr. Hope. It stood in its little iron cage just in front of the Holland court. In addition to the various precious stones contained in this collection, there is the monster pearl which far exceeds in size any other specimen of the kind in the Exhibition or in this country. It weighs 1800 grains, and is two inches long, and 4¼ in circumference. We are all familiar with the appearance of the pearl; a few sentences therefore of the history of this interesting jewel may assist our lady readers' appreciation of it.

The pearl, so called, on account of its form, from the Latin word *spherula*, a round body, is found attached either to the inner part of the shell of the pearl oyster, or else in the thick fleshy part of the animal itself. This beautiful jewel, known as the pearl, is produced by the oyster itself, and is formed of a material secreted by the animal. The real cause of the oyster's forcing this substance within its bivalve house, seems to be in fact nothing more than an effort of the little animal to get rid of a source of irritation, such as a grain of sand or some such small foreign body, which has insinuated itself between the mouth of the oyster and the shell, or some enemy of the oyster perforating the shell from the outside, to get within reach of its prey. In either case, the oyster envelopes the sand or other substance, or closes up the aperture, formed with a smooth coat of membrane, over which it spreads a layer of nacre or pearl. The word *nacre* comes from a Spanish word signifying *mother-of-pearl*, or the shell in which we find the pearl.

In both these cases we usually find the pearl adhering to the internal surface of the shell. The best and the most valuable specimens are however generally found in the body of the animal; and the source of irritation in this case is proved, according to the attentive observations of Sir Everard Home, to be an ovum or egg of the oyster, which, instead of coming to maturity, and being thrown out of the shell by the mother along with the others, proves abortive, and remains behind in the capsule in which all the ova were originally contained. This capsule being still supplied with bloodvessels from the parent-animal, goes on increasing in size for another year, and then receives a covering of nacre, the same as the oyster spreads over the internal surface of the shell. The animal adds a fresh layer every year to the nucleus thus formed, which thus increases in size; and it is probable that the oyster deposits this pearly covering, not so much in any regular quantity as in proportion to the amount of irritation it experiences from the exciting cause.

The peculiar lustre of the true pearl, and which distinguishes it from all artificial means of imitation, arises from the central cell, which is lined with a highly polished coat of nacre, and the substance of the pearl itself being diaphanous, the rays of light easily pervade it.

The chemical constitution of the pearl is carbonate of lime (of which common chalk is another form); hence, the possibility of the luxurious Romans dissolving them in vinegar and drinking the solution. The story of Cleopatra is well known, in which, in order that she might be enabled to expend a larger sum in one feast, than Mark Antony had done in the series of sumptuous repasts he had provided for her gratification, she took a pearl from her ear, said to be valued at £80,729 3*s.* 4*d.* of our money, and having dissolved it in vinegar, drank off the solution.

Large sums are mentioned by ancient historians as having been given in former times for pearls: these statements may or may not be correct; we, therefore, proceed to speak of the actual money-producing value of some of the pearl-fisheries of the present day. In 1804 our government leased the pearl fishery at Ceylon for £120,000 for one year; but in 1828, it brought only £30,612. The value of the pearl fisheries of Bahrim in the Persian Gulf, may be reckoned at more than £200,000 annually, or taking the produce of the whole gulf, not far short of £350,000 per annum. Of course our readers are aware that the pearls are obtained by divers. In the Ceylon fishery as many as 1500 divers are sometimes employed. The divers share the profits of the fishery, in a certain proportion

—a mode of employment which gives the labourers about five or six shillings a day. Of course, this is considered most excellent pay in a country in which the ordinary rate of wages seldom exceeds about sixpence a day. The divers in six or seven fathoms of water, usually remain immersed about fifty or fifty-five seconds; a reward having been offered to him who could remain longest under water, it was gained by one who remained at the bottom for eighty-seven seconds. The diver carries down a sack with him in which to put the oysters, and which, when filled is pulled up by a rope into a boat on the surface ready to receive it. If the diver is exhausted, he is pulled up with the bag; but this is seldom the case, as it is much easier to rise to the surface of the sea than to keep at the bottom. The business of a pearl-fisher is not considered by any means unhealthy, and the period of fishing—which seldom occupies more than two months in the spring—is considered as quite a holiday by the labourers in the Indian islands. The use of a diving-dress and apparatus has never, we believe, been tried in the pearl fisheries.

All along the coasts of Ceylon and Coromandel, on the shores of the Persian Gulf, and on various parts of the Pacific coast of South America, as well as at Algeria and the Bay of Panama, the pearl oyster makes his home. Each bank is available only for about two months in about seven years; and the banks are seldom disturbed till the oysters are supposed to be in a fit state for gathering. When the oysters are brought to land, they are thrown into a pit and allowed to rot, so that the pearls can be extracted without injury to their delicate structure. Very little preparation is necessary to fit the pearls for sale, as regularity of shape is not much regarded by the purchaser.

The largest pearl of which we have anything like a correct account, is one which the king of Persia bought of an Arab in 1633 for £110,000. It is pear-shaped, of a regular form, and without the slightest blemish. It measures 6¾ inches in diameter at the largest part, and is nearly one inch and a half long. Pearls are found in various places in Great Britain, and there was a specimen or two in the Exhibition of Scotch pearls.

From 1761 to 1764 £10,000 worth of pearls were taken at Perth. The rivers of the counties of Tyrone and Donegal have also yielded pearls. Mother-of-pearl is the lining or inner part of the shell of the pearl oyster, and differs from true pearl only in form, and in being less compact and lustrous.

It is the large oysters of the Indian seas alone which secrete this coat of sufficient thickness to render it available for the purposes of manufacture. Nearly one million pounds weight of this mother-of-pearl are annually imported into this country. In the early part of last year a ship arrived in London from the bay of Panama with upwards of two million pearl shells, to be used principally in the manufacture of shirt buttons. It is curious to think that the pearls which deck the head of a queen, and the buttons which the poor bachelor sews on to his "other shirt," are precisely alike in structure, came from the same miserable diseased oyster, were fished up by the same dusky Indian divers, and differ in nothing but an artificial money value!

VINCENT PRIESSNITZ.

The celebrated town of Gräfenberg stands now, where five-and-twenty years ago only a few small cottages were to be seen clustered in one of the ravines of the Silesian mountains. In one of these Vincent Priessnitz was born on the fifth of October, 1799. He was the youngest of six children; his parents were descended from families which had settled in that neighbourhood many centuries before. Very little is known of his boyhood. His father was for many years blind, and Vincent was obliged to be his guide on all occasions; he has been heard to say with regret, that from this cause he was unable to attend school.

In his seventeenth year, when he assisted in the farm labours, he met with an accident; a horse which he was driving down to the meadow took fright, ran away, and Vincent fell under the wheel of the cart, which knocked out his front teeth and broke several ribs. Every one gave up hopes of saving his life, and the physicians declared his recovery to be impossible. It was at this time that his great discovery appears to have dawned upon him, for he washed the wounds with cold water and made use of wet bandages. In a few weeks, to the surprise of all, he began slowly to recover. The effects of this fall, although they did not at once manifest themselves, still began to tell inwardly on his constitution, and in all probability would in the end have been fatal, if he had not continued his course of cold water, aided by a naturally strong and hardy constitution. From the moment of his recovery, Priessnitz was filled with a belief in the wonderful curative power of cold water, and gained a confidence in it, which was confirmed and strengthened by some successful attempts first upon animals, and afterwards upon his neighbours. His progress was now slow but steady, and the happy results of his treatment remained no longer secret, and the fame of this young physician of nature began to spread far and wide. When scarcely nineteen years of age, Priessnitz was often called to Moravia, and even to Bohemia, and the eyes of the world began to be turned towards him. Although his renown was as yet but small, there were many who endeavoured to raise charges of imposture and quackery against him. He was pronounced a charlatan by the faculty, the common people called him a fool, and believed him to be in league with Satan, and he was denounced from the pulpit as a false prophet.

In the mean time Priessnitz calmly and modestly pursued his course among all their threats and persecutions, firm in the consciousness of rectitude, and full of the great idea which had awoke within him. In the year 1829 the number of applicants for his advice was so great in Gräfenberg, that a list of these visitors was voluntarily made. This was too much for the envy of his enemies to bear. Priessnitz was commanded to appear before the magistrate of the little town of Freiwalden on a charge of charlatanism, and was condemned to several days imprisonment, sharpened by fasting; at the same time the sponge with which he washed his patients was taken from him under the pretext that it was in some way connected with sorcery! An appeal had the effect of annulling this sentence, and the higher tribunal before which this appeal was carried finding no evidence in any way against him, gave him permission to open a curative establishment; but the envy which had been once set in movement was not so easily stayed, and the chancellor's court was continually besieged with complaints, accusations, and petitions; this came to such a pitch at length, that the court felt itself called upon to send an authorised commission to investigate the state of affairs at Gräfenberg, and for this purpose made choice of Baron Türkheim. The report which this acute and learned physician furnished upon the life, proceedings, and course of treatment of Priessnitz, was not only favourable to the latter, but also highly honourable to the baron's character as an unprejudiced and enlightened man. In consequence of this report Priessnitz was protected by the chancellor's court. From that time he was freed from the open attacks of his unrelenting and bitter adversaries. Secret annoyance and petty malice followed him, however, to the end of his life. His fame had now spread over almost the whole of Europe. From the most distant countries sufferers and invalids, who were given up by the faculty, hastened in crowds to place themselves under the immediate care of the high priest of hydropathy, hoping by this new and wonderful agency of cold water to regain their health, or at least to find their sufferings relieved. Thus in a few years Gräfenberg has, from being a cluster of poor and unknown cottages, become a place of world-wide renown, and the name of Priessnitz has become familiar in the mouths of all civilised nations.

An interesting field of observation and experience opens itself here to the eye of the man of the world, the psychologist, and the philanthropist. The unheard of results produced by the water treatment of Priessnitz influenced thousands to reformation, and it is a remarkable fact that this newly-discovered use of cold water directed the attention of many to the temperance movement, and caused them to regard with greater attention the simple power of water, as contrasted with the baneful and demoralising influence of intoxicating drinks. Many have not only visited the hydropathic establishments with benefit to their health, but have also become convinced of the truth of temperance. In many countries establishments were founded on the principles of, and greatly resembling, the parent establishment at Gräfenberg, among which is the celebrated Ludbrook establishment, near Richmond, conducted by Dr. Elliss, who studied under Priessnitz.

Priessnitz became a wealthy man and the happy father of a

family of ten children, of whom, however, seven are only at present alive. His wife was the reward of a successful cure, for he was so fortunate as to relieve her mother from an affection which defied the power of the physicians. Although Priessnitz was, on one hand, the object of bitter persecutions and incredible instances of unthankfulness, yet on the other hand, he met with the delights of innumerable unexpected attentions and the acknowledgments of grateful persons of every description. The neighbourhood of Gräfenberg is full of monuments of overflowing gratitude, and in 1846, the breast of this renowned man was decorated with the golden medal.

Outwardly, Priessnitz impressed the observer as being a simple, benevolent and strong-minded man. The evidences of knowledge, but great general information, which he had gained by his intercourse with educated persons of all countries. Whoever knew him intimately felt himself attracted magically by him. His conversation came from the heart; his character was of an iron determination. Neither praise nor enmity could move him, and even unlooked-for wealth did not destroy his activity. He lived to alleviate the sufferings of humanity, and the immortality of his name rests on his successful struggle with mortality. In cold water he raised a monument which will be more durable than one of stone. Priessnitz's death was in itself most remarkable: he who had snatched so many by the aid of water from the arms of death, fell a victim to dropsy. He died November 28th, 1851, from affection of the liver, which

VINCENT PRIESSNITZ.

a deep thinker and acute observer were distinguishable in the singular expression of his light blue eyes, which seemed the reflection of an unspotted soul. His replies to questions were given with his mouth half closed, in a very agreeable but rather low voice, and no sooner had his laconic but expressive words left his tongue, than his thin lips closed firmly together, and formed round the clearly-defined mouth very singular wrinkles, in which, probably owing to a natural difficulty of keeping his lower lip closed, some little exertion was visible; all this, together with his striking nose and the marks of the small-pox visible in his face, gave him a very peculiar expression. In public life he was simple, but rather reserved and laconic; in private, however, he was cordial; he possessed no scientific when associated with dropsy is invariably fatal. The physicians who were present, with many of the hydropathic visiters at the *post mortem* examination, expressed their surprise that Priessnitz could have lived so long with such a liver, and declared that this extension of his existence could only be attributed to his peculiar mode of life. This disease may also be considered a consequence of the accident which nearly proved fatal to him in his youth. Priessnitz lived and died in the exercise of his mission, and few men have been more generally regretted, or more tears of sorrow shed for any one than for Vincent Priessnitz. From the highest to the lowest sorrow was felt, and a great multitude followed his remains to the grave, as they would have followed those of a beloved father.

THE HOUSE OF SALVATOR ROSA AT ROME.

The dwelling-places of the poets, artists, and great men of the past exist, like their works, long after their material bodies have passed away. Man perisheth, but the labour of his hands endureth for ages: the pyramids remain, but the names of their builders, and the very purposes for which they were built, are forgotten and a mystery. It is a solemn thought. Go wherever we will where men have congregated together and we shall find evidences of their former lives; but of the men themselves no trace remains. One makes himself famous among his fellows by valiant deed or spirit-stirring song, by noble ambition, by great crime, or by transcendant powers of mind; he lives his appointed time on earth and then dies; henceforth the spot that gave him birth, the city in which he sojourned, the grave in which his bones

lie buried, become ennobled to the memory of all future men. And thus the traveller, without perhaps knowing why, and without caring to analyse his feelings, seeks out the birthplace of a Tell or a Hampden, the dwelling-house of a Shakspeare or a Tasso, the tomb of a Virgil or the grave of a Bonaparte; nor goes upon his way contented till he has stood and pondered on the very spots with which these great ones of the earth were once familiar.

In every city, and almost every village, in Europe, are to be found some remains of their celebrated men; but most of all in the old classic cities of Italy and Greece. Here the student may revel in the past, surrounded by the evidences of its glory, in marble statue and pictured canvas; and here, too, he may trace out the actual houses in which the memorable men of ancient days both lived and died.

It was in Rome that Salvator Rosa passed the last years of his life, surrounded by all the celebrated men of his age. His story is interesting. He was the son of an architect of Renella, in Naples, was born in the year 1615, and was brought up under Francesco Francanzano, a painter, who had married his eldest sister. For some time this young artist was obliged to sell his drawings about the streets for a livelihood. One of these happening to fall into the hands of the famous painter, Lanfranco, he sought out its author, and enabled him to enter the academy of Ribera. With this painter Salvator lived till he was twenty. At that time his father died, and he accompanied his master to Rome, where he continued four years, and found a patron in Cardinal Brancacci, who took him to Viterbo and gave him employment. After this he returned to Naples, but the attractions of Rome drew him thither again, and he there became known to Prince Giovanni Carlo de Medici, who took him to Florence with him. Here the painter remained nine years, dividing his time between poetry, painting, and music. Not only did he excel in painting, but he acquired no small renown by his verses, which were full of humour and satire. He is said to have been very fond of a joke; the painters of Rome having at one time refused him admittance into the academy, he on the anniversary of St. Luke contrived to place a caricature of his own in the church where the paintings were exhibited. However, he concealed his manner, and afterwards said, that "it was done by a surgeon, to whom the painters had acted very ill in refusing a place in their academy, though they stood in great need of one to set the limbs which they daily dislocated or distorted." Another time finding a harpsichord on which he played good for nothing, "I'll make it," said he, "worth at least one hundred crowns." He then

painted on the top of it a subject, which when offered to a picture dealer, immediately fetched the sum he mentioned. Many other similar anecdotes are related of him.

After a long residence in Rome he was attacked by dropsy, and died in 1673. Although the genius of Salvator Rosa principally showed itself in small paintings, he filled one of a large size with sublime figures; such a one is the "Conspiracy of Catiline," in the gallery of Florence. His great excellence, however, lay in depicting scenes of gloom, solitude, and desolation—sombre forests, or the caves of banditti—rocky dells, alpine bridges, trees scathed by lightning, and dark and lowering skies. His figures are generally wild and savage. He painted sorcerers and apparitions, of which kind the principal one is the witch of Endor. We have mentioned that Salvator Rosa was a musician, and in 1770, some of his manuscript compositions were sold at Rome by his great-grand-daughter. The landscape in the National Gallery by this famous master, formerly graced the Colonna palace at Rome. It was purchased by the English government in 1824, of Mr. Byng, at the price of £1600.

Our engraving represents the house in which Salvator Rosa died at Rome. It was built at the time when the false style introduced by Boromini was most extensively adopted throughout Italy. It is a curious example of the excess to which architectural eccentrity may be carried, and no doubt the architect believed he had attained a great triumph when he gave the semblance of huge gaping mouths to the windows and gateway. It is an example of the low ebb to which architecture fell at one period, but still is highly interesting from the historical associations connected with it; and for this reason only is it introduced into our pages.

THE ORIGIN, CHARACTER, AND DOINGS OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS.*

The Frenchman exalts his beloved France — the German his fatherland—the Englishman loves old England, and seems to feel that verily we are the chosen—we are *the* people. To some this may appear somewhat vain-glorious, and it would be so if facts did not bear it out. There never was a nation in the world that had and has such work to do; even our language is becoming universal. In former times it seemed as if French would be the prevailing tongue. It is not so now. Our language extends over North America, South America, Australia. Wherever the Saxon goes he carries his manners and customs with him, remembering this, that the waste places of the earth are given to us,—we are now reaping the benefit or paying the penalty for what our fathers have done. The life of a nation is continuous. The water in the Thames is different from the water flowing at any particular point there seven years ago; it is influenced by certain changes which have taken place higher up, nearer its source, yet is it Thames water as much as ever it was; the river is the same. It is not the living in the nation who make the nation, but all who have ever lived in it. We hear a great deal, in this our day, about progress, enlightenment, change; lay not too much stress on this. We are as our fathers were; no culture wears out the characteristics of nations; the Jews are the same now as they were hundreds of years ago. It is the same in families; no family ever loses its likeness; every child is like his ancestor, not perhaps his mother or father, but a grandfather, or an antique great grandfather, comes out in him. This is no novelty, but merely the expression of an historical fact.

God made nations separate, distinct, peculiar; nations are great individualities of character. Not to treat of this antiquarianally, I may state that the Celtic wave first flowed over Europe westward, reaching England and Ireland; in Wales and in the west of Ireland they are not yet extinct. We belong to the second great wave of population that rolled over the west,—namely, the *Teutonic*. The third is the Sclavonic; they will not reach us—there is nothing new in them. In the Holy Scripture the patriarch who had gone down to Egypt gave the two boys of Joseph his blessing; the best was given to the younger. The Jews thought primogenitureship was divine—nevertheless, the old patriarch would bless the younger lad. God gives his blessing this way sometimes, and by blessing the Saxons he has made of them a great nation. Abraham was called because he was worthy. The Teutonics were a goodly race, and, under the favour of the Almighty, they have prospered from generations back to the present day. Tacitus says they must originally have sprung out of the ground. They came like grasshoppers, and seem to have risen from the land. They were bold, plucky, not easily governed, and could brook no personal restraints. "Hands off!" was their motto. Twenty-five of them once committed suicide rather than become the sport of the Roman nations; they fought in clans. I am a large believer in clans, and have great respect for that bond of brotherhood which formerly was practised by our ancestors. They were largish eaters, but no great epicures; great in quantity, not in quality—great also in drinking, and fond of the excitement of gambling. They thought it the part of women to weep for their friends—men to think of them. An Englishman can't weep. Catch him doing something like it—tax him with it—oh! no, he is not crying; true, there is a tear, but it arises from a cold—a fly—anything rather than an acknowledgment of the fact. Frenchmen kiss one another—first on one cheek, then on the other, finishing with a kiss on the middle. We don't. We give each other a great grip of the hand, and say we are jolly glad to meet; and although we may not meet again for years, who shall estimate the amount of love and friendship in that short sentence—that firm grasp! I never heard a great foreign orator without thanking God he was not an Englishman; it is all very well in his own country, but it does not do in England; it is like our orange-trees—out of place. The foreigner has more demonstration, less depth; deep friendship often has but little show. When I am *told* of loving much, I don't believe it. Heart-breakings are not to be noised abroad; things are never at the worst when you can say they are. When the child cries and roars, it is safe; no harm will be done; a little time will make it all right. The disconsolate widow, who has lost the best husband under the sun, is inconsolable; her grief is great; but she *tells* me so, soon after which I expect to hear she is comfortably married.

The Saxons were very hospitable; they were of the free-and-easy sort; you were at home with them, and did what you liked. They held the fair sex in high estimation; they advocated woman's freedom, not rights; and they understood woman's position, and were more influenced by woman than were the Jews. The Saxons believed that women have an inherent divinity. Those notions may have gone out now, and woman is thought to act her part best at home. Our ancestors thought otherwise. Women are quick and ready, usually right. Men arrive at conclusions by long reasonings; women without any reason at all. In those days the women were frequently used as hostages—for this reason, that every exertion would be called into play to redeem them. I love the Saxons; they were true lovers of liberty, and we inherit this characteristic. We admire King Arthur, but take the side of the Saxons; the Britons were driven out—it was fatalism—whoever goes, ought. The Britons ask aid; the Anglo-Saxon comes—puts his foot in; give him a bit of land, he soon builds a factory, and after he has the factory he will next want the kingdom, and he will have it, too. A man in a drab coat gets in the thin end of the wedge somewhere—drives it home—and, finding it desirable and pleasant, settles there himself, and soon begins to look out places for his family; cousin after cousin comes to join him, and we soon have a Pennsylvania. The old Britons were driven out; the proper time had arrived, and at last England is Saxon. The next great change is the conversion to Christianity. A great pope, St. Gregory, sent missionaries hither. His attention was roused to the dark state of affairs in this country by observing, before his elevation to the papal chair, some slim-limbed youths for sale at the slave-market at Rome. He went up to them, and inquired about their country. He was pleased with them; and, finding they were English pagans, he said, in the Latin language, *Non Angli, sed Angeli, forent si essent Christiani*—"They would not be Angles, but angels, had they been Christians." Satisfied with this pun, he ventured another, evidently relishing the pious joke. He tried another question, concerning the province from whence these captives came; he was told Deiri, a district of Northumberland. "Deiri," echoed he; "that is good; they are called to the mercy of God from his anger (*de ira*)." He was so much gratified at

* The substance of two Lectures, by George Dawson, M.A., delivered at the Whittington Club.

this, that he tried again. "The king of that province, what is he called?" He was answered, "Ælla, or Alla." "Alleluia!" cried he; "we must endeavour to have the praises of God sung in their country." This good old man thought that where the body was so fair, the soul must be like unto it. This notion he never could get rid of, and having got over his disease of punning, he started for England; but before his plan could be fully carried out, it was put a full stop to by his being sent for to return to Rome, and to be made pope instead. This he did unwillingly. He wished to convert the English, but he could not put it in practice. He did, however, what he considered best on the occasion. He sent a monk hither, who took up his abode in Kent, preached with success, and made many converts to the new faith. Whether this was done according to the modern notions of conversion entertained by some sectarians or not, it is difficult to say. However, many were converted. The first that spoke on the subject was the high-priest; after he had finished, a layman got up and said "that the life of man seemed like a bird in a dark room; it took a turn or two, and then went into the darkness again. If the monk could teach him any better, he would have the new faith." Our forefathers now became very pious; they worshipped all the saints, and were very devout, indeed, but they did not like taxes. Notwithstanding this, the Roman faith made good way with the Saxon people. These very people made famous protestants afterwards.

We have always been of a very composite character—a something between the domesticated and the wild man. Go to the top of the Pyramids, you find an Englishman; then he is soaring away, far over head, in a balloon; the next time you catch a glimpse of him, he is down in a Cornish mine; in fact, he is everywhere: the wild pluck within him is ever in search of danger and difficulty.

We make a plaything of the sea. An Englishman likes the sea; the brine is delicious; and he goes to sea for the fun of it. The Saxon, Dane, and Norman all come from one race. The time was now arrived for the Danes to pay us a visit. These Danes were a warlike people, who always preferred a battle to their mistress, and he was considered a weak man who did not see the fun of tossing children on spears for amusement. The Scandinavians did not like it. The Dane came, and the Saxon fought. The Dane conquered, took the Saxon under his protection, who sat down hereupon quietly as a country gentleman. Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake are part of them. Nelson is one of their old thanes, with an admiral's coat on—a thorough-paced, sea-loving, Scandivanian. The Saxon was sluggish, lazy, like his oxen—slow; could get through with a lot of work, but must have time, and a plenty of it. The Dane stirred him up. The Danes took all strangers that came. Alfred took them in certainly, and later down one other, the Norman William; since which time there has been no such conquest. We sympathise with Harold, on that battle-field of Hastings, but he was not to succeed. The Normans were more clever and polished than the Saxon or the Dane. The talk of England to-day shows token of the Norman. The word *bacon* is alike both in Saxon and Norman languages. The word *king* was retained by William. All courtly phrases were Norman; homely, Saxon; for instance, the names of animals still used for food are Teutonic, such as *ox*, *sheep*, *swine*, &c. The Norman conquerors, introducing a more refined style, cooked the animals, and changed the names to *beef*, *mutton*, *pork*, &c. We always admire the good old Saxon words, and plead guilty to preferring John Bunyan to Addison or Johnson; fancy the book of Job edited by Johnson, or the Psalms revised by Addison. Saxon words were the growth of the soil, and those little words are powerful, much more so than the long ones. When the Norman came, the sun and moon did not change; they are the same to the conqueror and the conquered. But what good did William do us? The Normans had more wit than those they came among; one had more science than the other. The Saxons were admirable fellows, no doubt, but slowish. William was clever—a lightweight—and had to make up the deficiency by skill, acuteness, learning, and science. The Norman William leaped on the back of the Saxon, and the latter has been trying to throw him off ever since—the few against the many—aristocracy *versus* democracy; out of this sprung free-trade—one of the old questions—the old story; but we beat, and had the thing conceded; it was gripped out, wrestled for, and won. Our energies are gathered up by the very weight placed on them. English history is a long history of antagonistic forces. If William had not come, England would have degenerated. Had not William arrived, and helped by compression to knit the nerves, we should not have been equal to the struggle. Victory has generally been on the right side. When I see the annals of my country, I am glad that William came, and placed that antagonistic force on us by which all our liberties have been brought about.

Our seas have done us good, and kept us at home; we were like so many cottagers hedged in by strong palings; William took them down, and showed us the continent beyond. We have never been conquered since; God's work was done. We have found a resting-place—an harbour of safety for a few foreigners, on various occasions, and we have learned much from them. The cry is, We can't do anything; we are bad at accomplishments; but these bold, brave, resolute men construct railways, build viaducts, launch steamers, and spread commerce and civilisation over distand lands. Some will say, So do the Americans; but what is America? We threw it off; and by-and-by it will be greater than the land which nurtured it. The sturdy strength we have, is a grim reality, showing itself in large, broad, strong, energetic works. In this particular our offspring tries to follow our course. America is but Jonathan, the son of John; nothing more.

Every man comes into the world with destinies in his nature; he is here for some purpose. The Englishman is a composite creature, made up of Saxon, *plus* Dane, *plus* Norman. Let us now see what facts have been produced by this people. Trial by jury originated, not in the profound respect entertained for the united brains of twelve enlightened, or otherwise, individuals, but more in the endeavour to interest the people in the welfare of each other. That Alfred first started trial by jury, is nonsense. The old custom was to get twenty upright and honest men as witnesses on behalf of the accused, after which the verdict was given. To keep the person of the Englishman inviolate, we worship law—one bluecoat, with two feet, is a wonderful persuader. He who makes a law is likely to keep it, and the best way to make good laws is to have the greatest number to make them; the freer a country is, the more the laws ought to be respected. Liberty and license are two very things; half-a-dozen men, sitting round a table, may get drunk—very drunk. The head of one suddenly disappears under the table, whilst the legs of another are on the table; one suddenly feels inclined to propose a toast, and, having done so in an unknown tongue, is trying to find his glass, but, somehow, the decanter always comes to hand instead. This would be license, but not much liberty, certainly.

Laws made by the people should be kept by the people; republics need the keeping the laws most. We have inherited from the Saxons the largest possible amount of healthy feeling on this point. We have the best circulation of any European body; the body, when troubled with a rush of blood to the head, is in a dangerous state. Some of our neighbours are often afflicted in this way, and the natural consequences follow. As it is said that in a rude state of health the blood circulates freely in the most distant extremities; therefore have I a respect for a parish-beadle when I see him anywhere, even at the extreme end of Cornwall; for he is to me the rosy finger tips of good health; he shows us the evenness of culture which we possess; we are not happy without the whole of the country is in a healthy state. London is not everything. The greatest political questions of the day spring up in the country. They are sent to London to be settled; but the battle is fought, the struggle is made, in the country. Manchester organises a scheme, and sends it to London to be sanctioned, and by-and-by the whole thing is finished. London is too large to be united; it is more like a number of small towns, without unity; the man of the west is not known in the east. The interest of one has nothing to do in common with the other. London is certainly a mighty city, but it is not all in all; it wants help from the country. This is as it should be, and shows good, healthy, circulation; an evenness of political power. In the country we appoint mayors—we owe this to the love of local self-government. A great deal of talk has taken place on the policy of establishing a national poor-rate. This is not the place to agitate such a policy. Time will probably determine the question.

Protestantism had a great deal to do in making us what we are, both socially and politically. Wherever protestantism flourishes, that is a money-loving, money-begetting country. Protestantism has to do with the life that now is, the catholic religion, the life that is to come. Protestantism has to do with the natural

order of things—a protest against fastings, and such like. The reformation was ushered in by the study of the old classics; this had for its claim state, time, body, matter; the other form, priest, church, next world, and spirit. The puritan does not dance; a theatre is an abomination; card-playing, diabolical; cricket, dangerous; he keeps his Sunday sadly, grimly, dismally; but he is a capital money-getter—a quick and acute tradesman. Puritan notions make people comparatively careless of personal comfort. A puritan party is a most dreary assembly—amusements have no place there—*they don't do it.* After sitting nearly a whole evening looking at each other, family prayers come in, to break the monotony, and the whole is over. Now this energy, not given to enjoyment as rational beings, must go somewhere, and it may be found on the exchange and the mart. In this country the most successful people are the puritans; the presbyterians from the north; the quakers from the south; protestantism *plus* puritanism is sure to make a country rich. The more puritanical a nation, the richer will it become. The English took to protestantism kindly; it has never found such a home as this. The countries which were catholic at the time of Luther are catholic still; protestantism only flourishes in the Teutonic. A quaker is a phenomenon; he has no clergy, and believes in the universality of spirit, entering either man or woman. Each member is a chapel in himself. There is no such liberty anywhere else; it is only grown in Teutonic countries. In Russia it is not allowed; no new sects can flourish there. Two sects may marry, and thus be dragged into the most unholy matrimony. The emperor of Austria says they have sects enough, and he puts his *veto* on the introduction of any such luxuries as small conventicles; they have enough, and must have no more. England is the only country in which these New Jerusalems, Primitives, Ebenezers, Zions, Bethels, and Beulah's flourish. Call them what you will—warts, specks, diseases; rave about them as we like, it is only here they exist. Good people, steady church-going followers, sometimes tell me they never entered such a place in their lives, and would be much shocked if they were accused of such a thing as walking into a meeting-house. This is not much to their credit. They live in a country without knowing the religion of the inhabitants. I have visited every chapel, and heard a sample of all the creeds, and a precious sample I sometimes had; but this is the only way to know what they all believe, and what the country can produce. I honour these earnest men, with their large liberty of speech, and these primitive ranting-places. Anything or anybody interfering with them, is treason to our fathers.

The next great thing to notice is our colonies. Within itself, England is comparatively small in extent and population; but when we look round the world, and note her dependencies, what a people! Our population is scattered all over the world. Look at New Holland or at Anglo-India, nine times the size of Great Britain, and containing one hundred and forty millions of inhabitants. Of these sixty thousand only are English. How did we get India? We will not impeach Warren Hastings again, nor enter into the history of the question; if there was anything wrong about his Indian affair, we must pay the penalty. Our forefathers draw bills on us, and we must take them up. There never was a case of so many people being governed in such a manner in the world. We ought to look to it, and send from this country all that freedom and education can bestow. These people are not savages; they are the most enlightened of all our colonial possessions. Why, in the Glass house, last year, they beat us in many things; we there saw beautiful articles designed with good taste, and executed with consummate skill—the work of our subjects in the east. The Indian question has always been a tender business. God has put his mighty empire under our guardianship; if we don't do the right thing with it, we must take the consequences.

The Greeks and Romans sent out colonies; but no nation except England ever before gave a nation birth. The Americans are a nation, with no language, no creed, no grave-yards; their names are a derivation, and it is laughable to see the pains an American takes to appear national. He will soon explain to you that he is not an Englishman, but a free-born citizen of the United States, with a pretty considerable contempt for them Britishers. These notions make an Englishman smile. The Americans are a nation without being a nation; they are impressed with an idea that they have characteristics. They are odd, not national, and remind one of a long, slender youth, somewhat sallow, who has just had a new watch, consequently dislikes the old one; and a for the watch his father used, what is it?—a turnip. By thi means, he assumes the independent. The American *is* inde pendent; he flaunts it in your face, and surprises you with hi galvanic attempts at showing off his nationality. They have, i fact, no literature, and don't want to have any, as lon as they can draw from the old country; the feeling is kindly, an should be cherished; it is like the boy at Christmas coming hom to spend the holidays. Long may they draw inspiration fro Shakspeare and Milton, and come again and again to the old well Walking down Broadway is like looking at a page of the Polyglo Bible. America was founded in a great drought, peopled throug liberty; and long may that country be the noblest thing tha England has to boast of.

Some people think that we, as a nation, are going down; tha we have passed the millennium; but there is no reason in the saying. We have work to do, gold-mines to dig, railways to construct. When all the work is done, then, and not till then, will the Saxon folk have finished their destiny. We have continents to fill yet. Our work is not done till Europe is free. When Emerson visited us, he said that England was not an old country, but had the twofold character of youth and age. He saw new cities, new docks, a good day's work yet to be done, and many vast undertakings only just begun. The coal, the iron, and the gold, are ours; we have noble days in store, but we must labour more than we have yet done. Talk of going down; we have hardly arrived at our meridian! We have our faults; any Frenchman or German may point them out. We have our duties, and often waste our precious moments by indulging in one eternal grumble at what we do, compared to what we ought to do. A little praise is good sometimes; we walk the taller for it, and work the better. Only, as we know our work here, and do it as our fathers did, shall we promote good, working heartily, and not faltering, until the object is gained. The more we add to the happiness of a people, the more we shall be worthy of the good gifts of God.

THE POWER OF THE POET.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly.

Mine is the charm whose mystic sway
The spirits of past delight obey;
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
And they come, like genii hovering round.

And mine is the gentle song that bears
From soul to soul the wishes of love,
As a bird that wafts through genial airs
The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
The past, the present, the future of pleasure,
When Memory links the tone that is gone
With the blissful tune that's still in the ear,
And Hope from a heavenly note flies on
To a note more heavenly still that is near.

BILLINGSGATE.—Billingsgate, at one time rivalled by Queenhithe, has been a fish-market for centuries. In 1558 it was declared "an open place for the landing and bringing in of any fish, corn, salt, stores, victuals, and fruits, (grocery wares excepted,) and to be a place of carrying forth of the same, or the like, and for no other merchandizes." Stow says, "Geffrey Monmouth writes, that Belin, a king of the Britons, about four hundred years before Christ's nativity built this gate, and named it Belin's gate,"—but he suggests that it more probably had its name from some later owner. The market begins at five o'clock in the morning, when the scene is worth a visit. Of salmon alone, the quantity annually brought to Billingsgate is said to be more than 2,500 tons. The frequenters of the place have, or rather had, a language of their own, which made "Billingsgate" and "coarse words" synonymous. Improvement in this respect is observable, and the new buildings, suggesting notions of respectability, decency, and order, will, it may be expected, complete the cure.

HOW CHARLEY BELL BECAME AN M.P.

THE whole matter is this.

The tea-things had just been cleared away, the baby just got fast asleep, and laid in his crib, my wife just seated herself by the round table making a blue velvet cap for him, and I had just got comfortably settled in my arm-chair on the other side of the table, when Tom returned from the office through the rain and mud and dark, bringing a letter. My wife smiled slightly when I told her it was not from her mother, but apologised immediately when I informed her that the letter—broad, thick, and with a vast deal of ink in the superscription—was from Charley. Giving the wick of the lamp another turn, she begged me to read it aloud.

Tearing off the envelope—drawing my chair a little nearer the fire, and clearing my throat, I read—

"Rev. W——.

"My dear W.,—Elected! Apart from all nonsense and affectation, I am heartily glad of it. Of course I received the congratulations of everybody here quietly, as if it was all a matter of course that I should be elected, but with *you* I have no reserve. Know, then, my *very* dear W., that I am glad I am elected for three reasons. First, because I am elected while barely of the requisite age; secondly, because I am elected by an overwhelming majority—twenty to one; thirdly, because it places me out in a free and higher field of usefulness and energy. Why, I feel as if I had just begun my life. I have not attained the *end*—only the beginning—of my ambition. I don't think that it ought to be branded as *ambition*—this feeling of mine either. I *don't* think it is ambition. It is a purer feeling—a wish, an eagerness, a *nature* to be doing, influencing, bettering as wide a sphere as I possibly can. I was elected without any *art* on my part whatever. I told the people exactly what I was, and what I intended to try to do if they elected me. I intend to be just exactly what I am. If I were to try to appear other than exactly *that*, I would look as well as feel mean—my arm would falter in every gesture, my tongue stammer, my knees shake—I would become weak—weak physically, mentally, utterly! A pure-minded, single-intentioned, whole-souled manner, in thought, word, and deed, has borne me thus far like a straight arrow from a true bow. It is the shortest, best way to cleave the future, I know.

"There is a fourth reason why I do rejoice in my election. It is because I know that *you* will rejoice in it. It is *you*, my friend, who have made me high-thoughted and far-thoughted. It is *you* who during the last twenty years have been my good genius—in your conversation when present with me—in your correspondence when absent from ——"

I read the rest of the letter to my wife, but it is altogether too flattering to me to be coolly written out here. Indeed, I remarked all along, through the three more pages that followed, to my wife, that his encomiums were only the warm expressions of a warm soul unusually excited, and which must be taken with all allowance.

Charley's letter flushed me through and through. That my old friend should be elected, I hoped, but hardly expected. Intimate companionship with a friend, you know, has a tendency to dwindle him in our eyes. Don't misunderstand! Intimacy with such a man as Charles Bell makes one love and prize him more and more—but does *not* make one think more and more that such a man is suited to be a grave and reserved senator. It is just as it is with the Swiss peasant whose cabin is on a side of Mount Blanc—the hoary mountain does not seem a tithe so sublime to him as it does to a traveller in the distance.

I say I felt thoroughly warmed and rejoiced. I arose, put all my wife's spools and scraps off the table into her lap, laid my portfolio and inkstand upon it, begged my wife to absorb herself in her baby's velvet-cap, dipped my pen in the ink, and now have written thus far.

All my past intercourse with Charley rushes to my lips now, as tears do sometimes to one's eyes. I want to tell, just as briefly and distinctly as possible, how he has risen from nothing to what he now is. I know much better than he—and if he reads this, it will do him good. Anyhow, I feel in the mood of writing, and before I go to bed, if my baby don't wake with the colic, and my wife don't interrupt me, I will tell you exactly how Charley Bell became a member of parliament.

The fact is, too, that I have half a hope that some youth may read this, and may get a word which may wake *him* to a higher and nobler life than he has ever yet dreamed of. If the eye of any such a one rest on these pages, just one word, my fine fellow. Forget for a little while that everlasting Julia whom you fell in love with last Tuesday a week ago, and read with all your soul.

I cannot exactly say when I did *not* know Charley. He is some three years older than myself, he being about eighteen, and I about fifteen years of age when our friendship became a thing to be remembered. He looked when I saw him a year ago exactly as he did when we used first to chat cosily beside his fireside about Bulwer, and Dora Anson. He is of medium size, handsome earnest face, forehead broad rather than high. There is a peculiar gentlemanly look about him, wherever he is, or whatever he is doing. He has such an enthusiastic sympathy for every man, woman, and child he meets with, that he is popular of course.

His peculiarity, however, always consisted in a hunger after personal excellence. From our first acquaintance we made a distinct arrangement to tell each other of our faults as plainly as words could convey meaning. If he did not faithfully do his part toward me in this arrangement, I am very, very much mistaken. He thought *aloud* about me—told me exactly what I *was*, and what I was *not*. I did the same in regard to him. We have acted thus for many years now. We have been of vast benefit to each other, and will continue to be so till we die.

I do verily believe that this arrangement had a good deal to do in making him the man he is.

Just in this way.

When we first became intimate, and had made our arrangement as above, I opened the war by talking to him as follows:—

"Charley, my fine fellow, you are ambitious to be a good speaker. Now, you remember our little arrangement about correcting the faults of each other?"—"Yes."

"Well, the plain fact is, you have got a most miserable, squeaking voice. Your chest is narrow, you stoop, and you have not that broad, strong, manly appearance which is most essential to a speaker."

I saw he winced under this. He *felt* eloquence deeply—he *thought* eloquently—and forgot that the thought must be *expressed* eloquently, or it is eloquence only to himself.

That afternoon he made a pair of dumb-bells; and I do verily believe that he has not missed a day from that to this in which he has not exercised his chest and his voice in every possible way. No one would ever think *now* that he was not always the broad-chested, powerful-voiced orator he is.

It strikes me that even this little event had something to do with Charley in his becoming a senator. You never saw a narrow-chested man who had any voice, energy, or eloquence in your life. If *you* have got a stoop, my boy, you had better correct it, if you ever intend being anything.

I received from him one day a very, very plain exposition of one of my many faults. Never mind what it is. He pointed it out to me as you would point out a rattlesnake in a thicket to any companion you chanced to be walking with. I saw it—this vile fault of mine—and have been hunting it, and striking savagely at it, whenever I detect it stealing through my conduct with its accursed insidiousness ever since. Alas! it is "only skotched, not killed" yet. But that is another matter. I only mention it to say that his very plain remarks gave an edge to *my* remarks, as I observed—

"You are right, Charley—perfectly so—and I war against that accursed fault for ever. But it reminds me of one of *yours*."—"Eh?"

"Charley, you have a vile, offensive, disgusting habit of smoking tobacco. It is loathsome. If you would only keep the weed in your mouth, why it would only poison yourself; but you will be everlastingly spitting out its juice, and it poisons *me*—poisons me through sight, smell, hearing, and feeling. Don't use it any more."

True to his own true nature, he never took another cigar. Whether this is one cause of his blooming health and firm nerve, I will not say. I *will* say that it is one cause of his astonishing popularity with the ladies—whether *they* know that it is or not—and thus one cause of this election.

These faults of ours! I said they are like snakes. So they are. Sometimes a man catches sight of one of them lying full-length in its loathsomeness in his own conduct or conversation. Suppose the fault is self-conceit—a disease of mentioning one's self at all times which you have contracted. Well, you see the same fault in some fool or other, or some Charley Bell tells you of it. The knowledge falls like a flash of daylight on the vice—you see it. If it would only perish—crawl *out* of you—it would be well. But the vile thing crawls *into you*, like a snake into its hole. It does not show its head while you are watching for it. A day or two passes—you forget about it—and it is out—drawing its filthy train through all your conduct again.

This is *not* a digression. Because I wanted to say that Charley was a man of too strong a desire after personal excellence not to wage eternal war after such vermin. A shrewd observer would have known the existence of his besetting faults only by the unusual prominence of just the opposite virtues, just as you recognise the former drunkard in the man who has a special horror now of all that can intoxicate.

There were several minor defects in Charley's character, which I pointed out to him, but which he has so completely conquered, that I have forgotten what they were.

I really must say a word or two about that Dora Anson affair. Dora was the brunette daughter of an established lawyer in our inland village. I see her as distinctly before me while I write as if she *was* before me. She was some sixteen years of age, had the usual amount of education and mind—was unaffected, warm-

hearted, black-haired and eyed, rosy-lipped, woman-rounded form. Charley fell in love with her—astonishingly in love with her. I was amazed. He was of an intellectual, though impulsive nature, and she had no conversational power—nothing in the world but a lively, natural sort of beauty—to recommend her to him.

Astonishingly in love. He made love to her by flowers, and was accepted in the same way, before he went to college. He was absent a year. The very night of his return he went to a party at her father's which happened that night. He got a seat near her toward the close of the evening—in a low voice made a passionate appeal to her, although surrounded by company—went home—wrote her a still more passionate letter. He was too impulsive—frightened her—had his letter returned—and came to me, and, as we sat on a log in the moonlight, told me the whole. He was about twenty years old then, and the affection had quickened, expanded, strengthened his heart even more than that chest-exercise had his lungs. There was a depth and breadth and force about his affection for Dora which stirred up his whole being. It rolled through him like a sea, deepening and washing out the sands of his heart till that heart became deep and broad. For months that love lived and worked in him; at last it died out like the steam from the engine of a steamship.

When I see his hearty affection for his friends—his warm sympathy for all among whom he mingles, which gives him his wonderful popularity—I can trace it all back to that development of his heart under the hot summer of that love of his for Dora Anson. I do believe that the genial smile, the cordial manner, the melting persuasiveness of his tones, all owe their development, if not their origin, to that culture of his heart. The sun may have set which shone on his soul, but it left that soul all ruddy and ripe from its warm rays. If Dora had jilted him, it would have left him a soured man; if she had married him, it would have left him a satiated man; in either case it would have injured him. But she did not jilt him—did not marry him; he outgrew so sensuous a love as that, and somehow or other they drifted apart.

I believe, however—and my wife, to whom I have just mentioned it, agrees with me—that his connexion with Mr. Nelson had very much to do in making him the man he is.

You see, when Charley had finished his law-studies, his father and mother were dead. He never had any brothers or sisters. One or two thousand pounds were his fortune. Being a young man—now some twenty-five—of fine appearance and talents and manners, he attracted the attention of Mr. Nelson, a keen and rich lawyer in the village, and in a few weeks he was settled in his office as a junior partner. For some six months Nelson seemed wonderfully attached to Charley—continually spoke of him with the loudest praise—over-rated him in fact. At the close of this period, however, he suddenly took just as violent a set against Bell as he had before for him. Nobody ever knew the reason of this. I don't think Nelson himself did. The truth is, the elder partner was a singular man. He always dressed neatly in black—was rather thin, with a stooping shoulder, a retreating forehead, a quick way of talking, and a rapid step. He was excessively hospitable and generous, more for the sake of being a sort of protector and superior of the guest than anything else. Self-will was *the* trait of his character.

But I am writing about Charley, and have got no time to paint this Nelson. Enough to say that he took as vehement a dislike to Bell as he before had a liking. He ridiculed and opposed and thwarted him with an astonishing bitterness. Bell at first was staggered with astonishment—then cut to the very soul with such unkindness from the last man on earth from whom he expected it. But it did him great good. It corrected his blind confidence in every man completely, and gave him a quiet watchfulness of men in all his dealings with them, which was of immense benefit to him. It destroyed in an instant all his false and coloured ideas of things. The faults of his character which Nelson pointed out and ridiculed, and made the ostensible cause of his alienation, were for ever corrected, just as a wart is burned off with lunar caustic. Nelson's extravagant depreciation of him, after such extravagant praise of him, gave him, in one word, an impulse to prove himself unworthy that depreciation, and more than worthy the former praise, which did more for him than if his senior partner had given him years of the most careful instruction and countenance. Besides, it threw him suddenly on himself—made an independent man of him for ever. Just what that chest exercise did for his lungs, that Dora affair did for his heart, this Nelson matter did for his will—it deepened and broadened and strengthened it to an unusual degree—it did very much towards making him a senator.

My wife agrees with me that the little love affair of his with Marie M'Corcle had not much if any effect on our friend. Falling a little in love with her when he was some twenty-six years old, for a remark she made in a speech when May Queen, he proposed in a note—was rejected in a note. Mounting his horse, he took a ride of some eleven days on business somewhere. On his return he was over with it, except of course the feeling of pique. Th first day of his ride, he chanted, as he told me, the words of he rejection to an old tune, all day long, over and over and over. Th next day it was to a faster tune. He trotted his horse rapidly back making his hoofs keep time to the swiftest jig of his recollection as he rode into town with the words of her rejection still on his lips

The rest of my task is a pleasant one. I like to think abou Annie Rennaugh—I love even to write her name. She was cousin of Dora's, and resided in the same town. I cannot say tha she was pretty, but I can say that she was beautiful. Just in thi way. She was of a small, modest, quiet appearance. You woul hardly look at her twice if you saw her in a promiscuous company Only become acquainted with her, however, and an irresistibl charm is upon you. There is such a delicious ease in all she say and does—such a deep mirth and artless confidence in her tha conquers without observation.

She was a special friend of Charley's. He confided to her fron the very first all his affair with Dora. I saw him one evening at party with her. She was seated in a chair by the door, with saucer of strawberries and cream in her lap. He was seated by he side in the doorway—enjoying the summer air—conversing in a low earnest tone with her. They were talking about Dora—Charley's *idea* Dora—as earnestly as if they were talking love on their own account

Well, the full moon of Dora's influence waxed into the full orl of its influence upon her lover, and then waned and waned. Hi friendship for Annie, however, increased slowly—slowly, but mos surely. When he was whirled away for those four weeks by Mari M'Corcle, he told her all about it, and had, as usual, all her sym pathy. Then he was off for college, and corresponded with he regularly. I was with him in college. Many a time has he torn up, at my advice, the long letter he had written her, because it wa entirely too warm, even though it was directed in the most fra ternal manner possible to "My dear Sister Annie," and signed "Your affectionate brother, Charles."

You can see immediately how it all ended. A friendship begun in mere indifference had ripened through six years into deep genuine, affection. He never dreamed that he loved Annie unti he found that she was essential to his existence. For the firs time he knew what true love was. He found that it was *not* th flush of passion, such as warmed him under the hot beauty o Dora—that it was *not* the fever of the imagination which diseased him under the moonlight of Marie. He found that love was not passion, but a feeling; not a fit, but a condition; not a hot flush of blood, but the quick, even, everlasting flow of the heart's tide giving health and life to the whole man.

I am writing nothing but actual fact, and so I cannot say how h told Annie his love, and how she accepted him. He has talked t me—I do believe, in all, it amounts to several hundred hours—about Dora and Marie. He has quoted to me at least a dozen time every word that ever passed between him and them, but he neve told me anything about his love conversation with Annie. The are married. They seem perfectly happy in the quiet possession o each other, and of the blue-eyed baby boy that laughs in their arms

This was the making of Charles Bell. A remark of mine ha led to the development of his noble form, and the establishment o that full health so essential to successful labour. His love fo Dora has expanded his heart, and warmed and flushed him al through and through with an affection and persuasion and lov that shows itself in his every tone and smile and clasp of th hand and word. His affair with Marie has cultivated his imagina tion, perhaps. His painful experience with Mr. Nelson has cor rected all false ideas of men—has given him caution, self possession, self-reliance, and energy. He has learned to mee things as they come; to do his utmost, and then not only no murmur at whatever happens, but actually to acquiesce, to rejoic in every event. Annie is an infinite blessing to him. He is ful of impulse, and she, by a silent, irresistible influence, controls an directs it. He is full of noble aspiration, but inclined to be fickl —she is ever pouring oil on the fire of his soul, as with an unsee angel hand—is silent and uncongenial when he wanders from hi better self, and thus draws him quietly but irresistibly back.

Of course there were many circumstances in politics and situa tion which conspired to elevate him to his present position. I hav only alluded to the quiet under-current of his private life. I hav written what I have written only because I felt pleasure in doin so. I do not think either he or Annie will be offended at m freedom should they read this, especially as I have not mentione his real name, or that of the borough for which he has bee returned. I am heartily sick of all romance and romantic idea and description of men and women; but I do look upon the "Hon Charles Bell and his amiable lady," as the papers will call them as two of the finest persons in all my knowledge. Both are mos sincere Christians, and, singular as it may seem to some, regard their companionship and mutual influence as one which i to last not only through this poor world, but through all eternity.

GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS.

THE CHINESE AND THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.—The last days of the year are ordinarily, with the Chinese, days of anger and of mutual annoyance; for, having at this period made up their accounts, they are vehemently engaged in getting them in; and every Chinese being at once creditor and debtor, every Chinese is just now hunting down his debtors, and hunted by his creditors. He who returns from his neighbour's house, which he has been throwing into utter confusion by his clamorous demands for what the neighbour owes him, finds his own house turned inside out by an uproarious creditor, and so the thing goes round. The whole town is a scene of vociferation, disputation, and fighting. On the last day of the year disorder attains its height; people rush in all directions with anything they can scratch together, to raise money upon at the broker's or pawnbroker's, the shops of which tradespeople are absolutely besieged throughout the day with proffers of clothes, bedding, furniture, cooking utensils, and moveables of every description. Those who have already cleared their houses in this way, and yet have not satisfied the demands upon them, post off to their relations and friends to borrow something or other, which they vow shall be returned immediately, but which immediately takes its way to the Tang-Pou, or pawnbroker's. This species of anarchy continues till midnight; then calm resumes its sway. No one, after the twelfth hour has struck, can claim a debt, or even make the slightest allusion to it. You now only hear the words of peace and good-will; everybody fraternises with everybody. Those who were just before on the point of twisting their neighbour's neck now twine their friendly arms about it.—*Huc's Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China.*

THE CHARACTER AND GENIUS OF TALLEYRAND.—De Talleyrand has been calumniated by history on every side; by the men of the Restoration because he had deserted the aristocracy and the church; by the men of the empire, because he had foreseen the fall, and repudiated the ruin of Napoleon; by all, because he had not linked himself to any government as a slave to the palace, but had judged them while serving them, and quitted when, in serving them, these governments could no longer serve him. This judgment is correct. It testifies in the character of M. de Talleyrand, as a statesman, as much inferiority of devotion as superiority of mind We say as a statesman, for no one was more faithful or even more generous in his friendships. His private and domestic intercourse was as much to be depended upon as his political intercourse was subject to inconstancy and the vicissitude of events. But, through the oscillations of his public career, he had always two fixed points, round which his long life gravitated—the sentiment of his country to be saved, and the sentiment of the peace of the world to maintain, or to re-establish by an equilibrium, which France and England, united by superior civilisation, should always jointly hold the power to preserve. At the three great epochs of his life these fixed thoughts displayed themselves with great consistency in memorable transactions of his time. In 1790, when he united with Mirabeau to transform the monarchy, and to level the church, without breaking with Great Britain, and without yielding the victory in the anarchical war with the Jacobins; at the congress of Vienna, when he alone restrained Europe from making France responsible for the defiance of Napoleon; and finally in 1830, when he negotiated at the conferences of London the compromise between Europe and France respecting Belgium, when he compelled, by his firmness and by his wisdom, the revolution to moderate itself, and Europe to resign itself to peace. It may be asserted that, at the revolution of 1848, had he been alive at this still more extreme and convulsive crisis, M. de Talleyrand would have evinced the same genius in avoiding war, sometimes glorious for France, but fatal to democracy. The week which followed at Vienna the news of Bonaparte's invasion was made an age by him through his activity and its results. Nature had not made an orator of Talleyrand; he had neither the fire of eloquence nor the powerful voice which propagate the statesman's opinions abroad, and which carry away, while they conquer, the the conviction and the passions, the reason and the minds, of men persuaded or subdued by the force of language. The power of his mind was in meditation, his influence in sagacity; and he gained the opinions of men, in conversation or in council, through their interest, and not through their enthusiasm. A profound investigator and a skilful corrupter of the human heart, he won over to his side the feelings or the selfishness of those whom he wished to convince. His eloquence was not in his mouth, but in the souls of his auditors. The secret instincts of each, well scrutinised and laid bare to his view, were the accomplices of his attack. He did not persuade you to what you were not already convinced of, but his art was to display you to yourself, and to make you think that more was meant than met the ear. This was the reason that the slightest words, short reflections, and veiled insinuations were sufficient for him; he tore asunder a corner of the curtain which concealed the depth of things, and directing the eyes of the people therein, he left them to reflect upon what they saw with apparent pleasure; silence and reflection did the rest in his favour. This description of eloquence, which supposes a precision of mind and a penetration of instinct almost equal to genius, was suited, above all, to an audience of kings and of ministers in a question wherein every ambition and every rivalship had an open ear and a wakeful pride. It was also suited to an assembly where all should be made to think, but where everything should not be spoken. The habit of associating with kings, with courts, and with aristocracies, in the midst of and on an equality with which M. de Talleyrand had passed his life, imparted to him at once the respect and the freedom which such high discussions imposed upon the negotiators of France. Occupied all the day in seeing separately the princes and ministers whose favourable opinion he wished to gain by considerations drawn from their peculiar interest, and present in the evening at their conferences, M. de Talleyrand made M. de Besnadiere work all night at the notes, which he revised himself in the morning, and presented officially to the several cabinets. As clever as Mirabeau in making others think for him while he was acting, and in grouping the powers of different minds, he imparted his ideas in a few words to his seconds, whom he required to carry them into effect. From these he received them elaborately, and stored them in his memory to make use of afterwards in the discussions. The persons before whom he spoke, M. de Metternich, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Wellington, M. de Nesselrode, Capo d'Istria, M. de Hardenberg, the Emperor Alexander himself, were all equal to the appreciation of his vast intelligence. All the consummate statesmen understood the language of affairs of state. The auditors were worthy of such questions, and they were further prepared by personal fascination to listen to the negociator. M. de Talleyrand knew how to please as well as to overawe; everything, even to his former life, was persuasive in him. He had exhibited, it is true, great complaisance, unpardonable in the eyes of some, towards the French revolution and the universal monarchy of Napoleon; but was not so distinguished a deserter the most capable to enlighten the sovereigns and their courts on the dangers of the enemy's camp, of which nobody better knew the opinions, the power, and the weakness? And then was he not a revolutionist converted, and an accomplice thenceforth irreconcilable with Napoleon, betrayed or disavowed? Finally, was he not a member of the European aristocracy, bearing as a pledge of his sincerity the souvenirs and the pride of his name to that Areopagus of monarchies and aristocracies? His nature, his birth, his life, his manners—even his faults—but, above all, the superiority of his understanding, therefore, constituted M. de Talleyrand the first of men acting the highest part in this supreme crisis of the congress.—*History of the Restoration of the Monarchy in France. By Alphonse de Lamartine.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE EDUCATION OF FAMILIES.—No Publication has ever been welcomed with such tokens of approval from Heads of Families as the POPULAR EDUCATOR. Every parent that sees it exclaims, "This is just the Work that has long been needed!" The education of the juvenile members of families will be facilitated, and adults who wish to revive what was acquired in youth, will find the pages of the POPULAR EDUCATOR deeply interesting and instructive. A circulation of nearly One Hundred Thousand has been attained. It has been found acceptable not only to the humbler classes, but to all ranks and conditions of persons who are desirous of attaining a sound education in French, Latin, German, Italian, Greek, and English Grammar; in Music, Mathematics in all its branches, Geography, Geology, Physiology, Botany, Chemistry, History, Ancient and Modern; Biography, Natural History, &c.—To meet the urgent wishes of numerous Families and Individuals, it has been determined to publish an EXTRA EDITION upon superior Paper, at 1½d. per Number, or in Monthly Parts, containing Four Numbers in a neat Wrapper, 7d., or when Five Numbers, 8½d. This Extra Edition will be published without the weekly headings. Persons wishing to have this Superior Paper Edition, must give their orders expressly for "*the Extra Edition of* THE POPULAR EDUCATOR;" they will otherwise receive the common edition, which is now being published in Weekly Numbers, price One Penny each; or in Monthly Parts, price 5d., or when Five Numbers, 6d.

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MISCELLANEA.

CONVICTIONS.—Deep in the foundations of his character, like the immovable blocks whereon great edifices repose, each man has to lay down for himself certain thoughts, sooner or later, of passing consequence, got out of secret and manifold communings regarding the vast mystery of here and hereafter; and on these thoughts again, and the more happily and grandly as these thoughts are strong, there will still base and pile themselves, in some loose order or other, conclusions, sentiments, and diverse predilections, extracted painfully or otherwise out of the experience that is gone through of life and its ways, and then employed back again in the scrutiny and contemplation of all that the world presents.

MORE TRUE THAN AGREEABLE.—"I have turned many a woman's head," boasted a young nobleman of France. "Yes," replied Talleyrand, "*away* from you."

POETRY RUN MAD, AND PARODY PARODIED.—He wore a dandy waistcoat the night when first we met, with a famous pair of whiskers and imperial of jet. His hair had all the haughtiness, his voice the manly tone, of a gentleman worth forty thousand dollars, all his own. I saw him but a moment, yet methinks I see him now, with a very dandy waistcoat and a beaver on his brow. And once again I saw that brow—no beaver hat was there, but a shocking bad one wore he now, and matted was his hair. He wore a brick within his hat, the change was all complete, and he was flanked by constables, who marched him up the street. I saw him but a moment, yet methinks I see him now, charged by those worthy officers, with kicking up a row.

A MAXIM FOR ALL.—Be slow in choosing a friend, and slower to change him; courteous to all—intimate with few: slight no man for his meanness, nor esteem any for his wealth and greatness.

CALAMITIES OF THE IMAGINATION.—"As if the natural calamities of life," says Addison, "were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail or a crooked pin shoots up into prodigies.

A YANKEE LAWYER CAUGHT TRIPPING.—"Pray may I ask," said an English bibliopole of distinction, at an agreeable party (in the United States), whether in America the law matrimonial entitles a man to marry the cousin of his widow?" "Oh, yes," answered a legal gentleman of eminence, "*that* is admissible; but there has been some doubt in our courts as to the propriety of a man's marrying the sister of his deceased *wife*." "Oh, ah," replied his querist, "in England it is somewhat different. *There* it has been, and is still held, that no man can marry the cousin of his widow; because, before he has a widow, he must die himself!" The "catch" was adroitly applied and, when exposed, created roars of laughter.

GENIUS AND MEDIOCRITY.—Corneille did not speak correctly the language of which he was such a master. Descartes was silent in mixed society. Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute, said, "I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village into a great city." Addison was unable to converse in company. Virgil was heavy colloquially. La Fontaine was coarse and stupid when surrounded by men. The Countess of Pembroke said of Chaucer that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation. Socrates, celebrated for his written orations, was so timid that he never ventured to speak in public. Dryden said that he was unfit for company. Hence it has been remarked, "Mediocrity can *talk*; it is for genius to *observe*."

THE SCHOOLMASTER CAUGHT.—A Schoolboy going into the village without leave, his master called after him—"Where are you going, sir?" "I am going to buy a ha'porth of nails." "What do you want a ha'porth of nails for?" "For a halfpenny," replied the urchin.

DERIVATION OF HONEYMOON.—It was the custom of a higher order of Tuetones, a people who inhabited the northern part of Europe, to drink mead, or metheglin, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after every wedding. From this custom comes the expression, "to spend the honeymoon."

PARENTAL DESIGNATION.—Somebody referring to the term "Father," being disused, and "Governor" substituted, recommends that the term "Governor" should also be discontinued, and "Relieving Officer" adopted, that being most descriptive of the duties of a male parent to a *hopeful* progeny.

WHY FLIES CAN WALK ON THE CEILING.—"The phenomena," says Dr. Lardner, "which are vulgarly called suction, are merely the effects of atmospheric pressure. If a piece of moist leather be placed in close contact with a heavy body having a smooth surface, such as a stone or a piece of metal, it will adhere to it; and if a cord be attached to the leather, the stone or metal may be raised by it. This effect arises from the exclusion of the air between the leather and the stone. The weight of the atmosphere presses their surfaces together with a force amounting to 15 lbs. on a square inch of the surface of contact. The power of flies, and other insects, to walk on ceilings, smooth pieces of wood, and other similar surfaces, in doing which the gravity of their bodies appears to have no effect, is explained upon the same principle. Their feet are provided with an apparatus similar exactly to a leather sucker applied to a stone."

WAR.

Man's evil nature, that apology
Which kings who rule, and cowards who crouch, set up
For their unnumbered crimes, sheds not the blood
Which desolates the discord—wasted land.
From kings, and priests, and statesmen, war arose,
Whose safety is man's deep unbettered woe,
Whose grandeur is debasement. Let the axe
Strike at the root, the poison-tree will fall;
And where its venomed exaltations spread
Ruin, and death, and woe, where millions lay
Quenching the serpent's famine, and their bones
Bleaching unburied in the putrid blast,
A garden shall arise, in loveliness
Surpassing fabled Eden. SHELLEY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. PARKER.—We cannot "explain the various processes through which the tobacco-plant has to pass before it is fit for use." If report speaks truly, some of those "processes" are not remarkably delicate! In answer to your other query, "Are tobacco smoking and chewing, and snuff-taking, *very injurious to health?*" we answer, on the authority of scores of eminent medical practitioners, VERY!

A STUDENT.—The word "concrete" is taken from a Latin compound, which, translated literally, means "grown together." There are natural and factitious concretes. Antimony is a *natural* concrete, formed in the bowels of the earth; soap is a *factitious* concrete, prepared by art. In *chemistry*, concretion means the condensation of any fluid substance into a more solid state; in *surgery* it means the growing together of parts which ought to be separate; in *medicine*, morbid concretions are substances formed in the animal body either by the condensation of substances into a harder state than is natural, or by the growing together of different substances into one body.

EXPERIMENTER.—We confess that we were deceived as to the character of the "Receipt-book" mentioned in page 64. Upon closer examination, we find that many of the receipts are mere reprints and forms of preparations now obsolete. That for engraving on glass is especially defective, and could not be followed without danger.

BETTY.—The "pest" of which you complain, namely, "*blackbeadles*"—we presume you mean blackbeetles or cockroaches—may be exterminated by sprinkling unslacked lime about the places they frequent, or by placing a dish or pan near those places with a little treacle or syrup, as a bait, with a few pieces of flat stick or lath leaning against its sides, so as to form a sort of gangway for the beetles to climb up by; they will be sure to visit the pan, and will be unable to return. The "beetle-wafers," sold at the shops, are made of equal quantities of flour, sugar, and red-lead. A little of this paste placed near their haunts every night, will very soon reduce their numbers. The paste should be removed in the morning.

"A YOUTH OF EIGHTEEN."—You wish to know how you may become "a good penman." Study the best specimens you can get, and copy them again and again, till you acquire correctness of form and freedom in handling your pen. At the same time allow us to urge the importance of improving your spelling:—"*owblidge*" and "*persue*" would spoil the best penmanship in the world.

E. M.—You had better address your inquiries to M. Jullien himself; we do not see how any one else can give you a correct answer.

A. K.—You cannot surely be serious in asking "how to bring a gooseberry-bush *to life* that has been *killed* with lightning!"

A. R. W.—You wish us to suggest to you "some way of employing your leisure which may be profitable to your purse." How can we possibly do this in total ignorance, as we are, of your turn of mind, your qualifications, &c. &c.? We might suggest "a thousand and one plans," not one of which might be suited to your talents and opportunities.

"HAPPY JACK."—We must decline publishing the memoir of which you speak, especially as you state that "the subject has been exhausted by far more able hands," and that your article contains "many badly-written passages." We do not think, with you, that a paper bearing that character would be "good enough to appear in 'The Working Man's Friend,'" nor that we should publish it merely for the sake of "exposing its demerits."

AN ARTIST.—The marble statue of Sir Isaac Newton, to which you refer, is, we presume, that by Roubiliac, in the chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge. It is a beautiful specimen of that master's sculpture, and is greatly admired by all who view it. There is no statue of Newton, as you suppose, under the dome of St. Paul's cathedral; the four colossal statues placed there are of Dr. Samuel Johnson, Sir William Jones, Howard the philanthropist, and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE

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THE HOLY LAND.

THE CITY OF JERUSALEM.

"THE Holy City" is, in many respects, unlike every other in the world; there is no period of its history which is not full of interest; there is not a locality in it, or about it, which has not some connexion with events of moment, with its glory and renown in other days, or the sad story of its degradation and ruin.

The houses in Jerusalem are usually built of stone, and the outer walls are laid with care, and, in some cases, with much attention to architectural beauty and design. The windows, which look out upon the streets, are mostly plain, not large, and almost exclusively confined to the upper stories; only in few instances is the lattice-work seen, which adds so much

ornament to the windows and houses in Cairo, and which is so essentially necessary to the strict seclusion of the Turkish harím. The first floor, or story, as is almost universal in the East, is occupied for various purposes, but more as a receptacle of multifarious articles than as a place of abode: the family of the occupant always seek the upper floors, which, except in the hottest part of the season, are more pleasant, and furnished with everything which can minister to the enjoyment of an oriental's life: it is a safe rule, too, not to judge of what a house is, or what it contains, by the appearance of the first or ground floor. The entrance is through a large, sometimes rather small door, of strong materials, and kept carefully closed; in Jerusalem, every door appears to have an iron ring on it, which serves the purposes of a knocker. One peculiarity in the rooms is well worth recording: there appears not to be a house in the city but which has several of its upper apartments with dome-shaped ceilings, which are ornamented oftimes with tasteful mouldings and other pretty devices, to set them off to advantage. These project above, generally in the midst of the flat roof or terrace, and form one of the very singular and really picturesque features about the Holy City. The terrace is, of course, open to the sky, and at certain seasons of the day, particularly in the cool of the twilight and evening, or in the morning hours, before the sun has arisen in his strength, it is not only the pleasantest spot in the whole house, but is resorted to by all ages and classes. The houses are in general better built, and the streets cleaner than those of Alexandria, Smyrna, or even Constantinople.

The Holy City is inhabited by a mixed population, consisting of Christians, Jews and Mohammedans. Of their numbers it is by no means easy to obtain any accurate estimate. Many speculations have been indulged on the subject, but the truth is, no one knows much about the matter; and at best, we can only approximate to the actual result. The streets are never thronged, except during the season when the pilgrims visit Jerusalem, and not even then does the city become very much crowded; the bazaars have something of a bustling air, but in them also we do not find the crowds of people which make it so difficult to thread the way in a city like Cairo; and it is undoubtedly and strikingly true, that, in general, the streets of the Holy City are solitary, and that a visitor may often walk a long distance without meeting or seeing a single individual. Hence, the probability is, that the population of Jerusalem cannot be, by any means, as large as the city is capable of containing; and, perhaps, we shall not be far out of the way if we suppose that there are five thousand Christians, four thousand Jews, and six thousand Mohammedans; making in all fifteen thousand. Dr. Robinson, in 1838, deriving his estimote from a calculation made from the taxable males of the city, gives the population as follows: Mohammedans, four thousand five hundred; Jews, three thousand; Christians, three thousand five hundred; that is, allowing for possible omissions, inmates of the convents, &c., a total of not more than eleven thousand five hundred. In a matter of this kind, where so much is mere guess-work, it becomes no one to be very positive; but, with due deference, the learned Doctor appears to have given a number as much too low as others have in an opposite direction.

The character and condition of the people depend considerably upon the fact whether they are Jews, Mohammedans, or Christians. The Jews occupy the vicinity of Mount Zion, or the southern part of the city, and are, to a very great extent, a degraded race, depending on charity for support. They are despised and hated by both Mohammedans and Christians. They live in the very narrowest lanes, and most filthy and disagreeable quarter of the Holy City, and they endure scorn and contempt with a hardihood which no other nation or people ever manifested. Most of them are very poor, and nearly all are supported by contributions from abroad, a fact which has an important bearing upon the question of their becoming Christians; for the mission to the Jews has not only got to convince them of their guilt and perversity in rejecting the Messiah, but, on their professing Christianity, is obliged to undertake their temporal support also, as a necessary consequence. Few persons ever do more than walk or ride through the Jews' quarter, both because it is far from pleasant to make one's way through narrow and dirty streets, and because it rarely is possible to penetrate the cold reserve of the degraded Israelite, and be on such terms of familiar intercourse as will enable a Christian to appreciate a Jew, or a Jew really to understand a Christian. In general, he has an instinctive dislike to a believer in Christ Jesus; and, to our shame, be it confessed, the dislike and hatred are far too often mutual. In the Jews' quarter, however, the visitor is now accosted by some aged, hoary mendicant, asking alms of one whom, in his soul, he scorns and hates; now urged to buy some trinkets of gold or silver; now meeting a Jewish maiden or two, who, casting a glance of mingled dislike and contempt upon the stranger, turn and hasten away; now surveying with astonishment the wretched exteriors of their dwellings, the many offensive things which have been placed in the midst to annoy and insult them, as the shambles and the mosque in the very heart of their quarter, and the air of negligence, misery, degradation, and destitution all around; and now, again, wondering at the sturdy demeanour, the unconquerable powers of endurance of the Jew, and his steady adherence to those dogmas which he has inherited from his fathers, and which he is ready to die to maintain.

The Jews' place of wailing is not the least interesting spot in Jerusalem, and, to a Christian traveller, is very suggestive of lessons of warning and instruction. It is a place comprising about a hundred feet of the west wall of the Haram, not far from its southern boundary, and one which, concealed in great measure from observation, in a part of the deep valley between Mount Zion and Mount Moriah, must be very touching to the feeelings of the despised and down-trodden remnant of Israel, who here weekly assemble to wail and mourn over the desolation and downfall of Judah. The massive stones of the remains of the wall point back to a period of great antiquity; and, unless we refer the erection of so grand a work to the time of Solomon, it is difficult to tell when or by whom it could have been accomplished; for there has never been, since his days, an era of wealth and prosperity sufficient to enable the Jews to devote time and labour to such undertakings as these. "The few Israelites," says a traveller, "whom I chanced to see here on this occasion did not appear to be much affected with grief or depression; they were quite willing to act as guides, and always ready to beg, even though they knew that I was a Christian. After measuring some of the stones, and satisfying myself of the very great size of many of them, I went a short distance further, and at the south-west angle of the temple area beheld the evident remains of an ancient arch, forming part of a large bridge. Dr. Robinson identifies this with the bridge mentioned incidentally by Josephus, as leading from this part of the temple across the valley of the Tyropoeon to the Xystus on Mount Zion; and, in his opinion, 'it proves incontestably the antiquity of that portion of the wall from which it springs.' Though century after century has rolled away since this massive masonry was here erected by that great monarch, who built the glorious and splendid temple of Jehovah; and though ruin and desolation have visited the Holy City, and laid it low in the dust—its temple destroyed, and its people scattered over the face of the wide world, yet these foundations still endure, and are immovable as at the beginning. Nor is there aught in the present physical condition of these remains to prevent them from continuing as long as the world shall last. It was the temple of the living God; and, like the everlasting hills on which it stood, its foundations were laid 'for all time.'"

Leaving this interesting locality, passing up the easterly ascent of Zion, through a number of crooked lanes, and proceeding for some distance in a south-westerly direction, the traveller comes to a manufactory of pottery-ware, made from clay found in the adjacent valley of Hinnom. It is but a little way from the Zion gate. Just south of the pottery, and hard by the city-gate, are the Lepers' Huts, a set of miserable low clay hovels, the habitations of those unfortunates who are now found only at Jerusalem and Nablous. Dr. Schultz had occasion to visit them, and ascertained their numbers to be twenty-seven, men, women, and children—Mohammedans. They are allowed to intermarry, and thus propagate this loathsome malady, which is hereditary. They receive a miserable pittance for their maintenance from the government, which they are fain to eke out by begging. And a most pitiable and disgusting sight it is to see the poor wretches laid at the entrance of the gates of the city, asking alms of the passengers

with outstretched hands or stumps, in various stages of decay, under the influence of this devouring disease.

The Turkish or Mohammedan population of Jerusalem, occupy the north-eastern portion of the city, which is, on the whole, the most airy and pleasant. By their position as rulers and in authority, as well as by natural temperament, they are haughty, insolent, and tyrannical. The higher officers vary their life of indolence by listening to the wretched bickerings and complaints of one Christian sect or community against another; by receiving bribes from both sides, to favour their respective projects; and by treating with scorn and contempt the quarrelsome, jealous, and vindictive Greek and Latin, whose mutual hatred knows no bounds. The underlings pursue the same course on a more limited scale; the soldiery do not forget themselves in the discharge of their duties as guards, and from the dreadful scenes enacted in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, of which they are spectators, they are not likely to derive much edification, or see much reason for abandoning Mohammedism, and adopting this caricature of Christianity; and as for the Turks, in general, and others of that race, who believe in the Arabian impostor, they do not scruple to carry their heads higher than anybody else in the Holy City. They bestow their curses, not to say their blows, upon both Christian and Jewish dogs when they dare, and thus feel, or affect to feel, the most supreme contempt for all but themselves, and they would, had they the power, not hesitate to crush them underfoot. Probably they are the more bitter in their dislike from the conviction, which is well-nigh universal in the East, that the power of Mohammedanism is fading away, and that ere long it must sink into utter ruin and oblivion.

The social condition of the so-called Christians in Jerusalem is, on the whole, calculated to excite commiseration: their principal occupation is the making of crosses, beads, boxes, crucifixes, and similar articles, for which they find a ready sale at the annual influx of pilgrims; but, in general, the majority of them are very poor, ignorant, and superstitious. The Holy City has no trade or commerce, and nothing to excite the emulation of its people to improve their temporal position; and for the most part they appear listless, indolent, and thoughtless, living on from year to year in discontented poverty. There are, however, exceptions to this remark, for there is considerable wealth hoarded up in Jerusalem, and in private; and, unseen by the jealous Turks, some families live in the enjoyment of comforts and even luxuries far beyond what they might be supposed to possess, judging either from their personal appearance, or the exterior of their habitations.

"Imagine yourself," says a recent traveller, "on a bright sunny spring morning, to be with me ready for a walk about Zion, and a visit to some of its touching localities. We are not far from the Damascus Gate, but we will not pass through it at this time. Let us rather proceed through the narrow street or lane leading towards the heart of the city. In a few minutes we come to the *Via Dolorosa*, and turning off towards the East, we traverse this steep and rugged way, filled with thoughts of Him whose sufferings and death were for our sins, and who, for our sakes, endured the cross, despising the shame. We soon reach, after a turning or two, the gate in the Eastern wall, commonly, but I believe wrongly, called 'St. Stephen's Gate,' passing first under an archway where, according to tradition, Pontius Pilate showed to the people our Saviour wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe, and exclaimed, 'Behold the man!' Hence the name, the 'Arch of Ecce Homo.' This gate, called by the natives, both Christian and Mohammedan, *Bab Sitty Miryam*, or 'St. Mary's Gate,' is ornamented by four lions, sculptured in relief, over the gateway, probably the work of the Christians. As you will observe, decoration of this kind is peculiar in an oriental city, and hardly accords with the character and appearance of the Turkish guards who are lounging about, and who look at us with no friendly eyes.

"Let us pause for a moment and look around, for here we are gazing upon holy ground. Directly before us is the steep and stony descent into the valley of Jehoshaphat; a little way further, the brook Kedron; then Gethsemane; and then the sides and steeps of the Mount of Olives, crowned by the ruined Church of the Ascension. Towards the north and east, the valley lies in all its beauty and richness of cultivation; on our right, close by the wall, is the Mohammedan Cemetery, and the hill-side, very precipitous, and reaching down into the depths of the valley; and on the rise of the Mount opposite, and at some distance to the south-east, are the tombs of Jehoshaphat, Absalom, and others, and the burial-ground of the Jews. Oh what busy thoughts here come thick and fast upon the mind of the devout pilgrim! and how incompetent does he feel to take in the pathos and power of what is spread out before him!

"Let us go on; the pathway is steep, and the bare rocks in many places are under our feet; we meet but few persons, and there is a stillness well suited to the tone of our feelings. Ere long, we come to the dry bed of Kedron's brook, and crossing it by a small arched bridge, we reach the foot of the Mount of Olives. Our feet are treading holy ground, for here, within a few yards, is the garden of Gethsemane. GETHSEMANE! Oh what emotions does this one word excite in our souls! Let us enter the hallowed precincts of that garden where 'Jesus ofttimes resorted with his disciples:" the high stone wall prevents intruders, and when once we are admitted we are alone, alone in a partially cultivated but unfruitful spot, with only eight aged and venerable olive-trees to relieve the sadness of the scene. We seat ourselves at the foot of one of these gnarled and time-worn trees, and with emotions too deep for utterance we open the record of the gospels, and in the very words of the apostles and evangelists read the pathetic history of our Lord's last hours of pain and anguish unutterable. Here, with tearful eyes, with bowed head, and bended knees, let us meditate upon his agony of whom we have just read in the gospels; let us call to mind, with the deepest contrition and self-abasement, the ineffable sufferings, in our behalf, of the 'Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,' of him who so plaintively uttered the fearful words, 'My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.'

'Dear sacred haunts of glory and of woe,
Help us, one hour, to trace His musings high and low:
One heart-ennobling hour! It may not be
Th' unearthly thoughts have passed from earth away,
And fast as evening sunbeams from the sea
Thy footsteps all in Sion's deep decay
Were blotted from the holy ground: yet dear
Is every stone of hers, for THOU wast surely here.

There is a spot within this sacred dale
That felt Thee kneeling: touch'd Thy prostrate brow:
One angel knows it. O might prayer avail
To win that knowledge! sure each holy vow
Less quickly from the unstable soul would fade,
Offer'd where CHRIST in agony was laid.'

"Let us continue our walk by the side of the Mount of Olives; the ascent is not steep, except here and there, and as we go on you will see how many points of view there are from which Jerusalem, even now, is not deficient in beauty and sublimity. The number of trees is not large, much less so, doubtless, than in early days, when this lofty hill received its name from the abundance of olive-trees which flourished on its steeps and slopes. Here and there, in some retired spot or enclosure, a little way from the path, are parties of women and children, who have come out of the dull, hot city, to sit under the trees and on the greensward, and to enjoy the delight of chatting one with another in unrestrained freedom. But see! there is a little girl who is throwing stones at us; and why, do you suppose? let us ask the reason, if reason there be, 'What do you mean by throwing stones at us?' the answer comes quickly and pertly;—'What do you want by looking at us as you did? and if you don't go away and not look where we are, we will throw more stones at you, you Christian dogs.' Such is the spirit breathed into the young by the bigoted and fanatical Mohammedans. Tommaso is excessively indignant, and returns their abuse in kind if not in amount; but we can well afford to pass it by, and continue our upward walk. We meet but very few persons, and were we to judge by these evidences of life and activity round about the Holy City, we should see and feel, most deeply, how true it is, that she is trodden down and desolate. Instead of the busy hundreds and thousands moving to and

SYNAGOGUE AT JERUSALEM.

fro, engaged in their daily occupations, we see only single individuals, or occasional small parties; instead of the distant hum and noise of a populous city, not a sound is heard, and stillness like that of the grave broods over everything;—

'No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song;
But lawless force, and meagre want are there,
And the quick darting eye of restless fear,
While cold oblivion, 'mid the ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade:'—

And when we stand still for a few moments, and look around us, how dreary seems the scene, and how true and exact the words of prophetic denunciations against the wickedness and rebellion of the people!"

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

The name of Martin Farquhar Tupper has become popularly known not only in this country, but in America and on the continent, as that of an author of great original genius, of highly-cultivated intellect, extensive scholarship, and very superior poetic powers. He is the eldest son of a late eminent surgeon, Martin Tupper, Esq., F.R.S., who, after a prosperous and successful practice of five-and-thirty years, died suddenly in his sleep, of *angina pectoris*, on the 8th of December, 1844, at Southill-park, the residence of the Earl of Limerick, only a few hours after that nobleman had himself expired in his arms. The subject of the present sketch was born in London in 1810. The family from which he is descended, an ancient and honourable one, came originally from Germany. In consequence of the persecution of the protestants by Charles V., they left Hesse Cassel in 1551, and settled in Guernsey. They have always held the rank of gentlemen, and the circumstances of the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" are affluent. With him literature is not a profession, but a recreation, and he has done high honour to it; and, when we consider the popular tendencies of his poems, we may congratulate both him and ourselves on his choice.

He received the first part of his education at the Charterhouse, and afterwards went to Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the degrees of B.A. and M.A. He subsequently entered at Lincoln's-inn, and in due time was called to the bar, but never practised as a barrister. At the age of twenty-six, he married, and has a fine young family of sons and daughters.

Mr. Tupper's first publication was a little work issued in 1832, entitled "Sacra Poesis." The first series of "Proverbial Philosophy: a Book of Thoughts and Argument Originally treated," was published in December, 1837, and the second series in 1842. This work at once excited attention, and called forth the most favourable criticisms. It was hailed as the production of one who, while he thought and reasoned like a true sage, wrote and illustrated like a true poet. The pages of "Proverbial Philosophy" are full of instruction and wisdom, and breathe throughout the finest spirit of genuine poetry. In a review which appeared about that time, the volume was described as "a work abounding in rich thoughts and delicate fancies—in sound philosophy and high moral resolutions, and which may be read over and over again by the young philosopher, or poetical dreamer, with equal profit and delight." And, as if writing prophetically of the proud and enviable position to which Mr. Tupper was yet to attain in literature, the reviewer triumphantly asked, "Have we now not done enough to show that a poet of power and promise, a poet and philosopher both, is amongst us to delight and instruct, to elevate and guide? Do we err in saying that a fresh leaf is added to the laurel crown of poetry?" The praises of the other reviewers were no less enthusiastic, and no less just. "There is more novelty in the sentiments," said another critic, "a greater sweep of subjects, and a finer sense of moral beauty displayed by Mr. Tupper, than we remember to have seen in any work of its class, excepting, of course, the divine Proverbs of Solomon. We also discover in his 'Philosophy' the stores of extensive reading, and the undisputable proofs of habitual and devout reflection, as well as the workings of an elegant mind." The work met with unprecedented success, and six large editions of it have been sold. The author was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society soon after the appearance of his great work. He had already shown himself to be, in Shakspeare's phrase, "a fellow of infinite wit," and, we may add, of wisdom too. The King of Prussia, in token of his majesty's high approbation of "Proverbial Philosophy," sent him the gold medal for science and literature, and the work became very popular in the United States. In New York alone ten thousand copies were sold in a single year, and the work is known to be published in several other American cities. Its reputation is also great in the British colonies.

Mr. Tupper's next work was "Geraldine, a Sequel to Coleridge's 'Christabel,' with other Poems," published in 1838. The ideal plan of the "Christabel" has been well brought out by Mr. Tupper in his sequel, and it is no small praise to him to say that the wild and original spirit that pervades it is every way akin to the sublime and beautiful inspiration of the great but unfinished poem of Coleridge itself. The minor poems contained in the volume are singularly pleasing and graceful, and abound in touches of real beauty and genuine feeling. Besides "Ellen Grey," the pieces entitled "The Alpine Elf," "Children," "A Cabinet of Fossils," "The African Desert," and some of the sonnets, are our especial favourites, although all are good.

In 1839 he published "A Modern Pyramid, to Commemorate a Septuagint of Worthies," designed to furnish illustrations and descriptions of character of seventy of the most remarkable personages of sacred and profane history, ancient and modern. Among them are some of the patriarchs, some of the ancient sages of the east, some of the most noted men of Greece and Rome, chiefly philosophers and authors, some of the apostles, and some of the most remarkable personages of the middle ages and downwards, in the stream of time, to the present century. From the nature of the work, and its limits not admitting of more than seventy names, there are, of course, many omissions; but each of "the Worthies" introduced is the subject of a sonnet, and brief biographical sketch. The work exhibits all the peculiar qualities of Mr. Tupper's genius and style; high poetic feeling, fine taste, great fertility of imagination, and boldness of opinion, and speculation, with profound practical thought, extensive and varied learning, a general knowledge of mankind and history, and great command of language.

In 1840 Mr. Tupper produced a pleasant volume of odds and ends called "An Author's Mind." Among the contents are pieces entitled, "The Author's Mind: a Ramble;" "Nero: a Tragedy;" "Opium: a History;" "Psycotherion: an Argument;" "Heathenism: an Apology;" "Woman: a Subject;" "Toilomastric: a Title;" "Appendix: an After-thought; "Home: an Epic," &c. Some poems of remarkable beauty are also introduced, with great effect, among the other pieces which compose this agreeable collection of "gaieties and gravities."

Mr. Tupper's next work, a rural novel, entitled "The Crock of Gold," designed to illustrate the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," as well as to show the curse and hardening effect of avarice, was published in 1844. It is a simple tale, very beautifully told, and full of an extraordinary interest and attraction; one of those books, indeed, which by its wit and pathos, its deep insight into human passions, and its powerful delineations of virtue and crime, enchain the attention of the reader till he has finished its perusal, and leave behind a strong but salutary impression on the mind. The plot purports to be the history of a poor labourer and his family, who, from a life of peaceful and contented drudgery, became discontented and repining, and were gradually involved in sore trials and serious troubles. The principal characters of the story are honest Roger Acton, the luckless finder of "the crock of gold;" his pure and simple-hearted daughter, Grace; her lover, Jonathan; Simon Jennings, the murderer; his aunt, Bridget Quarles; and Ben Burke, the poacher. The murder of Bridget by Jennings is very graphically described, and the chapter headed "Next Morning," being that following the murder scene, is one of the finest pieces of writing in modern literature.

The same year (1844) Mr. Tupper published two other works of fiction, in one volume each; namely, "Heart: a Social Novel;" and "The Twins: a Domestic Novel." The main design of these works appears to have been upon something better than a mere sketchy foundation in each, to introduce some exciting scenes, and some episodial bursts of hearty religious writing; and they more or less illustrate the seventh and tenth commandments. The two-fold object of the author in the two stories—that is, the depicturing of virtue and vice in their appropriate colours, and that as strongly as possible, and the pointing the moral, of each obtaining in due course its appropriate reward—is powerfully worked out in both; and, as one of the most discriminating and competent critics said, "in every page there is something which a reader would wish to bear in his memory for ever. For power of animated description, for eloquent reflection upon the events of everyday-life, and for soft, touching, pathetic appeals to the best feelings of the heart, the volumes are worthy of a place on every library-table in the kingdom." The same reviewer says, very justly, of Mr. Tupper's style:—"There is a genuine, hearty, straightforward, downrightness about him that brings him right on the mark at once. His sentences are neither long, laboured, nor parenthetical, but they are animated by a fine racy idiomatic vigorousness of style, that impresses their meaning on the mind and memory. He forms, as it were, a sort of halfway-style between Dickens and Carlyle. Without the regularly-sustained power of Boz, he has much of his pathos and *picturesqueness* in description; and,

without his eccentricity, he possesses no slight portion of the full-toned energy and characteristic raciness of the author of 'Sartor Resartus.'" Of such works as these three novels of Mr. Tupper, we hope yet to see many more specimens from his graphic pen.

His next work, published in 1845, is entitled "A Thousand Lines," a little tract of but sixty pages, containing poems on various subjects, written in his most captivating manner. Thought vigorous and fruitful, imagery vivid and beautiful, feeling warm and unaffected, clothed in language strong, hearty, and emphatic, or soft, pathetic, and musical, as the theme or the rhythm required, with an originality that cannot fail to be acknowledged in them all, are the characteristics of the verses of this little book. A new version of "Rule Britannia!" a stirring song for patriots of the present day, has in it a genuine fervent English spirit and tone, that make the very heart bound when perusing it. "The Emigrant Ship" is, indeed, an exquisite little lyric, full of delicate pathos, and instinct with gentle music; and a sound and high-souled spirit of philosophy breathes in the noble and cheering stanzas entitled, "Never Give Up!"

In appearance, Mr. Tupper is, we believe, about the middle-size, young-looking and well-favoured, with black hair, cheerful aspect, and cordial manner. Both in his deportment and in his writings, he has all the elements of popularity. Of the former, however, the writer of this sketch cannot speak from personal knowledge, as he is altogether unacquainted with him. With the latter he is quite familiar. Mr. Tupper's usual residence is at Albury, Surrey.

THE SICK CHILD.

"I wish I could play, too," said my poor sick boy, in a plaintive tone, as he sat on my knee, having intently for the space of nearly half an hour watched from the window of our inn a group of healthful children indulging in boisterous play. It was at a watering-place, and near the close of an early day in the month of April. We had come to the spot in hope of the possible recovery of a child of six years of age, who had been pining away all the winter. With the first gleam of spring sunshine the idea of a visit hither was indulged; and though the fear of the chilling north-east winds, which never fail in the parts where we dwell to precede the warm showers of late April or early May, strongly dissuaded any change of locality, yet a mother's love and anxiety, combined with the necessity which was felt of attempting something for the child's restoration, prevailed over other considerations, and led us to try the effect of a mild sea-air. It is true that the same expedients had been fruitless in the case of two brothers born immediately in succession before the present invalid. But then Theophilus had reached a greater age than they, and might find that beneficial which had proved of no service to them. And so the trial was made.

Three children, one after the other, wasting away, is a bitter passage in one's domestic history. If nothing on earth is so delightful to look on as a healthful, happy child, full of life and glee; equally dark, and, to the parents' heart, afflicting, is the sight of one whose days and nights are divided between suffering and unnatural slumber, whose cheeks daily lose their hue, whose eye contracts a glassy lustre, and whose whole form becomes emaciated, till weeks and months of pain and decay at length bring dissolution. Such with these boys in succession was our sad experience. The description is given in general terms, but they contain a volume of minute particulars, the details of which would be harrowing to every feeling bosom. The history of one day or one week would suffice to show that there are experiences and sufferings in domestic life of a far intenser kind than most which pass on the public stage and are recorded in the pages of history, and which imply and require the exercise of some of the loftiest virtues. Did the sanctity of home and of the sick chamber permit the revelation, it would be easy to exemplify, by actual instances, the depth and power of endurance, the patience, and fruitfulness in expedients, which characterise and ennoble a mother's love while waiting and serving near the couch of a sick child. Indeed, to all who own and feel the relationship of consanguinity with the little sufferer, many bitter pains make themselves felt. What is so distressingly thrilling as the cry, the wail, and the moan of a child in agony? Unable to give articulate expression to his grief, incompetent to form the slightest conjecture of its cause, untrained to behold the hand of mercy in the pressure of his sorrows, rendered indocile and irritable by lengthened pain, and by the same perverse monitor taught to regard the fondest cares and most judicious attentions as unnecessary if not unkind interferences with his will and his comforts, the child suffers almost without mitigation all the sad ills which darken and trouble the way by which mortal man goes to his last resting-place.

In the midst of these ills was my poor boy when he uttered the words with which I commenced these remarks. All the previous winter had he been more or less under restriction. He could not, as others of his age, take an airing on a fine day. The nursery and the bedroom were for the most part the only places he could be permitted to visit. Or, if he descended to join the rest of the family at the dinner-table, or around the piano, some privation was sure to fall to his lot. The simple luxuries which his brothers and sisters enjoyed were necessarily denied to him. In their sports he could hardly ever join, and when he was so favoured, it was but a partial and limited enjoyment; nor seldom would even this little be attended by penalties which brought days of indisposition for an hour's hilarity.

As a natural consequence of his sufferings and privations, his face lost its ease and playfulness, and contracted instead a constrained and very painful expression. Even the smile which rarely played over his features had something forced and unnatural in it, child though he was; and the not unfrequent knitting of the brows when under a paroxysm, smote the beholder's heart with grief. As is not unusual in the case of young sufferers, his intellect gave intimations of premature strength; all its faculties seemed sharpened; his observation was keen and ceaseless; nothing escaped his eye; his inferences were extraordinarily acute and correct, and even his judgment was in general sound. If we may venture to pronounce an opinion on such a point, we should feel justified in affirming that the education of a whole life was in his case compressed within a very few years.

And this remark may serve to assign some cause why the young are thus permitted to suffer, and why they are removed from this state so long before the purposes have been attained for which life was given. In fact, the discipline they pass through in their pains, often produces a development of mind superior to that which others reach in a long course of years; so that, though they are taken away early, yet is it not prematurely; for in some sense the fruit is ripe, and they are not unprepared for that higher and holier education to which eternity will introduce them. Nor is it merely the intellect that is expanded and strengthened. The moral feelings, also, are disciplined, called forth, and refined. It is true that, when under the immediate infliction of pain, my Theophilus was liable to be impatient and perverse, but in the general tenour of his feelings there was a more than ordinary self-command. Privations he could and did impose on himself without repining. Uncomplainingly would he sit for hours together and watch the children play. Nay, much of his pleasure seemed to consist in calmly contemplating their rude mirth. And then with what gratitude did he commonly receive the marks of affection, the little presents—the toy, or a few flowers, which his brothers and sisters were wont to offer for his acceptance.

His sister Jane heard those words, "I wish I could play too!" The moment they were uttered, she was at his side. Giving him a kiss, she hurried away, and in a very short space was back again, bringing with her sea-shells of various sizes and shapes, the colours and forms of which she had brought out by friction, and which presented many elegant lines and delicate hues. The beautiful is soothing. Theophilus took up and carefully surveyed every shell, and he and Jane talked over their qualities with taste and discrimination. Suddenly he fell back on his couch wearied with the exertion. Jane hastened to the table and procured a beverage, of which she gave him to drink. "Lie still," she said, "I will tell you of the sad wreck which took place last night. You know how strong the wind blew; I was afraid that there would be a loss of life. Well, Mr. Green and his son William went out a shrimping before the storm came on. This morning their boat has been cast ashore empty, and they are both drowned."

"Then," answered Theophilus, "what will little Annie do? Poor child! she has now no father, and her brother too is gone. Oh, how happily they used to play together! Jane, take that half-crown which uncle Robert gave me, and carry it to Annie; it will help her to buy mourning. But, oh dear, your story has made me feel very ill. Call mamma."

Mrs. Williams came; she found her child in a state of great agitation.

"What should I do," exclaimed he, "if I were to lose papa?" Then he burst into tears, and mourned almost as bitterly as if the imaginary loss was real.

My wife did, as usual, all she could to sooth him, but Jane's indiscretion in reporting Mr. Green's death, produced in him an irritability which lasted for several days. Jane, deeply distressed at this result, doubled her exertions to compose his feelings and promote his bodily comfort. Gratifying was it to witness the self-denial of that little girl. Who, seeing it, could doubt that the shafts of domestic sorrow come winged with blessings? All day long would she sit by her brother's side, now humming a tune; now singing a childish song; now showing him pictures; now reading a tale; now spinning a humming-top; now cutting out fantastic figures; now building castles in the air with wooden bricks. But almost endless would be the enumeration were I to attempt to tell of all the kind and considerate ways in which she tried to amuse her brother. Yet every now and then a dull moan was extorted from the little sufferer. The moan was forthwith answered by sounds of inarticulate sympathy murmured out by my darling Jane. "A mother's love" could scarcely surpass that child's tenderness and care. No sooner was she awake in the morning, than she hurried to her mother's chamber, where her brother lay: yes, lay, rather than slept. Her last thought at night was her poor suffering brother. Had she been permitted, she would have made his bed hers; and with difficulty was she ever detached from his side. In him she seemed to have forgotten herself. Her deep, calm, sisterly love, enabled her to "bear all things" that came from him or could minister to his repose. His fractiousness she never regarded. If he complained, she gave no reply. Truly was she a ministering angel to her sick brother.

In a few weeks after our arrival at S——, the weather became fine and genial. Procuring a hand-carriage for Theophilus, we wandered up and down the country. Going or returning we found ourselves on the beach. The boy had a peculiar pleasure in watching the ocean. "Smooth and beautiful!" he would sometimes murmur out. At other times the words were, "It lives." "To and fro, those waters ever go; they must live." "The spirit of God moves them thus." Then, after looking intently on the sea for half an hour or more, he would sink back exhausted in his carriage, close his eyes, and remain motionless, as if in deep meditation. Careful was I that he might not then be disturbed. I fancied that then the Divine Spirit was communing with his spirit. I looked on those moments of rest with reverence. It was a solemn joy for me to think that my boy was in mind with God. On one of these occasions he opened his eyes, and, as I used to call it, "came back to us" with an appearance of more than ordinary refreshment. It was evening, and I was anxious to hurry home for fear of the effects of the cool air.

"Not just yet," he said, in an expostulatory tone, "let me look a little longer on that sweet star; how softly bright it is; and how it keeps twinkling, as if it were alive. Papa, do not all things live?"

"Yes, my child."

"Then how can men, women, and children die?"

"They do not properly die; they only change from one state to another; it is in appearance, not in reality, that human beings perish; they all live to God, and they all live in God."

"Papa, will the next world be more beautiful than this?"

"Yes, dear, much more beautiful; besides, there is no pain, no sorrow, no death there."

"Oh, the death I should not mind if you, mamma, and Jane were there, particularly as the country is so beautiful; yet look, papa, how deep, calm, and holy is the blue sky in which that star shines so sweetly, as if it would invite us thither; if that is the way to heaven, I should like to go; but I feel weary, and then there is that old gnawing pain. Let us go home. One more look at the grand sea; the skies I can see as we go along."

The heats of the ensuing autumn proved fatal to Theophilus. As they increased in intensity, we were unable to leave the house until the evening breeze came with its refreshing softness. Soon all movement was impossible. The languor increased, the pains became more frequent and more bitter; the poor child was literally reduced to a skeleton. Yet did his mind retain its soundness, and at times manifest its strength, as if unimpaired. In a few days all was over. *What* was over? His higher faculties remained alive to the last. "My child"—so I said to myself—"has not died; it is only his bodily frame that has broken down." The evening of his departure we all sat by the side of his couch, intently watching, in the fear that every moment would be his last. Suddenly he opened his eyes, and, taking his mother's hand, which lay on his bosom, he said, "Thank you;" "thank you all;" "you have been *very* kind;" "thank you every one;" "I shall be alone, and I am sorry for that; but you will come after, and we shall be always together in that beautiful world." Hardly could he enunciate the last words, but sounds dwelt on his dying lips resembling "sea," "sky," "star," "Jane," "mamma."

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

It is said that Charles II., when urged by his courtiers to inflict some signal punishment upon Milton, the secretary of Cromwell, and the eloquent and intrepid champion of the commonwealth, inquired whether the man upon whom they invoked his vengeance was not old, blind, and destitute; and, on being answered in the affirmative, replied that he was already sufficiently punished in the condition to which he had been reduced. The following recently-discovered lines among the remains of the great classic bard, disclosing as they do the source and amplitude of his internal consolations, will show how far he was a legitimate object of pity to his relentless enemies:—

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee!

O merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me; and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognise thy purpose, clearly shown:
My vision Thou hast dimm'd that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapp'd in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go—
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes—
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow—
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought!

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine!

AN ENIGMA SOLVED.

We have often thought, as we have passed through the busy thoroughfares of London, that it would be worth while to seek out the histories of some of the many beggars, quacks, and conjurers, with whose faces we had become familiar. Day after day, and week after week, through all the summer months, we had noticed at about the same spot in the Tottenham-court-road a man sitting on the pavement as the artist has depicted him. He was very ragged, and looked decidedly wretched. His hand, thin and white, supported a head that would be a study for a painter; while on the pavement by his side was drawn in coloured chalks the figure of a horse. We pressed among the crowd occasionally as we passed that way, to see if there was any change in our poor artist. No; there he was—pale face, wayworn and desolate expression, disordered hair, naked feet, rags, and picture, just the same. Sometimes, indeed, we watched him as he made his preparations for the drawing of the day. With elaborate care he swept a clean space on the flagstones and "covered it in," as the artists say, with a blackground of slate-coloured chalk. Then with a piece of charcoal he would make the outline of his figure—sometimes a horse, and at other times a child's head crowned with flowers; and we generally left him as he was "putting in the lights" with a lump of whiting and a dry finger.

We were decidedly interested. Here, thought we, is a poor artist reduced to extremest poverty, who, like another Claude, is obliged to appeal to the veriest crowd to obtain the wherewithal of existence. We had never heard him speak, but we had watched the silent eloquence of the hand and eye with which he received the gifts of the passers. Here was a miserable wretch, who with talents far above the average, was obliged to sit day by day in the streets and make his mute appeal to an indifferent public. We thought what a sad thing it must be for one so clever to be so hard pushed by fortune; and we tried to remember the names of the great men who had risen out of the lowest poverty to high and reputable stations—the Erasmuses, Kelpers, Johnsons, Hogarths, Fergusons, and Tassos of the past. Here was a problem in social economy which might be carefully worked out and solved: how would this man be best served? We wished we had been wealthy; but the mere gift of money we felt assured would not be the best means of rescuing this poor artist from his

THE STREET ARTIST.

depth of woe. The more we thought on the subject, the more puzzled we became ; and we determined to speak to the poor fellow the next time we went that way.

Circumstances occurred, however, which prevented our carrying this intention into execution. We went out of town, and remained out for some weeks. When we returned, our first impulse was to seek our poor artist; and, if possible relieve him. We sought him in the old spot, but he was not to be found ; we inquired of the policeman, but as he had only lately come on that "beat," he could give us no information ; we made the Tottenham-court-road our way to and from town for several weeks,—thereby going at least half a mile out of our way; but all traces of our interesting friend had vanished.

It was very annoying that the end of the romantic little episode we had been constructing should be so suddenly cut off: but we consoled ourself with the fact, that at any rate our artist had bettered himself. Perhaps he had found a friend who had appreciated his talents, and rescued him from the streets; perhaps he had found reputable employment in the studio of some benevolent artist, or had even set up for himself. And we looked somewhat curiously into the shop windows of the printsellers to see if we could discover any chalk or water-colour drawings which were anything like his. Of course we saw several things of the kind, but they were all too careful in style, and wanted that free and easy manner we had noticed in the drawings on the pave. We were fairly puzzled.

Time passed on, as it usually does ; autumn deepened into winter, and we had almost forgotten our poor artist ; or, if we ever thought of him at all, it was with the congratulatory idea that he had obtained better employment; or he might have died of want—poor fellow !

It was on one of the coldest days in January that we happened to be passing through Euston-square, on our way from the North-western Railway. Having just come off a journey, of course we were becoated and beshawled in the most comfortable manner; and instead of riding home, we thought we would walk quickly through the bracing air. In fact, it was just the kind of weather when to stand still was to freeze, and to move rapidly about was to get into an exquisite glow.

"WE ARE STARVING !"

Well, we were passing quickly through the square, as we said, when our path was slightly impeded by a little crowd assembled on the footway. Now we confess to a by-no-means-uncommon curiosity as to the meaning and purpose of street crowds. If there is a noisy, restless group in our way, with a drunken woman and a policeman in the midst, we are sure to push through to see what is the matter, and remonstrate with X 250 on his want of tenderness for the poor creature: if there is a "Punch" at the street corner, or a "Cheap Jack" holding forth in the suburbs on the virtues of Birmingham saws and Sheffield plate, we are almost certain to linger in the outskirts of the mob to see what is going on. And so, with the little crowd in our way, we naturally looked over a short man's head to see what it was attracted so many people on so cold a day. We looked—and you might, as folks say, have knocked us down with a feather ! There, sitting on the ground, in the same attitude as ever, with the same expression on his pale face, and apparently clothed in the same rags, sat our quondam acquaintance, the artist. There was no mistake about the matter or the man; they were just what they had been in the previous summer—rags, hair, studied position, and chalk-drawing on the pavement precisely as before. We were completely taken aback—speechless with astonishment and disgust; and we turned away with the comfortable feeling that all our romance about the fellow's poverty had come to nothing, and that our poor artist was a professional humbug ! To be deceived is a disagreeable kind of thing; but to discover that you have gone on deceiving yourself, is abominable. To find that our artist, for whom we had conjured up so many mind-histories, and upon whom we had wasted so much genuine sympathy, was nothing more than a sham ;—it was very annoying.

But we determined, before we wholly condemned the man, to make inquiry. It might be—who could tell ?—that he had never been able to lift himself out of his wretchedness. We will not, we thought, be unjust to him : we will inquire. And it happened that before many days, we had an opportunity of inquiring at head-quarters: in fact, we were introduced to Sergeant Boosey, one of the most active and experienced of the London Detectives.

When we mentioned the matter to this worthy officer, and explained to him the interest we had taken in the poor artist,—not to mention the substantial help we had rendered him, in the way of shillings and sixpences,—we noticed a slight smile curl round the sergeant's mouth; and, before we had concluded our narration, we discovered that the smile had widened into an unmistakable grin of delight.

"Ha ! ha ! excuse my laughing, sir, but you're not the first individual who has been deceived in the appearance of Toby the Screever—"

"The what ?"

"Oh," continued the worthy sergeant, "that's the cant name for begging-letter writers, painters on the pavement, writers of chalk petitions on bits of old hat, and all that sort of kidney. Why, bless you, sir, don't you know that it's a regular trade ?"

We listened in a kind of silent wonder, as the sergeant went on.

"Why, so far from being clever at drawing, this fellow Toby, and plenty of others besides, has just learnt to make the figure of some animal, or to chalk a man's head on the pavement—that's all ; and there he sits all day long, without we move him off to another road, leaning on his hands, and looking as wretched as if he were regularly starved—while the chances are, that, before he set out in the morning, he had a good rump-steak or a couple of mutton chops for breakfast, and that he takes home at least ten shillings in the evening, and makes merry with his friends. There's nothing deceives

a person more than these silent woe-begone-looking fellows. They don't beg, but they sit on the pavement and look up into the passengers' faces as if they were going to die of want. Now, sir, just take my advice: if you have any spare money, and you are of a benevolent disposition, don't bestow your charity upon the beggars in the streets, but seek out some poor struggling people in your own neighbourhood, who strive to hide rather than publish their poverty; give your spare money to such as them, and depend upon it you will not often be deceived. Whenever you see a big fellow sitting on a door-step with his head on his hands, and a bit of paper with "I AM STARVING," chalked on it on the ground, make up your mind that he had a good breakfast in the morning, and that he will feast on a hot supper at night. If you only saw as much of this sort of thing as we do, sir, you wouldn't feel any great pity for the street folks. Of course, I don't mean to say but what there are deserving cases to be met with in the streets sometimes, but they are very rare indeed,—so rare, that when I see a strange face among the professionals, I always find out who it belongs to. Depend upon it, sir; that nine out of every ten of the London beggars make a profitable living of it, and would rather beg than work. The really poor people don't come into the streets with clean white aprons on, and half a dozen fresh-washed children; no, sir, they'd rather stay at home and die."

The words of the worthy sergeant made no slight impression on us, we are free to admit, and we no longer felt any great interest in the poor artist;—but we beg to remark that, after all, his was quite a policeman's view of the question.

CONTINENTAL NOTES, COMMERCIAL AND STATISTICAL.

BRUSSELS CARPETS.

THE carpets commonly called Brussels come in fact from Tournay; the art of weaving them having been brought to that place, according to tradition, from the east, by the Flemings, who served in the Crusades, and learned it from the Saracens. The royal manufactory, though much fallen off, still occupies 90 looms, and gives employment to about 2,400 persons. Vandermahn states that there are as many as 12,000 to 16,000 looms employed in the commerce of Tournay in the manufacture of woollen and linen goods: this must include stocking-looms—a branch of industry carried on here, employing 2,500 looms.

BRUSSELS LACE.

Of the varied articles contributed by Brussels to the Great Exhibition of 1851, the most interesting were the specimens of lace, renowned throughout the world. The peculiarity, in addition to the fineness, which distinguishes it, is, that the patterns are worked separately with microscopic minuteness, and are afterwards sewn on. The great variety of beautiful specimens of lace exhibited formed a constant source of attraction, especially to the ladies. It is said that the persons who spin the thread for the Brussels lace are obliged to work in confined dark rooms, into which the light is admitted but partially through a small aperture; and that, by being thus compelled to pay more constant and minute attention to their work, they discipline the eye, and attain the faculty of spinning the flax with that web-like fineness which constitutes the excellence of these two fabrics.

There were two kinds of Brussels lace; *Brussels ground*, which has a hexagon mesh, formed by platting and twisting four threads of flax to a perpendicular line or mesh; and *Brussels wire ground*, made of silk, with meshes partly straight and partly arched. The pattern is worked separately, and set on by the needle.

The *Mechlin* lace is a hexagon mesh formed of three flax threads, twisted and platted at the top of the mesh. The pattern is worked in the net.

There were specimens of Brussels lace exhibited, the thread of which it is made being of such extreme fineness, that one pound of it costs as much as 3,500 francs (£160); but, as nearly one-half of this costly article is wasted in the process of manufacture through not being sufficiently fine, the thread actually used becomes worth more than six times its weight of pure gold—a striking exemplification of the manner in which labour imparts value to raw material.

THE TRADE OF BRUGES.

Early in the 13th century, Bruges was the staple place of the cities of the Hanseatic League, and of the English wool trade. Richly-laden argosies from Venice, Genoa, and Constantinople, might, at the same time, be seen unloading in her harbour; whilst her warehouses groaned beneath bales of wool from England, linen from Belgium, and silk from Persia. The lace manufacture is the most important at the present day, 7,400 persons, or more than one-sixth of the population, being thus employed.

CUTTING DIAMONDS IN AMSTERDAM.

The art of cutting diamonds was for a long time confined to the Jews of Amsterdam. It is supposed not to have been known in Europe earlier than the 15th century. The diamond mills in Amsterdam are numerous, and are exclusively the property of Jews. One of them is thus described by Mr. Elliott:—"Four horses turn a wheel, setting in motion a number of smaller wheels in the room above, whose cogs acting on regular metal plates, keep them constantly in motion. Powdered diamond is placed on these; and the stone to be polished, fastened at the end of a piece of wood, by means of an amalgam of zinc and quicksilver, is submitted to the friction of the adamantine particles. This is the only mode of acting upon diamond, which can be ground and even cut by particles of the same substance. In the latter operation, diamond-dust is fixed on metal wire, which is moved rapidly backwards and forwards over the stone to be cut."

THE LOCOMOTIVE AND STEAM-ENGINE MANUFACTORY AT LIEGE.

This colossal establishment was formed by the enterprising manufacturer, the late John Cockerill, in 1816. It is perhaps the largest manufactory of machinery in the world, and occupies the former Palace of the Prince Bishops of Liege, which now serves but as the façade or vestibule of other vast piles of buildings subsequently added. The manufactory forms a little town of itself; iron and coal are extracted from mines within its walls, which also enclose a canal and railroad leading down to the river, four blast furnaces, fifteen puddling furnaces, rolling-mills, and forges, where iron is wrought into articles of all sorts of goods, from a penknife up to a steam-engine and a locomotive, inferior only to those made in England. From 3,000 to 4,000 workmen are employed at Seraing, in addition to fifteen steam-engines, equivalent to 700-horse power. Mr. Cockerill was originally in partnership with the late King of Holland, but after the expulsion of the latter from Belgium, Mr. Cockerill purchased his share. Mr. Cockerill died at Warsaw in 1840, and Seraing has since been disposed of to a company styled, "La John Cockerill Société," by whom it is now worked.

THE LAMP UPON THE RAILWAY ENGINE.

A BALLAD OF COMPOSURE.

SHINING in its silver cell,
Like a hermit, calm and quiet,
Though so near it, hot as hell,
Furious fires rave and riot.
Posted as an eye in front,
'Mid the smoke and steam and singing,
Steadily bears all the brunt,
The lamp upon the railway engine.

So, thou traveller of life,
In the battle round thee crashing,
Heed no more the stormy strife
Than a rock the billows dashing.
Through this dark and dreary night,
Vexing fears and cares unhinging,
Shine, O mind aloft, alight,
The lamp upon the railway engine.

By the oil of Grace well fed,
Ever on the future gazing,
Let the star, within thy head
Steadily and calmly blazing,
Hold upon its duteous way,
Through each ordeal unflinching,
Trimm'd to burn till dawn of day,
The lamp upon the railway engine.

Safe behind a crystal shield,
Though the outer deluge drench us,
Faith forbids a soul to yield,
And no hurricane can quench us;
No! though forced along by fate
At a pace so swift and swinging,
Calmly shine in silver state,
Ye lamps on every railway engine.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

In very ancient times witches were much respected in all heathen countries, and it is on record in history that kings and other great men usually consulted them before they undertook any affair of importance, and on such occasions were in the habit of inviting them to their houses, and entertaining them sumptuously. As the light of the gospel, however, became diffused, respect for witchcraft diminished, but not the belief in its existence; and consequently we find that the utmost cruelty was continually practised against poor, helpless creatures, whose supernatural power to do mischief no one seemed for a moment to doubt. At this same time too, animals and insects were suspected of being in league with witches to destroy the peace of human beings, and accordingly legal proceedings against them also were not unfrequent. In 1530, we are informed by a correspondent of a literary periodical, "the country around Autun, in France, was infested with rats, against whom the high authorities thought it necessary to proceed with all due form and gravity. First of all, the rats were solemnly cited to appear; but, like Glendower's spirits of the vasty deep, they did not come. They were accordingly formally declared in default; advocates were named to appear in their behalf; the public prosecutor, on the day appointed, set forth the charge against them (that of devastating the corn-fields and vineyards); their advocates made the best defence they could; the judges seriously deliberated, and at length gave judgment, declaring the rats under the influence of witchcraft, and condemning them to be executed." About this period prosecutions of this kind were so common in France, that there still exist among old law-papers forms of proceeding and pleading, *pro* and *con*, drawn up by some of the most renowned advocates of the day.

In our own country, also, there are many documents which prove that we were ourselves not less superstitious than our neighbours. In the library of the University of Cambridge there is preserved a code of Anglo-Saxon laws, a few extracts from which will serve to give an idea of the whole.

"If any man destroy another by witchcraft, let him fast seven years—the three first on bread and water, and the other four on bread and water three days in every week.

"If any man observe lots or divination, or keep watch at any wells, or at any other created things, except at God's church, let him fast three years, the first on bread and water, and the other two on Wednesdays and Fridays, on bread and water, and the other days let him eat meat, but without flesh.

"The same for a woman who useth any witchcraft to her child, or who draws it through the earth at the meeting of roads, because that is great heathenness.

"He who uses anything that a dog or a mouse has eaten off, or a weasel polluted, if he do it knowingly let him sing one hundred psalms; and if he know it not, let him sing fifty.

"He who gives to others the liquor that a mouse or a weasel has been drowned in, if he be a layman, let him fast three days; if he be a churchman, let him sing three hundred psalms; and if he did it without his knowledge, but afterwards knew it, let him sing the psalter."

We need not make any further extracts from this document, but would now take a few from one which is preserved in the British Museum. It enumerates offenders who were "no Christians, but notorious apostates." Amongst others,

"He who endeavours, by any incantation or magic, to take away the stores of milk, or honey, or other things, belonging to another, and to acquire them to himself.

"He who, deceived by the illusion of hobgoblins, believes that he goes or rides in her company whom the foolish peasantry call Herodias, or Diana.

"He who makes his offering to a tree, or to water, or to anything except a church.

"He who places his child on the roof or in a furnace for the recovery of his health, or for this purpose uses any charms, or characters, or magical figment, or any art, unless it be holy prayers or the liberal art of medicine.

"He who shall say any charm in the collecting of medicinal herbs, except such as the 'Pater noster' and the 'Credo.'"

These extracts are enough to convince us that our ancestors were not surpassed by any nation upon earth in superstition, and yet there are stranger things than these on record. At the close of the sixteenth century, a vessel being wrecked on the coast of Norfolk, thirteen individuals were lost. A jury was summoned, and the following verdict was brought in:—"Misled upon the west coast, coming from Spain, whose deaths were brought about by the detestable working of an old witch of King's Lynn, whose name is Mother Gabley, by the boiling or rather labouring of certain eggs in a pailful of cold water, afterwards proved at the arraignment of the said witch."

THE CAP OF LIBERTY.

There are some peculiar ceremonies which, notwithstanding the lapse of ages, survive the passage of time, and are found, even in modern days, as freshly engraved on the memory, as earnestly guarded by popular prejudice, and as acceptable to the spirit of a free nation, as in the remote centuries of antiquity. Amongst these, the use of that symbol of freedom, "the cap of liberty," stands foremost. In early times none but the free-born claimed the privilege of wearing a cap of this kind, and none dared to exercise it but one so entitled to enjoy it. Woe to the slave who had the imprudent hardihood to be seen covered! for the lash, the chain, and the brand soon made him repent of his neglect or his folly, whichever it might have been.

In all countries the slaves were obliged to appear bareheaded; and whenever the day came that freedom was the reward of faithful servitude, one of the ceremonies used in the manumission of the slave was the placing of a cap on the head by the former master. Thus the cap or hat became the symbol of liberty, and was the standard around which the spirit of patriotism rallied in many a revolution. When the mandate of the tyrannical Gessler compelled the hardy sons of Switzerland to salute a hat placed upon a pole, as a mark of submission, the spirit of the nation was roused, the tyrant paid forfeit with his life for his insulting order, and the hardy mountaineers obtained that liberty which has since been so intrepidly preserved; and, accordingly, the arms of the united cantons of Switzerland have a round hat for a crest, as emblematical of that liberty so nobly struggled for.

In England the cap, with the word liberty inscribed on it in letters of gold, is used as a symbol of the constitutional liberty of the nation, and Britannia sometimes bears it on the point of her spear. This, however, is not always the case, as the figure of Britannia is often represented with the trident of Neptune uncapped in her left hand, while with her right she offers the olive-branch of peace to the world.

In France, in the beginning of the revolution of 1789, the cap of liberty was hoisted as the symbol of freedom; but, when the bloody tragedies of the remorseless Directory filled France with terror and dismay, there were but few that regarded the cap of liberty with a favourable eye. It was during this melancholy period that the red cap was adopted, from the following circumstances:—For many years the kings of France sent those condemned for crimes and serious political offences to the galleys at Marseilles, and there, chained to the oar, they dragged out a wretched and abandoned existence, in the polluted atmosphere of a society stained with crimes of the deepest dye. However, when the revolution opened the prison-doors, and burst the chains of the galley-slaves, the red cap worn by the liberated convicts was elevated as the standard of freedom, and borne by them as they marched in hundreds to Paris, the ready tools of the wicked men who then held the reins of power. On late occasions, when the revolutionary spirit of the times nearly upset every throne in Europe, except that of happy England, the red cap was chosen by the republicans, and the red flag was the ensign of the assembled revolutionists. When jacobin clubs were rife in Paris, the red cap was also made the badge of membership, and hence often known under the title of the "jacobin cap." In the last-mentioned instances, however, the cap of liberty has certainly been used in a sense different from that originally attached to it, as in olden times it was solely used in the manumission of slaves. But its adoption in England on the spear of Britannia is just and well deserved, as in that favoured land slavery lives not, and the moment the bondsman sets foot on British soil he is free for ever.

The Grave.—It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should have warred with the poor handful of dust that lies mouldering before him?

THE SCOTCH COLONISATION OF IRELAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

The question of Irish amelioration—the "great difficulty" of all British governments—is attracting the attention not only of philanthropists and statesmen, but also that of capitalists. The *Glasgow Daily Mail*, a newspaper of considerable standing in the North, a series of articles on the subject have appeared, from one of which we glean the following interesting particulars:—

Soon after the accession of James the First to the English throne in 1603, a memorable event occurred. This was the colonisation of Ulster, in Ireland, by a body of Scotsmen, from Ayrshire. The leader of this enterprise was Hugh Montgomerie, sixth laird of Braidstone, in the parish of Beith—a branch of the Montgomeries of Eglinton. Braidstone appears to have been a man of more than usual sagacity. The insurrectionary disturbances in Ireland before Elizabeth's death had placed a vast deal of confiscated property at the disposal of the Crown. The laird saw that the sister island would be a good field for exertion. Standing in some favour at court, through the medium of his brother George, who was chaplain to his Majesty, he kept his eye steadily fixed on Ireland; and, with the view of facilitating the great enterprise he had in contemplation, he resolved on effecting the escape of Con O'Neil, the chief of Ulster, who had long been a prisoner in the Castle of Carrickfergus. This he accomplished; and, in consideration of the laird having secured his escape, and also of procuring his pardon at court, and keeping him in quality of an esquire, as well as maintainiug his followers "in their moderate and ordinary expenses," O'Neil "granted and assigned one-half of all his land estate in Ireland to enure to the only use and behoof of the said laird, his heirs and assigns." On the completion of this agreement, O'Neil and the laird went to Westminster. O'Neil received pardon of the king, the laird was knighted, and orders were given that the agreement betwixt them should be confirmed by letters patent, under the great seal of Irelond, "at such rents as therein might be expressed, and under condition that the lands should be planted with British Protestants, and that no grant of fee-farm should be made to any person of mere Irish extraction."

Subsequently, however, the laird (then created Sir Hugh Montgomerie) obtained from O'Neil a deed of feofment of all his lands. This was in the winter of 1605. Sir Hugh was then in Dublin completing his arrangements. From Dublin he went to Downshire, to take possession of his property, and afterwards, in order "to engage planters to dwell thereon," returned to Braidstone.

By May, 1606, the plantation had begun. The north of Ireland was covered with waste land like the "backwoods" of America, but it was not encumbered with great woods to be felled and grubbed to the discouragment or hindrance of the settlers. In all the three parishes of Donaghadee, Newtownards, and Grayabbey, 30 cabins could not be found, nor any stone walls, but ruined, roofless churches, and a few vaults at Grayabbey, and a "stump of an old castle," in Newtown, "in each of which some gentlemen sheltered themselves at their first coming over." The "stump of a castle" was made shelter for Sir Hugh and his family, while the rest of the colony "speedily made cottages for themselves, because sods, and saplins of ash, elder, and birch trees, with rushes for thatch, and bushes for wattles, were at hand." A great part of the supplies of the infant colony was obtained from Scotland. There was a "constant flux of passengers," and people went from Stranraer with their wares and provisions to the market at Newtown, though the land journey to and fro was upwards of twenty miles, besides three hours' sail.

Sir Hugh and his lady setting a noble example of activity and industry, the colony made rapid progress. Stone houses, streets, and tenements rose as it were out of the ground, and these dwellings became a town immediately. The harvest of 1606-7 was so abundant that the colonists had enough and to spare for the succeeding new-coming planters. This plentifulness encouraged the erection of water-mills in all the parishes, "which prevented the necessity of taking meal from Scotland and grinding with quern-stones, both which inconconveniences the people at their first coming were forced to undergo.

Lady Montgomerie had also her farms at Grayabbey and Comber, as well as at Newtown, to supply new comers and her own house; and she easily got men for plough and barn, for many came over who had not stocks to plant and take leases of land, but had brought a cow or two and a few sheep, and she gave them grass and so much grain per annum, and a house and garden-plot to live on, and land for flax and potatoes as they agreed on for doing their work. And this was but part of her good management, for she set up and encouraged linen and woollen manufactures, which soon brought down the prices of the breakens (tartans) and narrow cloths.

Everybody minded their trades, and the plough and the spade—building, gardening, and setting fruit trees in orchards and delving and ditching in their grounds, occupied the people. The old women spun, and the young girls plied their nimble fingers at knitting. Everybody, in short, was busy. There was no strife nor contention—no querulous lawyer, nor Scottish nor Irish feuds between clans and families disturbing the tranquillity of the colony; and towns and temples were erected and other great works done even in those troublesome times.

As a proof of the rapid progress of the colony, it is mentioned that in 1610, only four years after the first planting, the laird (who was now created Viscount Montgomery of Ardes) brought before the king's muster-master a thousand able fighting men.

The success of this Scottish enterprise led to the formation of the London Companies in 1612, and thus was founded and arose the Protestant province of Ulster, which, says Hume, from being "the most wild and disorderly province of all Ireland, soon became the best cultivated and most civilised."

King James is said to have frequently boasted of his management of Ireland, as a masterpiece of sovereignty; and his vanity in this particular was not altogether without foundation. Sir John Davis says that, in the space of ten years, the measure adopted by James for colonising Ireland, did more for the reformation of that kingdom than had been accomplished in the 440 years which had elapsed since the conquest of it was first attempted. Still to the "more than usual sagacity" of the Laird of Braidstone, who first conceived the idea, and led the way, must we award a considerable share, if not the chief merit, of the Protestant colonisation of Ireland.

The history of the enterprise is exceedingly interesting. It presents a pleasing picture of the work of colonisation, and excites a strong feeling and wish to imitate the example and engage in a similar enterprise in the present day. We should profit by the lessons which history teaches. Scotchmen and Englishmen are emigrating to the remotest quarters of the world, and are helping rapidly to colonise Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and other parts. But may they not colonise successfully nearer home? To be sure, there are no confiscated lands in Ireland in the hands of the crown now, as in the days of King James, but there are large fertile tracts on the west coast of Ireland, indented with noble firths and harbours, teeming with all kinds of fish, which tracts may be purchased in the Encumbered Estates Court at low prices, capable of the greatest improvement, and only requiring the exercise of ordinary skill and industry to convert them into fertile and productive lands. The nearest point of Europe to America, it needs no gift of prophecy to foretell that some part of the west of Ireland must needs be the landing-place and point of embarkation between the Old and New Worlds. The gold-fields of Australia and California may have their attractions for those who esteem gold as the only riches; but a finer field for genuine enterprise and exertion in the reclamation of waste lands, and improvement of agriculture, the introduction of manufactures, and creation of trade, shipping, and commerce, nowhere exists than in the west of Ireland. The late Sir Robert Peel had this idea, or he would not have propounded his plan for colonising Ireland in 1848, after the manner of the London companies of 1612, nor have endeavoured to stir up the corporation of London to embark in the scheme; nor would a body of London capitalists have raised, as they have done, half a million sterling for investing in the purchase of lands in the west of Ireland, were they not satisfied that such an investment is likely to turn out as substantial an undertaking as any gold-mining adventure whatever. His Royal Highness Prince Albert, it is believed, looks with favour on all projects for the improvement of Ireland; and

were a company established for the extensive colonisation of the west of Ireland, whether by Scots or Englishmen, it may be presumed that the government would bestow its countenance and patronage on the scheme.

There are about sixteen millions sterling deposited in the Scottish banks, yielding only at the present time two per cent. interest. Should this land investment company give only two-and-a-half per cent., it would be an inducement to withdraw a portion of the bank deposits, and transfer them to this company, which would then be the Irish Land Savings Bank of Scotland.

HOW HARRY BONNER REDEEMED THE PAST.

Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, is a picturesque village on the upper cliffs of Ventnor. Here, some few years since, lived a poor schoolmaster, who rented a cottage of two rooms for his dwelling, and a barn for his school. He was self-educated in the common elements of knowledge, and had made the human heart his study; and it was his delight not merely to teach the mechanical parts of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but also to influence the moral and intellectual powers of his children, and to strengthen, elevate, and purify them. In this large aim, he had but one text-book—the Gospel of the Great Teacher; and in this he learned one lesson in especial—that "it is good to seek and to save that which is lost."

Like all of his order, the master in his school had to contend with boys who could not learn, and boys who would not learn. But the boy who gave him most trouble, could and did learn; only he was so intractable in his general conduct, and so mischievous, that it was a ceaseless perplexity with the good master what ought to be done with him. The master had no worldly motive for reclaiming so difficult a charge, since he gained not a penny by it; but he felt a Christian yearning towards a lad, who was an orphan, and who was not without promise of better things.

"Harry, Harry, look in my face, sir," exclaimed the master one day, in one of his very sternest tones.

Harry lifted up a bold, handsome, and always dirty face, surmounted by a tangled mesh of dark curling hair, and made a comic grimace; but when his bright rolling eye met with that of the master, he glanced aside, as if something pained him.

"Harry Bonner, you were last night stealing Farmer Watson's apples."

"Was I, master?"

His tone of mock innocence and simplicity excited sudden laughter in the school, and the frown of the master could scarcely check it.

"Yes, you were, sir; and I tell you, Harry," said the master, solemnly, "if you go on in this way, you will come to some sad end."

"I hope not, master."

A stout leathern strap was produced.

"Hold out your hand," said the master.

"No, thank you, sir."

"Hold out your hand!"

"Rather not, if it's all the same to you, sir."

"I insist!"

The hand was held out firmly, Harry winking hard; the strap descended, and then with an affected howl, ending in the laugh of a young savage, the culprit went back to his form—only to plan new offences.

"I feel this is not the way to reclaim that boy," said the master, after school-hours, to his sister, an invalid dependent on him, who sat all day long in a wicker easy-chair, generally employed in knitting dappled-grey worsted stockings; "yet what else am I to do with him? he is excessively hardened, full of courage and cunning; I never met with a boy so precociously wicked; everybody prophesies evil of his future life. He defies restraint. In any quarrel, all the boys fear him; but he fears no one. He invents wild fun enough for all the mischievous boys in England. He has robbed every orchard within ten miles; and really, I often fancy, he does it out of mere love of adventure and peril."

"Your strap will do him no good," said the sister, quietly.

"What then will?"

"Patient kindness, and instruction, and time."

"Why, does he not know that I have almost paid his uncle the blacksmith to let him come to school—that I send him vegetables out of my garden every now and then, to keep him in good humour?"

"Harry knows you are his only true friend, and thinks more of one gentle word from you than of all your blows with the strap. He has far too much of violent usage at home."

"That is true; you are right."

One forenoon, Harry Bonner left his seat at the head of the high form, flung his book aside, and planted himself at the window, whence he enjoyed a view of the sea, and a man-of-war that had approached near the shore, in order, as Harry heard it rumoured, that its crew of seamen for the French war might be recruited by forcibly impressing men along the coast.

Harry was engaged in easy contemplation of this prospect, when the master espied how he was passing his time.

"What are you doing there, Harry Bonner? Where is your book? Have you learned your lesson?"

"No."

"Then, sir, you shall learn a double lesson before dinner."

"I like double lessons," said Harry, flinging himself back to his place, and learning rapidly a long row of words and meanings. Before dinner-time had come the double task was perfectly mastered, and hard sums got through—for sums and lessons were all play to Harry.

The master looked at him with feelings of pity, regret, and admiration.

"Oh, my poor boy!" said he, "how can you throw away such abilities on mischief and wickedness?"

Harry coloured up to his temples; his eyes flashed and moistened; he was going to make a passionate reply, but turned short round, and went out of the school whistling, with his hands thrust among the marbles and whipcord in the pockets of his ragged corduroys. Beside the pool, in the centre of the village, he stopped, and looking jealously round, and seeing he was unobserved, he pulled out the marbles and a top from his pocket, and flung them into the water. "There," said he, "now I shall give up nonsense, and show the master, and show everybody, what I can do. I am thirteen years old, and shall soon be a man, and I must look out for myself, as the master says I am clever, and all that; and so I *am* clever, and *have* got abilities—I feel it, that I do!"

He walked on, still talking with himself; presently he burst out:—"What does uncle hate me for, I should like to know? What harm have I done him? What's he always thrashing me for? why don't he let me alone?"

Again he went on, every now and then loitering to think.

"I wish," said he, turning his pockets inside out, "I only wish I had some money there."

With this wish fresh on his lips, he went into the dirty cottage of his uncle. It was a homestead that did anything but credit to its occupants. The floor was unswept, and the hearth covered with coke, and potato peelings; the remnants of a dinner of the meanest kind were scattered over the tables. The boy felt disgusted, as he mentally compared this abode with the neat, though equally poor home that he had just quitted. He looked at his aunt, sitting in a dirty cotton gown, and discoloured cap, in the chimney-corner, and compared her with the schoolmaster's suffering sister, who ever looked so neat and clean.

The passion for change and improvement that had been silently taking root in Harry's breast, was momentarily becoming more developed. All at once, he said to his aunt,—

"Aunt, can you give me a little money—ever so little?"

"Money!" she looked at him in utter surprise. "What do you want with money?"

"Never you mind; only see though if I don't pay you back, one day, and plenty to it."

A violent blow from behind sent the boy reeling against the wall. There stood his savage uncle, with his fist doubled, bare grimy arm, and face distorted with intoxication.

"I'll teach you to ask for money," said he, and other blows and fierce abuse followed.

The boy started forward into the centre of the room, gazed with steady boldness in the tyrant's face, and said,—

"You have done nothing but ill-use me since my father died. I have never done you any harm, and I shan't bear any more of it."

The blacksmith caught up a heavy stick. "Will you not?"

"No, I will not; so take care what you are about."

"I'll break your spirit, or I'll break every bone of your body."

"You won't do either."

"We'll try that."

The blacksmith rushed forward to grasp Harry by the collar, and Harry sprang to meet him with wild resistance. They stood foot to foot, and hand to hand, wrestling for the mastery, when the door opened, and the master of Bonchurch entered. Instinctive reverence for the good man made the blacksmith pause, and the boy broke out from him, trembling violently, and now subdued to tears.

"I am sorry to see this," said the master. "What is the matter?"

The blacksmith muttered something, and his wife took the stick from his hand.

"They are always quarrelling," said she.

"What have I done?" exclaimed Harry; "but it don't matter,

master. I like *you*—you have been good to me, and I shall think of it; but as for *him*, I hate him, and despise him, and I have nothing to thank him for; and after this day I will never see his face again, nor eat of his bread."

In an instant the lad was gone.

Some hours after, the master returned home, and the first thing he did was to take his strap from a table, and put it in the fire.

His sister smiled, but said nothing.

After they conversed respecting the poor boy, and the master expressed some uneasy apprehensions as he repeated Harry's words on going off. Those apprehensions increased when it became known through the village that Henry Bonner was missing, and could not be found.

At dusk, the villagers were traversing the road with lights, that old upper road which, viewed from the lower cliffs appeared but as a lofty terrace cut on the green mount side.

At that time the now flourishing town of Ventnor had scarcely begun to exist; only a few houses relieved the picturesque wildness of the scenery, amidst which the shouts of the villagers found an exciting accompaniment in the dash of the waves among the numerous breakers, and the fury of an equinoctial gale.

Up and down the steep acclivities of that old road, winding about the face of the upper cliff, did the villagers continue moving with their lights until long past midnight, for the parting threat of the boy had caused a general belief that he had committed some rash act—perhaps thrown himself over the cliffs or into the sea.

What else could have become of him? He had neither money, nor food, nor clothes, nor friends, nor any hope or help of any kind, that any one knew of, out of Bonchurch. One person hinted at gipsies, another at smugglers; and the bold, erratic character of the boy made the master fancy that he had joined one or the other. But gipsies had not been seen in Bonchurch for many months, and the smugglers of that part of the island were well known to the residents, and on good terms with them, and they denied any knowledge of the boy.

Gradually the search ceased, except on the part of the schoolmaster, who walked in every direction, inquiring and examining. But at last he, too, lost hope; and as he stood in Ventnor Cove, when a stormy night was darkening around, and the winds and waves raged in fearful unison, he felt a melancholy conviction that Henry Bonner was lost for ever.

* * * * *

Twenty years rolled away, and the disappearance was still a profound mystery.

The blacksmith had died of intemperance, and no one lamented him. The schoolmaster's sister needed nothing more in this world. Most of Harry's schoolmates were dead, and of those who survived, scarce any remained in the village. All was changed, but still the schoolmaster lived in his humble cottage, and kept school. But he was grown old, and solitary, and infirm; and so poor, that he was almost reduced to a shadow with hard living.

In his best days, he had eked out his little income by cultivating a few vegetables and common fruit, and this was still his resource when he could hobble out on fine days into his patch of garden-ground.

His spirit had been unusually depressed by the decline of his strength, his poverty, his forlorn condition, and the memory of his sister, when at sunset one day he stood at his schoolroom window, looking towards the sea. The lattice was open, for the weather was warm, and his withered face felt refreshed by the breeze that played over it.

But that which chiefly detained him there, and held him in a kind of fascination, was the unusual appearance of a ship of war—one of the most imposing size—moored near Ventnor.

The old man's memory was quickened by the spectacle, and he thought of Harry Bonner, who on the day of his disappearance had been detected by him watching such a vessel from this window, while his neglected lesson was flung aside on the form.

Gazing and musing, the master stood while the shadows of twilight gathered over the scene; the masts and rigging—the chief object of his attention—grew indistinct, darkness came quickly, and with it a storm which had been in preparation for some hours.

The master hastily closed the lattice as a flash of lightning broke in upon his musings; he turned to leave the schoolroom, and to enter his cottage—but what figure was that which, amidst the obscurity, appeared seated on the identical spot, on the chief form, where Harry Bonner sat when he learned with such surprising rapidity his double lesson, after watching the man-of-war from the window?

The schoolmaster had grown nervous, and rather fanciful, and I know not what he imagined it might be; but his breath came quicker and short for an instant, and then he asked in a faint voice, "Who is there?"

A manly voice replied, "Only Harry Bonner!"

The lightning lit up the whole of the large, dreary-looking schoolroom, and revealed to the schoolmaster the figure of a naval officer, on whose breast glittered decorations of rank and honour.

Darkness instantly succeeded, as the officer started from the form, and grasped the hand of the master with a strong and agitated pressure; then the two moved quickly and silently together into the cottage, while the thunder crashed overhead.

The excitement of the moment confused the faculties of the old man, and as the officer, still holding his hand with that fervent grasp, gazed in his eyes by the dim light of the cottage, he uttered some incoherent words about Harry Bonner, and the ship, and the double lesson; but when he beheld the officer cover his face with his disengaged hand, and weep, his brain rallied its disordered preceptions; he lighted a rushlight that stood on the mantleshelf, and as the officer withdrew his hand slowly from his face, the master passed the light before those brown and scarred, yet handsome features, in whose strong workings of feeling, if in nothing else, he almost recognised his long-lost but unforgotten scholar.

The officer suddenly clasped the old man's hand. "My dear old master!" he exclaimed.

The old man was too weak for the sudden surprise; he put his hand to his brow, gazed vacantly, gasped for breath; and his lips moved without a sound.

The officer placed him tenderly in the old wicker chair, in which the knitter of the dappled grey worsted stockings used to sit; then the old man grasped one of its arms, and looking up, said, mournfully, and shook his head,—"She is not here; she said to the last, Harry Bonner would be found some day. And now she is not here!"

"Dead! is she?"

"O yes!"

There was a short silence—solemn and sad.

"And why hast thou hidden thyself all these years?" asked the master.

"I have been 'redeeming the past;' I have been working my way from rags and infamy to this," showing a full and heavy purse, "to revenge myself for the stick and the strap, and make thy latter days easy, my old benefactor."

"The change seems wonderful to you, no doubt," continued the officer, after an agitated pause,—"it is wonderful to myself; but it is to you I trace it. Your benevolent instruction—your patient endeavours to reclaim me—your observations on my wickedness—your encouraging praise of my abilities—all appealed to my heart and conscience, and stimulated and roused me to resolve on going to sea, and trying to lead a new life. The sight of the man-of-war from the window, and the last flogging I had from the blacksmith, decided me. I ran down the cliffs—I told my tale to a boat's crew of the war-ship—I was taken on board as a cabin-boy—the ship sailed directly. I rose step by step—I have been in many battles, and here I am—a commander of the vessel you were viewing when I entered the schoolroom, and found my way to the old seat."

"And I hope," said the master, earnestly, "I hope, my dear Harry, you are thankful to that Providence which has guided your wandering feet through paths so strange and difficult."

"I trust I am!" rejoined the officer, with profound reverence. "And now, does my uncle live?"

"He and your aunt died fifteen years since."

"I am sorry for it. I should have liked to have talked with them of our past errors—theirs and mine. It would have gratified me to have done something for them, and to have heard them retract some of their harsh words to me. How my heart warmed to the old village when I entered it just now! I could have embraced the mossy palings; I could have knelt down and kissed the very ground. But I was so impatient to see if you lived, that I paused nowhere till I reached the school-door, and found you gazing at my ship."

"You have brought back the heart of Harry Bonner," said the master, "whatever has become of his vices."

"You shall find I have; for whatever money can procure, or affection or gratitude bestow, for your health and comfort, shall be yours from this hour, my dear old master."

English Conversation.—The superficiality and insipidity of nearly all the conversations to which I have listened, or in which I have joined, is really depressing. As far as I hear, little is said about politics, which is a good thing, much better than our German mania for going beyond our depth on such subjects; but, that narrative and commonplaces form the whole staple of conversation, from which all philosophy is excluded,—that enthusiasm and loftiness of expression are entirely wanting, depresses me more than any personal neglect of which, as a stranger, I might have to complain; for of this my share is not large, and I bear it easily.—*Niebuhr's Life and Letters.*

ANTIQUARIAN MEMORANDA.

CURIOUS MAYOR'S FEAST.—The following bill of fare for the feast on the election of mayor, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth at Norwich, in the year 1564, has been copied from an old newspaper, and may not be uninteresting:—

	s.	d.
8 Stone of beef (14 lbs. to the stone)	5	4
4 Collared brawn.....4d. each	1	4
4 Geese.....4d. each	1	4
8 Pints of butter	1	6
Fore-quarter of veal	0	10
Hind-quarter of veal	1	0
2 Legs of mutton	0	6
Loin or saddle of mutton	0	6
Shoulder of veal	0	6
Breast and coast of veal	0	6
6 Plovers .....2d. each	1	0
14 Brace of partridges	7	0
2 Guinea pigs	1	8
8 Fowls	2	0
12 Mallard.....3d. each	3	0
3 Dozen of eggs.....4d. per dozen	1	0
2 Baskets of flowers	1	0
10 Loaves of white bread	0	4
18 Ditto	0	9
3 Maslin ditto	0	3
1 Barrel of strong beer	2	6
1 Ditto	1	0
1 Quarter of wood	2	2
Nutmegs, mace, and cinnamon	0	3
4 lbs. of Barberries and sugar	1	6
Fruit and almonds	0	0
12 Dozen of oranges	3	0
Sweet-waters and perfumes	0	4
2 Gallons of white wine	1	0
2 ditto of claret	1	0
5 Ditto of sack	3	0
1 Ditto of Malmsey	1	8
1 Ditto of bastard	1	0
Ditto of Muscodine	1	0
Total.....£2	13	11

—At the same dinner, the following speech was delivered. It forms a great contrast to the lengthy ones spoken in our own day. The orator was Mr. Johnny Master, a wealthy citizen of that city.—"Maister Mayor, and may it please your worship, you have feasted us this day like a king. God bless the queen's grace, we have fed plentifully, and whillon (whilst) I can speak plain English, I heartily thank you, Maister Mayor, and so do we all. Answer, boys, answer, bravo, bravo!! Your beer is pleasant and potent, and will soon catch us by the caput, and stop our manners; and so here's for the queen's majesty's grace, and all our bonny-browed dames of honour. Huzza for Maister Mayor and our good dame mayoress. Huzza for his noble grace of Norfolk—there he sits, God bless him! Huzza for all this company, and all our friends round the country, who have a penny in their purse and a English heart in their bellies, to keep out Spanish Dons and Papists, with their faggots, to burn our whiskers. Handle your jugs! shove it about! trout your caps, and huzza for Maister Mayor, his brethren, their worships, and all this jolly company!"

ORIGIN OF BANKS.—Banks, now so useful, were of Venetian invention, and the first was contrived about 1150, to assist in the transaction of a loan, and called "The Chamber of Loans." It soon became the celebrated bank of Venice, and conducted all money transactions. The plan was carried into foreign countries; and the projectors being called Lombards, the great banking street in London is to this day called Lombard-street. Its celebrity led to the establishment of similar public banks at Barcelona, in 1401; at Genoa, 1407; at Amsterdam, in 1609; in London, 1694; at Edinburgh, 1695; and at Paris, in 1716. The bank of England is managed by a governor, deputy, and 24 directors, with about 1,000 clerks.

HISTORY OF CHURCH BELLS.—The antiquity of the bell for holy uses is undoubted. We read in the instructions given to Moses on the Mount respecting the garments of the priesthood (Exodus xxviii.), it is specified that there should be set a golden bell and a pomegranate alternately on the hem of the garment round about; the use and intent of these bells being to give intimation when the priest goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out—(verses 34, 35). Bells also were used in the earliest ages for secular purposes. In the heroic age the Grecian officers visited the sentries with a bell as a signal for watchfulness. A bellman (*iodonophorus*) walked some distance before funeral processions. We read that bells were used on the camels that took Joseph away when sold into bondage by his brothers. Their first application to church purposes, as we at present use them, is ascribed by Polydore Virgil and others to Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, a city of Campania, about the year A.D. 400. If for no other cause, we must thank them as the means whereby we gained the tower, steeple, or belfry, to church architecture, which, while it confers a finish, is so especial a mark of the building being set apart for the worship of the Most High. Sir Henry Spelman quotes in his glossary two old monkish lines, which admirably describe their uses:

"Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum;
Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festo decoro."

The deprivation of them was and is considered still a great disgrace, a public calamity. Henry V. took, as a mark of his triumph, the bells of Calais, and bestowed them on his native place, Monmouth. Probably they were numerous and rich formerly in the well-endowed churches of the East; but the Moslem hordes forbade their use, and melted down the sanctified metal for baser purposes. As yet we have been unable to discover the date of their use in the Kesrowan, though it is not very ancient, probably; however, it now exclusively possesses this privilege; elsewhere this holy sound is hushed. No holy summons

"Bids the sons of mirth be glad;
And tells of sorrow to the sad,—
Reflection to the wise."

ORIGIN OF THE NAME PICCADILLY.—Piccadilly is shown in a map of London, of the time of Queen Elizabeth, as a rudely-defined road out of the town, with one or two houses at the angle where the road, which afterwards became Regent-street, turned off, and a windmill a little to the east of this, the recollection of which is still preserved in Windmill-street. The origin of the name seems uncertain, but it was thought by some at the commencement of the seventeenth century, when it was equally as now a matter of doubt, to have been given to a noted house there as being the skirt or fringe of the town—a *picardill* having been a kind of stiff collar or fringe to the skirt of a garment.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART.—The First Volume of this splendidly embellished work, handsomely bound, price 6s. 6d., or extra cloth gilt edges, 7s. 6d., will be ready July 1, and will contain upwards of Two Hundred Principal Engravings, and an equal number of Minor Engravings, Diagrams, &c. The literary matter will be of the most varied and interesting description, and the volume, considering the enormous cost of its production, will certainly be one of the cheapest ever issued from the press.

SUPERIOR EDITION OF THE POPULAR EDUCATOR.—No publication has ever been welcomed with such tokens of approval from heads of families as the POPULAR EDUCATOR. A circulation of nearly one hundred thousand has already been attained. To meet the urgent wishes of numerous families and individuals, JOHN CASSELL has determined to publish an EXTRA EDITION upon superior paper, at 1½d. per Number, or in Monthly Parts, containing Four Numbers in a neat wrapper, 7d., or when Five Numbers, 8½d. This Extra Edition will be published without the weekly headings. Persons wishing to have this superior paper edition, must give their orders expressly for "*the Extra Edition of* THE POPULAR EDUCATOR;" they will otherwise receive the common edition. The First Part of the Extra Edition is ready, price 7d.; and all the Numbers may be obtained, price 1½d. each.

The EMIGRANT'S HANDBOOK, a Guide to the Various Fields of Emigration in all Parts of the Globe, is now ready, price 6d.

SCRIPTURE LIBRARY FOR THE YOUNG, in Shilling Volumes.—The first two volumes of this instructive series of works, "The LIFE of JOSEPH," illustrated with sixteen choice engravings and maps, and "The TABERNACLE, its PRIESTS, and SERVICES," with twelve engravings, are now ready.

COMPLETION OF JOHN CASSELL'S LIBRARY.—This invaluable Work is now complete, in 25 Volumes, 7d. each in paper covers; double Volumes, cloth, 1s. 6d., or when 3 Vols. in 1, 2s. 3d. The entire Series may be had, bound in cloth, 19s., or arranged in a Library Box, 25s.—Contents—HISTORICAL WORKS:—The History of England. By Dr. R. Ferguson. 4 vols. History of Scotland. By Dr. R. Ferguson. 3 vols. History of Ireland. 3 vols. The History and Sources of the Greatness of the British Empire. By Benjamin Parsons. 1 vol. The History of France. 3 vols. SCIENTIFIC WORKS:—The Natural History of Man. By J. Kennedy. 2 vols. The Wonders of the Heavens. By F. S. Williams. 1 vol. The History of the Steam-Engine. By Professor Wallace. 1 vol. VOYAGES AND TRAVELS:—Sailings over the Globe. 2 vols. Footprints of Travellers in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. 2 vols.

MISCELLANEA.

PUZZLING EPITAPH.—The following curious epitaph was found in a foreign cathedral:—

EPITAPHIUM.
" O quid tuæ
be est biæ
ra ra ra
es et in
ram ram ram
ii."

The following is plainly the solution of the last four lines:—

ra, ra, ra, is thrice *ra*,—*i.e., ter-a-r=terra*.
ram, ram, ram, is thrice *ram*,—*i.e., ter-ram*,
ii is *i* twice,—*i.e., i-bis=ibis*.

Thus the last four lines are,—

" Terra es et in terram ibis."

The first two lines may be thus rendered:—
" O *super* be, quid *super* est, tuæ super biæ ;"
which will be,—

" O superbe quid superest tuæ superbiæ
Terra es et in terram ibis."

" O proud man, what remains of thy pride ?
Dust thou art, and unto dust returnest."

THE ROSE.—Professor Agassiz, in a lecture upon the trees of America, stated a remarkable fact in regard to the family of the rose, which includes among its varieties not only many of the beautiful flowers which are known, but also the richest fruits, such as the apple, pear, peach, plum, apricot, cherry, strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, &c.; namely, that no fossils of plants belonging to this family have ever been discovered by geologists. This he regarded as conclusive evidence that the introduction of this family of plants upon the earth was coeval with or subsequent to the creation of man, to whose comfort and happiness they seem especially designed by Providence to contribute.

THE FOREIGNER IN ENGLAND.—The fact that a foreigner can walk altogether unquestioned, without passport or delay, from John o'Groat's House to the Land's End, has made many persons doubt the security of life in England. A Berlin professor is said to have been quite angry about it. " One goes about in England," said he, " as though expelled from society. No official takes the least notice of one. The dogs are more respected in Berlin. They are all entered and numbered in the dog-book of the police. None but a thief can feel comfortable in England, for he is the only one of whom the government takes notice." The German professor seems to have possessed quite a theoretical prejudice.

HONOUR.—Said one gentleman of honour in New York to another, " If you don't accept my challenge, I shall post you in the papers." " Go a-head," said the other. " I had rather fill a dozen papers than one coffin."

A FEW WORDS FOR THE LITTLE GIRLS.—Who is lovely ? It is the little girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles as she passes along,—who has a kind sympathy for every girl and boy she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty,—who never scolds, never contends, never teases her mother, nor seeks in any way to diminish, but always to increase her happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, or precious stones, which never can be lost ? Take the hand of the friendless,—smile on the sad and dejected,—sympathise with those in trouble.

DIGNITY OF THE AMERICAN PRESS.—The editor of the *American Mechanic* has encountered trials unknown to ordinary men. Hearken unto his wailings:—" Owing to the facts that our papermaker disappointed us, the mails failed, and deprived us of our exchanges, a Dutch pedler stole our scissors, the rats ran off with our paste, and the devils went to the circus, while the editor was at home tending babies, our paper was unavoidably delayed beyond the proper period of publication."

THE SCOTTISH PREFIX.—Ben signifies a hill or mountain. Ben Lomond signifies a bare, green hill. According to others it is a contraction for Ben-loch-lomin,—*i. e.*, the hill of the lake full of islands. Benmore is the great or big mountain; Ben Nevis, the snowy mountain; Ben Venue, the small mountain; Beindeirg, the red mountain; Bencleughs, the rocky mountain.

A DISCOURSE ON DIRT.—Old Dr. Cooper, of South Carolina, used to say to his students, " Don't be afraid of a little dirt, young gentlemen. What is dirt ? Why, nothing at all offensive, when chemically viewed. Rub a little alkali upon that dirty grease-spot on your coat, and it undergoes a chemical change, and becomes soap. Now rub it with a little water, and it disappears; it is neither grease, soap, water, nor dirt. That is not a very odorous pile of dirt you observe there. Well, scatter a little gypsum over it, and it is no longer dirty. Everything you call dirt is worthy your notice as students of chemistry. Analyse it! analyse it! It will all separate into very clean elements. Dirt makes corn; corn makes bread and meat, and bread and meat make the young ladies you kiss. So, after all, you kiss dirt, particularly if their skin be whitened with chalk or Fuller's earth. There is no telling, young gentlemen, what is dirt, though I may say that rubbing such stuff upon the beautiful skin of a young lady is a dirty practice. Pearl powder, I think, is made of bismuth—nothing but dirt."

DEGENERACY OF " THE MEN."—Mrs. Partington says that when she was a gal she used to go to parties and always had a beau to extort her home. But now, she says, the gals undergo all such declivities; the task of extorting them home revolves on their own selves. The old lady drew down her specs, and thanked her stars that she had lived in other days, when men were more palpable in depreciating the worth of the female sex.

LIFE WITHOUT LOVE.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendour of an iceberg surrounded by its broken fragments. There is nardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart ? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections.

CONSCIENCE.—An eminent and witty prelate was once asked if he did not think that such a one followed his conscience. " Yes," said his grace, " I think he follows it as a man does a horse in a gig; he drives it first."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. A. (Lincoln).—The " seven sages of Greece" were Thales, Solon, Bias, Cloobulus, Chilon, Pittacus, and Periander. They were all contemporaries, and they flourished in the sixth century before the Christian era. The great object of their studies was human nature, its duties and its principles of action; and to benefit mankind seems to have been their greatest aim. Their " sayings" consist of pithy aphorisms.

R. J. P.—The weekly newspaper, *The Freeholder*, will, most probably, furnish you with the information you require.

TYRO.—You do well to " write down the thoughts which arise in your mind on various passing events." A determination to persevere in this practice will almost *make* you think, spite of yourself, and will, in connexion with a careful reading of the best authors, greatly improve your style. We do not, however, recommend *Carlyle* " as a model of excellence as to style."

P. CARTER.—*Anthracite* is a black mineral substance. It is not exactly coal, though it is used as fuel. It is the same substance as that which you call " *glance coal.*" It is a mineral charcoal, slowly combustible, but without flame, and contains about 90 per cent. of pure carbon. It has been strongly recommended as steam-engine fuel; and iron, smelted with anthracite, is said to be superior to other kinds of iron in *strength*. We question, however, whether it would suit your purpose, as iron so made is less *elastic* than that smelted with other kinds of coal.

R. G.—We are not of opinion that any property possessed by *your wife*, in her own exclusive right, can entitle *you* to claim a vote for the county. If she has sufficient regard for you to enable you, out of her property, to become a member of " *The Freehold Land Society*," you may, in process of time, be entitled to a vote on your own account.

AN INQUIRER.—We confess we have not sufficient faith in " mesmerism" to induce us to recommend you to study it.

K. R.—By " *Raffaelle's Cartoons*," we usually understand the seven cartoons by that renowned painter which are exhibited in one of the galleries at Hampton Court; the subjects of which are, " Paul preaching at Athens," " The Death of Ananias," " Elymas the Sorcerer struck blind," " Christ delivering the keys to Peter," " Sacrificing to Paul at Lystra," " The Apostles healing the Sick," " The miraculous draught of Fishes." Engravings from these have frequently been published in this country, as well as on the continent. Raffaelle's cartoons were originally twenty-five in number, but most of them have been lost or destroyed. The finest set of English engravings from the Cartoons at Hampton Court are those by the Holloway family; they were published at a very high price, but are now selling at £5 or £6 the seven. You will find them admirable studies.

SOLITARY.—The subjects of which you speak, and to which you say you expected to have found volumes devoted in " John Cassell's Library," will be taken up in detail in his new publication, " The Popular Educator."

B. B. (Banbury).—" Geography" will be the subject of many lessons in " The Popular Educator." The first lesson will have been published by the time this meets your eye. You can only obtain the knowledge you desire by consulting a very large map of the world, the expense of which is considerable; but several small maps, including that of the two hemispheres, will be found in " The Educator."

HIBERNIAN.—As Iowa became a member of the United States so recently as 1846, we can hardly venture to pronounce upon its suitableness as a state for the development of industrial effort.

TOM THUMB, " aged eighteen, and only about five feet high," wishes to know how he can " improve his growth," and also " the exact height of Lord John Russell." Will any of our correspondents relieve " Tom Thumb's anxiety ?"

A. E.—No patent-rights will interfere with your experiments in electro-metallurgy, so long as you do not attempt to *sell* their results.

THREE READERS should buy the " Handbook for Emigrants," published by John Cassell, price 6d.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. II., NO. 35.] SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE HOLY LAND.

JERUSALEM AND ITS ENVIRONS.

IF the traveller mounts the ruined minaret attached to the deserted mosque on Mount Olivet, he will enjoy one of the finest views of the Holy City and of its vicinity which can anywhere be obtained. Immediately below, even to the opposite brink of the Valley Kedron, Jerusalem lies spread out before him. The strong outlines of the Castle of David are seen on the western horizon. The cupolas of the convents of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, the slender minarets on the north-east hill of the city, one after another, stand out to view in the maze of the many roofs of houses, some with low vaults, some flat, and surrounded by distinct, perforated walls, which again he pursues, until he casts a calm look into the great court of the Haram, inaccessible to him, and contemplates the beauty of the mosques, of the octagonal Sakrah, covered with the most beautiful cupola imaginable, and of the Aksa,—reminding him of the Basilica form of the Christian churches,—surrounded in solemn silence, and almost melancholy, by the lively verdure and flourishing trees, such scarcities in these parts. Turning the eye towards the south, a lofty range of the mountains of Judah limits the horizon in a wide sweep, commencing at the mountains of Tekoa, and running westward. The Frank Mountain (Jebel Furdeis), and the environs of Bethlehem, are also visible. Nearer, and in the same direction, lies a ridge, whereupon stands the Greek monastery of Mar Elias; on this side lies the plain, supposed to be the plain of "Rephaim," contracting itself towards the south-west, into the Rose Valley (Wady-el-Ward), which conveys to the environs of Jerusalem, from the sea, damp fogs or cooling sea-breezes, according to the season. Towards the west lies the nearest parallel slope of the mountain ridge, which bears the Holy City itself, and over which lies the Jaffa road. Further to the north, the height of Neby Samwil rises up steeply with its mosque, from whence he can see the Mediterranean; further in the background the mountains of Samaria; and lastly, towards the east, there is the valley of the Jordan beneath, where a green streak on a whitish ground marks the course of the river towards the Dead Sea, into the mirror of which he here and there may look, between the undulating hills on this side, and see how it reflects the rocky shores beyond. And if he follow the eastern boundary of the plain

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM.

of the Jordan from north to south, there is a continuous chain of mountains, as far as the steep cliffs of the Dead Sea, above which rises, deeper in the country, Jebel Shîhân, with its compressed and gently-rising summit, which is in the winter-time frequently covered with snow; while, close to the sea, the valley-clefts of the Zerka river and the Arnon (Wady Mojeb) are plainly to be distinguished; and during clear weather the old fortress, Kerak, also appears like a rock-nest, where the sea has long since disappeared from his eyes, which, after a complete circle, again rest on the place whence he set out.

David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot; and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up." In the lapse of ages this same mount was trodden by One who was David's Lord as well as David's Son. In the days of his flesh, he ofttimes spent hours in the shady groves of Olivet; and when his ministry was drawing to a close he was wont to leave the city, at the approach of night, and to resort to the Mount of Olives to pray and meditate against the time of his agony and death. It was on his last visit to the Holy City that, as he drew nigh and had passed through Bethphage and Bethany, that he sent two of his disciples for the ass and the colt, in order that he might make his entry into the city of his own, though his own received him not. They spread their garments upon the animal; they placed the Redeemer thereupon; and as they went, they acknowledged him as their king; "a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in the way; and the multitudes that went before and that followed cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David; blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest; peace in heaven, and glory in the highest!" Pharisaic pride and ignorance asked for a reproof on these rejoicing thousands; but "he answered, and said unto them, I tell you that if these should hold their peace the stones would immediately cry out." From this point, as he was now descending the hill-side, he beheld the city, the glorious city, as she lay spread out in her magnificence and strength before him, and from those sacred eyes flowed tears of infinite love and compassion. He, who knew the end from the beginning—he who knew the emptiness and nothingness of all human power, might, and splendour—he wept over Jerusalem, and exclaimed, from the depths of his mercy and goodness, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace!—but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass the round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation." * Ah, thou ruined and degraded city, thy house is left unto thee desolate; Zion is ploughed as a field; Jerusalem has become heaps, and the mountain of the house as the high places of the forest.†

We may not now stop to examine those monuments of other days, said to be the tomb of Absalom, the tomb of Jehoshaphat, the cave of St. James, &c.; neither can we linger here in the valley of Jehoshaphat, beautiful as it is, with its fig, olive, and pomegranate trees, and its gardens of melons and cucumbers; and full of solemn interest, as it must always be in connexion with the glowing language of the prophet Joel (iii. 1, &c.). Ascending, slowly and thoughtfully, the steep and stony path to St. Stephen's gate, as the visitor traverses the lonely streets once more, he is more than ever struck with their deserted appearance, and with the sad and mournful condition of the Holy City: do not the words of lamentation and sorrow seem, as it were to force themselves on the mind; and can he refrain from uttering, to himself, at least, the language of that holy man whose eyes ran down, "with rivers of waters for the destruction of the daughter of his people?"

* Luke xix. 29, 35—44; Matt. xxi. 8, 9; Mark xi. 9, 10.
† Micah iii. 12.

"How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people!
How is she become a widow! she that was great among the nations
And princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary!
* * * * * * *
All that pass by clap their hands at thee;
They hiss and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying,
'Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?'" *

It will, doubtless, gratify the reader to look at the exterior of the Holy City. Let us then pass out of the Damascus-gate, and turning to the left, proceed to make the entire circuit of its walls. Though there are hills close by, they are not so high or commanding as in other parts, and that towards the north, is quite a broad, cultivated plain or valley, which it appears Agrippa intended to include in the city, when he projected enlarging its limits on the north, and fortifying it in such wise as would have rendered it impregnable. As we advance, it is worth while to observe that the present walls are built, to some extent, upon the solid rock, which rises here and there considerably above the surface, and that the rocks have been scarped, and the fosse, or regularly-constructed ditch, for the most part wholly neglected. The walls, it has been said would prove of little service against an invading army well supplied with artillery,† but they are stronger than they seem. The side on which we now are has always been the most vulnerable, and from the time of the Romans downward, Jerusalem has been attacked and taken from the northerly approach. After a little while we come to the northwestern angle of the wall, which appears to project a considerable distance, as if for the purpose of including some spot useful in a military point of view. Following the course of the wall, we soon after reach the Bethlehem or Jaffa gate, and have in full view the large, massive fortress or citadel, which, doubtless, properly manned, would be a place of very great strength. The foundations seem to be of very early date, and at one corner is the square, solidly built tower, which Dr. Robinson supposes to be the tower of Hippicus. On our right, you see the valley of Gihon, as it has been termed, and not far off the remarkable excavation, marked on the maps as the lower pool of Gihon; it is now quite dry and useless, but in the earlier days of Jerusalem's prosperity, this one, and the one farther up the valley, must have been important to the comfort and refreshment of the city. The view here is like what may be seen, alas, nearly everywhere in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, producing upon the mind a deep feeling of sadness and sorrow, for the degraded and unhappy condition of the city of David. The soil appears barren and unfruitful; here and there are a few trees and some terraced spots under cultivation; but mostly all is stony, dry, and yielding little or no increase. In a few minutes we come to the corner of the wall which turns towards the east, crossing the crown of Mount Zion. Here in this vicinity are the cemeteries of the Christians in Jerusalem, as well as that not long ago purchased by the American mission, as the resting-place of their dead. From this point we will diverge from the wall, and include in our walk the valley of Hinnom, and some points of interest near at hand.

You will notice, as we proceed, how rugged and steep are the southerly sides and slopes of Mount Zion; and when, after a while, we find ourselves in the gorge of the hills, the Hill of Evil Counsel on the one hand, and Zion on the other, with the lovely vale of Hinnom stretching out before us, we cannot but give ourselves to the recollections of bygone days, and the sober and chastening reflections which these localities must ever produce. The idolatrous monarchs of Judah here dishonoured and despised the Lord in worshipping stocks and stones, and here caused his fierce anger to burn against the wickedness of his people. Ahaz "made molten images for Baalim: moreover he burnt incense in the valley of the son of

* Lam. i. 1; ii. 15.

† Mr. Williams quotes the opinion of Lieutenant-Colonel Alderson of the Corps of Royal Engineers. Speaking of the Tower of David, he says, "It would require heavy artillery to breach it. The walls too of the city are sufficiently strong to require something more than field artillery to effect a breach in them; whilst their position, surrounded on every side by mountains, and difficult of approach for heavy artillery, gives to the fortifications which surround the Holy City an importance which their first appearance would not seem to justify.—*Holy City*.

Hinnom, and burnt his children in the fire, after the abomination of the heathen, whom the Lord had cast out before the children of Israel." Manasseh, the wicked son of the good Hezekiah, did evil in the sight of the Lord; "and he caused his children to pass through the fire in the valley of the son of Hinnom;" but his grandson, the noble young Josiah, walked in all the way of David his father, and turned not aside to the right hand or to the left; "and he defiled Topheth, which is in the valley of the children of Hinnom, that no man might make his son or his daughter to pass through the fire to Moloch." He made it a receptacle for the burnt carcasses and bones, and the filth and refuse of the city, keeping fires there continually, in order to consume what was thrown into it, and to render it ever after odious in the eyes of the idolatrously inclined people. "Hence," as says the learned Joseph Mede, "this place being so many ways execrable, it came to be translated to signify the place of the damned, as the most accursed, execrable, and abominable of all places." So true are Milton's words:—

"First, Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipped in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God,
On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell."

"There is something," says Mr. Bartlett, "in the scenery of this valley and the hill above, its tombs hewn in the rock, long since tenantless; the gray gloom of its old fig and olive trees, starting from the fissures of the crags; the overhanging wall of Zion, desolate almost as in the time of her captivity, that forcibly recalls the wild and mournful grandeur of the prophetic writings. Within it, too, is the traditionary 'Aceldama,' or Field of Blood, of the traitor Judas; a small plot of ground, overhung with one precipice, and looking down another into the glen below, on which is a deep charnel-house, into which it was formerly the custom to throw the bodies of the dead, as the earth was supposed to have the power of rapidly consuming them. This place was selected as the burial-place for pilgrims who died at Jerusalem in the middle ages. Such are the scenes that have passed in Hinnom; it is like the scroll of the prophet, 'written within and without with mourning, and lamentation, and woe.'"*

At this time we will not dwell upon the more minute points in the prospect before us; as a whole, this deep valley has an air of beauty unsurpassed by aught in the vicinity of Jerusalem; and the terraced sides of the mount, the gardens of olive, fig, and other trees, the verdant plots of grain and grass, the few features of life and activity in the rustic cultivators of the soil, and other circumstances, give to it attractions of no ordinary kind; but it requires more space than we can now devote to it, to do it justice. We must hasten on: passing by the Fountain of Nehemiah, or well of Job (Joab), which is probably identical with En-Rogel, we may spend a little while in gazing upon the Pool of Siloam, where are "the waters of Shiloah that go softly."† It is picturesquely situate on the steep of Mount Zion, with the lofty hill rising up grandly above it, to a great height. We here turn to the northward again. On our right, perched on the shelving cliffs which overhang the valley of Jehoshaphat, is the petty village of Selwan, or Siloam, with its scanty population, and its dwellings in the excavated rock; and some distance up the valley, pursuing the dry bed of the Kedron, we come to the Fountain of the Virgin, which, it was ascertained by Dr. Robinson, is connected by means of a subterranean channel cut in a serpentine course (1,750 feet long), with the Pool of Siloam. This fountain is well worth examination, and deeply interests the visitor who descends a flight of well-worn steps, cut through the rock, and very irregular, into a chamber, or cave in the rock, roughly hewn, and well (though not steadily) supplied with water. Mr. Williams informs us that there are twenty-six steps, making the depth about twenty-five feet, for the steps are deep. Mounting the hillside once more, by a rugged and toilsome path, we follow again the course of the wall on the side of the Haram: all around are the tombs and graves of the Mohammedan dead. On our left is the long line of lofty wall, looking down from this side, into the great depth of which Josephus speaks, in giving an account of the temple edifice. We pass the Golden Gate, now closed, and cannot but admire the remains, even yet visible, of this noble city entrance. We see stuck out of the top of the wall a part of a round stone pillar, on which, says the story, Mohammed is to sit when the nations are gathered together for judgment, in the valley of Jehoshaphat. We soon reach St. Stephen's gate, and after a while pass entirely round the north-easterly corner of the wall, arriving in due time at the Damascus gate, whence we set out. The whole circuit of the modern walls is 12,978 feet, or nearly two miles and a half. Suliman I., the son of Selim I., erected the walls nearly as they now are, A.H. 948 (= A.D. 1542).

* "Walks about Jerusalem," p. 62. † Is. viii. 6.

THE WORKING MAN'S JOY AT THE APPEARANCE OF SUMMER.

Like a gorgeous monarch heralded forth,
By wing'd musicians, loyal, dutiful;
Or like a sunny creature full of mirth,
Thou comest, blithe Summer, crown'd and beautiful.

I feel thy breath upon my cheek and brow,
I hear thy glad voice sounding o'er the lea,
And my fond heart is overflowing now,
Thou comest so fair, so musical, so free.

I'm glad ambition cannot fence the sun,
Nor snatch the seasons from my ear and eye;
And when rejoicing comes the poet one,
Yon rich lord feels no loftier than I.

Why let them claim their acres, I possess
These tones and breezes, and this landscape view;
I feel the power of Nature's loveliness,
Perhaps, more than the land-possessors do.

Quite true, I labour; this is mean, they say,
Greatness must only fight or legislate;
But let the toilers cast their tools away,
And what becomes of England's boasted state?

Enough! I have my golden hours of rest,
A heart for duty, hands for labour still;
The truly brave are they who work the best,
And thus perform the great Creator's will.

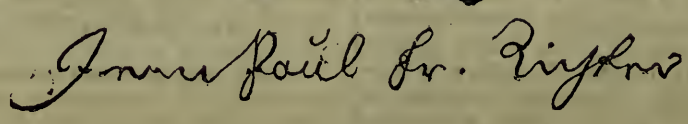
Then welcome, Summer, to our isle again!
O welcome, song-bird, breeze, and flower, and bee;
Ye come with lofty teachings unto men,
And songs of labour, love, and liberty!

J. R., Burnley.

Omnibuses in America.—The American omnibuses (says Mr. Watkins, in his "Trip to the United States") cannot afford the surplus labour of a conductor. The driver has entire charge of the machine; he drives, opens and shuts, or "fixes" the door; takes the money; exhorts the passengers to be "smart," all by himself, yet he never quits his box. He keeps command of the door, by having beside him the end of a leather strap, which is fastened to the door, and passes along the roof through a number of rings to a catch by his side. When he wishes to open the door, he slackens; when he desires to shut it, he tightens the strap, and thus no one can give him leg-bail, and be off without paying the fare. The money is paid to him, and directions to stop given through a hole in the roof just below his seat; and it is marvellous with what celerity and *sang-froid* he takes your money, and, perhaps, gives you change, with one hand, while driving his team with the other through a crowded neighbourhood. He seems, too, to possess the power of speaking to his horse and his passengers at the same time, and sometimes you doubt whether he is not practising a kind of ventriloquism, for you hear him call out the name of your street, invite some new customer to enter his vehicle, and ironically inform his rival drivers that he "just does guess they are particular smart" for running across his path or stopping in his way, almost in the same breath.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

That age which gave to Germany Lessing, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, and Herder, also produced a man who, although not destined to share the popularity of these great writers, will yet occupy an eminent place as a profound thinker. This man is Richter. In him we find represented, so to speak, the German character, full of mysterious fancies and profound conceptions, and striking contrasts of light and shade. To read and understand his works is no easy matter, and requires no small amount of attention and serious study. His writings overflow with the spirit of German life, of the boundless forests and solitary mountains, of sunny meadows and dark, silent streams. His writings are full of a spirit peculiar to himself—a strong and powerful nature, which throws aside the common artificial ornaments and the embellishments of conventionality. Jean Paul has a deep feeling for capricious fancies and daring touches, and few who have studied his writings will rise from them with any feelings but of pleasure and admiration. Richter was born at Wiensiedel in 1763. His father, a poor clergyman, died early, and his mother strained every energy to place her son in the Leipzig University. Having finished his studies, he returned home, and there, in a single room, while his mother sat at her spinning-wheel, or busied herself with her household duties, the future author of "Titan" sat at his desk, studied the works of antiquity, and collected, with indefatigable ardour, that comprehensive knowledge which he displays in his writings. To assist his mother in providing for their domestic wants, he gave lessons to several neighbours' children in his tender and paternal manner. This task, although severe, brought in but a small remuneration. Money was scarce in their household; and if by accident he was able to put aside some small amount to buy an Easter present for his mother, it was a time of unusual happiness to him.



As a relief from his scholastic duties and his unwearied labour, Jean Paul was accustomed to take long walks into the country, accompanied only by his dog. He observed and studied everything around him. Nature was a book which he was never wearied of perusing; she inspired him with a profound veneration. "Do you," he asks of himself, in one of his works, "enter this vast temple with a pure mind? Do you bring with you any evil passions into this garden, where the flowers blossom and the birds sing—any hatred into this glorious nature? Do you possess the calmness of the brook, where the works of the Creator are reflected as in a mirror? Ah! that my heart were as pure, as peaceful, as nature when just created by the hand of God!"

During the summer, Jean Paul often carried his books and his writings to a neighbouring hill, and laboured, surrounded by that nature whose images reflected themselves so vividly upon his mind—whose harmonies are so clearly echoed by his words. He contemplated nature as a poet, and described it as a philosopher. A blade of glass or the wing of a butterfly sufficed to awaken in him a spirit of scientific analysis, but at the same time a vein of gentle reveries. In studying nature with deep attention, he also studied the most hidden recesses of his own heart. He kept an exact journal of his feelings, of the faults he discovered in himself, and wished to correct, and of the virtues he desired to acquire. In this journal we find the following:—"This morning I took out with me a writing-case, and wrote as I walked. I am delighted at having conquered two of my failings—my disposition to lose my temper in conversation, and to lose my cheerfulness when I have been plagued by dust or gnats. Nothing makes me more indifferent to the small annoyances of life than the consciousness of a moral amelioration."

Another time he says, "I picked up a withered rose-leaf, which the children were treading underfoot, on the floor of the church, and on this soiled and dusty leaf my imagination built up a world rejoicing in all the charms of summer. I thought of the day when some child held this flower in its hand, and watched the blue sky and the rolling clouds through the windows of the church, where the cold dome of the temple was inundated with light—where the shadows, here and there obscuring the arches, rivalled those which the fleeting clouds cast upon the meadows in their course. Father of kindness! thou hast everywhere scattered the germs of happiness—all things are endowed by thee with a glorious perfume!"

Although his existence was passed in almost entire solitude, it was not from sombre misanthropy. On the contrary, his heart was filled with charity and universal benevolence. He has been known to shed tears at the sight of a cripple, or a child in distress. Even the care of animals occupied part of his spare time. He usually had several favourite animals in his room; he kept canaries, which were accustomed to descend by a ladder, and hop among his papers.

In 1798 he married a young lady in Berlin, Camille Meyer. This marriage was full of happiness to him, and he mentions it several times with exquisite taste. He had two daughters and a son. At this time he had become generally known by several works, among which are "Levana, or Lessons on Education," and the "Campaner Thal." By his writings, as well as by his marriage, his worldly affairs were much benefited; but he was still the same simple and unassuming being, devoted to study and enjoying every innocent pleasure and recreation of life. Once only did he visit Berlin and Weimar, to see those men whose writings had so often roused his enthusiasm; but soon returned home, more full than ever of his poetic dreams.

We are indebted to his daughter for many pleasant details of his calm and peaceful domestic life. "In the morning he always came to our mother's room to wish us good morning. His dog gambolled around him, and his children clung to him, and when he retired tried to put their little feet into his slippers to retain him, or hanging to the skirts of his coat till he reached the door of his study, where only his dog had the privilege of following him. Occasionally we invaded the upper story, where he worked; we crept along the passage on our hands and feet, and knocked at his door till he let us in. Then he would take an old trumpet and fife from a box, on which we made a horrible noise while he continued his writing.

"In the evening he told us stories, or spoke to us of God, of other worlds, of our grandfather, and of many other subjects. When he commenced his stories we all endeavoured to sit close to him. As his table, covered with papers, prevented our approaching him in front, we clambered over a large box to

the back of his couch, where he lay full length, with his dog beside him, and when all were seated he began his stories.

"At meals he sat down to table merrily and listened attentively to all we had to tell him; sometimes he would arrange one of our stories in such a manner that the little narrator would be quite surprised at the effect. He never gave us direct lessons, but, notwithstanding, he was constantly instructing us."

Towards the end of his life, Jean Paul was afflicted with a sad infirmity; he became blind, but supported this misfortune with a pious resignation; his gaiety even did not appear to be affected. The beauties of nature were treasured in his mind, and he regarded them through the eyes of memory. He still studied by having his favourite authors read aloud, and thought with greater calmness than ever.

On the 14th of November, 1820, he was confined to his bed. His wife brought him a garland of flowers, which had been sent to him. He passed his fingers over these flowers, and they seemed to revive his faculties. "Ah! my beautiful flowers," he said, "my dear flowers!" Then he fell into a tranquil sleep. His wife and friends regarded him silently. His countenance had a calm expression, his brow seemed unclouded, but his wife's tears fell on his face without arousing him. Gradually his respiration became less regular; a slight spasm passed over his features, and the physician said, "He is dead." Thus passed from this world a man who was able to accord his actions to his thoughts; his life and the works he has left behind are abundant proof.

MODERN PROPHETS.

MANY were the echoes caught of old from the far To Come; oracles spoke to the Greeks from the silence of rock and fountain; stars, to the Chaldeans' gaze, cast their light upon futurity; and the Scythian shepherd saw the shadows of coming years in the clouds that flitted across the sky of his desert; but the old prophet voices, haunting grot and grove of the early world, are gone. The earth has outlived the mystery as well as the faith of her childhood. We have left the Grecian Pythoness, the Roman Sibyl, and the Crusader's astrologer, far behind among the debris of the past. The German prophets, the French visionists, and all of the Solomon Eagle school, rest with the swords of the Thirty Years' War, the shades of the Huguenots, and the ashes of the Covenant, save when some rag of their time-tattered mantle descends on the shoulders of a Mormon among the slave-markets that illustrate "American Freedom." The future is now indeed our Isis with the still unlifted veil. Yet, even in this age of steam and commerce—the two great allied sovereigns that share our world between them; amid the flutter of railway scrip, the flourish of pens, both steel and goosequill; the rattle of types, and the buzz of growing factories—we have our prophets yet; ay, reader, and prophetesses too, who deliver their oracles with a good will that rarely waits to be consulted. It may be the very liberality of their wisdom at times makes it undervalued, for even diamonds, when given away, are despised, as the lately discovered mines of Bahia are expected to prove; but certain it is, that most of our modern prophets share the fate of Cassandra, for they find few believers, though marvellously strong in the faith of their own revealings.

But let us descend to particular description for the benefit of those who may not have met with a specimen of the inspired.

They are found in all ranks of society, from the palace to the hovel, but most frequently in that widely-diffused, though rather indefinite, order known as "The Middle Class." The external appearance of their fleshly tabernacles, however, differs considerably from those of the far-seeing souls of elder time, whose wasted frames, haggard faces, and dishevelled hair, proclaimed how fearful a thing it was to draw the curtains of fate. But the Jonahs that warn our modern Ninevehs are, on the contrary, portly, well-dressed, "well-to-do-in-the-world-looking" individuals, rather elderly,—for we never knew either man or woman take to prophesying earlier than thirty; and, from our own observation and experience, we believe that inspiration seldom becomes habitual till after the fortieth year.

They are, moreover, generally married. Bachelors rarely utter predictions, except they happen to own a considerable sum in the funds, and a proportionate number of nephews and nieces in the neighbourhood; and old maids never, except in extreme cases, or when "coming scandals cast their tattle before."

But whether in single or double blessedness, it is a fact not to be disputed, that the prophets and prophetesses of our age are invariably in possession of more of the current coin of the realm than the whole of their kindred and acquaintances, to whom they are usually most bounteous of advice, and ready on all occasions—particularly when the least dissent from their opinions is expressed—to inform them what shall befall them in their latter days.

The most notable prophet of our acquaintance—and it has comprehended some originals, including ourselves (peace to their shades who have gone before us, for we begin to be alone), but the most remarkable in the prophesying line was Samson Heavyside. Samson was, or rather had been, the principal shopkeeper of Chatterford, a small country town known to our memory as home, in the years when home was precious as a place of friends and holidays; that stood out in brilliant contrast with the cold and tiresome school. Well, we remember it yet; its broad great streets, where a row would have made an era, and a crowd was never known; its old-fashioned brick houses with their narrow windows, and the girls that looked out at them, are all changed since, except in our dreams; its small sober-looking shops, that seemed to our childhood's fancy rich with a wealth we never found in all the world of men; but above all we remember—Samson Heavyside. Politeness would have termed him a rather stout gentleman, for his circumference considerably exceeded his altitude, which was at the best a something below the middle stature; in youth he had been handsome—at least Mrs. Heavyside said so, and we suppose she ought to know; but the period had passed before our recollection, and to us he appeared with a countenance round and rosy as the full rising moon,—poets, forgive the simile; a globular head bald as that of the seer of old, for Time himself had shaven it; and a pair of small blue eyes filled with an unvarying expression of self-satisfaction, for he had grown rich, and was listened to in Chatterford; and he also possessed such a peculiar knack of closing the said windows of his soul against our external world and all its vanities on occasions of high and solemn prediction, that the act served as a signal to his acquaintances, informing them that prophecy on a great scale was about to commence.

Samson had been in business almost from his boyhood, and seemed one of those destined by nature to "have and to hold," as the church service hath it; with knowledge just sufficient to carry on trade in the country; habits that were constitutionally regular and steady; and a mind that never strayed beyond the same narrow circle of commonplace ideas. He had scraped and plodded on in the village where he was born, and though gifted with little energy and less enterprise, had contrived to become the Rothschild of Chatterford, while scores of his contemporaries, with better abilities and more prosperous beginnings, were still struggling amid the thousand difficulties which beset fathers of large and respectable families.

Fortune had charmed Samson from all such drains on the purse, for he had no family except what was constituted by himself and Mrs. Heavyside—a thrifty but simple-minded dame, remarkable only for her activity in housekeeping, and an immovable trust in the prophetic powers of her husband. They had married prudently, though somewhat late in life, yet with a due consideration of each other's worldly possessions; and after saving and managing together for more than twenty years, during which Samson's ability and readiness for prediction increased with every additional hundred that swelled his credit at the bank, Mr. Heavyside at length made up his mind to retire from business to a large house which he had built—to use his own words—"on purpose for himself," leaving the now empty shop and long brick edifice which he had formerly occupied to a widowed sister with two sons and as many daughters, who managed to keep up a decent appear-

ance by their united industry, and also afforded matter for their uncle's foretelling wisdom when other subjects were scarce in Chatterford. Often were their fortunes declared, and under various aspects, for Samson had now nothing to do but prophesy.

We know not whether it was the weight of unemployed time or the silence of his home, unbroken by the music of young voices, that made the old man's stay within its walls so brief, for his oracles were generally delivered where most of his hours were spent, wind and weather permitting,—at the open door.

Worthy old Samson Heavyside; he rises still to our imagination most prominent of the things that were in Chatterford. We see him in his old accustomed station one sunny morning, clad, or rather rolled up, in black broadcloth—for he was one of those individuals whose garments seem intended as swaddling bands for them—casting ominous and wrathful glances over the way at the new and handsome window with which his nephews had commenced shopkeeping in the scene of his early sales; and still less gentle looks at the other extremity of the house, where an advertisement board proclaimed to all concerned the long list of accomplishments taught in the seminary "for young ladies" just opened by the widow's two daughters. "A great change that, Mr. Heavyside," said the apothecary next door, as he stepped out with a warning word to the young apprentice. "Now, that's what I call improvement."

Samson answered only by an awful shake of the head, and then, closing his eyes in due form, he proceeded to business.

"Yes, Dr. Smith, no doubt you would call it improvement; but I can tell you that family will be ruined, totally ruined and undone: within the next twelve months a dark deal shutter will cover their nice-trimmed window, and they'll all be in the debtors' prison or somewhere worse, and that's just their deserving. Couldn't them there foolish young men keep the shop as I had it before them? They'll never make as much money, I fancy! And as for the girls, what call had they for a school? Couldn't they wash, and sew, and darn, as their mother did? though they mightn't earn much, it would keep them out of harm's way. There's no standing the pride of young people, doctor; but mind, I tell you it will get a downcome!" Such were Samson's responses; and a year passed over the earth with all its chance and change, and left some traces of its footsteps even on that small community.

Samson stood again at his door on another sweet sunny morning, such as our English summer sheds on the quiet villages. But Chatterford was not then quiet; the bells of the old church were ringing a wild and merry peal, and half the town were moving to the sound with a flutter of white ribbons and muslin, for the widow's eldest daughter was to be married to a young artist, the son of a neighbour, and born to prospects even less brilliant than her own. There had been an early promise between them, which he returned to claim after years of toil in a distant city, where he had won less wealth than reputation, and that day was Mary's wedding. Samson stood forth, but not to join the bridal procession, for he remembered that young Burnell's father made shoes while he sold sugar; therefore he voted the match low, and prophesied against it accordingly.

Out stepped Dr. Smith, again to enjoy the usual gossip, and after him out stepped to the door the young apprentice. Readers, we are above concealing the fact, that apprentice was ourselves; but we had not then assumed the plural, for time had not yet given the royalty of the pen, in which we now rejoice, meagre and circumscribed though it be as that of a German margrave, and put to sad shifts at times to maintain its dignity, especially in the "financial department."

But let us not speak of those things, for they, and more than they, were foretold to us a thousand times by the prescience of Samson, though we believed in better; and our first sonnet was already written: it was never printed, except in our memory, and the subject thereof was Mary. The doctor opened the session by observing "That it was a fine day, and a very fine wedding." But Samson's eyes were already closed in prophetic fashion. "Yes, doctor," said he, "simple people may imagine so; but I can tell you it is a most unlucky day for my niece, poor thing; she'll never live happy; and before a twelvemonth they'll both be in the workhouse, depend upon it, doctor. I know what's to happen, and that will be a just dispensation of Providence on her for disgracing all her relations by marrying a shoemaker's son; for they are disgraced, though they don't know it, the creatures; and on him, for looking up to my sister's daughter; but they'll all go to ruin anyway."

The wedding procession had passed, and we might not follow, though our heart went after it; for we felt we were but an apprentice; yet the old grocer's last observation woke the slumbering soul of chivalry within us, as now, in the world's grey and frosty age, it wakes only in the breast of eighteen; and in spite of the power of his bank stock, in spite of the terrors of Doctor Smith, yea, and the fear of our own mother's lecture, we shouted at the top of our voice—and truly that was no small pitch—pointing at the same time to the still well-painted and better-filled window over the way. "Ha, old boy, you prophesied as bad about the shop and the school this time last year, and there they are both yet!"

Doctor Smith stood dumb with astonishment, all the old people within hearing ran to the doors, and Samson opened his eyes on us in mingled wrath and amazement; but the seer of Chatterford had an original mode of interpreting his own predictions. "You young saucebox," cried he, in no very gentle tone, advancing, as if with intent to collar, "didn't I say they would all be ruined, except they amended their ways; and so they did, though it *warn't* much; but they'll all be ruined, anyway, and so will you, you young villain;" and his eyes closed, "Doctor Smith, that boy will be hanged yet." And Samson withdrew into the sanctity of his own four walls, giving the door a prophetic bang behind him, where he edified Mrs. Heavyside with many an awful disclosure regarding the futurity of the whole town, and ourselves in particular, till both deplored in concert the foreseen misfortunes; for though Samson rarely prophesied anything but evil, there was no malice in his composition, and the only subject of lamentation he and his helpmate had (by the by, an indispensable article to some people) was found in his own predictions, for they never doubted their fulfilment. We will not linger to relate how Doctor Smith expressed his sense of our merits on the occasion, nor recall the animadversions of our mother, prolonged though they were to a rather late hour that evening; but from that day Samson displayed an unusual interest in our destiny, and his versions concerning it generally vacillated between the gallows and the workhouse.

Years passed away. We had gone forth into the world, and tried our strength amid the strife of men; we had mingled with the crowds of cities; we had learned their lessons; alas! for the knowledge of good and evil is strangely blended; and we had gained some steps, short and slippery though they were, in the highway of fortune; but sufficient to give our words a weight and our opinions an importance unknown to apprentice-doings among the magnates of Chatterford; for we had returned a greater if not a better man; but the tracks of time were deep in that quiet corner: many were altered, and some were missed; for the scythe had been there as well as the sand-glass; but as we sauntered up the street in all our travelled glory to revisit the scene of our early bondage, in the shop of Doctor Smith our ear was caught by a sound of other days:—"Doctor, depend upon it, I know what's to happen; the bush-rangers will rob them, and the kangaroos will eat them, and they'll never get as much as a Christian funeral; but people will go to their own destruction."

And there stood Samson in the old accustomed station, with his eyes fast closed, prophesying to our former instructor against the intended voyage of his young niece and nephew, who were bound for the far Australia. Their mother was dead, and their elder brother had married. Mary and her husband (we have forgiven the fellow) were growing rich and prosperous, and the solitary brother and sister hoped to better their fortune in the southern "Land of Promise."

Samson had an old man's dislike of emigration, and had been more than usually liberal of his predictions, having already foretold shipwreck and misfortunes of every possible shape by land and sea; for it was only the conclusion of the vision that reached our ear. But pleasant letters came back from that wandering pair—letters full of hope and prosperity—and both married well in the distant colony. It was thought that Samson showed something very like disappointment at

the news; but he prophesied on; and as the march of the world's improvement gradually neared the narrow sphere of his observation, matters of more public import found a place in his revelations. A library was established in Chatterford, and he prophesied against that; people nevertheless read, and the books increased in number. A news-room arose, and Samson foretold its doom. But it prospered, and he was at length caught reading the Queen's speech quietly by its fire. But as the old man's thread of life grew thinner, his predictions took a more alarming turn, and his inherent love of the terrible seemed to strengthen; till at length, on the lighting of Chatterford with gas, he was actually known to run from house to house, warning his neighbours against the catastrophe which must follow, and when no one believed his report, Samson stationed himself as usual at his own door, and made a point of calling in every passer-by to give them private instruction from the depths of his boding vision. We know not what decrees of Fate he made known against the steam-engine and power-looms, some of which were now established in the neighbourhood, but many of the rising generation openly avowed that Samson was insane, and the men of his own age had lost confidence in his foreknowledge, for some of them had grown as rich as himself. But Mrs. Heavyside's faith was still the same, and in her he found a believing listener when all Chatterford failed him.

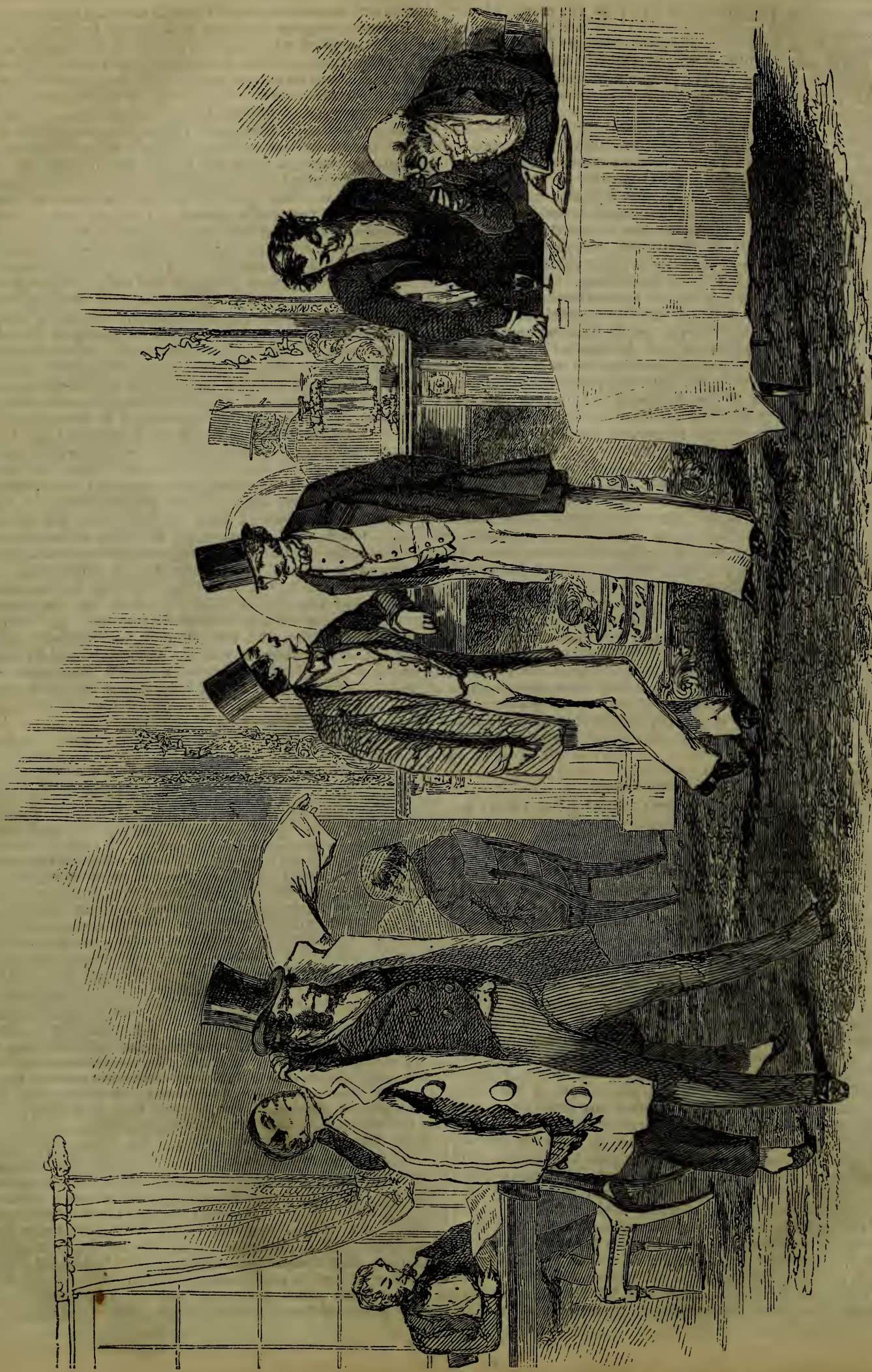
When we last saw Samson Heavyside he discoursed no longer touching ourselves and the gallows; nay, he seemed to have forgotten or forgiven our early unbelief; age and disease had laid their withering hand upon him, and he could no longer reach the door at which he delighted to prophesy. His trusting partner had gone down to the grave before him; his ear had failed, and his eye grown dim to our earthly sights and sounds; but a word dropped, we know not how, regarding "the railway" then in progress, chanced to reach him, and the slackening chord once more sent forth a prophetic tone. "It will never do," cried he, in a thin voice cracked by age and anger. "It will ruin the world; I know it will, and all connected with it will be ruined; turned to 'stags' every man of them, depend upon it, for I know what's going to happen."

Poor Samson, peace to his prophetic soul! that was the last prediction he ever uttered, and that railway train sweeps past his very grave; but the number of its "stags" we never counted, though it may be that many of the old man's visions were as certain as the dreams of our early hope or those of all modern prophets.

CONVERSION OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE INTO A TOWER, 1,000 FEET HIGH.

It is proposed, as we learn from a contemporary, to build an enormous tower (a sort of antithesis to the tower of ancient Babylon) of the materials of the glass palace, preserving, as much as is consistent with the new design, all the features of that structure, with a view of perpetuating the great event of the year 1851, and forming a depository of every branch of art and manufacture our own kingdom produces, as well as a choice collection of exotics from the four quarters of the globe. The material is all ready at hand, and a site near might easily be found. The building, from the peculiarity of its design, forms its own scaffold, and the ground it would occupy is less than one acre, and, with the proposed terrace round the building, altogether under four acres. This economy of ground, when compared with the space the Glass Palace occupies, is an important consideration in such a place as London, where land is valuable. Before any remarks on the project are offered, it will be as well to give an explanation of the various means proposed to be adopted to render so vast a structure perfectly safe against the strongest hurricanes. In the centre is a large octagon, composed of twenty-four columns, which spring from the foundation, in which they are securely imbedded to the very top of the building. Adjoining is a dodecagon, similarly constructed, forming the second tower in the elevation, and rising to the second gallery of 840 feet. The dodecagon tower also springs from the foundation, and is carried up to an altitude of 660 feet. We then see a square of columns measuring 120 feet on one side. This likewise rises from the foundation to where the clock is placed, and is surmounted by four turrets, which lend their aid in supporting the building, and screen in some measure from the wind those adventurous visitors who arrive at this aerial promenade. Another square of larger dimensions abuts on all these, and rises to a level of 198 feet, upon which four galleries, each 120 feet in length, are to be constructed. Similar small turrets are to be placed at the four corners. In addition to this accumulation of strength in columns and girders, a portion of the south front of the transept is added to each side of the square, forming a cross, not only as an abutment, but with a view of perpetuating the most elegant part of the present building, and handing down to posterity the entrance through which so many thousands passed. The four halls formed by this cross might be reserved for choice plants, &c., with appropriate statuary ornamenting the outside, and relieving the general effect. If we suppose four of the upright columns, with four of the girders attached, and bolted to firmly-fixed cradles in the foundation, it will give a notion of a hollow cube of brick or stone of similar dimensions. Were the building constructed of such cubes, it would be so strong or durable as of the material so opportunely presented. If we imagine a give-and-take line passing through the section from the outer colonnade columns curving up through the towers towards the top of the octagon, a figure similar to the outline of the Eddystone Lighthouse will be presented to the mind. The clock is of proportional size to the tower, being 44 feet in diameter, with figures ten feet long; its elevation about 440 feet above the terrace, and many feet above the cross of St. Paul's; the gallery over it is somewhat less than the Great Pyramid of Egypt; and were St. Paul's Cathedral placed on the top of St. Peter's, there would then be room for the Nelson's Column, which would about reach the Crystal Tower's summit. The little squares in the octagon represent four carriages or ascending rooms, which are to be continually running on, or rather up, a vertical railway to the glazed gallery at the top of the octagon, where the visitors may observe the view around, sheltered from the wind. There is also a platform on the very summit, for the more adventurous. The view from any of the galleries would be magnificent in the extreme. Messrs. Fox and Henderson have expressed their conviction that the project could be carried out.

Mental Differences between the Sexes.—The theory of the mental equality of the sexes has not wanted eminent supporters. Plato says there is no natural superiority of man over woman, except in strength. Professor Dugald Stewart is of the same opinion, and thinks that the intellectual and moral differences which we observe are only the result of education. Voltaire thinks that women are on a level with men in every talent but invention. With all due deference to these high authorities, we cannot subscribe to their views. It will not be denied that, be they assignable to education or nature, great differences do exist between the moral and intellectual characteristics of the two sexes. Of these differences, the following appear to us to be the most remarkable:—Women have less of active and more of passive courage than men. They have more excitability of nerve, and with it all those qualities which such excitability tends to produce. They are more enthusiastic—their sympathy is more lively—they have a nicer perception of minute circumstances. Whether, as stated by Professor Stewart, they have greater quickness and facility of association, may, we think, be reasonably doubted. They are certainly not superior to man in those powers of association which produce wit, though they often possess them in an eminent degree. They are inferior in the power of close and logical reasoning. They are less dispassionate—less able to place their feelings in subjection to their judgment, and to bring themselves to a conclusion at variance with their prepossessions. They have less power of combination and of generalisation. They are less capable of steady and concentrated attention; and, though their patience is equal, if not greater, their perseverance is less. Such appear to us to be the principal mental differences between men and women. Some will be disposed to extend the list, and others to abridge it; and there will, perhaps, be scarcely any to whom some instance will not occur of inferiority or superiority at variance with the preceding statement. But it must be remembered that, amidst the infinite diversities of mental phenomena, it is impossible to lay down any rule from which there will not be some exception, and that our judgment must be guided by the majority of cases.



INTERIOR OF A WEST-END CLUB-HOUSE.

CLUB LIFE IN LONDON.

One of the phases of London life peculiar to the rich is that of Clubs. The visitor from the country passes through Pall Mall or St. James's-street, and sees on either hand large, handsome, palace-looking buildings, with showy vehicles waiting at their doors, and well-dressed men standing on the marble steps, or looking out from the wide, noble windows on the ground floor. He inquires what dukes, princes, or ambassadors reside in these fine mansions, and is told that they are merely clubs! "Merely clubs!" he thinks to himself; "well, these Londoners must be a very wealthy people,—merely clubs." Perhaps the gentleman from the country has been in the habit of associating the idea of a tavern parlour or a market meeting with the word Club, and is therefore hardly prepared to find the clubs of London quite so well housed. But he should be told that the word has a "west end" signification, when it means a kind of private hotel for gentlemen; and a city and "east end" interpretation, in which latter sense it comprehends the convivial meetings of tradesmen and artisans in little taverns in dull back streets, the larger assemblages of workmen who meet once a week or thereabouts in certain favourite resorts, and the numerous useful and praiseworthy institutions, known as Benefit and Burial Clubs, which are spread over the length and breadth of the land.

It is of the clubs at the west end of London, however, that we would say a few words—the rich men's clubs. These consist of associations of gentlemen, who, by paying an annual subscription, varying in amount from five to ten guineas, secure to themselves all the comforts of a private house on the most liberal scale, with the conveniences of a first-rate hotel—and that, too, without any of the disagreeables or any of the responsibilities attendant upon housekeeping. Take the Athenæum Club in Pall Mall for instance—that noble building to the right of the Duke of York's Column, as you enter St. James's Park from Regent-street. This Club—which may be said to take the place of the old Literary Club founded by Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1764—was instituted in 1823 at the suggestion of the right hon. John Wilson Croker, for "the association of individuals known for their literary or scientific attainments, artists of eminence in any class of the Fine Arts, and noblemen and gentlemen distinguished as liberal patrons of science, literature, and the arts." Associated with the editor of Boswell's Johnson were Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Francis Chantrey, Mr. Jekyll, and other gentlemen known for their high literary and artistic attainments; and under such patronage it was no wonder that the club soon came to be considered as one of the best in London; that to be a member of it gave an author or an artist a certain understood status in town society; and that it has gone on prosperously from the day of its foundation. The Athenæum Club consists of twelve hundred regular members, many of whom are peers of the realm and high dignitaries of the church: the entrance-fee is twenty-five guineas, with a yearly subscription of six guineas; and the admission is by ballot, in which one black ball in ten excludes. But besides the regular members voted in by ballot, the committee have the power of electing annually, from the list of candidates for admission, a certain number of gentlemen "who shall have attained to distinguished eminence in science, literature, and the arts, or for important public services." Thus among the members of this noted club, may be found persons in the highest positions in society—noblemen, military and naval officers, ecclesiastics, members of parliament, lawyers, poets, painters, and merchants.

The stranger introduced for the first time to the Athenæum, or any other first-class club-house in London, will be surprised at the beauty of the building, the order and regularity observed by the attendants, and the facility with which everything can be obtained which ministers to the ease and comfort of the members. For six guineas a year the members are enabled to consult a splendid library of their own, to read any (or all, if they choose) of the maps, blue books, magazines, and newspapers of the day; to find themselves liberally supplied with the materials of writing in almost any room in the house; to be waited on by quiet, watchful attendants at any hour of the day or night; to sit in apartments replete with all the comforts of the best private houses, and to walk in and out of a building like a palace, of which every member may consider himself as part proprietor. In fact, a member of this club may individually act the part of "master of the house," without any of the anxiety of one. He can eat and drink of the best at any hour, and pay only for just as much as he consumes; he can command the attendance of first-rate servants, without any of the trouble of managing them, much less of paying them wages; he can go as often as he chooses, and always find things prepared for his reception, and stay away as long as he likes without discovering anything to have gone wrong in his absence; he can do as he pleases, order what he likes, make the Club his London residence; and, in fact, live with a greater degree of liberty and ease than is possible in almost any other house. Club-life in London may be said to combine the best accommodation of first-class hotels, with the attractions and comforts of a domestic establishment.

This, however, is the fair side of the picture. It has, like most other views, its shadows as well as its lights. In many of the London Clubs, gambling and "genteel" profligacy are carried, nay, promoted, to an extent unknown and undreamed of, except by the actual members of such establishments. Billiards,—a harmless kind of game enough of itself,—cards, dice, chess, draughts, backgammon, and betting-books, are all made to contribute to a kind of excitement much to be dreaded by the young and inexperienced; but, on the other hand, it is to be remembered that the most inveterate gamblers at the Clubs are neither very juvenile or very inexperienced in the ways of the town.

A few memoranda of another celebrated club—White's, 37 and 38, St. James's-street—will be sufficient to show this, the darker, side of the picture; always remembering, however, that what is said above can by no means be made to apply to the majority of the London club-houses. White's, one of the oldest and most notorious of the clubs, is situated over against (what was till 1848) Crockford's, in St. James's-street. It was originally founded in 1698, at a house in the same street, and was known as White's Chocolate-house. In 1733 it was destroyed by fire, at which time it was kept by a man called Arthur, from whom it passed (in 1761) to Robert Mackreth, and thence (in 1784) to John Martindale, who (in 1812) sold the property to Mr. Ragget, the father of the present proprietor. White's and Boodle's—28, St. James-street—are proprietary establishments; most of the other clubs are joint-stock concerns, vested in trustees, and managed by committees chosen annually from among the members.

The readers of the "Tatler," Pope's "Dunciad," the "Walpoliana," or any of the like books of the last century, are no doubt familiar with passages in which White's and other gambling-houses are mentioned. The early records of this club, many of which are preserved, give a vivid idea of the state of society among the wealthy in those days. In 1736 there were to be found among its members the polite Chesterfield, the witty Colley Cibber, the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Cholmondely, Sir John Cope, the poet Churchill, and Pelham, the prime minister, a man of whom it is said, that he divided his time between "the gamblers at White's and the legislators at the Commons." Walpole tells us that the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield, the man who told his son that "a member of a gaming club should be a cheat, or he would soon be a beggar," lived at White's, "gaming and pronouncing witticisms among the boys of quality." Swift in his "Essay on Modern Education," tells us that "the Earl of Oxford, in the time of his ministry, never passed by White's Chocolate-house (the common rendezvous of infamous sharpers and noble cullies) without bestowing a curse upon that famous academy, as the bane of half the English nobility;"—and Lord Lyttleton, in a letter to Dr. Doddridge (April, 1750), says, "The Dryads of Hagley are pretty secure, but I sometimes tremble to think that the rattling of a dice-box at White's may one day or other (if my son should be a member of that noble academy) shake down all our fine oaks. It is dreadful to see, not only there, but in almost every house in town, what devastations are made by that destructive fury, the spirit of play." In the present day we have, happily, not so much of this fearful evil to contend with among the rich and well-born; but, just as the gambling spirit has departed from the west-end clubs, it appears to have descended with more destructive influence on the middle and lower establishments;

and betting-shops are rife in every street, where the mechanic and apprentice may become initiated into vice "at the low charge of one shilling."

In 1775 the number of members at White's was restricted to 151, and the annual subscription raised to £10 10s.; in 1781 the number was enlarged to 300; in 1797 it was again enlarged to 400; in 1800, to 450; and in 1813 to 500 members; to which number it is now restricted. Some of the rules existing in the beginning of the present century are curious. One of them provided that "Dinner, at ten shillings and sixpence per head (malt liquors, biscuits, oranges, apples, and olives included), should be on the table every day at six o'clock;" another, that "the dice used at hazard should be paid by boxes—that is, every player who holds in three hands, to pay a guinea for dice;" a third, that "no member of the club should hold a faro bank;" and a fourth, that any member "who plays billiards after the supper-bell is rung, is to pay his reckoning for that night;" and so on.

In 1736 White's ceased to be an open chocolate-house, where any one might loiter who could pay for what he had; and being then made a private house for the convenience of the most general frequenters, it became, in the course of time, to be a regular club, in the ordinary sense of the phrase. For many years it continued to be considered as essentially a gaming club; and even now a betting-book is placed on the table in the smoking-room for entering bets in, and billiards and card-playing are still practised by the members of this and some few other clubs. With reference to the inveterate spirit of gambling which once prevailed at White's—a spirit which induced its members to make bets on almost any subject—the marriage of a countess, or the death of a prince, before such and such a time; the success of a Cabinet minister, the failure of a private merchant, or, in fact, any slight difference of opinion whatever, various verbal and pictorial witticisms have been perpetrated—the most famous of which is that attributed to Horace Walpole in 1756. Sitting after dinner at Strawberry-hill with George Selwyn and a few chosen friends, it was proposed by the wit to design a coat-of-arms for the noted club. No sooner said than done;—the friends consulted together, and this was the result:—The blazon was vert (for a card-table); three parolis proper on a chevron sable (for a hazard table); ten rouleaus in saltier, between two dice proper, on a canton sable; and a white ball (for election) argent. The supporters were a young and old knave of clubs; the crest an arm out of an earl's coronet, shaking a dice-box; round the arms, by way of order, was a claret-bottle ticket, and the motto was "*Cogit Amor Nummi*"—the love of money compels.

What we have said of these two clubs—the Athenæum and White's—applies, with more or less truth, to nearly all the others; the social principle, in spite of any little peculiarities special to this or that society, being common to all. The Carlton Club—the great political club of the conservatives—consists of eight hundred members, exclusive of peers and members of the House of Commons: the entrance fee is ten, and the annual subscription fifteen guineas. The Reform Club, which is the great place of meeting for whig politicians, consists of fourteen hundred members, exclusive of many gentlemen who are life, or honorary members: the entrance fee is ten guineas, and the yearly subscription twenty-five guineas. Then there are the Conservative Club, with 1,500 members; the Army and Navy, United Service, Guards, Junior United Service, and the Naval, Military, and County Service, clubs, the latter of which occupies the premises in St. James's-street so long notorious as Crockford's: all these, as their names import, are open only to officers in the army or navy, and their subscriptions average about six guineas per year for each member. The members of the learned profession have two clubs of their own, the University and the Oxford and Cambridge; there are two clubs, the Oriental and the Travellers', open only to gentlemen who have made the tour of Europe, or have resided in the East; while the other large clubs open to gentlemen of any shade of politics or any profession, number about twenty; the entrance fees to which range from thirty to nine guineas, and the subscriptions from five to twelve guineas.

It will be seen that the advantages of such clubs as come within the ordinary meaning of the term, are confined exclusively to the rich. In 1848, however, Douglas Jerrold, Cowden Clarke, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, and other celebrated literary men, conceived the idea of founding a club for the middle classes which should combine the best features of the West-end establishments with those of a literary and scientific institution. Proposals were made, a fund collected, a large house taken in the Strand (formerly the Crown and Anchor Tavern), and the Whittington Club was the result. This club now boasts fifteen hundred members, and promises to secure for a large and praiseworthy class of young men all the advantages which the more ambitious associations of the West-end offer. Here, for a subscription of two guineas annually, the members enjoy the privilege of a good library, and reading-rooms which are supplied with all the best periodicals and newspapers of the day; dinners and refreshments may be obtained at all times at the most moderate prices, and various apartments in a goodly mansion are supplied with all that is necessary to ease and comfort. But perhaps the most noticeable peculiarity in the Whittington Club is the freedom enjoyed by all, and the absence of that air of exclusiveness common to the larger establishments. Ladies are admitted as members, and weekly meetings are held in the withdrawing and ball rooms, admission to which is free. Besides this, classes for the teaching of various languages and accomplishments have been formed under the direction of competent tutors; and the whole affairs of the institution are under the direction of a committee of management drawn annually from among the members.

The social influence of clubs and club life on the residents of London is by no means small. It may be seen in the improved tone of society among the upper classes; in the decreased number and better management of hotels and taverns; and in the higher taste for the useful and the beautiful observable among the youth of the aristocracy. What the literary and scientific institution is to the mechanic, the club-house is to the lord.

We are, most of us, as Doctor Johnson observed in his own peculiar way, "very clubable people."

ERIN-GO-BRAGH:

A TRUE IRISH STORY.

Oh, sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger:
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not for me.

Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin-go-bragh.

Campbell.

In the year 1810, a native of Philadelphia resided in the city of Altona, and became intimately acquainted with Gen. McC——, who commanded the Irish patriots at the battle of Ballanahench.

The general was a real Irish gentleman, with a heart alive to every refined sympathy of human nature, and warmly attached to Americans and the American character. Never can it be forgotten by those who were so happy as to share his confidence, how his fine manly countenance would light up, as he listened to the answers his questions would draw forth, when inquiring into the private characters of any of our revolutionary sages or soldiers.

Often would the tears start into his eyes—his whole soul would appear to flash from his expressive eye, and he would burst forth with the exclamation: "Oh, Erin, oh my beloved country, from which, alas! I am banished; when will thy heroes arise and burst the bands by which thou art enslaved? Excuse me," he would say, "excuse the companion of the Emmets, the McNevens, and others, who were confined with me in Fort George, in Scotland, from whence I was transported hither—banished! What a word! banished from the home of my childhood—torn from the land where my forefathers dwelt!" On one occasion of this kind, when the most of the company had retired, in his own hospitable mansion, he invited his friend to remain and hear the sad story of his life.

He rose from the table, and going to a book-case, he produced a copy of Campbell's poems, and turning to the beautiful song of Erin-go-bragh—"There," said he, "is my history, I am the original Erin-go-bragh. My countrymen, I am told, often inquire how it happened that a Scotchman should write this national, this glowing account of the wrongs of my devoted countrymen. Listen to me, and I will truly tell you the whole story—that is, if I can tell it! If I can sufficiently compose myself, *you* shall hear it; and should you survive me you may publish it, that the mystery may be solved, and the world may know how the heart of a Scotch poet was touched with the holy sympathy of our common nature, and has placed on record, in the most exalted and touching numbers, the feelings of an Irish exile. While confined in the fortress of Fort George, I was, without any knowledge of what was to be my fate, conveyed to a seaport and put on board of an English frigate, to be banished I knew not whither!" (The name of the port of embarkation and of the vessel were given, but are not now remembered.) "On board of this vessel was Campbell, the Scotch poet, then about to make his pedestrian tour on the continent of Europe. It was not long before we became intimately acquainted, and as you may suppose my whole heart was filled with wo.

"During our passage to this place, we had many and very close conversations, pending which I poured into his ear, in impassioned language, the sad, the overwhelming woes of my countrymen, and particularly my own hard fate.

"We were not very long in reaching our destination; we landed together at Altona, and what was my surprise to find my companion almost as destitute of money as myself. I had been hurried away without the knowledge of my friends, who had no intimation of my banishment, and coming from close confinement, was not overburdened with a wardrobe, much less with the necessary funds for decency, to say nothing of comfort.

"Campbell was as poor as myself; and in this condition we entered a very common inn, and were ushered into a room, not very well furnished, having nothing but an oaken table and a very few common chairs. We seated ourselves at opposite sides of the table, and gazed at each other with no enviable feelings, when, on examining our exchequer, we found the whole sum in the treasury amounted to no more than a crown. We called for a candle, for it was growing dark, and ordered, in consonance with our finances, some cheap refreshments. The light came, and you must believe me when I tell you it was a dip candle stuck in a black bottle. There was something so ludicrous in this, and in our general circumstances, that we both indulged in a hearty laugh.

"As our spirits were operated upon by the wretched liquor, which we drank more to drown the rising sigh than for any partiality for it, Campbell called for pen, ink, and paper. 'Mr. McC.,' said he, 'your story has deeply interested me, and a kind of notion has arisen that I should like to put it upon paper.'

"In a little time a miserable inkhorn was produced, and something which was called paper, but it was so stained, and otherwise disfigured, it seemed almost impossible, with the wretched pen that accompanied it, that legible characters could be traced upon it; and I could but indulge in my risible propensities, at the idea of any attempt to write with such materials.

"But the soul of the poet had been aroused, and he bade me again to refresh his memory with my tale, which I did by replying to such questions as he from time to time propounded to me. At last he finished his labours, and the result of them was the song of Erin-go-bragh, the very song printed in his works, and which I now hand to you.

"This is a true history of that inimitable production, more full of feeling, in my opinion, than anything he has ever written before or since."

"Read it to me," said the general, "for if the king would withdraw the act which banished me, the object nearest my Irish heart, I could not read that song aloud!"

Such was the story told to the writer, as nearly as it can be remembered, after a lapse of thirty-eight years. There are yet living several persons who will recognise it, and an appeal to them for the accuracy with which it is here told, would confirm it in every particular; its only defect being the absence of power in the writer to impart to his readers anything of the enthusiasm with which General McC. related it—nor the heart-stirring emotion ever exhibited by him when it became, as it often did, the subject of conversation.

As the reader may feel desirous to know what was subsequently the fate of the real and original Erin-go-bragh, he may be told that his friends found out where he was, remitted him funds, that he embarked in a profitable pursuit, and ever after lived in comparative affluence.

The story of his marriage is of so romantic a nature, that as he is now no more, and there is therefore no impropriety in giving it publicity, the writer is tempted to narrate it, as he has often listened to it from the lips of the general, at his own hospitable board in the presence of his wife.

"There she is," he would say, "she is my preserver! Campbell and myself continued in our lodgings, and with Saturday night came the bill of expenses, but alas! our means were exhausted.

"When the bill for the first week was presented to us, 'Well,' said the poet to me, 'what do you propose to do, general?' To which I replied, 'Do!—what do I propose to do, did you ask me? I might put the same question to you—but no! let an Irishman alone for getting out of a scrape. I will call up the landlord, and tell him our story; adding, that I expect ere long my relatives will find out whither I have been sent, and it cannot be, but that in a short time funds will be sent to me. Suiting the action to the word, I rang the bell, the landlord appeared, and I gave him our story in a few words, for though a German, he was well acquainted with our language. 'An Irish general,' said the apparently incredulous Boniface, 'and a Scotch poet!' He left us with the exclamation, and after he had gone, I proposed a walk, to which my companion assenting, we strolled around the city of Altona, and returned to our lodgings, without having met with any occurrence worthy of remark. Being somewhat fatigued, and having no book, or other means of occupation, we retired to our humble chamber, which had in it two single beds, by no means luxurious.

Another week of anxiety passed away, and no advices reached either of us; and the poet and myself were in a considerable dilemma. Another bill was presented, but to our great surprise we found our host very lenient indeed. He made no remark when presenting it—simply asked me had I received my funds, and on expressing my mortification that my reply must be in the negative, he left me with a polite bow.

"'The accommodations,' said the poet, 'are here none of the best, but our host is an honest fellow, we have inspired him with confidence, and he appears content to wait!'

"I know not how it was, but I felt a strange sensation come over me, a feeling that relief was at hand. So strongly was I impressed with this belief that I communicated it to my friend, who laughed out at what he called my Irish modest assurance.

"'Relief,' he said, 'may come when your relations hear of you, but my word for it, that will not be soon. No, no, there is no relief.'

"He, however, yielded to my solicitation to walk, which was always my resource, and as we left the house, I said to him, 'Campbell, when we come back I shall hear something.'

"'If you do,' said he, 'it may be in the shape of a dun for our unpaid bills.'

"'You will see,' I replied; when we sallied forth, and were gone perhaps an hour. On returning to our room, judge of the sensation I experienced when I discovered on the oaken table, a neat envelope directed, in a female hand, 'To Gen. A. McC.' With an eagerness much more easily conceived than described, I broke the seal—not a line of manuscript did it contain—but for a moment my heart leaped with joy, for I found within the envelope a Schleswig Holstein bank bill of twenty dollars! Although my surprise was without bounds—'Did I not tell you,' said I to my friend, 'that relief was at hand?'

"Our treasury was now replenished, and we had a fruitful subject of conversation." Addressing himself to his attentive listener, "I wish," said the general, "you could have seen the stride with which I paced up and down that room. Never in my whole eventful life had I such commingled sensations. My pride was gratified, that I could now discharge our indebtedness to our host, while I suffered the deepest humilia-

tion in the reflection, that I was considered an object of charity by some unknown person! My curiosity was at fault to determine who it could be, and I shall never forget Campbell's looks as he exclaimed, 'You have conquered here, if you could not in Ireland. But it is Cupid who has been your aid. The handwriting, the neatness of the billet, and its diminutive proportions, all declare it to be a *billet-doux*. My word for it, your Irish complexion and figure have taken captive the heart of some fair lady!' This idea greatly added to my embarrassment, but the pride of being enabled to discharge our indebtedness, overcame for the moment all my other sensations, and strutting up to the bell, I rang it with so much violence, that our landlord ran up in an instant, and demanded to know what was the matter? '*Bring your bill*,' said I, 'that I may at once discharge it.' I thought this would be the most agreeable intelligence I could give him. What, then, was our joint surprise, when he replied, 'That, gentlemen, is of no kind of importance; I pray of you give yourselves no uneasiness on that score—you can pay me at your convenience.' Saying this, he departed, leaving my friend and myself more deeply involved in the mystery which had not only supplied us with money, but which had also placed us in such ample credit.

"'You see,' said the poet, 'you are known, and Cupid has taken you under his special protection.'

"Time now passed more pleasantly. The second Saturday brought another note, addressed in the same handwriting, containing a second bank-note of the same amount. Finding our finances so much improved we took better lodgings, and indulged ourselves with more of the creature comforts, for the unknown benefactor found us out in our new abode, and continued the supply, which enabled us to do so.

"I think," continued the general, "it was in the fourth week that I was returning to my lodgings alone, in the dusk of the evening, when one of the flag-stones of the pavement being somewhat raised above its fellows, caused me to strike it with my foot, and being thus thrown from my equilibrium, I fell against the porch of a dwelling, in which was seated a lady, who did not attract my attention until I heard a voice, a sweet voice, which inquired if I was hurt. A voice in my native tongue uttering sounds of sympathy would have been accompanied with a charm, come from whom it might; but imagine the ecstasy with which I was thrilled when I heard the sweet voice which addressed me, and knew it to be from the lips of a fair daughter of the Emerald Isle—in plain English, an Irishwoman.

"'I hope you are not hurt, general?'

"'General!' she knows me, then, thought I.

"'Come,' said she, 'and rest yourself in the porch.'

"I could no longer contain myself.

"'Tell me,' said I, 'by what blessed influence I have been thus brought to listen to the sweet sympathising accents of a countrywoman, and one who appears to know me: for if I mistake not you addressed me by my title—the sad, sad title which calls up all my afflictions, and revives the sad fate of my companions in a strife which failed to benefit our beloved country, proved fatal to one of the best men, and sent me hither a wandering exile.'

"There," said he, pointing to his wife, then present, "there sits the angel of mercy, who poured into my attentive ears, till they reached my inmost soul, accents attuned to the most holy of all earthly consolations—accents of sympathy for me, and the most noble and heroic sentiments, applauding the course of our dear native land."

"Now," said the lady, "I pray of you do not yet into your heroics:" and addressing their guest, she continued,—"Receive what he says with many allowances, for on this subject he is insane. I forgive him, for he has suffered much in the cause of that dear land from which we both derive our birth; and you who know him know that he never thinks or speaks of dear Erin and his exile,—of a spot for which he is ready to shed the last drop of his blood,—that his whole soul is not on fire. Of this he may talk to you; and if you will listen to him, he will do so till to-morrow's sun shall warm you with his meridian rays; but I forbid him to talk of me and of our union."

"Forbid!" said the husband, "there is no such word in the vocabulary. I will tell this to our friend, for you know I love him. I will tell him how you courted me, and how you saved me, and made me what I am—your happy husband."

To this the fond wife would reply, deprecating the continuance of his narrative, which, however, did not prevent him from doing ample justice to every incident which occurred, from the time of their first accidental meeting, as here related, until Hymen had sealed a union which had made both husband and wife as happy as they could be under the circumstances of his banishment. This was a continual source of chagrin and mortification to his heroic soul; and never could Ireland be named within his hearing that the tear did not start in his eye.

The substance of his love affair was, that the lady of whom we have spoken was an Irish lady, who had come when a young woman with her parents to Altona, had married a young German, who did not long survive their union. She was left in very comfortable circumstances; and hearing from the keeper of the inn that a person was an inmate with him, calling himself an Irish general, who had been banished, and who had not heard from his friends, and was without funds, she had sent him the weekly supply which so much astonished the poet and the general. The innkeeper, knowing the lady to be an Irishwoman, had gone to consult her as to the probability of the general's story, and had been told to withhold nothing, and that she would be responsible. Often did she tell the writer that she sent the money without any expectation of ever seeing the recipient, who was represented to her as so fine-looking in person, that he could not be an impostor. She believed him to be a veritable Irishman in distress, and—that was enough—had she never seen him, he was a countryman of hers, and had a right to anything she could do for him—happy to have been furnished with an object to call forth her patriotic feelings; to exercise them in his behalf was her greatest delight. Pure accident had given her a knowledge of who was the cause of calling them forth, and his heart was touched, and hers responded to his love. They had been several years married when the writer became acquainted with them. Their home was the abode of peace and contentment, and a hospitality that knew no limits.

His sentence of banishment was remitted many years after the period here spoken of; and he was permitted again to return to the home of his childhood and the land of his forefathers, for which he had bled, and for the redemption of which he was ever ready to lay down his life—but it was not so ordered. He died in peace, and was buried in the tomb of his ancestors. General Anthony McCann was the veritable and original "Erin-go-bragh."

HOLLAND.

Holland, or the Netherlands, comprising the territories formerly included within the Seven United Provinces, may be considered in many respects as the most wonderful country, perhaps, under the sun; it is certainly unlike every other. What elsewhere would be considered as impossible has here been carried into effect, and incongruities have been rendered consistent. "The house built upon the sand" may here be seen *standing*, for neither Amsterdam nor Rotterdam have any better foundation than sand, into which piles are driven through many feet of superincumbent bog earth. In Holland, the very laws of nature seem to be reversed; the sea is higher than the land—the keels of the ships float above the chimneys of the houses, and the frog croaking amongst the bulrushes looks down upon the swallow upon the house-top. Where rivers take their course, it is not in beds of their own choosing; they are compelled to pass through canals formed of human art and industry, and even the very ocean itself appears here to have half obeyed the command, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

No description can convey the slightest notion of the way in which Holland has been gathered, particle by particle, out of the waste of waters, of the strange aspect of the country, and the incessant vigilance and wondrous precautions by which it is preserved. Holland is, in the fullest sense, an alluvion of the sea. It consists of sand and mud rescued from the ocean, and banked up on all sides. Produced by the most dexterous and indefatigable exertions, it can be maintained only by artificial means. If the efforts by which it was redeemed from the

waters were to be relaxed, the ocean would reassert its rights, and the whole kingdom would be submerged. The slightest accident might sweep Holland into the deep. It was once nearly undermined by an insect. Indeed, the necessity of destroying insects is so urgent that the stork, a great feeder upon them, is actually held in a sort of veneration, and almost every species of bird is religiously protected from injury. Bird-nesting is strictly prohibited by law. The drift of all this is palpable enough. But it is curious that the very existence of a great country should depend upon such guarantees.

Holland is destitute of iron, coal, and timber, and is a commercial rather than a manufacturing country. In the manufacture of smalt, and the grinding of vermillion, rouge, &c., the Dutch have long been celebrated; and it is a curious fact that in some of these points neither France nor England can compete with them in point of excellence. The manufacture of white lead is carried to great perfection in Holland. Abundance of excellent wheat is grown near Utrecht, and the wheat of Friesland is extremely good. Woad and madder are also extensively grown, and flax is raised in large quantities in chlorine as a bleaching agent, the fine linens made in Silesia, as well as those of Friesland, were sent hither to be bleached; and being thence exported direct to England, were named after the country from whence they were embarked, not that in which they were made. Such fabrics are still known in commerce by the name of white Holland, brown Holland, &c.

Among the principal articles of domestic produce exported from Holland to Great Britain, are butter, cheese, flax, seeds, grain of different kinds, tobacco, spirits, raw and thrown silk, and silk manufactures; and of colonial produce from Java, &c., coffee, sugar, nutmegs, cloves, mace, and other spices, Banca tin, &c.; for which Holland takes from us in return, coal, cotton goods and yarn, earthenware, hardware and cutlery, iron, steel and other metals, salt, linen, silk and woollen goods. 200,797 cwt. of butter, and 271,375 cwt. of cheese were imported into this country from Holland in 1849.

The Dutch herring fishery, although of some importance, has very much fallen off; scarcely 200 herring vessels are now sent out from the whole of Holland, instead of 2,000, the number employed in former days. The English word *pickle*,

SCENE IN HOLLAND.

the south, especially round Dort, which is the centre of a considerable trade in that article. Chicory is also much cultivated, as well as the hemp, flax, and other oily seeds, especially colza and rape. Vast quantities of grain are consumed in the distilleries of Schiedam and other places. In Schiedam alone there are upwards of 100 distilleries, and 30,000 pigs are fed with the refuse grain after the spirit has been extracted. How many thousand families might be supported in the grain thus wasted!

The principal manufactures in Holland are those of woollen cloths and blankets at Leyden and Utrecht; of silks and velvets at Utrecht, Haarlem, and Amsterdam; of linen at Boxtel; and of paper, leather, cordage, hats, ribbons, needles, glue, &c. Several cotton factories were established near Haarlem under the patronage of the late king; these have increased both in number and in the quantity of goods manufactured since the separation of Holland from Belgium.

The extensive bleaching-grounds of Haarlem are well known; they owe their reputation to some peculiar property supposed to exist in the water. Before the introduction of is derived from the Dutch *pekel* (brine). Very strict regulations are in force relative to the taking, curing, and packing of herrings, with the view to secure to the Hollanders the superiority which they had early attained in the fishery, to obtain for the Dutch herrings the best price in foreign markets, and to prevent the herrings being injured by the bad faith of individuals.

Everybody knows what a Dutch cheese is; but everybody does not know that the manufacture of those little round balls of cheese is a matter of considerable importance, and a source of great wealth to the province of North Holland. The cleanliness of the Dutch is proverbial, and nowhere is this fact more noticeable than in the country farmhouses; nine-tenths of the poor people of Great Britain not being so well and cleanly lodged as the cows in Holland. At these farmhouses may be seen the cheeses in various stages of preparation; some in the press, others soaking in water and imbibing salt, and every part of the process distinguished by the most refined cleanliness. A vast quantity of these sweet milk, or Edam cheeses, as they are styled, are made in North Holland. They

are sold at the markets of Alkmaar and Hoorn, &c., and are exported thence to the most distant countries of the globe. 9,000,000 lb. of cheese are weighed annually in the town scales of Alkmaar. The quantity of cheese sold in 1845 was 1,300,000 Dutch pounds. The best is made at Gouda, and is called Gouda cheese.

The scene we have chosen for illustration exhibits two of the characteristic features of the country—windmills and canals. The mills are nearly always situated on or near the banks of the numerous canals, so that the corn, &c., may be easily carried to the coast, or into the interior of the country. Altogether, Holland may be considered one of the most surprising countries in Europe.

TREES OF LIBERTY.

With snatches of triumphant song,
And loud huzzas of jubilee,
Proceeds the wild, rejoicing throng,
And plants its tree of Liberty!
Awhile, the People's tender care,
Protects its softly budding shoot,
But soon they see, in blank despair,
A canker eating at its root:
Their Children's seat will never be
Beneath that Tree of Liberty!

With hymns of hope within our heart,
With deep and earnest souls of prayer
Let *us* begin our needful part,
But *not* with shouts upon the air;
With gentle, steady-moving hand,
Pour in bright Knowledge as a stream,
Chase Ignorance throughout the land,
Efface her dim debasing dream;
Tear off the chains with which she binds,
And open wide her fetid den;
Upraise our timid, crouching hinds,
And make them into free-born Men!
Thus shall we *earn* a jubilee,—
Thus plant our Tree of Liberty.

Dark slavish Fear hath held the world
In close and dismal bondage long,
Till germs of goodness have grown weak,
And weeds of wickedness waxed strong.
Oh, raise up high the great flood-gates,
The golden gates of radiant Love,
And teach men to discard old hates,
And in new ways of Peace to move
One act of love is better worth
Than thousand servile deeds of fear,—
Fear, dwarfing men to coward slaves,
While noble Love doth *free*men rear!—
Thus, thus, with earnest hope would we
Uptrain our Tree of Liberty!

And, in due season, golden fruit
Will hang upon its branches fair;
No canker eating at its root,
No drooping leaves upon it there;
The Despot's hand in vain may try
To move it from its olden place,—
'Twill, calm, withstand his evil eye,
Or, sweetly laugh into his face!
And all good spirits, though unseen,
Will nurture it with blessed dew,
Preserve its foliage evergreen,
And train its form to Beauty true.
Oh, quickly help, whoe'er ye be,
To plant *such* Trees of Liberty!

MARIE.

GAME FEATHERS.—I do not see (says a writer in the *Notes and Queries*) that any of your numerous correspondents have mentioned the common belief among the poor in this county (Sussex) that a person cannot die if his bed is stuffed with game feathers. A friend of mine, a little time back, was talking to a labourer on the absurdity of such a belief; but he failed to convince the good man, who, as a proof of the correctness of his belief, brought forward the case of a poor man who had lately died after a lingering illness. "Look at poor Muster S ——, how hard he were a dying! Poor soul, he could not die ony way, till neighbour Puttick found out how it wer. 'Muster S——,' says he, 'ye be lying on geame feathers, mon, surely,' and so he wer. So we took'n out o' bed, and laid'n on the floore, and he pretty soon died then!"

EXERCISES FOR INGENUITY.

SOLUTIONS TO QUESTIONS IN No. 30, APRIL 24.

1. To plant four trees at equal distances from each other, it would be necessary to place one on each point of the base of a *tetrahedron*, and a fourth on the apex. A *tetrahedron*, as defined by Euclid, is a solid figure, bounded by four equilateral triangles; and to place the four trees as proposed, it would be necessary to raise a mound on the base of an equilateral triangle, so that the top of it, where the fourth tree is to be planted, should be equally distant from the three points of the middle triangle or base.

Tetrahedron

2. J. Robertson, of Aberdeen, has forwarded a list of 694 separate words found in the one word demonstration, and 121 in grandfather; and S. Clark, of Plymouth, finds 475 words in demonstration, and 240 in grandfather. Several correspondents give lists containing a fewer number of words than the above.

3. DAVID. S. A. Jacob, and a hundred other friends.

4. The inscription on a guinea ran thus: Georgius III., Dei Gratia, M.B.F. ET H. REX, F.D. B. ET L.D. S.R.I.A.T. ET E.—Which is, in full,—Georgius Tertius, Dei Gratia, Magnæ Britanniæ Franciæ et Hiberniæ Rex, Fidei Defensor, Brunswicii et Lunenburgi Dux, Sacri Romani Imperii Archi-Tresurarius et Elector. Translated, the inscription is,—George the Third, by the graceof God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg, Arch-Treasurer and Elector of the Holy Roman Empire.

5. If 7900 be multiplied by 1760, the number of yards in a mile, it will give 139040000 as the diameter in yards. This, multiplied by 3·1428 (·1428 being the decimal of 1-7th) will give 436974912·0000 yards as the circumference. If the man's height were taken at two yards, the diameter would then be 139040004 yards, which, being multiplied as before, would produce 436974924·5712 the difference being 12·5712 yards.—M. A. X.

6. WOMAN. Poetical solutions received from Clara, R. A., Edward Edwards, and a number of other correspondents.

7. He purchased the last-mentioned stock at £62½.

8. The sentence was just; for, suppose the loaves divided into three equal parts—24 parts in the eight loaves—and each person to eat an equal or eighth part; the stranger would then have had seven parts of he who contributed the five loaves, or fifteen parts, and but one part of he who contributed the three loaves.

9. The bill was discounted at the nominal rate of 5 per cent., but the real rate was $4\frac{96}{101}$

10. The town of Bevel, in Upper Garonne, curtailed and beheaded, is EVE.—W. R. S. The town of Never.—Amos Newsom.

11. A SHOE. Answered by numerous friends.

12. 45 is the number, which may be divided into 4 parts,—8+12+5+20=45. To the first part you add 2: 8+2=10; from the second part you subtract 2: 12—2=10; the third part you multiply by 2: 5×2=10; and the fourth part you divide by 2: 20÷2=10. Consequently, the *sum* of the addition, the *remainder* of the subtraction, the *product* of the multiplication, and the *quotient* of the division are precisely the same—10. This question admits of several answers.

13. It would appear that Abraham had very early purchased slaves with money (Gen. xvii. 13); but the first special transaction was that mentioned in chap. xxiii. of Genesis, in which he purchased the cave of Machpelah as a burial-place for his wife Sarah.

Robert Middleton.

14. Because the air, being rarefied by the sunshine, flows more slowly to the fire. The candle, not being confined as a grate, can replenish itself, by drawing a greater quantity of *air* to itself.

Bennet Lowe.

15. The gentleman's age was 72. Thus, 60 years ago he was 12 years of age. The square of which, 144÷2=72.—Thos. C. Killip.

16. Unanswered.

17. The word STATIONER, whence stationery, is derived from the Latin *statio* (station), because they used to have all their stalls or shops in one station or street.—T. J. Robertson, Morpeth.

The title of stationer was assumed by the London booksellers, shortly after the invention of printing, from their custom of keeping fixed shops or stalls, unlike other vendors who were at that time itinerant. *Hence the origin of the term stationery.*—Robert Middleton.

18. $1+5+7=13$ $1\times1=1$
$5\times5=25$ diff. 24
$7\times7=49$ diff. 24
75 proof. J. W.

19. As 70 : 40 :: 10 : $\frac{400}{70}=5\frac{5}{7}\times2=11\frac{3}{7}$ diameter of 1st wheel.
$10-5\frac{5}{7}=4\frac{2}{7}\times2=8\frac{4}{7}$ ditto of 2nd wheel.
Ewol Tenneb.

20. Opx (open). Answered by more than a hundred correspondents.

21. If twelve oxen eat $3\frac{1}{3}$ acres in 4 weeks, 36 oxen will eat 10 acres. Then, $36\times4=144$, and $21\times9=189$; increase, 45 in 5 weeks, and the increase in 14 weeks will be 5 : 14 :: 45 : 126, which $+144=270$, and $270\div18=15$ oxen; but in the last case there is 24 acres; therefore, 10 : 24 :: 15 : 36, or 36 *oxen will eat* 24 *acres in* 18 *weeks*.

Or, if 21 oxen eat 10 acres in 9 weeks, 7 oxen will eat $3\frac{1}{3}$ acres in 9 weeks; then $12\times3\frac{1}{3}\times4=160$, and $7\times3\frac{1}{3}\times9=210$, increase 50 in 5 weeks, and 5 : 14 :: 50 : 140, which $+160=300$, and $300\div(3\frac{1}{3}\times18)=5$ oxen; but there is 24 acres instead of $3\frac{1}{3}$ acres; therefore, $3\frac{1}{3}$: 24 :: 3=36 *oxen*, which is the number required.—Robert Middleton.

22. 8 hours 45 minutes, a.m.
8,45+5,40=14,25, or 2,25, p.m.
8,45 : 2,25 :: 105 : 29, the proof of its correctness.
A Correspondent from Milton Station.

23. A had 1; B, 5; and C, 7 sovereigns: Thus, 1+11=12; 5+11=16; 7+11=18.

24. Suppose she bought 21 at 4 for a penny, that would be $5\frac{1}{4}$d.; and 21 at 3 for a penny would be 7d.
Then $5\frac{1}{4}$d+7d=1s. $0\frac{1}{4}$d. Then 42 sold at 7 for 2d. would be 1s.—taken from 1s. $0\frac{1}{4}$d. would show a loss of $0\frac{1}{4}$d.

Then $0\frac{1}{4}$d. : 42 :: 24 farthings		504 at 4 for 1d.	126
42		504 . . 3 . . .	168
48			294
96		1008 . . 7 for 2d. =	288
2) 1008		Proof ...	6 loss.

504 of each sort.

25. A Thorn in the foot.—R. H., *Droysden*, and many others.

26. In about $21\frac{1}{4}$ years.—Alex. Murray.
In 20 years, $242\frac{256}{557}$ days.—John Mather.

27. *Nine* trees can be disposed in *ten* rows, if planted in the manner shown in the diagram: the reader will perceive how ten lines can be drawn from the various points.

* * *
* * *
* * *
Thomas Palmer.

28. The periphery of the fore-wheel was 4 yards, and the hind wheel 5 yards.—J. M'C.

29. This is a kind of *catch* question, to which a correspondent replies as follows:—"I suppose the answer you want is two kings,—*viz.* James I. and George I.; but I say that all sovereigns of England were kings (and queens) before they were crowned, otherwise you invalidate the claim of Edward V."

30. The $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, 1-6th, and 1-19th of 19s. are, 9s. 6d.+6s. 4d.+3s. 2d.+1s.=20s.—Stephen Constantine, and John Plant.

31. Unanswered.

32. Snowdrop. Answered by several correspondents.

33. Let x=income of each.
$\frac{4x}{5}$ A spends. $\frac{4x}{5}+80$ B spends.
A saves £25. $\frac{16x}{5}=320=4x+220$
B spends 80+25=£125. $16x+1600=20x+1100$
500 $4x$
$x=125$=income of each.
Ewol Tenneb.

34. $22+5=27$; $31-4=27$; $9\times3=27$; $54\div2=27$. Thus, $22+31+9+54=116$ the number.—W. Martin.

[From the immense number of letters received, it was impossible to acknowledge separately the various solutions, much less to give complicated workings. Our friends must content themselves with the assurance that we fully appreciate the value of their labours, and thank them for the interest they take in the Exercises. If they would also endeavour to *invent* a few good questions—always being careful to send the solutions with them—they would at once benefit themselves and us.]

Questions requiring Answers.

1. Three women went to market with eggs; the first had 50 to sell, the second 30, and the third 10. All three sold after the same *rate*, and obtained the same amount of money. How was this?

2. If a wheel be $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, what length of iron will be required for the tire?

3. What debt will be discharged by weekly payments, of which the first is 5s. and the last £2000, the ratio being 2.—J. M'C.

4. A gentleman who had purchased a new hat was asked how much he had paid for it. He answered, "If to the sum you add the one-half, one-fourth, and one-third of itself, you will have the sum of 14s. 7d. What did he pay for his hat?

5. If six the third of twenty be,
What is the fourth of thirty-three?

6. What two numbers are those whose product is equal to the difference of their squares, and the sum of their squares equal to the difference of their cubes?

7. When and by whom was England divided into parishes? and when arose the practice of hanging churches and dwelling-houses with holly and evergreens at Christmas?

8. What causes the snow to appear white?

9. What were crowns originally, and who may be said to have worn the first golden one?

10. Divide a guinea into 21 pieces of money, which shall contain neither half-sovereign, crown, half-crown, shillings, sixpences, fourpenny pieces, threepenny pieces, pence, or halfpence.

11. A young girl was sent to a farm to purchase eight quarts of milk, which she carried in an eight-quart pot. As she was returning, she met a young woman, with a five-quart tin and a three-quart tin, going to the same place for the same quantity of milk. She first told her she had got eight quarts, and that the farmer had no more to dispose of; but, if she had a mind, she would let her have four quarts of hers. So they divided the milk, with these measures, into equal parts. How did they do it?

Charade.

I'm an article much used in this nation,
Yet on me some folks want to put a taxation.
Take one letter from me, and soon you can
See what is very beneficial to man.
Take two letters from me, and then will appear
What I'm sure you do every day in the year.
Required, a poetical answer.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art.—The First Volume of this splendidly embellished work, handsomely bound, price 6s. 6d., or extra cloth gilt edges, 7s. 6d., will be ready July 1, and will contain upwards of Two Hundred Principal Engravings, and an equal number of Minor Engravings, Diagrams, &c.

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MISCELLANEA.

BREVITIES.—Some day it will be found out that to bring up a man with a genial nature, a good temper, and a happy frame of mind, is a greater effort than to perfect him in much knowledge and many accomplishments.—Blunt wedges rive hard knots.—Childhood and genius have the same master-organ in common—inquisitiveness.—No man is wholly bad all at once.—In all true humour lies its germ—pathos.—We may do a very good action, and not be a good man, but we cannot do an ill one, and not be an ill man.—Surely some people must know themselves; many never think about anything else.—Truth, when witty, is the wittiest of all things.—Solitude is necessary in the moments when grief is strongest, and thought most troubled.

THE MINISTER AND HIS MAN.—"John," said a clergyman to his man, "you should become a teetotaller—you have been drinking again to-day." "Do you never take a drop yoursel', minister?" "Ah, but, John, you must look at your circumstances and mine." "Very true, sir," says John; "but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?" "No, John, I cannot tell you that." "Well, sir, it was just because every one kept his ain door clean."

THE GENDER OF MYSTERIES.—There is not a mystery in creation, the symbol or practical invention for meanings abstruse, recondite, and incomprehensible, which is not represented by the female gender. There is the Sphynx, and the Enigma, and the Chimera, and Isis, whose veil no man had ever lifted—they were all ladies, every one of them. And so was Proserpine and Hecate, who was one thing by night and another by day. The Sibyls were females, and so were the Gorgons, the Harpies, the Furies, the Fates, and the Teutonic Valkyrs, Norniss; and, in short, all representation of ideas, obscure, inscrutable, and portentous, are nouns feminine.

A NEW MORAL TO AN OLD FABLE.—Don't live in hope, with your arms folded; fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves, and put their shoulders to the wheel.

VALUE OF GEOLOGICAL KNOWLEDGE.—The neglect of geological knowledge in architecture has produced the most deplorable consequences, in the premature decomposition of magnificent structures, owing to the perishable quality of the stone employed in their erection. The Capitol, at Washington, in the United States, is rapidly crumbling down to its very base; and thus one of the most splendid senate-houses in the world presents a memorable record of the human ignorance which refused to learn, although a very easy page in nature's book was offered for perusal. This Capitol is built of perishable sandstone, while the marble quarries which have supplied materials for the admired public buildings of Baltimore lie within forty miles. The new church of St. Peter's, at Brighton, has already the appearance of dilapidated antiquity. Several colleges have been entirely rebuilt. The bridges of Westminster and Blackfriars, which cost respectively £427,000 and £153,000, and are neither of them more than a century old, have several times required repairs nearly equivalent to renewal. The latter is now pronounced almost irrecoverable, while the former is under sentence, and will be removed as a new one can be erected in the same vicinity.

BRIEF CHEMICAL NOTES.

SOOT A PIGMENT.—Common coal-soot put into a bottle of water, shaken, the water poured off, and more added two or three times; then the lighter part, after the first settlement, poured on filter paper, dries a fine deep black-brown colour, which may be rubbed up with gum-water, in proportion as wanted, instead of Indian ink or lamp-black, for drawing diagrams.

CEDAR WOOD RESIN.—A peculiar resin was found to have exuded or evaporated, and attached itself to the polished surface of shells kept in a large new conchologist's cabinet, the interior wholly formed of cedar. It was washed off with spirits of wine, to which it imparted a most bitter flavour.

HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM.—Its instant production from cold water is ingeniously effected, by driving it with a force-pump through several feet of iron tubing, laid in a bath of fusible metal, kept at 500 deg. Fahr.,—a principle capable of extensive application.

INCOMPRESSIBLE PRINTERS' BLOCKS.—Instead of blocking up large types or stereotypes with wood, or to adjust these where wood cannot be immediately or conveniently introduced, mix common white sand with strong glue, and it may be readily applied and shaped with a broad knife-blade. When dry it will be very adhesive, as well as incompressible.

TESTING BUILDING-STONES.—The varieties of red sandstone, and other building materials may be artificially tested in respect to the action of frost upon them, by immersing a small cubical block of each in a cold concentrated solution of soda, and then hanging them up by a string. Soft qualities will be disintegrated; hard suitable specimens will remain unaffected, after some days' exposure.

TEA AN ASTRINGENT.—If a decoction be stirred with the steel blade of a dinner-knife, it will soon form a tannate of iron, which, conveyed to a clean quill pen, may be written with.

HORSE CHESTNUTS.—These would afford an abundant supply of farina, which may be employed in the manufacture of British gum for calico printers, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

(By a Correspondent.)

A CURE FOR WARTS.—These troublesome tumours may be cured by applying milk of spurge a few days successively. They turn black with the first application, and die away gradually.

RECIPE FOR A MOST EFFECTUAL RAZOR-STROP.—Spread the well known blue-pill of the shops on buff-leather, smoothing it with the razor-back, and it is fit for use in the ordinary way. The blue-pill may be bought at any of the druggist's shop.

DISCOLOURED OR DAMP WALLS.—Whatever the impregnation such walls have received, several kinds appear wholly incurable, penetrating through fresh plastering, and rotting hollow cloth linings; but if the sheet-lead, which comes to us in the way of lining round tea-chests, be nailed up with copper nails against walls so affected, they may be papered immediately, and will resist the influence of whatever acid may be in the walls.

TO HASTEN THE RIPENING OF WALL-FRUIT.—Paint the wall with black paint, or lay a composition of the same colour, and the tree will produce not only more in quantity, in the proportion of 5 to 3, but the quality is also superior in size and flavour to that which grows against walls of a natural colour.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. EVANS.—We have reason to believe that there is a sufficient number of "lawyers' clerks" in America already.—You will find "easy lessons on mathematics" in "The Popular Educator."

A. Z. B. Y.—We have never heard "that the government, or any society, has held out any reward to any person who can furnish a successful plan for making a flying machine;" nor do we think it likely that they ever will.

PEINTRE.—Gilding of glass, porcelain, &c., is performed by blending powdered gold with gum-water and a little borax, and applying it by means of a camel's hair pencil; the article is then heated sufficiently hot in an oven or furnace, by which means the gum is burnt, and the borax, vitrifying, cements the gold to the surface. When cold, it is polished off with a burnisher. Names, dates, or any fancy device, may thus be permanently and easily fixed on glass, china, earthenware, &c.

J. D. C. D.—A correspondent using this signature, and several other correspondents, have written for information on various matters connected with emigration. We find it very difficult to answer these inquiries, because the parties write in such indefinite terms. We recommend them to obtain a very cheap work, just issued from our office, entitled, "The Emigrants' Handbook;" which is a guide to the various fields of emigration in all parts of the globe. We recommend this to R. Jamieson, to T. Pranter, to J. T. S., &c.

A CONSTANT READER.—We do not pretend to "skill in surgery," nor can we undertake to prescribe for the dropsy.

P. SIMPLE.—You had better apply to one of the clerks of the Admiralty Office.

JOHN MAY; W. STANWELL.—"The Pathway" will be published, in future, on the first day of every month, instead of fortnightly, as heretofore.

MARY.—A female friend informs us that "flannels may retain a good colour, and be preserved from shrinking," by always putting them into *scalding hot* water instead of water moderately warm, as is the usual practice.

CURIOUS.—*Gold sovereigns*, value 20s., were introduced in the year 1532; in 1550 their value was 24s.; in 1552, 30s.; in 1821 they were recoined at their present value,—namely, 20s.—*Tea* was first brought into London by the Dutch East India Company, early in the seventeenth century. In 1666 a quantity of it was brought from Holland by Lord Arlington and Lord Ossory. From this time it became more generally used, that is, by those who could afford to purchase it, the price then being 60s. per pound. In 1775 the Americans refused to receive it with the duty on, which occasioned the long civil war.

CLASSICUS.—You ought not to assume such a high-sounding name till you are at least able to translate the three Latin words you inquire the meaning of. *Fronti nulla fides* means, "There is no faith in appearances." A more liberal, and the most common interpretation of it is, "All is not gold that glitters."

X. T. W.—The "droits" or "*rights*" of the Admiralty "form a portion of the ancient hereditary revenues of the crown, and arise from the capture of enemies' ships coming into port, ignorant of the commencement of hostilities; also the proceeds of wrecks, property floating on shore, &c.

MARTHA wishes us to inform her whether there is any possibility of rendering rancid butter fit for use. We tell her, in the first place, that rancid butter is not only very unpleasant to the taste, but very unwholesome; and, secondly, that the rancidity will be increased rather than diminished by melting or baking. There is, however,—so we are told by an experienced housekeeper,—a simple process by which it may be purified. Let the butter be melted in a saucepan, as if for clarifying, then put into it a piece of bread thoroughly toasted all over. In a few minutes the butter will lose its offensive taste and smell, which will be communicated to the toast. "But," our informant adds, "be sure you do not give the toast to anybody to eat!"

JACOB JACOBS.—Certainly your "cousin" *can* "enter an action" against you "for breach of promise of marriage" if you have been guilty of such breach.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE

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AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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THE HOLY LAND.

CALVARY—THE FRANK MOUNTAIN—BETHLEHEM.

THE Church of the Holy Sepulchre, as it is now termed, is situate not far from the north-west corner of Jerusalem, and has gathered round it most of the convents and the principal residences of the professed Christians. Passing the vestibule, the visitor stands under the large central dome, and close to the smaller edifice, which is supposed to cover the Holy Sepulchre itself. The large dome is about seventy feet in diameter, and nearly the same in height; and the surrounding walls are divided, in the usual manner, into three stories. There are eighteen piers, some of which are round pillars, with capitals, bases, and pedestals, and the others simple square piers. The large and lofty piers towards the east, or right hand, sustain a wide arch, which now serves as a passage between the rotunda and the choir, which is in possession of the Greeks. In the intervals between the piers are chapels of very considerable depth.

A house of stone stands over the spot where the Holy Sepulchre is thought to have been. Lamartine describes it as "an oblong square, adorned with pilasters, a cornice, and cupolas all of marble; the whole of a laboured and eccentric design and executed in bad taste." A small, dimly-lighted room serves as an ante-chapel to the sepulchre itself. As now shown, it is a sort of sarcophagus of white marble, which surrounds and conceals from the eye everything relating

MOUNT MORIAH.

to the tomb, and is about two feet above the level of the floor.

Mount Calvary is about a hundred and twenty feet distant from the site of the sepulchre, in a south-easterly direction, and is reached by a flight of eighteen steps cut in the rock: the elevation is about twenty feet above the floor of the church. Underneath the hill of Calvary is a chapel, with the tombs of Godfrey de Bouillon and his brother Baldwin, but the inscriptions upon them are scarcely legible.

Much dissension has taken place as to the actual site of the event now alluded to; on this subject, Mr. Bartlett says,—"We cannot doubt that the apostles and first Christian converts at Jerusalem, must not only have known the spot, but that this knowledge must have descended to the next generation, even though no peculiar sanctity were by them attributed to it. Soon after the destruction of the city, it is generally supposed that some among them returned to re-establish themselves among its ruins; and it seems almost incredible that they should not have sought for the spot again, and pointed it out to their descendants, as worthy of pious remembrance. Making every allowance for the fact that the first converts were rather absorbed in the spiritual influences of Christianity, than careful about the different sites of its history, we think it must be still conceded, that it is very improbable that the knowledge of those lying immediately around them should entirely die out. The presumption, then, would seem reasonable that the Christians at Jerusalem must have been acquainted with the real Calvary, when Constantine erected the original church of the Holy Sepulchre upon the same site occupied by that now standing."*

To this statement we may add the words of Mr. Fergusson:—"I believe that the boundaries of property were well defined, and registers kept, describing every field and house, and more especially everything in the immediate proximity of the capital of a Roman colony, as Ælia Capitolina was in the time of Constantine; so that I do think it more than probable that he (the emperor) possessed the means of ascertaining the fact beyond doubt; indeed, the narrative of Eusebius seems to presuppose that such information did exist, for there is no doubt or hesitation apparent, either in the mind of the emperor or the historian, as to where the place was. . . . Golgotha . . . . must have been at all times one of the best known spots about Jerusalem, and one as likely to have retained its name, in the time of Constantine, as any other;—so much so, that it appears to me almost a work of supererogation to go to the register, or any remote argument, for its fixation; and even supposing all Christian tradition to have been silent, and no registers to have existed, I cannot but think that Constantine might easily have gained the knowledge he sought, of the exact position of that spot, and from that at least known whereabouts the sepulchre stood,—if he could not point out exactly the identical cave in which the body was laid. My own belief is, that he had the means of ascertaining both, but most certainly that of Golgotha."

A visit to the "Frank Mountain" is regarded by travellers as deeply interesting. Passing out of the Jaffa or Bethlehem Gate, descending the hill, and leaving the extensive port of Gihon on the left, the way thither turns towards the south. There is a fine glimpse of the deep valley of Hinnom, with its fertile spots, and pretty garden enclosures, as they ride along the hill-side on the west, and gradually come on the high table-land towards the south. Looking back, the Holy City spreads out before the eyes, in part only, Mount Zion rearing its lofty head, and shutting out from view much that would otherwise be visible. On the left, the hill-sides, terraced, and thus made serviceable for culture, suggest many a thought of the rural life of Judea. The "Mount of Offence" is on the opposite side of the valley, and the "Hill of Evil Counsel" nearer, and to the south of the vale of Hinnom. In general the face of the country about Jerusalem has a hard and almost barren appearance, the rocks in many places are bare, and the soil is for the most part thin and scanty; on the level surface there is earth abounding with loose stones, yet the ground is far from unfruitful, and in spring the waving fields of grain and grass, the groves of olive, the fig-trees, the pomegranates, the pear, and other fruits, not only give token of what the land is capable of producing, but add greatly to the interest and beauty of the scene.

Branching off, soon after leaving the city, rather to the left, and following the sheep or goat paths along the sides of the hills or over the level spots, the traveller soon arrives in the vicinity of the lofty conical hill, which has received the name of Jebel el-Fureidis, Hill of Paradise, or the Frank Mountain, and which, though not very often visited, deserves some notice at least, on account of the remains near its base and on its summit. The ruins near the foot of the mountain are supposed by Dr. Robinson to indicate the site of the Herodium, a large city erected by Herod the Great, of which the hill and fortress constituted the Acropolis. The learned author quotes the account of Josephus in respect to this city, and makes it appear from various particulars, such as the situation, which is about seven miles south of Jerusalem, and not far from Tekoa, the mountain answering to the one of which Josephus speaks, the round towers, the large reservoir of water, and the city below,—that the Frank Mountain and its vicinity were originally occupied by this splendid city and strong fortress. Perhaps it was here, too, that the body of Herod was brought for burial, two hundred stadia from Jericho, where he died. Certainly, even a cursory look at the ruins near the base of the mountain, and the remains on the summit, must strike the attention of every traveller, and force him to the conclusion, that this locality was once deemed of great importance, both as a place of strength, and as a fitting site for a large and beautiful city. Josephus thus speaks of the Herodium:—"An artificial mound, shaped like a woman's breast, distant sixty furlongs from Jerusalem, Herod named similarly and adorned in a more ambitious style. The summit he embraced with circular towers occupying the enclosure with the most sumptuous structures; and not only did the interior of these present an air of magnificence, but on the outer walls also, with the battlements and roofs, was lavished a profusion of costly ornaments. He moreover, conveyed to it, from a great distance, and at an immense expense, an ample supply of water, and rendered the ascent easy, by two hundred steps of the whitest marble, the mound being of considerable elevation and entirely artificial. He erected also, at the base, other palaces for the reception of his furniture and friends; so that the fort, in the diversity of its accommodation, resembled a town—in its circumscribed limits, a royal residence." Irby and Mangles mention the tradition, apparently of recent date, that the Frank Mountain was "maintained by the Franks forty years after the fall of Jerusalem," and the expulsion of the crusaders. They go on, however, to say, that "the place is too small ever to have contained one half the number of men which would have been requisite to make any stand in such a country; and the ruins, though they may be those of a place once defended by Franks, appear to have had an earlier origin, as the architecture seems to be Roman." Maundrell, also, speaks of "a high, sharp hill, called the Mountain of the Franks, because defended by a party of the crusaders forty years after the loss of Jerusalem."

The mountain is lofty, and rises from its base in the shape of almost a perfect cone, truncated, however, at about three-fourths of its height. In many respects the view is fine from the summit of this high hill. To the south and west the prospect is very limited; but looking eastwardly the eyes are greeted with the sight of a considerable portion of the Dead Sea, which lies spread out in all its silent gloom and impressiveness, and seems to harmonize well with the barren, sterile, and as it were tenantless region round about. Dr. Robinson says, that the top of the hill constitutes a circle of about seven hundred and fifty feet in circumference, and that the whole of this is enclosed by the ruined walls of a circular fortress, built of hewn stones of good size, with four massive round towers, standing one at each of the cardinal points. One of the towers—that on the east—is partially remaining, and gives a good idea of the solidity of the structure in its palmy days. Inside of the walls, or ruins, the ground descends rapidly to a considerable depth, not unlike the crater of a volcano. At present it is difficult to tell whether there was formerly an excavation in the enclosure, or whether, in the lapse of time, the ruins may have formed a mound or slight elevation around the

* "Walks about Jerusalem," pp. 169, 170.

+ Fergusson's "Essay on the Ancient Topography of Jerusalem," pp. 85, 86.

former level of the summit; but either way it is of no great consequence.

A recent traveller says,—"We descended the mountain and turned off to the west. For some distance our course was along the hill-sides and through the valleys which abound in this region: a part of our way was through a very deep and very lovely ravine, which was rendered all the more attractive because of the care and skill bestowed upon its cultivation, and the sweet, clear, and babbling brook which flowed through its midst. At all times water is refreshing to the eye as well as to the body, but nowhere does it appear more delightful, nowhere is one more deeply impressed with the value of this greatest of blessings, than here in the east, when suddenly the traveller comes upon the sparklimg fountain, or a stream of pure water, gliding along fraught with countless mercies to the sons of men. We saw, at no great distance from the point where we first met with this beautiful rivulet, the remains of a large reservoir; and a number of women were occupied in washing of clothes by the water's edge. I was much gratified by the kind and cheerful manner with which they brought and offered to us water to drink out of their earthen jars, an offering the most acceptable which just then we could have received, since we had not tasted a drop from the time that we had left Jerusalem unto the present moment, owing to the carelessness of our dragoman, who had forgotten to bring it with him for our expedition. I may take occasion here, as not inappropriate, and certainly deeply fixed in my memory in consequence of a want of a draught of water for several hours, to warn the traveller in these hot climates, especially to make provision for a supply of water wherever he goes, that he may not imprudently drink, when he is heated, the cold water out of the deep cisterns sometimes found by the road-side, and may not be compelled to ride or walk for hours exposed to the hot sun without a supply of this necessary and refreshing element.

"About half-past two, having traversed a narrow, stony valley, we came to those vast receptacles for water, commonly known as 'Solomon's Pools.' We had been riding for some little time by the side of, and over the aqueduct which carries the water from the pools to Bethlehem, and so on to the great mosque built on the site of the temple in Jerusalem. There were evident traces of antiquity about the aqueduct, and in several places it was much out of repair; nevertheless, it was not difficult to see and feel its importance not only to Bethlehem, but to the Holy City itself. The pools of Solomon are really grand and striking from their extent and their great antiquity, and they are worthy his distinguished wisdom and the glory of his reign. Fancy to yourself three immense reservoirs, built with great care, of solid masonry, and in close proximity to one another. Being constructed on the steep sides of the valley, they rise one above the other, but not in a direct line, toward the top of the hill, so that in fact the bottom of the middle is higher than the top of the lower pool, and the bottom of the upper higher than the top of the middle pool; there is, too, between them a distance of from about two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet. At the time we were there, the lower and middle pools had not much water in them, in the case of the former hardly sufficient to cover one half of the broad bottom; the upper pool seemed to be about one-third full, and the water was probably about ten feet deep. It was certainly a peculiarity worth noticing, that the sides of the reservoirs were covered and made smooth with cement; the bottom was partly of the rocks in their natural state; and in several places there were flights of steps which led down into the pools when the water chanced to be low. The source whence these reservoirs were supplied, is a sunken fountain situate in the high ground, about three hundred feet to the north-west of the pools. Maundrell, in 1697, visited this fountain, and took some pains to examine it. Perhaps I cannot do better than quote his judicious and accurate remarks, which will serve as a fitting conclusion to all that need here be said of Solomon's Pools. He informs us that the waters 'rise under ground, and have no avenue to them but by a little hole like to the mouth of a narrow well. Through this hole you descend directly down, but not without some difficulty, for about four yards, and then arrive in a vaulted room fifteen paces long and eight broad. Joining to this is another room of the same fashion, but somewhat less. Both these rooms are covered with handsome stone arches, very ancient, and perhaps the work of Solomon himself. You find here four places at which the water rises. From these separate sources it is conveyed by little rivulets into a kind of basin; and from thence is carried by a large subterraneous passage down into the pools. In the way, before it arrives at the pools, there is an aqueduct of brick pipes, which receives part of the stream, and carries it by many turnings and windings about the mountains, to Jerusalem.'

"It was getting late in the afternoon when we arrived in the vicinity of Bethlehem, on our road homeward to the Holy City; and as it was necessary to reach Jerusalem before sunset, at which time the gates are closed, and no strangers permitted to enter, we gave little heed to most of the merely traditionary localities in and about the town, and devoted our time and attention principally to those which have strong claims on the confidence and sympathies of the Christian. We rode through a part of the town, and proceeded at once to the large and rather imposing church built over the place of our Lord's nativity: it is directly by the side of and connected with the extensive convent at Bethlehem, which is occupied by the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, who, so far as I know, live together in greater harmony than unhappily is the case in Jerusalem. Passing through a very low and narrow portal, we entered the spacious church, walked slowly forwards towards the eastern end, where mass was being performed, and followed our guide to the spot where tradition attests that our blessed Saviour was born. To one unaccustomed to the singularly ill-judged and tasteless manner in which holy places have been overladen with ornaments, the grotto of the nativity would appear to have small claims on the attention. I confess, that not only here, but almost everywhere in the Holy Land, there is much, far too much, which annoys the traveller, and sometimes urges him to the conviction that none of the traditions in favour of particular localities have any great value or importance. The strong desire—in former days amounting almost to a passion—for building churches and erecting altars over sacred and revered spots, as well as for encasing in marble and precious metals, and loading with profuse decorations, some holy grotto or some sacred tomb of saint or martyr, has done injury in more ways than one to the cause of truth, but principally by tending to confound, one with another, those places which are probably, or almost certainly, the localities which they profess to be, and those for which naught can be urged, except very recent, contradictory and baseless traditions. This is deeply to be regretted, and not a little adds to the perplexities of the enlightened pilgrim who desires to discriminate rightly, and is laudably anxious, while rejecting those stories which have manifestly no foundation, and have arisen out of the fond desire of the human mind to fix a visible site to every scripture event, not to run into the dangerous extreme of doubting everything or believing nothing which ancient tradition has handed down even to our own days." With such feelings, it is almost painful to descend a number of marble steps into a small dimly lighted chapel; to see the spot pointed out as the place of the nativity, covered with all kinds of ornaments, and resorted to by devotees from all quarters, with prostrations, kissings, and adoration, amounting, it would appear, very near to absolute idolatry; to look upon a marble manger in which, it is said, the Holy Babe was laid; but which has the evident marks of modern origin, and to stand in or near a place which is probably the place where the Virgin Mother brought forth her first-born son, wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger.

How many ages back does the history of Bethlehem extend, and with what a multitude of illustrious characters and events has it been connected! It was here that Jacob came, with all his wealth, which God had given him, with his wives and children, strangers in the land which was promised to them and their seed as a sure possession. It was here that his beloved wife, for whom he had served fourteen years, which "seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her," was taken away from him, leaving with the mourning father the infant Benjamin as a precious pledge of her last hour: here, too, not far from the town, she was buried, and the place of her sepulture remains even unto this day. More than four hundred years afterwards, "it came to pass that all the city was moved" by the arrival of Naomi and the gentle, lovely,

and most affectionate Ruth. Here was the scene of those events, so touchingly related in the book of Ruth; and here did it happen that the poor and widowed Moabitess became the wife of the wealthy and honoured Boaz, and the great-grandmother of Israel's second and worthiest king. This was the city of David the servant of the Lord, whom he "chose and took from the sheepfolds; from following the ewes great with young, he brought him to feed Jacob his people and Israel his inheritance. And David fed them according to the integrity of his heart, and guided them by the skilfulness of his hands."* A thousand years and more passed away, and Bethlehem was visited by one of Ruth's descendants, and one more highly favoured and honoured than any of her sex. The blessed Virgin Mary came from Nazareth to her own city, the city of David, to be taxed according to the decree of the Emperor Augustus; and here

ENVIRONS OF JERUSALEM.

she dwelt till "the days were accomplished that she should be delivered." Here Christ Jesus was born, the Saviour of the world, the Desire of all nations, the long-expected Messiah; here our Lord and our God "took not on him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham,"† and was "a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of the people Israel.‡ Not far from this highly honoured city, abiding in the field, were shepherds keeping watch over their flock by night; and when that scene of glory occurred, of which the Evangelist speaks. Bright were the stars which in their courses roll; brilliant were the heavens as these simple shepherds gazed upon them; but surpassingly magnificent was that glory of the Lord which shone round about them, as with fear and trembling they prostrated themselves in adoration before the throne of God. And what a message of love and mercy was that which they heard! "Fear not, said the angel, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."* What celestial harmony was that which their ears were permitted to listen to! for "suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will towards men." Ah, with what alacrity did they go even unto Bethlehem, to see that thing which was to come to pass, which the Lord had made known unto them; and when they had seen the Holy Child and the virgin mother, as it had been told them by the angel, with what joy and confiding faith did they spread abroad the good news of God's infinite compassion to our race in sending his Son, his only Son, into the world! Here, too, did the star of Bethlehem shine with a lustre all its own, that star which had been the guide of so many days and on so long a journey of the illustrious sages of the East: and these wise men followed its guidance till it came and stood over where the young Child was: with what exceeding great joy did they enter the house; with what unhesitating faith did they worship the infant Saviour, and with what gladness did they open their treasures, and as kings unto the King of kings did they present unto him gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh? and when they had gone away, rejoicing, unto their own homes, alas what a terrible blow fell upon Bethlehem! God had sent away into Egypt both Joseph and the young

* Ps. lxxviii. 70—72. † Heb. ii. 16. ‡ Luke ii. 32.

* Luke ii. 10—12.

Child and his mother, when the bloody tyrant Herod, even now on the brink of the grave, frustrated in his designs upon the life of the Holy Child, sent his ruffian band to slaughter the innocent babes of Bethlehem, and of all the coasts thereof. It was a deed of horror, unsurpassed by ought of sanguinary ferocity in that despot's latter years; and might well lead the Evangelist to adopt the striking figure of the prophet Jeremiah; "in Ramah was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." *

SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY, R.A.

Francis Chantrey was a poor boy. His father rented a small farm at Jordanthorpe, near Sheffield, and died when his son was only twelve years of age. The widow, in the first year of her bereavement, married again, taking unto herself as her husband—much to the disgust of her son, who would never call his mother by the name she had acquired on her second marriage—a farm servant of her own, by name Job Hall. Francis, after the manner of step-sons, was quickly placed in a grocer's shop in Sheffield, but after a few weeks' misery behind the counter he was removed, at his own earnest request, and apprenticed to "Robert Ramsay, of Sheffield, in the county of York, carver and gilder," the contents of whose shop-window had caught the eye of the grocer's boy and communicated, as is the wont of such instruments, potently and mysteriously with his genius. Ten pounds were paid at the binding, and the apprenticeship was for a long seven years. The date of the indenture is Sept. 19, 1797, when Chantrey was sixteen years old.

Mr. Ramsay, besides being a carver in wood, was also a dealer in prints and plaster models. Chantrey at once set about imitating both. He began to work the moment he set foot in the carver's shop, and he ceased his labours only when he died. In a former brief notice of his character we have called attention to the thoroughly English qualities in virtue of which Chantrey won his way to renown. His example is valuable chiefly in this regard. His patience, industry, and steady perseverance achieved everything for him that he subsequently won. His biographers (Mr. Holland as well as Mr. Jones) place Chantrey upon a pedestal somewhat too high for his deserts. We presume the amiable fault is inevitable in all biographical attempts. The hero must transcend all former heroes, or the scribe is at fault. But, in truth, there is no occasion to demand for Chantrey more than he may lawfully aspire to. His countrymen are not slow to recognise claims so valid and so well understood. Chantrey's genius was not overwhelming or astonishing; his compositions had nothing in them of high imagination and of strictly-called poetic elevation. But for simplicity, beauty, and truth, his works are not to be surpassed; and they evoke admiration and applause as the undoubted, though unpretending, triumphs of a gifted mind well disciplined in the school from which no genius, however lofty, can skulk without peril of misadventure. In Ramsay's shop Chantrey copied the prints, worked at the carvings, cleaned pictures, and tried his 'prentice hand as a modeller, upon the face of a fellow-workman. He did more. At a trifling expense he hired a small room, to which he retired to spend every hour he could call his own in modelling and drawing. "It was often midnight," writes Mr. Holland, "before he came home; but neither master nor servant ever suspected he had been anywhere but in his obscure studio, drawing, modelling, or poring over anatomical plates." He was still an apprentice when he made the acquaintance of Jonathan Wilson, the medal engraver. In the old High-street of Sheffield was a low gloomy shop, called "Woollen's Circulating Library." "In a back chamber of these premises," Mr. Holland informs us, "night by night, towards the close of his apprenticeship, did young Chantrey and his friend Wilson devote themselves to the pencil, their principal exercise being to copy the drapery of a series of French prints of statuary." Subsequently, meeting Mr. Raphael Smith, "the distinguished draughtsman in crayon," at his master's house, and growing impatient of wood carving, Chantrey induced Mr. Ramsay to cancel his indentures two years before his term of apprenticeship expired. A friend advanced £50 to effect his release, and freedom being obtained, Chantrey, then in his 21st year, made the best of his way to London. Reaching that scene of his future greatness, he called immediately upon an uncle and aunt, both living in the service of Mrs. D'Oyley, in Curzon-street, Mayfair, and that lady, much to her credit, gave the young artist a room over her stable to work in, and requested his uncle to see him daily supplied with a necessary knife and fork.

At Mrs. D'Oyley's Chantrey was still a man of all work, cleaning the pictures in that lady's house, and occupying himself now with painting and now with sculpture, yet doubtful as to which pursuit he should finally and exclusively devote his powers. A very few months after taking up his residence in Mayfair we find the active youth back in Sheffield upon a flying professional visit, making the most of his advantages at this as at every later period of his life.

Chantrey married and received substantial coin with his wife. Mrs. D'Oyley's butler was comfortably warm in respect to things of this life, and when he gave his daughter to his nephew, he added a sum sufficient to enable the latter to build himself a studio, and to take a position worthy of his prospects. From first to last Chantrey received of his wife's money considerably more than £10,000; and of all artists that ever lived Chantrey knew best how to turn such gifts of fortune to good account.

Francis Chantrey, like Byron, rose one morning and found himself famous. In the year 1811 he had six busts in the Exhibition; and one of these was the head of Horne Tooke, which brought commissions, according to Chantrey's own account, amounting to £12,000. It is very likely that with this enormous success, acquired through the instrumentality of the radical philologer, Chantrey's own radicalism began to decline. The sculptor was a furious democrat in his early struggles, sneered at the reigning family, and roared for Sir Francis Burdett. As he invested his thousands in the Three per Cents. the respectability of existing institutions visibly increased. A more gentlemanly old Tory never lived than Chantrey at the age of sixty.

In 1811, over fifteen competitors, Chantrey was selected to execute a statue of George III. for the city of London. From that year until 1817 he commanded in his profession. By universal consent, he was allowed to be unequalled in his time as a modeller of busts, and nothing, indeed, can surpass the force, the truthfulness, and simplicity of these works. In 1817 he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and executed the exquisite monument of "The Sleeping Children," now in Lichfield cathedral. Mr. Holland is very much distressed because it has been contended that the sole merit of the design of this monument does not rest with Francis Chantrey; and he takes infinite pains to prove the contrary. Mr. Holland, however, might have spared his indignation and his trouble. There is no doubt that Stothard's pencil gave Chantrey the original sketch for this lovely work of art; the sketch is in existence, and will, we believe, be shortly published in Stothard's life. It is equally certain that the snowdrops placed in the hands of the younger sister were a poetic and affecting suggestion of Allan Cunningham. But what then? Look at Stothard's drawing, and compare it with the grace, feeling, and irresistible beauty of the sculptured monument. It matters little who designed the sketch, while the marble remains to attest to the power, perception, and matchless skill of the mind that gave it glowing life. No eye that has ever gazed upon those artless forms has cared to look beyond them or to inquire too curiously into their origin. They speak, silently sleeping, sufficiently for their creator. What sculptor of Chantrey's day could have wrought such work had the whole Academy combined to furnish him with a subject?

From 1817 until his sudden death in 1841 Chantrey's career was one of wonderfully profitable occupation and accumulating triumphs. Four monarchs sat to him, and the list of remarkable persons whose faces he perpetuated in marble is much too long to be enumerated here. The last bust on which Chantrey wrought with his whole spirit, and the last which he touched with the chisel, was that of Queen Victoria, now at Windsor, justly regarded by Prince Albert as the best existing bust of Her Majesty. The last bust modelled by Chantrey was that of Lord Melbourne, but upon this the sculptor laboured with his own hand very little indeed. His strength was failing him at the time, and the noble sitter was himself suffering from ill-health. Indeed, there is reason to believe that while Lord Melbourne would invariably quit the studio in Eccleston-street with a sad conviction of the sculptor's waning faculties, Chantrey himself would at the same time commiseratingly deplore to his friends the visible decline of a statesman's once clear and active intellect. Neither suspected his own trouble, but both regarded the other as passing rapidly into a state of hopeless mental decrepitude.

Chantrey had a dread of modelling horses, and made more of one horse than Ducrow ever made out of his whole stud. The first "horse commission" was the George IV. for the marble arch; the second, Sir Thomas Munro, for Madras; third, the Duke of Wellington, for the city. Of these, unquestionably the

* Matt. ii. 18; Jer. xxxi. 15.

finest is the Munro; but all the horses are from the same model. In the first two no difference whatever is made in the animals; in the Duke of Wellington's case the head of the horse is altered, but in other respects the steed is that mounted by Sir Thomas and the King, and no other. For George IV. Chantrey received £9,000, and profited £3,000; for Munro, he was paid £7,000, and profited as much; for the Duke of Wellington his charge was £10,000, and by this he must have gained at least £5,000. In his later years the sculptor became greedy of commissions and money, and anxious to secure everything. He was eager for the Wilkie statue, and eagerer still for the Glasgow Wellington statue; but the Glasgow people, having a laudable fear of the old horse took refuge in Marochetti.

These, and other points to which reference is made in Mr. Holland's book, are of interest in estimating the character and claims of Francis Chantrey. It is worthy to be noted—for, certainly the discovery would never be made by an inspection of his works—that Chantrey's vision was very imperfect. Of the right eye he had no use whatever; yet he was an excellent shot. Of reading, he had none. His education had been of the very humblest; yet no one would have accused him of ignorance on any matter. He had surprising tact, a singular faculty of observation, admirable facility of acquiring knowledge in his daily walks, and perfect skill in concealing his poverty. He was brought up, the son of a working man, first in a poor cottage, then in a carver's shop; but he was at ease in the society of princes, and his manner was as far removed from obsequious flattery as from vulgar rudeness. He had a fine and frank independence which endeared him to his inferiors, and gave dignity to his professional character in the eyes of those above him.

It will hardly be said that Chantrey during the whole of his professional and highly "respectable" life was disposed to disturb the many useful institutions of his country; but one very important institution he failed to support by any extensive personal co-operation. It is a fact, that except to be married, or to put up a monument, Chantrey never was inside a church in his life. Mr. Holland complains that Mr. Jones in his "Recollections" has made no mention of Chantrey's visits to a place of worship; but we confess that this is somewhat hard upon Jones, who has made mistakes enough, as we all know, without being forced into others against his will. If any one is to be blamed for Jones's silence in this respect it is certainly not the biographer; and Mr. Holland would seem to be of that opinion when he very properly vindicates the character of Bacon, the sculptor, and shows how a man may humbly fulfil the duties of a Christian.

In his will Chantrey provided that the whole of his large fortune, amounting, we believe, to £90,000, should, at the decease of his widow, become the property of the Royal Academy, for the purpose of purchasing "works of fine art of the highest merit in painting and sculpture," but only such as shall have been entirely executed "within the shores of Great Britain;" the "wish and intention" of the artist being "that the works of art so purchased shall be collected for the purpose of forming and establishing a public national collection of British art in painting and sculpture." One or two minor bequests are of a curious nature. As a mark of his regard for the long services of his old lieutenant, Allan Cunningham, Chantrey stipulated in his will that the latter should be entitled to receive a legacy of £2,000 upon his superintending the completion of the Wellington statue. Allan attended to the important work up to the day of his death, but he died before the statue was completed, and—whatever may have been the intentions of the testator—his family lost the money. Another bequest was a gift of £50 per annum, "to be paid to a schoolmaster, under the direction of the vicar or resident clergyman, to instruct ten poor boys of the parish of Norton without expense to their parents;" but the condition of the legacy was the perpetuation of the donor's tomb. Mr. Holland gives no explanation of this somewhat unusual proviso; but it is worth recording, nevertheless. Many years before his decease, Chantrey attended at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, with a friend, the funeral of Scott, who was shot in the duel with Christie. The graveyard was strewed with human bones, and the gravedigger was adding indiscriminately and irreverently to the heaps. Chantrey inquired of the sexton what eventually became of those last remains of mortality. The sexton replied, with a smile, that when they grew too plentiful they were carted off in loads to the Thames. The friend described the effect of this answer upon the frame of Chantrey as painful in the extreme. His cheeks grew sickly white, and perspiration poured down them. At the moment he looked himself a corpse newly risen from the grave before him. "I will take care," he said with a shudder, "that they do not cart my bones to the Thames. They shall be undisturbed under my native sod." And, accordingly, there are five pounds per annum for ten poor boys of the village of Norton, so long as they will remember industriously to pluck the weeds and to remove the nettles that deface the gravestone of Francis Chantrey. The sculptor subsequently paid a formal visit to Norton, and carefully selected the spot for his last resting-place. While looking for it he encountered the gravedigger, who approached him, mattock on shoulder; "I am looking out a place for a grave," said Chantrey, "but I don't mean you to dig it." "I hope I shall," replied the gravedigger quietly and civilly. And it is likely enough that he did, for within a year the renowned sculptor was deposited near the humbler family dust that had mingled with the earth before him.

THE LIBRARIES OF EUROPE.

Of the importance of laying open to the people the great treasures of literature there can be now no question. Dr. Johnson being once asked how he would educate a boy, replied, "Turn him loose in a library." This, though very good advice as far as it goes, would not meet the requirements of youth, whose energies require to be directed. A well-selected library of choice works, rather than abundance of books, is the great want of cities. In London there are many private libraries, but not one really public. We, who profess never to do things by halves, have never, in fact, instituted *free* libraries. The British Museum library is only open to a comparative few, who have to read the books on the spot; the large University Libraries cannot be said to be free, even to the students; and, with the exception of the Humphrey Chetham Library at Manchester, there is really no *free* library in Great Britain. On the continent there are many free libraries. In France there are 117; in Prussia, 44; in Austria, including Venice and Lombardy, 48; in Bavaria, 17; in Belgium, 14; in Saxony, 6; in Tuscany, 6; in Denmark, 5. The various European capitals have free libraries for the use of all classes. Paris has 7; Florence, 6; Dresden, 4; Vienna, 3; Copenhagen, 2; Brussels, 2; Berlin, 2; Milan, 2; Munich, 2; while in the great city of London the student and man of letters has free access to only one, and that one so arranged, that all reference to books published within three years of the present time, and access to all rare and curious MSS., is practically denied to the great mass of the readers.

The oldest of the European libraries of printed books is probably that of Vienna, which dates from 1440, and is said to have been opened to the public as early as 1575. The Town Library of Ratisbon dates from 1430; St. Mark's Library at Venice from 1468; the Town Library at Frankfort from 1484; that of Hamburg from 1529; of Strasburg from 1531; of Augsburg from 1537; those of Berne and Geneva from 1550; that of Basel from 1564.

The Royal Library of Copenhagen was founded about 1550. In 1671 it possessed 10,000 volumes; in 1748 about 65,000; in 1778, 100,000; in 1820, 300,000; and it now contains 412,000 volumes. The National Library of Paris was founded in 1596, but was not made public until 1737. In 1640 it contained about 17,000 volumes; in 1684, 50,000; in 1775, 150,000; in 1790, 200,000. It now possesses at least 824,000 volumes. The library of the British Museum was founded in 1753, and was opened to the public in 1757, with about 40,000 volumes. In 1800 it contained about 65,000 volumes; in 1823, 135,000; in 1836, nearly 240,000; and it now contains 435,000 volumes. But it must not be inferred that the whole of this difference, between 1836 and 1848, arises from the actual increase of the collection; on the contrary, a portion of the apparent increase results from the circumstance that many thousands of tracts, formerly in volumes or cases, have been separately bound, and are now enumerated as distinct volumes.

The steady growth of the Copenhagen library has been mainly owing to judicious purchases at favourable opportunities. The rapid increase of the magnificent National Library of Paris, since 1790, is in a great measure to be ascribed to the revolution; the suppression of the monasteries and convents, and the confiscation of the property of rebels and emigrants, having placed many fine libraries at the disposal of the ruling powers of the day. And although, in some cases, large numbers of books and MSS. appear to have been summarily disposed of, "for the service of the arsenals," more usually special instructions were given that the officers at the head of the National Library should have an unlimited power

of selection, and of this they made extensive use. The increase of the British Museum library, on the other hand, is mainly ascribable to donation. Of its 435,000 volumes, at least 200,000 have been presented or bequeathed. The National Libraries of Paris and Madrid, the Royal Libraries of Munich, Berlin, Copenhagen, Vienna, Naples, Brussels, and the Hague, the Brera Library at Milan, the Magliabecchian at Florence, and the ducal library of Parma, together with the library of the British Museum, are entitled by law to a copy of every book published within the states to which they respectively belong.

If the principal libraries in the several capital cities of Europe be arranged according to their respective magnitudes, they will stand in the following order :—

Paris (1) National Library	824,000	vols.
Munich, Royal Library	600,000	,,
Petersburg, Imperial Library	446,000	,,
London, British Museum Library	435,000	,,
Copenhagen, Royal Library	412,000	,,
Berlin, Royal Library	410,000	,,
Vienna, Imperial Library	313,000	,,
Dresden, Royal Library	300,000	,,
Madrid, National Library	200,000	,,
Wolfenbuttel, Ducal Library	200,000	,,
Stuttgard, Royal Library	187,000	,,
Paris (2), Arsenal Library	180,000	,,
Milan, Brera Library	170,000	,,
Paris (3), St. Genevieve Library	150,000	,,
Darmstadt, Grand Ducal Library	150,000	,,
Florence, Magliabecchian Library	150,000	,,
Naples, Royal Library	150,000	,,
Brussels, Royal Library	133,500	,,
Rome (1), Casanate Library	120,000	,,
Hague, Royal Library	100,000	,,
Paris (4), Mazarine Library	100,000	,,
Rome (2), Vatican Library	100,000	,,
Parma, Ducal Library	100,000	,,

The average annual sum allotted to the support of the national library at Paris is £16,575; to that of the Royal Library at Brussels, £2,700; to that of Munich, about £2,000; to that of Vienna, £1,900; to that of Berlin, £3,745; to that of Copenhagen, £1,250; to that of Dresden, £500; to that of the Grand Ducal Library of Darmstadt, £2,000.

For a long period prior to the report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the British Museum of 1835-36, the average annual expenditure for the library of the Museum was under £8,000 a year, and of this sum only £1,135, on an average, were expended on the purchase of printed books. From 1837 to 1845 inclusive, the sum devoted to the last-named purpose was, on the average, £3,443. In 1846 and 1847, an annual sum of £10,000 was thus appropriated, by a special increase of the parliamentary grant, urgent representations having been made to the Treasury of the great deficiencies existing in the collection of printed books. In 1848, however, this grant was reduced to £8,500, and the sum voted for 1849 was but £5,000. The entire annual amount at present allotted to the service of the library, in all its departments, is £23,261; *viz.*, for salaries in the department of MSS., £2,169; in that of printed books, £7,122; and in the reading-room, £904. For purchases in the department of MSS., £1,823, and in that of printed books, £5,000; for bookbinding, £3,500; for printing catalogues, £873; and for proportion of the expense of secretary's department and of ordinary house expenditure, &c., about £1,870.

The aggregate of the sums expended in the purchase of printed books, including maps and musical works, for the British Museum, from its foundation in the year 1753, to Christmas, 1847, is £102,446 18s. 5d., and that expended in the purchase of manuscripts, £42,940 11s. 10d., together, £145,387 10s. 3d. The sums expended during the same period in prints and drawings amount to £29,318 4s.; in antiquities, coins and medals, to £125,257 0s. 9d.; and in specimens of natural history, in all its branches, to £43,599 7s. 8d.

The present average number of volumes annually added to the National Library of Paris is stated to be 12,000; to that of Munich, 10,000; to that of Berlin, 5,000; to that of Vienna, 5,000; to that of Petersburg, 2,000; to the Ducal Library of Parma, 1,800; to the Royal Library of Copenhagen, 1,000. The average annual addition to the library of the British Museum has been, under the operation of the special grant, about 30,000 volumes, usually comprising about 24,000 separate works.

This number is made up of three distinct items,—namely, purchases, donations, copyright-tax, the relative proportions of which may be estimated from the following tabular statement:—

In the Year	By Purchase. Separate Works.	By Donation. Separate Works.	By Copyright. Separate Works.	Estimated Total No. of Volumes added.	Expenditure.
1841....	3,140	236	2,409	9,193	£3,000
1842....	3,627	926	2,381	10,424	3,000
1843....	4,856	250	2,816	12,387	4,000
1844....	5,475	653	3,929	16 325	4,500
1845....	7,630	881	3,596	13,174	4,500
1846....	18,787	16,377	4,073	53,422	8,909
1847....	15,711	1,806	4,168	36,271	9.941
1848....	15,382	1,275	4,015	23,213	8,572
Totals..	74,608	22,404	27,387	174,409	£46,422

The principal University Libraries may be placed in the following order :—

Gottingen, University Library	360,000	vols.
Breslau, University Library	250,000	,,
Oxford, Bodleian Library	220,000	,,
Tubingen, University Library	200,000	,,
Munich, University Library	200,000	,,
Heidelberg, University Library	200,000	,,
Cambridge, Public Library	166,724	,,
Bologna, University Library	150,000	,,
Prague, University Library	130,000	,,
Vienna, University Library	115,000	,,
Leipsic, University Library	112,000	,,
Copenhagen, University Library	110,000	,,
Turin, University Library	110,000	,,
Louvain, University Library	105,000	,,
Dublin, Trinity College Library	104,239	,,
Upsal, University Library	100,000	,,
Erlangen, University Library	100,000	,,
Edinburgh, University Library	90,854	,,

The University Library of Turin dates from 1436, that of Cambridge from 1484, that of Leipsic from 1544, that of Edinburgh from 1582, the Bodleian from 1597. The small library of the University of Salamanca is said to have been founded in 1215.

The Gottingen, Prague, Turin, and Upsal Libraries are lending libraries. Those of Gottingen, Oxford, Prague, Cambridge, Dublin, and Turin, are legally entitled to copies of all works published within the states to which they respectively belong.

The annual expenditure of the Tubingen library is about £760; of the Gottingen library, £730; of the Breslau library, about £400. That of the Bodleian, at Oxford, is now about £4,000; of which sum £1,375 is defrayed by proceeds of various benefactions; about £650 by matriculation fees, and about £1,500 by "library dues."

There is no public lending library in London. The "London library," in St. James's-square, is, however, an evidence of the utility of such a library, even when the privilege is a purchaseable one. Attached to the various mechanics' and literary institutions are several extensive libraries; but it is to be feared that the majority of the books are novels and similar comparatively worthless works.

THE GREAT LAWSUIT BETWEEN THE TALBOTS AND THE BERKELEYS.—The longest lawsuit ever heard of in England was that between the heirs of Sir Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, on the one part, and the heirs of Lord Berkeley on the other, respecting certain possessions not far from Wotton-under-Edge, in the county of Gloucester. It commenced at the end of the reign of Edward IV., and was depending till the year of James I., when a compromise took place—120 years' litigation. The original disputants were Thomas Lord L'Isle and William Lord Berkeley, and in their age the decision of the sword being more regarded than the authority of law, the two noblemen, with their followers, met in deadly encounter at Wotton-under-Edge, in 1469, when Lord L'Isle received a mortal wound from an arrow shot through his mouth.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

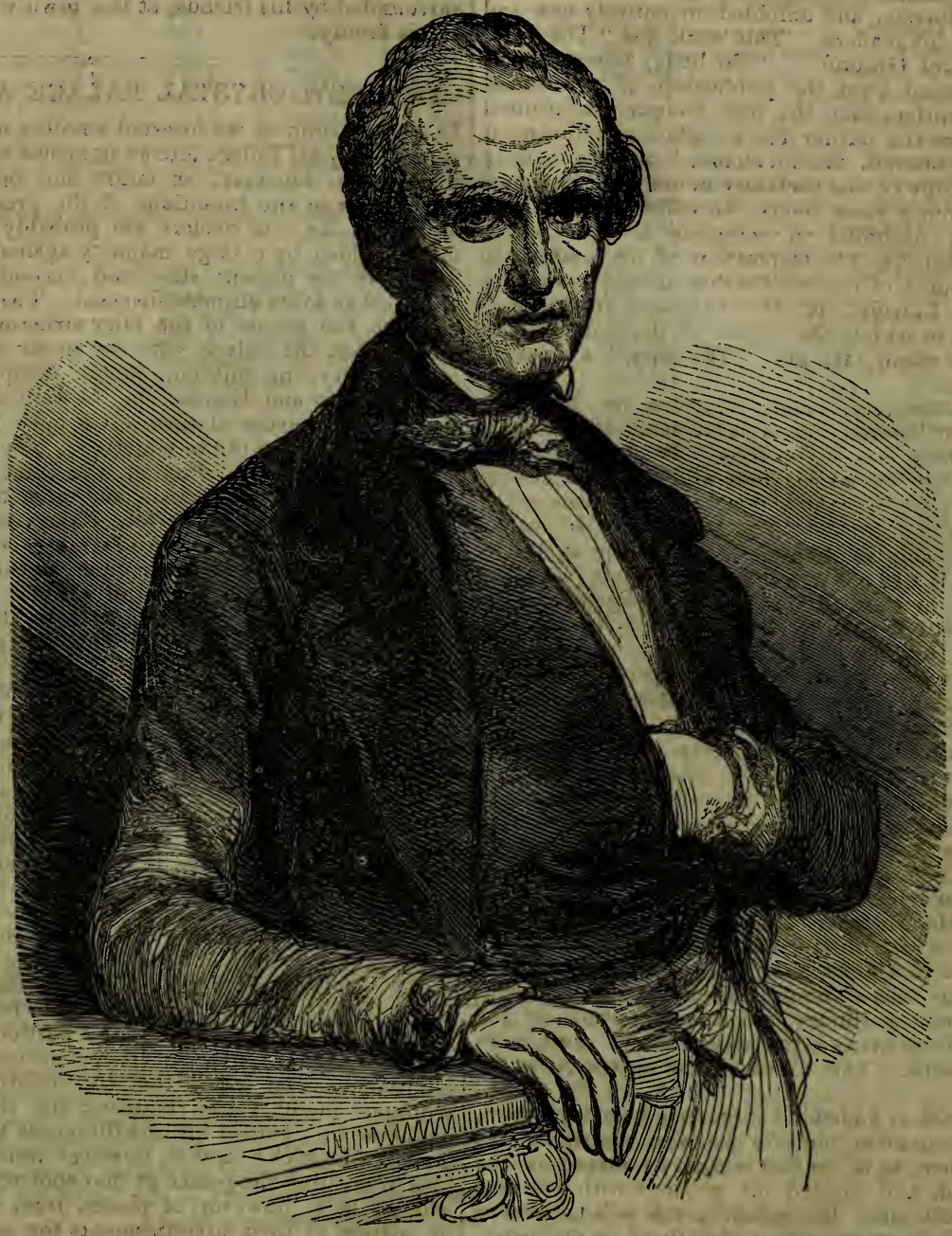
Scarcely two centuries have elapsed since a small party of English emigrants, flying from religious despotism at home, landed at Plymouth Rock, in North America; and the state founded by this handful of daring and devoted men has become one of the greatest on the earth. Two centuries have sufficed to form a gigantic republic. The American people, which has been well called a Hercules in the cradle, although giving every evidence of commercial greatness, has yet been but poorly represented in the world of letters; for a long period almost all works written on American soil were but imitations of various great novelists then in note in Europe, and bore the stamp of inferiority which attaches itself to imitation.

Among the numbers of native American writers, there are but few who have excited any attention in Europe; but these have brought with them a freshness and novelty, a spirit of nature, and a reflection of the majestic grandeur of American scenery, which at once placed them in the first rank. The names of Washington Irving, Longfellow, Bancroft, Hawthorne, Willis, and Fenimore Cooper, are well and favourably known to all English readers.

Cooper has, with some justice, been called the American Walter Scott; at all events he is undoubtedly the first of American novelists. In a country of comparatively but recent cultivation there can be no historical traditions, no monuments of bygone times, to impress the popular mind with feelings of reverence or admiration; and Cooper, therefore, wisely devoted himself to the delineation of American life in all its phases, after an unsuccessful attempt in the usual path of European novelists. He was most happy in his descriptions of American scenery; of the primeval forests and inland seas; and the great two epochs of American history—the struggle between the savages and the first settlers, and the War of Independence.

James Fenimore Cooper belonged to one of the oldest families in Pennsylvania, which had emigrated in 1679 from Buckinghamshire. His father, Judge William Cooper, settled at Burlington in New Jersey, and was elected to the colonial legislature in 1681. When William Penn founded the state of Pennsylvania, Cooper the elder obtained from him a large grant of land, which has since that time borne his name. Fenimore Cooper was born on September 15, 1789, at Burlington, where his father was state-judge. He spent the first years of his life near the sources of the Susquehanna, in the then insignificant Cooperstown, which he describes with such vigour in the commencement of "The Pioneers."

He was educated at Burlington, at Newhaven, and lastly at Yale College, at which latter place he is said to have diligently



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

studied for three years. In his sixteenth year he entered the navy, in which he remained till 1811. This portion of his life has had much influence in giving a character of originality to his writings. Obliged by the state of his health to abandon the navy, he retired into private life, married a Miss de Lancey, sister of bishop de Lancey, of the western diocese of New York, and devoted himself entirely to the pursuit of letters; only interrupting the regular appearance of his works by several trips to Europe, and a long stay at Lyons, where, during the years 1826 to 1829, he filled the office of United States' consul.

His first novel, entitled "Precaution," published in 1821, was but partially successful in America, and is almost unknown in Europe. His second attempt was in another vein: leaving the beaten track of everyday English life, he struck into the American forests, and unfolded an entirely new and interesting world to his readers. This work was "The Spy: a Tale of the Neutral Ground." "So little, however," he tells us, "was expected from the publication of an original work of this description, that the first volume was printed several months before the author felt a sufficient inducement to write a line of the second. Should chance," he adds, writing in 1831, "throw a copy of this prefatory notice into the hands of an American twenty years hence, he will smile to think that a countryman hesitated to complete a work so far advanced, merely because the disposition of his country to read a book that treated of its own familiar interests was distrusted." "Lionel Lincoln; or, the Leaguers of Boston," published in 1824, in which the events of the war of independence form the staple, is, like "The Spy," a work of sterling interest.

Cooper's greatest triumphs were, however, in his later works, descriptive of Indian life, and in some of his naval stories. His next work was "The Pilot," in 1824, and may be well considered as one of his best and most successful novels. The following is a list of Cooper's other novels in the order in which they appeared:—"The Last of the Mohicans"—"The Prairie"—"The Red Rover"—"The Wept of Wish-tonwish"—"The Water Witch"—"The Bravo"—"The Heidenmaur"—"Homeward Bound"—"The Pathfinder"—"Mercedes of Castile"—"The Deerslayer"—"The Two Admirals"—"Wing and wing"—"Wyandotte"—"Autobiography of a Pocket-handkerchief"—"Ned Myers"—"Ashore and Afloat"—"Miles Wallingford"—"Satanstoe"—"The Redskins"—"The Crater"—"The Beehunter"—"Jack Tier" "The Sea Lions"—"The Ways of the Hour," which last work appeared in 1850.

Cooper's stories are distinguished by an open, frank style, and the delicate manner in which abuses are exposed. We might perhaps desire more animation, more colour, in some of his heroines; but there is a gentle and devoted spirit in all, which makes up for what they lose in brilliancy. Narrah-Mattah is a beautiful instance, in "The Pioneers.' Independently of these works of fiction, Cooper published several other writings, particularly his letters on the United States of America, and an account of his travels, which are, however, by no means free from prejudice and misconceptions of the older continent. His letters on the United States were, however, extremely brilliant, and excited great attention at the time.

Of Cooper's merits as a novelist there can be no question, though he was far more at home in the wild prairie, or the wilder sea, than when, as in his late works, he mixed in the commonplace world, and diluted his writings with political or polemical disquisitions. His earlier novels will be read as long as the English language exists, for there is character, freshness, and charm about them, equal, in their way, to anything which has ever appeared. Who, for instance, can forget that most original character, with many aliases, Leatherstocking, or fail to be interested in the sayings and doings of Long Tom Coffin, or cease to sympathise, with the poor, imbecile Hetty Hunter, in "The Deerslayer? With the history of the lost tribes of America the name of Fenimore Cooper has become so thoroughly identified, that future writers, when they would know anything of "the painted chiefs with pointed spears," as Longfellow happily styles them, must needs refer to the novels of which Cooper is the author, so felicitously has he brought them before the eye and imagination of the reader, and so minutely has he traced their manners, habits, and prejudices. The genius of his youth, though it was often sadly and sorely tried, never departed from him but with life itself; and, however much he wandered from the old track, he no sooner stepped back into it than the charm returned, and his readers lingered, spell-bound, as of old, over the well-known theme. Whatever the shortcomings of Cooper as a writer—and he had many of them—they are far outbalanced by the truthfulness of his delineations, the originality of his conceptions, and his terse, often flowing and harmonious, style.

His last days were spent in his home in New Jersey; his health had for some time been giving way, and had caused great anxiety to his friends; and on the 14th of September, 1851, he breathed his last, in the sixty-second year of his age, surrounded by his friends, at the town which bears the name of his family. G.

THE NEW CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM.

In our last number we inserted a notice of a proposal to convert the Crystal Palace into an immense tower, 1,000 feet high. Since then, however, an entire and beneficial change has taken place in the intentions of the preservers of this noble building. As our readers are probably aware, the government decided by a large majority against retaining the glass palace in its present site, and various speculations were hazarded as to its ultimate disposal. Two parties immediately came to the rescue of the fairy structure, both equally unwilling that the palace, with its social blessings and its real interests for the million, should disappear for ever; and Messrs. Fox and Henderson, the contractors and owners of the building, declared themselves open to treat for the purchase and removal of the materials. The one party was represented by Sir Joseph Paxton, the Dukes of Devonshire and Argyll, the Earl of Carlisle, and other members of the aristocracy; and another by Mr. Fuller, one of the Executive Committee of the late Exhibition, on behalf of several large capitalists. As is not uncommon in these cases, capital prevailed against nobility, and the £70,000 purchase-money was paid by Mr. Fuller to the contractors, the Brighton Railway Company being understood to be the principal speculators. The next point was the formation of a company for the purpose of rebuilding the palace in a spot convenient for the London sight-seers. Several gentlemen were privately spoken to, and in a few days an advertisement appeared in the *Times*, stating that a company for the re-erection of the Crystal Palace had been provisionally registered, and calling on the public to subscribe for shares, so that the sum required—half a million—might be forthcoming. In a day or two applications were made for shares to twice the number at the disposal of the committee, and at the moment we write the five pound shares of the Crystal Palace Company are 20 per cent. premium.

It is necessary, however, to retrace our steps a little. As soon as the purchase of the building was completed, Mr. Fuller wrote to Sir Joseph Paxton, asking him what post in the new undertaking he would like to hold; and to the Duke of Devonshire, proposing to buy a portion of his grace's estates at Chiswick. At first, Sir Joseph declined to accept an appointment, as he hoped that the building—the scene of his triumph—might yet be retained; and the duke, after mature deliberation, signified his unwillingness to part with any of his land at Chiswick: so that, however desirable the situation, all idea of erecting the palace at that spot was abandoned. There was no lack, however, of places, from which to choose; for in answer to their advertisements the committee received no fewer than seventeen offers of land. Among these were two from Wimbledon (Cottenham-park and Wimbledon-park), accompanied by very liberal conditions; one from Colney Hatch, equally favourable; one from Woolwich, one from Kensington, and one from Paddington. The owner of the land at Kensington, a place called Portobello farm, tendered at the modest price of £1,000 an acre; and the Bishop of London, who owns the ground at Paddington, was equally modest in his offer, at £100 an acre annual rental. The directors, labouring then under an *embarras de richesses*, sent out Mr. Fuller on an exploratory tour through all the offered sites, and that gentleman sent in a report, placing Chiswick as No. 1, Wimbledon as No. 2, and Sydenham as No. 3, in eligibility for the purpose

intended. The Duke of Devonshire's decision, of course, threw Chiswick out of calculation, although some modification in his grace's views has since been intimated. Other reasons weighed against Wimbledon, and ultimately the spirited exertions and liberal offers of co-operation on the part of the Brighton Company turned the scale in favour of Sydenham, after a rather sharp struggle with the South-Western Company, who offered the directors £10,000 a year for five years, and a large proportion of the fares afterwards in perpetuity, if they would place the building on the South-Western line. The terms by which the Brighton Company have secured the prize are, an arrangement by which the visitors to the Crystal Palace will be able to start from four metropolitan stations,—viz., Vauxhall, Waterloo-road, London-bridge, and New-cross, at three-fourths of the usual fares, until the shareholders in that undertaking receive six per cent. on their investment—the arrangement commencing from the 15th of May in the present year—and a proportionally liberal arrangement after the happy six per cent. consummation shall have been attained. The railway company have, moreover, agreed to construct a line of rail which shall communicate with the other lines, and carry the passengers quite into the palace.

The exact spot chosen—and which many of our London readers will readily recognise—is far away from the dust and smoke of London, and has for its base the line of rails lying between the Sydenham and Anneley stations, stretching over about 280 acres of fine park-like land, to Dulwich Wood, impinging at the corner on the village of Norwood. The lower portion, about 118 acres, has been purchased from Mr. Lawrie, and the upper comprehends the ancient manor-house and grounds called Penge Place, once the property of the St. John family, but recently in the occupation of Mr. Leo Schuster, a German merchant, by whom the old Elizabethan mansion was restored, after designs by Mr. Blore. The new Crystal Palace will stand on the highest portion of these grounds, from which, on sunny days, the present building in Hyde-park may be seen, and by a singular coincidence will be placed in the centre of what was once the famous Penge Wood, the ancient pleasure resort of the good citizens of London, as may be seen by reference to "Hone's Everyday Book," in which the sports of Penge Wood are duly chronicled. The ground is at present covered with a dense plantation, much of which must, of course, submit to the axe to make room for the new building; but the handsomest trees will be preserved, and continue to flourish under glass, after the manner of our old friends, the elms, in the transept at Hyde-park.

The construction of the new building has been intrusted to the able hands of Messrs. Fox and Henderson. It will be considerably larger than the present building, and will contain great improvements in form and structure; for instance, the roofing throughout will be concave, it having been found that, besides its more elegant appearance, the transept in Hyde-park was more perfectly impervious to rain. The arrangements with regard to the plants and flowers will be confided to Sir Joseph Paxton; Mr. Owen Jones will superintend the entire decorations; and Digby Wyatt will take office as Director of Works; while Mr. James Fuller and Mr. Scott Russell will bring their knowledge of the late Exhibition to bear on the people's new palace, aided by Mr. George Grove, whose experience in the working of the Royal Commission, and his connexion with the Society of Arts, will tend to the harmonious carrying out of all business arrangements.

With regard to the nature of the amusements promised, there appears to be some degree of uncertainty; time, however, and circumstances will determine these. The plan of a garden and conservatory, in which will be shown all the plants of the tropics,—the stately palm and the embowering banyan, each surrounded by its brethren of the forest,—will be fully carried out under the superintendence of Sir Joseph Paxton; while periodical shows of flowers will tend to give a novel direction to this part of the scheme. In various situations within the building will be placed groups of statuary and single figures, and the different orders of architecture, instructively serialised, will be used in the ornamentation of the park-like grounds surrounding the palace. A great novelty is said to be in contemplation in the shape of numerous fountains, after the manner, though not in imitation, of those at Versailles. Though many have expressed doubts as to the practicability of this part of the plan, it must be remembered that the modern improvements in steam, and the better knowledge of hydraulics possessed by the scientific men of the present day, offer immense advantages as compared with vertical pressure, the only agency adopted to raise water in the fountains at Versailles; besides which, when it is considered that the engineering operations will be conducted by Messrs. Brunel and Robert Stephenson, and that no scarcity of water can arise, as the mains of the Lambeth Waterworks run close to the park palings, no fear of the success of this part of the plan need be felt. It is proposed also to admit within the new Crystal Palace a classified series of machines, which will be worked by steam-power, so that various processes in manufactures may be exhibited—not as they were in the old building, where the same class of objects was repeated again and again, but arranged with a view to the education of the eye, and the familiarisation of the minds of the people with mechanical operations. Thus "the lesson taught in Hyde-park, where the cotton entered in the berry and emerged in the bale of goods, where linen rags were passed through the paper-mill and issued in broad sheets of instructive literature, will be repeated in the People's Palace, where every great victory of machinery will find its enduring record and safe depository."

Besides these, the sciences of geology, mineralogy, and botany, will be illustrated on a far greater scale than has been hitherto attempted; and the student will thus have an opportunity of pursuing his favourite science amid the charms of the country, undisturbed by the changes of the seasons. It would be impossible at this early stage of the undertaking to go sufficiently into detail with regard to these subjects, but it is understood that an instructive and attractive novelty will be offered in a collection of figures of the people and costumes of all nations. These will, it is understood, represent the hundred and twenty varieties of the human race, carefully prepared according to the classification of Mr. Pritchard, and other eminent ethnologists. Each figure will be placed in a characteristic attitude and situation—the Indian in his hunting-ground, the Kafir amid his thorny bushes, the Hindoo amid the graceful palms of his country, the Russian amid his snows, and so on through every stage of civilisation: and there is little doubt that a knowledge of the appearance and dress of various nations and tribes is highly important,—the more especially as the tendency of the present age is to blend races together, and to make the Parisian tailor the grand arbiter of costume. Then, again, foreign nations will be invited to send over, as they did to the Great Exhibition, specimens of their arts and manufactures; and inventors and patentees will be allowed to exhibit the fruits of their talent or genius free of all charge, and under the most perfect guarantees of safety. Music of the best kind will constantly form part of the day's entertainment; and though all kinds of refreshments, not intoxicating, will be sold at cheap rates within the building, "the amusements of the tea-garden and the dancing-saloon will be strictly prohibited." From this brief enumeration our readers will perceive what the proprietors of the Crystal Palace propose for their delectation; and we think we may conscientiously say that we believe all their promises will be rigidly carried out. We understand that the government, though they could not consent to give any public money towards the purchase of the building in Hyde-park, have the best wishes towards its successor in Penge Wood;—it is even proposed to open the People's Palace on Sundays; and Lord John Russell—who is always with the progress party, no matter how he may disappoint his friends sometimes—has given it as his opinion that the accessibility of the multitude to a place like this is promised to be, will not only be a great improvement to their habit of frequenting public-houses on the Lord's day, but that it may be made to subserve for higher and more enduring purposes.

"As regards the prospect of a large influx of visitors," says the prospectus of the Company, "some of the statistical facts connected with the Great Exhibition are most instructive. During the period of 24 weeks for which that Exhibition was open, it was visited by upwards of 6,000,000 persons; or, on the average, by upwards of 250,000 per week: and the receipts exceeded £400,000, leaving a net profit of £200,000, after defraying the whole expense of the Exhibition, including the cost of the building. On three consecutive shilling days, the

number of visitors exceeded 100,000, and the receipts £5,000 per day." From this it is is pretty clear that the Crystal Palace will be a commercial success; let us hope that it will also be a moral and educational one as well. P.

SCHOOLS OF DESIGN.

In consequence of the facilities which have of late years been afforded for the examination of works of art, the public taste has been very considerably improved, a love of the beautiful has been—we had almost said created—certainly it has been nourished; and in connexion with this an earnest desire to imitate as far as possible that which is so admired. This has been greatly strengthened and encouraged by the premiums offered by the Society of Arts, and by the just eulogiums pronounced by thousands on the splendid displays of human ingenuity recently made in the Crystal Palace. This has led to the formation of drawing classes, and schools of design; to the establishment of intelligible and practical lectures on the application of art to various manufactures; and to the publication of several valuable essays, papers, &c., all calculated to form the public opinion, and to foster and encourage genius wherever it exists. The effect of these exhibitions, lectures, &c., is already manifest. Instead of those strange and uncouth representations of the human figure, of animals, of buildings, of natural scenery, of fruits and flowers, which were formerly placed as adornments on the walls and mantelpieces of the houses of the middle and industrial classes, we now behold specimens of real art, chaste, elegant, classical; such as may delight the eye, and convey important information to every inquiring mind.

For the purpose of drawing out latent talent, as well as of maturing and perfecting it, we know of no means more suitable than the formation of drawing classes, and schools of design, under the management, of course, of competent instructors. Wherever the experiment has been fairly made, it has been eminently successful The pupils of the Government School of Design at Somerset House, both the male and female branch, have from time to time exhibited specimens highly creditable to their taste and ingenuity, and well worthy the praise, and the more solid and satisfactory rewards which they received. Some of the pupils are making rapid strides towards first-rate excellence, and their designs are eagerly sought by several of the leading manufactories of the kingdom. We have now before us a report of the committee of the School of Design established about two years since in the city of Cork. It appears that the attendance has ranged from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy students each quarter. Their attendance has been study, and their perseverance and progress exemplary. The greater number of the males are from those classes actively engaged in trades or manufactures, or designed to become so; most of those forming the exception, are in some way connected with the fine arts or with education. Of the females, a considerable number are practically engaged as governesses or teachers, or are training for such employments. Several of these females are industriously fitting themselves, by the instructions acquired in the school, to become designers and pattern-drawers for embroidery, crochet, sewed muslins, &c., which promise to afford valuable sources of livelihood for many of the poorer classes.

It appears that a selection of the drawings executed by the students in this school were forwarded last year to Somerset House. Several of the drawings were by young men and boys, who were engaged during the day at laborious handicraft operations.

Several employers have acknowledged the benefits derived from the school, in rendering their workmen more skilful, intelligent, and better able to execute their orders with taste and precision. One young man, a carver by profession, executed in Irish oak the gladiatorial figure which was exhibited at the Crystal Palace. Another young pupil, of poor parents, a turner by trade, executed in walnut-wood a very beautiful cheval screen, of graceful and original pattern, which was much admired, and purchased as a prize at a bazaar for a charitable institution. This boy has since got several orders for similar articles, and has since been in constant employment. Several of the pupils who emigrated to America have obtained a livelihood, and have given satisfaction to their employers, from the instructions they obtained in this school. The conductors of the embroidery schools have expressed their high sense of the valuable instruction afforded to the young females who attend the evening School of Design, an advantage which made itself evident in the superior style of execution of the work committed to them, and in greater closeness to the grace and beauty of natural forms.

In addition to those who pay for instruction, we find that *free* pupils, to the number of about fifty per quarter, are admitted from those classes who cannot afford to pay for instruction, and who are supplied with drawing materials at half-price. Many of the pupils are constantly passing from elementary drawing to the study of higher and more complex branches of art.

Here, then, is ample encouragement to all who wish to cultivate, or to improve, a taste for the arts of drawing and designing. Let them make a beginning. If two or three youths in any town, or village, were but to meet together for the purpose of study, placing before them specimens of what is really excellent, it would soon be noised abroad, and these rising artists would, in a very short space of time, meet with all the encouragement they could possibly desire. Many a Murillo, a Romney, an Opie, a Lough, have begun life with far less encouragement than the humblest and most obscure youth may now hope to obtain. The subject is one of deep interest.

ON THE SOLDIERS WHO PERISHED IN THE WRECK OF THE STEAM-SHIP BIRKENHEAD.

BY ALFRED B. RICHARDS.

Lo! there, as if embarking
On some trim polish'd deck,
Five hundred men stand calmly
Upon a parting wreck;
Yet the fierce waves may only
Bid senseless timbers quake—
Yon living *hearts* of oak not all
Their bubbling terrors shake.

No voice was heard complaining,
No shriek rose on the air;
Though God, the sky, the shipwreck,
And sea, alone were there:
No succour met their glances,
While firmly they obey
Their officers stern voices,
Heard through the blinding spray.

She breaks, like some sea vision,
While mast and funnel sweep
Rank after rank, unbroken,
To perish in the deep:
But saved were child and woman
Within the fragile boat
No soldier's grasp would peril
To keep himself afloat.

Is there a Roman story
That tells of nobler deed?
'Twas not in strife, when passion
Spurs on the crested steed;
Where, 'mid conflicting feelings,
Hope fires each manly breast
To be the heir of glory,
Or seek a hero's rest.

There still is hope for England,
When deed like this is found;
There's glory in Old England,
When hearts like these abound;
Rome hath her pillar'd ruins,
Thermopylæ her stone—
Of this (the only boon I'd crave)
Let brave men speak alone.

WORKING MEN'S MEMORIAL OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

We perceive that it is the intention of the committee, of which Joseph Hume, M.P., is the chairman, to appropriate the sum subscribed in pence by the working men of Great Britain (£1,745) to a strictly educational purpose. Instead of erecting a statue to the memory of Sir Robert Peel, it is determined to apply the annual produce of the fund so raised to the purchase and free distribution of books suitable to the instruction of the industrious and numerous class for whose especial benefit the great statesman fought the fight of free-trade in the House of Commons. The fund, to be denominated the "Working Man's Memorial," is to be transferred to a public and corporate body, so that the yearly proceeds may be for ever devoted to the purpose intended; and thus may every mechanics' institution, every free library to which working men have access, and every public reading-room in the United Kingdom, possess permanent records—in a shape historical, scientific, mechanical, and literary—of the great fact which, above all others, distinguished the life of Sir Robert Peel,—namely, the untaxing the food of the people. As soon as the preliminary steps are taken to carry out the proposition of the committee, we shall advise our readers on the subject.

CARPETS.—A GOSSIP.

How strangely constituted is the mind of man. In one portion of the world, the animal man is found roaming through primeval forests in all the rude freedom of savage nature: cross a wide sea and enter another country, and you will find man in the luxurious enjoyment of all the refinements of civilisation. You read, and wonder as you read, of the natives of Australia having been discovered by Europeans in a state of such primitive barbarity, as not positively to have been aware of the uses of fire or clothing; you turn a page or two of your history, and you become acquainted with a people who, though they lived three thousand years ago, were familiar with the principal arts which the moderns practise. You open your Hume or Robertson, and you find that, in the reigns of our Edwards and Henrys, the people—rich and noble people, too—were content to sit in chimneyless and carpetless apartments, even though clothed in the velvets of Italy and the silks of India. And yet all these men—the low-type Hottentot, and the courtly Frank, were the same men—that is, men with bodies formed in the same mould, more or less refined by habit, and minds constituted of the same elements, and capable of the same improvements. This train of ideas might be pursued advantageously till we had traced the gradual rise of the human creature from the rude elemental dwellers in woods and forests to the cultivated men of modern times—from the simple seekers for the simplest kinds of food and covering, to the profound thinkers, who, with enlarged minds and earnest hearts, would pierce the great mysteries of nature. A wonderful and an absorbing subject is the study of man—"the proper study of mankind," as the poet tells us; and poets are seldom wrong in their conclusions, though they arrive at them by a kind of intuitive impulse rather than by any direct course of reasoning. Thus if we take any article of our domestic life into consideration, we shall find the subject replete with interest. We mention a CARPET, and our minds are carried back to the times when the bare earth formed the floor of the peasant's dwelling, and clean strewn rushes were all that monarchs could boast by way of floor-covering for their noblest palaces. A little time, and then the tesselated pavements and mosaics of the Romans gave place to these; a few years pass away, and oaken floors of cunning workmanship, inlaid and pierced in many curious forms, and polished up like mirrors, in the houses of the rich, and plain deal floors for poorer people's dwellings, take the place of the marble quarterings and tile inlayings; then come carpets. At first, square pieces of linen laid in the centre of the apartment; then simple patterns traced in colours on the coarse woven cloth; then the produce of the loom in narrow slips, sewn together edgewise; and lastly, the wonderful combinations of Arabesques and flowers known as Turkey, Persian, Brussels, Scotch, Axminster, or Wilton carpets, many of which are made in single pieces twelve yards square.

NEW PATTERN BRUSSELS CARPET.—MESSRS. TEMPLETON AND CO., GLASGOW.

The carpet was one of the wants of civilisation, one of the comforts of cold climates, and it rose and improved in the same ratio as the nations using it. It is the test, even now, of a certain standing in society, and the possession of a carpet and a chest of drawers by the dwellers in remote places in England is considered by their owners to give them an air of respectability and property.

It is not our intention, however, to speak at any length of the manufacture of carpets in England. Most of our readers know that the Axminster and Kidderminster carpets are made

in one piece, in large looms, with a warp and weft of strong linen threads, between which are worked in or disposed little tufts of coloured wool, in such a way as to form a pattern; that the Brussels carpet is composed of linen and worsted, and that it is made in a large and complicated loom, so that when it is finished the upper surface of the carpet presents the appearance of a multitude of little loops formed into a pattern; that what is called a velvet-pile carpet is a superior kind of Brussels, in which the loops are cut or sheared, so as to produce a velvet-like appearance when finished; and that the Scotch carpet is made entirely of wool, warp and weft, and forms a kind of double cloth, having two sets of faces woven together. Our purpose is rather to suggest than to satisfy. Nor will our space permit us to enlarge on the statistical part of the subject, so as to show that the consumption of carpets in England is four times what it was in the beginning of the present century—a proof, it may be said, of the advance of the poorer classes in the laudable luxuries of life.

A carpet is an appreciable comfort in any man's house; if we look back a little into our memories, we shall discover that our greatest joys have been at home in our snug warm rooms, after the labours of the day are over; when, slippered and at ease, we lay our feet on the hearth-rug and determine to banish the cares of the world for a season. There are some, however, who, with sufficient worldly means, have neither house, nor carpet, nor hearth-rug, nor fire to sit by; let us hope that the number of such desolate fellows will daily become less.

A carpet of one's own almost implies a wife to brush and keep it clean; and wherever a loving wife is, there, at least, will be found a snug fireside. A carpet is a capital thing for children to play on, and children are the joy of a good man's life. A carpet is an indispensable article of domestic ease, therefore let all brave young fellows who think they should like a domestic life, save their money from the grasp of idle pleasures and dissolute companions, and make up their minds to buy a carpet. The rest will follow.

[We introduce an engraving of one of the improved Brussels carpets in use at the present time. The original was exhibited at the World's Fair last year; it was made in one piece—part of the pattern of which is shown above—and in colour and design was considered equal to anything of the kind on either the British or foreign side of the building.] P.

THE FLOATING ISLAND:

A LEGEND OF LOCH DOCHART.

One night in midsummer, a long, long time ago—so long ago, that I may not venture to assign the date—the moon shone down, as it might have done last night, over the wild, lone shore of Loch Dochart. Upon a little promontory on its southern margin stood a girl, meanly clad, wasted, and wayworn. In her arms she bore a little babe, wrapped up in the folds of a plaid; and as she bent her thin, pallid face over that of the child, her rich long, yellow hair fell in a shower around her, unconfined either by *snood* or *curch*. One might have taken her for a Magdalene, in her withered beauty, her penitence, and her grief; but other than Magdalene in her passionate despair. She looked around her, and a shudder shook her feeble frame. Was it the chill of the night mist? It might be; for, as her eye wandered away towards the hills beyond, northward, the mists were creeping along their sides, and she saw the moonlight gleaming on a lowly cot, amid a fir grove. 'Twas the home of her parents—the home of her happy childhood, her innocent youth. She looked again at the little one in her bosom; it slept, but a spasm of pain wrung its pale, pinched, sharp features. It appeared to be feeble and pining, for sleepless nights and days of grief and tears had turned the milk of the mother to gall and poison, and the little innocent drank in death—death, the fruit of sin in all climes and ages. Gently she laid the little one by the margin of the water, and the green rushes; and the breeze of night, sweeping by, murmured plaintively to them, and caused them to sigh, and rock to and fro around the infant. Then the poor mother withdrew a space from the babe, and sat her down upon a white stone, and covered her face with her long, thin, bloodless hands. She said in her heart, as Hagar said, "Let me not see the death of the child." And she wept sore, for the poor girl loved the babe, as a mother like her only can love her babe, with a wild, passionate, absorbing love; for it is her all, her pearl of great price, which she has bought with name and fame, with home and friends, with health and happiness, with earth, and it may be with heaven. And she thought bitterly over that happy home, where a few months since, in the gleaming of the autumn's eve, she sat on the heathery braes, and tripped along the brink of the warbling burn, or milked the kine in the bire, or sang to her spinning-wheel, beside her mother, near the ingle. Next came the recollections of one who sat beside her on the braes, and strayed with her down the burn; who won her heart with his false words, and drew her from the holy shelter of her father's roof, to leave her in her desolation among the southern strangers. And now, with the faithfulness—though not with the purity or truthfulness—of the dove, she was returning over the waste of the world's dark waters to that ark which had sheltered her early years, from which no father had sent her forth. That ark is in sight; but the poor bird is weary from her flight, and she would even now willingly fold her wings, and sink down amid the waters, for she is full of shame, and fear, and sorrow. Ah! will her father "put forth his hand and take her in, and pull her unto him into the ark," with the glory of her whiteness defiled, her plumage ruffled and drooping? Ah! will her mother draw her again to nestle within her bosom, when she sees the dark stain upon her breast, once so pure and spotless? The poor girl wept as she thought of these things—at first wild and bitterly; but at length her sorrow became gentler, and her soul more calm, for her heavy heart was relieved by the tears that seemed to have gushed straight up from it, as the dark clouds are lightened when the rain pours from them. And so she sobbed and mused in the cold, dreary night, till her thoughts wandered, and her vision grew dim, and she sank down in slumber, a slumber like that of childhood, sweet and deep. And she dreamed that angels, pure and white, stood around; and, oh! strange and charming, they looked not on her as the unfallen ones of the world—the pure and the sinless in their own sight—looked upon her through the weary days of her humiliation—scornfully, loathingly, pitilessly; but their sweet eyes were bent upon her full of truth, and gentleness, and love; and tears, like dew-pearls, fell from those mild and lustrous orbs upon her brow and bosom, as those beautiful beings hung over her, and those tears calmed her poor wild brain; and each, where it fell upon her bosom, washed away a stain. Then the angels took the little one from her breast, and spread their wings as if for flight; but she put forth her arms to regain her child, and one of the bright beings repressed her gently, and said,—

"It may not be—the babe goes with us."

Then she said to the angel,—

"Suffer me also to go with my child, that I may be with it and tend it ever!"

But the angel said, in a voice of sweet and solemn earnestness,—

"Not yet, not yet. Thou mayest not come with us now, but in a little while shalt thou rejoin us, and this our little sister."

And the dreamer thought that they rose slowly on the moonlit air, as the light clouds float before a gentle breeze at evening; then the child stretched forth its arms towards her with a plaintive cry, and she awoke, and sprang forward to where her child lay. The waters of the lake rippled over the feet of the mother, but the babe lay beyond in the rushes at the point of the promontory, where she had laid it. The bewildered mother essayed to spring across the stream that now flowed between her and the island, but in vain: her strength failed her, and as she sank to the earth she beheld the island floating slowly away upon the waveless bosom of the lake, while eldritch laughter rang from out of the rushes, mingled with sweet tiny voices soothing, with a fair lullaby, the cries of the babe, that came fainter and fainter on the ear of the bereaved mother, as the little hands of the elfin crew impelled the floating island over the surface of Loch Dochart.

Some herdsmen going forth in the early morning found a girl apparently lifeless lying on the edge of the lake. She was recognised and brought to her early home. When she opened her eyes her parents stood before her. No word of anger passed from the lips of her father, though his eye was

clouded and his head was bowed down with sorrow and humiliation. Her mother took the girl's hand and laid it on her bosom—as she had done when she was a little guileless child—and wept, and kissed her, and prayed over her. Then after a short time she came to know those around her and where she was, and started up and looked restlessly around, and cried out, with a loud and wild cry,—

"My child! Where is my child?"

Near that spot where she had been discovered was found a portion of a baby's garment. The people feared the child had been drowned, and searched the loch along its shores. Nothing, however, was found which could justify their suspicions; but to the astonishment of these archers, they discovered in the midst of the lake a small island, about fifty feet in length, and more than half that in width, covered with rushes and water plants. No one had ever seen it before, and when they returned with others to show the wonder, they found that it had sensibly changed its position.

The home-returned wanderer whispered into her mother's ear all her sin and all her sorrow. Then she pined away day by day. And when the moon was again full in the heavens, she stole forth in the gloaming. She was missed in the morning, and searched for during many days, but no trace could be found of her. At length some fishermen passing by the floating island, scared a large kite from the rushes, and discovered the decaying body of the hapless girl. How she had reached the island none could say—whether it drifted sufficiently near the land to enable her to wade to it in search of her babe, and then floated out again from the shore; or whether beings of whom peasants fear to speak had brought her there. The latter conjecture was, of course, the more generally adopted by the people; and there are those who say that at midnight, when the moon shines down full upon Loch Dochart, he who has sharp ears may hear the cry of a baby mingling with elfish laughter and sweet, low songs from amidst the plants and rushes of the floating island.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

The Rev. W. W. Cazalet, superintendent of the Royal Academy of Music, in a paper which he read a short time since to the members of the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, furnished some interesting particulars respecting the organ, the pianoforte, and other musical instruments. He commenced with a history of the organ, as far as it may be gathered from the writings of the later Roman and the mediæval authors. The first mention of an organ in England is in the tenth century. This instrument was, however, of a clumsy description; although it had only 400 pipes, it required 26 bellows, which were worked by 76 men; the keys were six inches broad, and the touch so hard, that the performer was obliged to use his fists. Separate keyboards appear to have been introduced in the thirteenth century, while the pedals, the great characteristic of this instrument, were invented by a German named Bernhard in 1470. Reed stops first appear in the account, in 1596, of an organ at Breslau, and the instrument was brought into the state in which it is now commonly known by the invention of the swell in the early part of the last century by an Englishman named Craig.

In the organs of the Exhibition the chief novelties were some new stops and mechanical methods of overcoming the pressure of the wind in instruments of large size.

Messrs. Gray and Davison received a council medal for a new method of coupling, and for a stop between a flute-stop and a reed, called the keraulophon.

Besides their Tuba mirabilis stop, Messrs. Hill introduced a mode of shifting the stops by means of keys, and a new valve for lightening the touch, as well as a method of conveying the air through the main framing of the instrument.

Mr. Willis, while adopting the pneumatic lever of Barker and of Ducroquet, has further improved on it by the invention of an exhausting valve, and by other modifications, by which means the touch of the organ, whatever its size, may be made almost as delicate as that of the pianoforte.

Certain novelties in a small organ in the Florentine department, by Messrs. Ducci, were spoken of as likely to lead to great improvements and modifications in the instrument. These are the production of a complete chromatic scale from one pipe, and a method of making a stopt pipe produce the sound of one four times its length.

The pianoforte, the successor of the harpsichord, appears to have been invented about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and to have been introduced into England shortly after. Mr. Cazalet then gave an interesting summary of the progressive improvements of the piano, and the authors of them, which, however, as it will not bear condensation, want of space compels us to omit.

In speaking of the finger wind instruments, Mr. Cazalet gave at some length a highly interesting account of the early flute, and of the difficulties in its construction which caused it to be an instrument almost under ban. That it is so no longer is due to the talent and perseverance of Mr. Boehm, of Munich, who, by the application of acoustical science to the form of the flute, and the position and shapes of the holes, has produced an instrument in which, says Mr. Cazalet, "perfect equality of tone is for the first time combined with correct intonation." For this achievement Mr. Boehm received the council medal. Mr. Cazalet then described the horns, trumpets, cornets, and other valve instruments, closing with the drums of the Exhibition, but into this our space will not allow us to follow him.

We are so accustomed to think of music as a fine art only, as to neglect the very important relations which it bears to commerce and manufactures. To call attention to these relations was Mr. Cazalet's object in the second division of his paper, and the following are some of the interesting statistics which his researches have enabled him to present:—

The organ-builders of England may be taken at 400 in number, and, putting their gross returns at £500 per annum each, we have £200,000 a year in this branch alone. The materials used by them are pine, mahogany, tin, and lead.

The materials employed by the pianoforte maker are oak, deal, pine, mahogany, and beech, besides fancy woods, baize, felt, cloth, and leather, brass, steel, and iron. Of the two leading houses in this branch, the Messrs. Collard sell annually 1,600 instruments, and the Messrs. Broadwood 2,300, which, at the very low average of 60 guineas, gives as the annual business of these two firms only, about £250,000. If the whole number of pianoforte makers of London, about 200, is taken into account, the annual return in this trade cannot be less than £1,000,000. Violins, and instruments of that class are almost entirely imported, the prejudice being in favour of the foreign makers. The annual import duty on them is probably not less than £45,000.

The cost of the wind instruments required for a regimental band, exclusive of drums and fifes, was said to be £244, and as there are in all about 400 regiments, the capital represented by these is nearly £100,000.

The number of workmen employed by Messrs. Broadwood and Messrs. Collard respectively is 575 and 400; these are all more or less skilled workmen, some of them to a very high degree. It is probable that the wages of the artisans employed in this trade do not amount to less than £500,000 per annum.

The great power exerted by music is evidenced by the large number of musical and choral societies, both instrumental and vocal, which exist, as well as the large and increasing audiences which are attracted to their public performances. There can be no doubt that that influence is in a right direction, and that by it the social and moral condition of the people is being elevated and improved. In the fifteen years during which the Sacred Harmonic Society has been established, 271 concerts have been given, attended by more than 510,000 persons.

Mr. Cazalet concluded his lecture with a suggestion for the formation of a Musical Art Union, which he thought would tend most materially to foster and improve rising talent, and create an intense interest among all classes; for there are few who do not, at some time or other, derive enjoyment from this enchanting and delightful art.

Idealisms.—You accuse me of a propensity to idealise. I am sorry that you do not give me credit for sufficient true-heartedness to love the beautiful devotedly without the necessity of colouring it more highly by any imagination. If it were as you say, I should be fated to turn perpetually to new objects, till cold experience gradually taught me better, and warned me against such folly with bitter mockery,—till I sank into hopeless misery. Such a warmth is not that of life, but the unhealthy and transitory glow of fever. —*Niebuhr's Life and Letters.*

DISCOVERIES, SCIENCE, AND MANUFACTURES.

A Novelty in Steam.—The *New York Journal* contains an account of an engine recently invented by Captain Ericsson, of which two large working models are now in operation. This engine differs in many important respects from anything else in use; and is destined, on the score of economy, safety, simplicity, and convenience, to supersede steam, provided that, when applied to practical purposes, it shall be found to work as well as the inventor anticipates. His reputation for skill and sound judgment, and his long experience in such matters, is a guarantee against any Utopian scheme at variance with the established principles of physics or chemistry; and the method adopted to bring the invention before the public is unexceptionable. In connexion with two other gentlemen, he is making preparations for the first public experiment on an unusually large scale. A vessel, which cannot be called either a ship or a steamer, is being constructed something over two thousand tons burden, and expected to be ready for launching in August; while the whole force of an extensive establishment is at work upon the machinery. That portion of the work already in progress embraces some of the largest castings, of their kind, that have been made in this country. The whole affair —from the kelson to the paddle-wheels—teems with novelties. Captain Ericsson has been privately at work upon the invention for several years, and now considers it as brought nearly or quite to perfection; so that he can start it on its trial trip to Liverpool with nearly as much confidence as a new steam-ship made after one of the approved models. Should the parties interested complete the vessel, as they have commenced it, on their sole responsibility, they will have the profit and honour if it succeeds, and if fails, the satisfaction of having deceived nobody but themselves.

Improvement in Carpets.—Mr. H. Curzon, of Kidderminster, has recently enrolled a patent for improvements in the manufacture of carpets and rugs. The improvements consist in employing additional warp together with additional throwing in of weft to each wire inserted in weaving Brussels and velvet-piled carpets and rugs. When using printed or parti-coloured warp in such manufacture, it has been a common practice to have three warp threads, consisting of the printed yarn for making the surface, a thick filling warp for making the body of the fabric, and a fine linen warp for binding the fabric together, by throwing one shoot of weft over, one under, and one over after the insertion of each wire. This method is commonly known as "three-shoot" weaving, and differs from that of the patentee, inasmuch as he employs an additional throwing in of weft. The ordinary thick filling-warp may be composed of any suitable fibre, and it is preferred that this, as well as the additional thick warp, should be as large as the reed will conveniently admit of. In weaving, the thick warp remains stationary, but the additional warp is raised up and down in forming sheds, and the working is performed in such manner as to introduce four shoots of weft to each wire, and all the shoots may be of the same weft, or part of thicker weft than the rest. If fabrics are required of still greater thickness than can be produced by the use of a second thick or filling warp, another may be added thereto.

Steam Fire-Engine.—An American mechanic has built a fire-engine, to which he attaches steam. The machine has been tested, and although not in perfect order, steam was raised and water thrown with great rapidity in nine minutes. Five minutes is all the time claimed as essential by the patentee. The experiment was exceedingly satisfactory. A steam fire-engine is not new; one tried by Mr. Ericsson, years ago, is illustrated in "Ewbank's Hydraulics."

Important Discovery in Sugar-making.—Don Juan Ramos, a native of Porto Rico, has lately made a discovery in the chemistry of sugar making, which is calculated to revolutionise that manufacture. Thus much of the secret has been already divulged, "that the agent is a certain ingredient, probably some vegetable extract," which cleanses the saccharine liquor to a degree far beyond that at which the tempered lime hitherto used ceases to operate, while the result is an immensely increased produce of sugar, of a quality very superior to that produced under the present mode; and the greatest merits of all in the discovery are, "that it requires no change in the existing apparatus and involves no additional outlay," and it is "so simple as to be easily acquired." Many experiments have been publicly made; and in some of them with a gain of 41 per cent. upon the old method. Mr. Ramos guarantees that the gain in all instances shall not be less than 20 per cent. The *Liverpool Chronicle* says of a sample in its possession—"Whether with regard to quality, colour, or strength, the sample of muscovado sugar has elicited the admiration of all who have seen it. An eminent mercantile house, to whom the sample has been shown, pronounces it to be worth 39s.; while a similar quality, manufactured by the old process, is selling in Liverpool at 28s. 6d."

Discovery of an extensive Guano Deposit.—Some months ago, the fact of the existence an an extensive guano deposit upon an island of the South Pacific Ocean, was communicated by an old whaling captain to the owner of his vessel. The intelligence was profoundly secret until more fully substantiated. Further search confirmed the first impression. Samples of the guano have been analysed by an eminent London chemist, and the following is the result:—

7½	parts	salts of ammonia.
8¼	,,	animal organic matter.
2¼	,,	sulphate of muriate of potash and soda.
52	,,	phosphate of lime and phosphate of magnesia.
18	,,	sand.
11¼	,,	moisture.
100		

By comparison of this analysis with that of the best Peruvian guano, now selling at £9 5s. per ton, we understand the value of the new article wil be about £5 10s. to £6 per ton; but, as it is probable that many cargoes will find their way to the Mauritius and other colonial and foreign markets, the value will be found to vary materially, and, as the samples are said to have been taken from the surface, the amount of ammonia will in all probability increase as the bulk becomes worked into. The quantity deposited is stated to be considerable, but no supposition can safely be ventured upon; and the island, from not being near any coast, is quite free from the dangers attending the loading at Ichaboe and other islands on the west coast of Africa, from the setting in of rollers. A discovery of this description—at a time when so many vessels are lying unemployed at San Francisco, and so many others idle or seeking freight in our Australian colonies, and also in India—we look upon as means of profitable employment, which many owners will be likely to take advantage of. The island, we are informed, is at present unclaimed by any government, and the British flag was the first banner planted upon it. But we are not able to inform our readers of the latitude and longitude where it is to be found.—Since the above notice appeared, we have been informed that application has been made to the Admiralty for its interference for the protection of British shipping engaged in obtaining cargoes, and that such assistance is refused, on the grounds that the island is known to, and claimed by, the Peruvian government, whose trade the English government are bound to protect. We are further informed that the chargé d'affaires, with whom an interview has been maintained, is not in a position to make terms to enable vessels to load upon the owners' account. Under these circumstances, the possessor of the information has deemed it necessary to apprise those shipowners who contemplate engaging in the matter, that, unless arrangements could be made with the authorities at the seat of the Peruvian government, great danger would attend attempts to load without the necessary permission to do so.

A parliamentary paper, issued on the motion of Mr. Scholefield, shows that the imports of guano were—2,881 tons in 1841; 20,398 in 1842; 3,002 in 1843; 104,251 in 1844; 283,300 in 1845; 89,203 in 1846; 82,392 in 1847; 71,414 in 1848; 83,438 in 1849; 116,925 in 1850; and 243,016 in 1851.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Fine Edition of the Popular Educator.—Education of Families.—No publication has ever been welcomed with such tokens of approval from heads of families as this last of John Cassell's works. An Extra Edition, at 1½d. per number, or in Monthly Parts, in a neat wrapper, at 7d., or when Five Numbers, 8¼d., is now published, which is issued without the weekly headings. Persons wishing for this Edition must be careful to order the "*Extra* Edition." The whole of the Numbers may now be obtained, or the first Two Parts.—Part I., 7d.; Part II., 8¼d.

The Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art.—The First Volume of this splendidly embellished work, handsomely bound, price 6s. 6d., or extra cloth gilt edges, 7s. 6d., will be ready July 1, and will contain upwards of Two Hundred Principal Engravings, and an equal number of Minor Engravings, Diagrams, &c.

Completion of John Cassell's Library.—This invaluable Work is now complete, in 26 Volumes, 7d. each in paper covers; double Volumes, cloth, 1s. 6d., or when 3 Vols. in 1, 2s. 3d. The entire Series may be had, bound in cloth, 19s. 6d., or arranged in a Library Box, 25s.

The Emigrant's Handbook, a Guide to the Various Fields of Emigration in all Parts of the Globe, is now ready, price 6d.

The Pathway, a Monthly Religious Magazine, is published on the 1st of every month, price twopence—32 pages enclosed in a neat wrapper. Vols. I. and II., neatly bound in cloth and lettered, price 2s. 3d. each, are now ready.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

A BALLAD FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

ONCE in olden times was standing
A castle high and grand,
Broad glancing in the sunlight,
Far over sea and land.
And round were fragrant gardens,
A rich and blooming crown,
And fountains, playing in them,
In rainbow brilliance shone.

There a haughty king was seated,
In lands and conquests great;
Pale and awful was his countenance,
As on his throne he sate;
For what he thinks is terror,
And what he looks is wrath,
And what he speaks is torture,
And what he writes is death.

There came unto this castle
A gentle minstrel pair,
The one with locks bright, golden,
The other gray of hair;
With harp in hand, the elder
A noble courser rode,
While, beautiful, beside him
His young companion strode.

Said the elder to the younger,
"Now be prepared, my son!
Oh, let the lay be lofty,
And stirring be the tone;
Put forth thy grandest power,
Of joy and sorrow sing,
To touch the stony bosom
Of this remorseless king."

And now within the castle
These gentle minstrels stand.
On his throne the king is seated,
With the queen at his right hand;
The king in fearful splendour,
Like the Northern Lights' red glare;
The queen, so sweet and gentle,
Like a moonbeam resting there.

The old man struck the harp-strings,
Most wonderful to hear,
As richer, ever richer,
Swelled the music on the ear.
Then rose, with heavenly clearness,
The stripling's voice of fire,
And then they sang together,
Like a distant angel-choir.

They sing of love and spring-time,
Of happy, golden days;
Of manly worth and freedom
They sing the glorious praise;
They sing of all the beauty
The heart of man that thrills;
They sing of all the greatness
The soul of man that fills.

The courtly circle round them
Forget for once to sneer;
And bow those iron warriors,
As though a god were near.
The queen, in softness melting,
Forgets her sparkling crown,
And the rose from out her bosom
To the minstrels she throws down.

"Ye have seduced my people!
What, traitors, d'ye mean?"
The king, he shriek'd in frenzy,
"Seduce ye now my queen?"
His sword, that gleamed like lightning,
At the stripling's heart he flings,
And thence, instead of golden songs,
The gushing life-blood springs.

The rapture of the listeners
Dies away as at a blast,
Upon his master's bosom
The youth has breathed his last!
The old man wraps his mantle
Around the bloody corse,
And then he firmly binds it
Erect upon his horse.

Yet when he reach'd the gateway,
Then paused the minstrel old,
And took his harp so wondrous,
And broke its strings of gold,
And against a marble pillar
He shiver'd it in twain;
And thus his curse he shouted,
Till the castle rang again:—

"Woe, woe, thou haughty castle,
With all thy gorgeous halls!
Sweet string or song be sounded
No more within thy walls!
No! sighs alone, and wailing,
And the coward steps of slaves!
Already round thy towers
The avenging spirit raves!

"Woe, woe, ye fragrant gardens,
With all your fair May light!
Look on this ghastly countenance,
And wither at the sight!
Let all your flowers perish!
Be all your fountains dry!
Henceforth a horrid wilderness,
Deserted, wasted, lie!

"Woe, woe, thou wretched murderer,
Thou curse of minstrelsy!
Thy struggles for a bloody fame,
All fruitless shall they be!
Thy name shall be forgotten,
Lost in eternal death;
Dissolving into empty air,
Like a dying man's last breath!"

The old man's curse is utter'd,
And heaven above hath heard.
Those walls have fallen prostrate
At the minstrel's mighty word.
Of all that vanish'd splendour
Stands but one column tall,
And that, already shatter'd,
Ere another night may fall.

Around, instead of gardens,
Is a desert, heathen land;
No tree its shade dispenses,
No fountains cool the sand.
The king's proud name has vanish'd;
His deeds no songs rehearse;
Departed and forgotten!
This is the Minstrel's Curse!

ONE OF THE GREAT ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS.—Let us earnestly recommend to all those who handle the pen—whether in writing plays for managers, prescriptions for patients, articles for editors of periodicals, or petitions or memorials to the powers that be—to study caligraphy. Many plays have been thrown aside, many articles returned, many prescriptions misinterpreted, and many petitions neglected, because it was either impossible or difficult to decipher them. Next to the possession of a good hereditary estate and a good temper, a good handwriting will be found the best auxiliary to push through life with.

GRATUITOUS SERVICES.—Never let people work for you *gratis*. Two years ago, a man carried a bundle for us to Boston, and we have been lending him two shillings a week ever since.

AN ASTHMATICAL REMARK.—Hugot Arnott was one day, while panting with the asthma, looking out of his window, was almost deafened by the noise of a bawling fellow, who was selling oysters. "The extravagant rascal," said Hugo; "he has wasted in two seconds as much breath as would have served me for a month."

MURDER OF MRS. BLOOMER.—An American correspondent of a London paper says:—"A few days ago, Mrs. Bloomer was killed in Bridge-street, Boston, by her husband, who is supposed to be insane."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A YOUNG READER.—"*Laissez faire*" means, "Let it alone." When the term, *The Laissez-faire* system is employed, it means "The Let-it-alone system;" that is, a system that is left to work out its own results.

W. E.—In answer to your question as to the relative position of England, and whether that position may be considered as central, or nearly central, we furnish the following quotation from a No. of "Quarterly Review" of last year:—"If we divide the globe into two hemispheres, according to the maximum extent of land and water in each, we arrive at the curious result of designating England as the centre of the former, or *terrene* half; an antipodal point near New Zealand as the centre of the *aqueous* hemisphere. The exact position of England is not far from the Land's End; so that, if an observer were there raised to such a height as to discern at once the half of the globe, he would see the greatest possible extent of *land*; if similarly elevated in New Zealand, the greatest possible surface of *water*."

W. S.—The word *deodand* has its origin in the Latin words *Deo dandum*, a forfeiture to God, and was intended as an atonement to God for the untimely death of one of his creatures. Thus a horse or carriage which, by accident, causes the death of any human being, becomes forfeited either to the king or the lord of the manor, and ought to be sold, and the proceeds given to the poor.

INQUISITIVE.—Your questions shall have due attention. Far be it from us to blame you for making such numerous inquiries. It was Locke, we believe, who said that "he attributed what little he knew to the not having been ashamed to ask for information."

THOMAS.—You ask us to tell you how you may improve your "*stile*." Do you mean the stile over which persons climb to get into a field? We rather think that you mean your "*style*," or mode of writing. Your best plan will be to read and study the works of our standard English writers; but do, pray, endeavour to improve your spelling.

A LOVER OF GARDENING.—The common *lilac* is not a native of England. The first plant, it is believed, was brought into Europe towards the end of the sixteenth century. Being very showy, easy of culture, and hardy, it soon found its way into the gardens of Europe, and has since been a favourite.

A WORKING MAN.—The portrait and memoir of Mr. J. Taylor, jun., of Birmingham, is not likely to appear in the "Working Man's Friend." It will be found in No. 21 of the "Illustrated Exhibitor."

M. N. O.—We cannot reply satisfactorily to your inquiry, as many water companies have rules and regulations peculiar to themselves, and some of them adopt very summary processes to obtain or to recover payment of the rates upon which they have determined.

C. PHINE.—The word *Eyre* is French, and is derived from the Latin *iter*, a journey. The term about which you inquire, "Justices in Eyre," signifies the itinerant court of justices, or those who journey from place to place to hold assizes.

A NEWSPAPER READER.—Benjamin Disraeli is not, as you suppose, the author of "The Curiosities of Literature," but the eldest son of that gentleman. Benjamin, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, is the author of "Coningsby," a political novel.

ABLE; M. M.; and several other Correspondents, had better apply to Messrs. *Horne* and *Thornthwaite*, Newgate-street, London, who have published a cheap manual of photography, and of whom plates, acids, powders, and every requisite may be obtained.

BIBOSUS.—Though we neither use nor recommend "*grog*," we have no objection to give you what information we have as to the origin of the word. It is said that the gallant Vernon was dubbed by some of his merry companions "Old Grogram;" and he having, after his celebrated reduction of Porto Bello, introduced the use of rum and water into the ship's company, that drink became as celebrated as the Admiral himself, in honour of whom it was surnamed "Grog."

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. II., NO. 37.] SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE HOLY LAND.

THE DEAD SEA—THE JORDAN—SAMARIA—THE VALE OF ESDRAELON—THE LAKE OF GENNESARET—NAZARETH—TYRE.

SITUATED in a deep valley, four thousand feet below Jerusalem, surrounded by mountains, and sterile, desolate hills, without a living creature in its waters, and answering truly to its name, is the Dead Sea. The water appeared, on a recent visit, of a greenish-blue colour, and its surface generally still, yet, at times, slightly rippled by a light southerly breeze. Here and there were a few clouds, which afforded a slight relief from the intense glare and heat of the sun; but there were no trees, no shrubs; nothing, in short, to ward off or soften its rays, leaving only the alternative of patient endurance.

VIEW OF NAZARETH.

Crossing the "Saltish Plain," and riding along the water's edge, some drops of it will occasionally sprinkle the clothes, and it is curious to notice how it discolours them, and how very difficult it is to get the stain out, or to remove traces of the acrid liquid. It is also interesting to mark the intense effort put forth by the poor, suffering, dreadfully treated, and thirsty horses, in order to obtain relief from the water of the Dead Sea. When they come near the water and behold it spread out so invitingly before them, they are eager to get near and into it; they dash their mouths into the liquid brine, hoping to imbibe the cooling and refreshing draught; and for a moment they seem to swallow, as it were unconsciously, the pungent water; but it is only for a moment; disappointed and angry, they throw back their heads, and, more dispirited than ever, pursue the way that their masters wish.

If the traveller wishes to test the density of the water, and lies down on his back flat and powerless, using no effort to keep himself from sinking, he will remain about two-thirds under water, and buoyed up in a manner absolutely unparalleled. In truth, he cannot sink, except by forcing himself under the water, and in a moment he will rise rapidly up again, and lie there, a floating object of life on the surface of a sea beneath which is nothing that exists. On emerging, the body is covered with a liquid, producing a disagreeable, greasy feeling, impossible to get rid of by the aid of towels alone. How fully is the Scripture verified, here and around! "The whole land thereof is brimstone, and salt, and burning, it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth therein, like the

overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboim, which the Lord overthrew in his anger and in his wrath."*

"I was somewhat surprised to find the Jordan," says a recent traveller, "so much narrower than I had supposed; I had expected to see a broad stream, not unlike many of the rivers of less note in our own country; but it is not so; between the steep and often high banks, where the river flows during most of the year, it appeared to me not to be more than sixty or seventy feet wide. It is but a guess and judging by the eye, for I had no means of measurement with me, and therefore is not to be relied upon at all for any accuracy; all that I would affirm positively is that the Jordan is by no means a wide river, and is narrower between its banks than many of the creeks in America.† The current is extremely rapid in this part of its course, running I should think from three to four miles an hour; and so strong is it that very rarely can the most muscular swimmer make head against it: instances happen occasionally of persons being carried away and drowned in consequence of having braved it too far. I think myself a pretty good swimmer, and in ordinary cases should mind nothing launching forth to reach a point a mile or more distant; but when I stood and looked upon the Jordan for a while and tried to estimate the force of that powerful current, I knew that it would not be safe for me to venture out beyond my depth; and I did not. The colour of the water is nearly that of gray slate; and the river appears to gather much sediment in its course from the north; but I cannot express to you how sweet and delightful the water is. Notwithstanding its turbidness and mixture of earthy matter, coming from the Dead Sea only two hours before, the contrast was very striking; for that is nauseous and pungent to a degree inexpressible; this is delicious and refreshing to the taste, almost as much so as the water of the Nile."

A few scattered huts alone remain to mark the site of the City of Palm Trees. A few miserable fellahs lounge under the shade of some trees, and as is their custom, smoke the shibuk and shisheh; and here and there are some rude dwellings of the inhabitants, having nothing to indicate the possession of aught but the simplest and commonest means of life. What a contrast when we look back on the past history of Jericho, and think of its beauty, power, and magnificence in early days! We must now glance rapidly at various spots of peculiar interest.

"We arrived," says the same traveller, "at Sebustich, or ancient Samaria. Before reaching the city, we had a fine view of its commanding and noble position from the southern valley, from whence rises the hill on which it stands; and we were much struck with the figure used by the prophet Isaiah, when he terms Samaria 'the crown of pride,' and declares that 'the glorious beauty which is on the head of the fat valley, shall be a fading flower, and as the hasty fruit before the summer;'‡ for not unlike a crown is this round and picturesque mount, girted about with a circlet of hills and beautified with fruitful fields, and gardens and flowers. It required but little imagination to induce us to believe that in its palmy days it was one of the most beautiful and noble-looking cities in the world; it was founded, as you will recollect, by Omri king of Israel, who was contemporaneous with Asa king of Judah, and Elijah the great prophet of the Lord, between nine hundred and a thousand years before Christ;§ but now, alas for the pride of man, it is like the faded flower, and its wealth, beauty, and power are all gone; the hill has been ploughed as a field, and where once the lofty palace and the gorgeous structure stood in all their magnificence, where the populous streets and the thousands of inhabitants gave token of life, energy, and power, now naught is found but the few broken columns half covered with earth, and the scanty remains of other days amid the trees, and fields, and gardens, and peasants' huts. We rode up the hill by a steep and winding path, with considerable expectations, and passing the lowering villagers without stopping to parley with them, we hastened to the top of the mount to gaze awhile at the splendid scene which there gratifies the traveller. 'We stood in the very centre of a magnificent panorama. To the north-east and south our horizon was bounded by mountains, enriched with cultivation and villages; towards the west our view admitted of the eye ranging even to the Mediterranean. The valleys which girted the mountain, as well as the mountain itself, are luxuriantly overgrown with trees, especially olives and fig-trees. Around the mountain run, like a coronet, the traces of a terrace, which was probably formed as a decoration to the royal residence.' We spent some little time in visiting and examining the remains of the colonnade, which is situate some distance below the summit of the hill, and on its south-west side or slope. A large number of the pillars are still standing, and most of them are in very good preservation: they are of limestone, about eighteen feet in height and nearly two in diameter; the width of the colonnade Dr. Robinson gives as fifty feet. We followed its course a long way, and were quite satisfied that it extended around the base of the hill for considerably more than half a mile from the point of beginning. It was a sad sight, however, to look upon; for though as many, probably, as a hundred columns are still standing, and the course and splendour of the colonnade as a whole may readily be imagined, still here they stand in the midst of ploughed fields, and utter loneliness and desertion, and in every direction portions of their companions form part of the rude walls for terracing up the slopes, or are half buried in the ground, or carried off to aid in building the houses in the modern town. Truly, it is a termination to the labours and wealth of the sanguinary tyrant Herod the Great, which he never anticipated; and we who come from a far-off land and gaze upon the pillars, neither know when they were erected or to what edifice they belonged. We do know that he rebuilt the city of Samaria, adorned it with magnificent structures, and named it, after the emperor Augustus, Sebaste; but we know little more than this. His wealth and magnificence, his power and glory, have all faded away, and naught remains but the memory of his evil deeds, his murders, his jealousies, his awful wickednesses."

All description must fail to convey any clear conception of the fertility and beauty of the plain of Esdraelon, especially as seen when the waving fields of grain, giving promise of a rich harvest, are around and about the traveller at every step; when he beholds the plantations of cotton here and there, the patches or fields of durah or millet, the banks and beds of streams and of rivulets which go to fill up, at certain seasons, "that ancient river, the river Kishon," and when the hills and mountains everywhere greet the eye, and seem, as it were, to be keeping watch and ward over this great valley.

Proceeding over the plain, skirting the western base of Jebel-el-Duhng, or the Little Hermon, and bending towards the west, a full view may be enjoyed of Mount Tabor. It is one of the most striking objects in Palestine, and rises up to a great height above the plain; its shape is conical, and being clothed with verdure, shrubs, and trees, even to the top, it presents itself to the eye as remarkable for its beauty. Its summit bears evidence, in every direction, of the care, skill, and labour bestowed on fortifying this memorable mount. At present, however, it is desolate, and abandoned by man.

Not far from hence is the beautiful lake of Tiberias, which, independently of its great natural beauty, embosomed amidst the hills, has associations of a character calculated to make the deepest impressions on the Christian's heart.

"The brow of the hill, whereon the city of Nazareth was built,"* repays for any fatigue in the ascent by the beautiful panoramic view which is there to be enjoyed. Towards the north and east lies the hill country of Syria and Galilee, with the sun-clad Hermon towering up grandly over all, and the lovely valley of the Jordan, Mount Tabor in the distance, and the lesser hills and heights that bound the vale of Esdraelon; to the south the magnificent plain itself stretches away in the distance, incomparably beautiful as it lies encircled amidst the distant hills and mounts which bound it on every side; in the west, is plainly visible Carmel's lofty range, and the Medi-

* Deut. xxix. 23

† Dr. Wilson gives the width of the Jordan at this place as exactly forty yards; he estimates the current as at least three miles per hour.—*Lands of the Bible*, vol. ii. p. 17.

‡ Is. xxviii. 1, 4.

§ "And Omri bought the hill Samaria of Shemer, for two talents of silver, and built on the hill, and called the name of the city which he built, after the name of Shemer, owner of the hill, Samaria."—1 Kings xvi. 24.

* Luke iv. 29.

terranean's bright deep blue mirror; while almost at our feet lies the picturesque village of Nazareth.

We close our series of papers on the Holy Land, by the following statements of a traveller, in reference to Tyre:—

"It was a deeply interesting occupation to sit down, as we did, near the gate of the city, under a shady tree, and read the various portions of Holy Writ respecting Tyre, particularly the passages out of Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Zechariah; not less interesting was it to call to mind the history of the past, and to note how exactly the judgments denounced against it have been fulfilled. Tyre was a very ancient city, undoubtedly, being mentioned in the book of Joshua (xix. 29) as 'the strong city Tyre;' and Josephus says that it was built two hundred and forty years before the temple of Solomon. The best authorities are not agreed whether it stood originally on the island or on the main land, though the latter is the more common opinion. Bishop Newton supposes—and I think not unreasonably—that while old Tyre stood on the main land, the island at the same time was occupied, and formed in fact an integral portion of the city as a whole. It is termed by the prophet Isaiah (xxiii. 12) the 'daughter of Sidon,' in allusion to the fact that it was founded by a colony from that city, though ere long it out-rivalled that very ancient home of the Phœnicians, and became the most celebrated place in the world for trade, commerce and wealth: hence it is termed "a mart of nations, the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth.' In consequence of its pride, arrogance, luxury, and vices of various descriptions, and because of insults and injuries towards God's people, it was denounced by the prophets of Jehovah, and its destruction foretold in the plainest terms. More than a hundred years after Isaiah wrote his prophecy, Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, laid siege to Tyre, and after a long, toilsome, and excessively fatiguing siege of thirteen years, took it and laid it in ruins. This, as is probable, was the city on the main land, the Tyrians having mostly withdrawn to the island while the siege was going on, and thus in measure escaped the severity of the enraged conqueror, who does not appear to have captured the island likewise: this was in the year B.C. 573; and after this date Palae Tyrus does not seem to have held any rank or importance in history. After the fall of the Babylonian monarchy, about seventy years from the date of its capture, the city resumed its pristine power and greatness; but continued on the island, and is the Tyre spoken of in the early writers; the former city was never rebuilt. Its destruction was foretold again by Ezekiel and the other prophets, and accordingly Alexander the Great laid siege to it, and after incredible labour and enterprise, constructing a causeway out of the ruins of Palae Tyrus and assaulting the city with engines, in seven or eight months he succeeded in taking the proud metropolis of commerce. Most bitter was the punishment inflicted on it for resisting the great conqueror; he burnt it down to the ground, destroyed or enslaved all the inhabitants, and barbarously crucified two thousand of the captives; this was about B.C. 332. Notwithstanding this terrible blow, Tyre gradually rose again from its ruins, and after Alexander's death, was a strong fortress in possession of the Seleucidae; subsequently it fell under the dominion of the Romans, and appears to have been a place of some note and importance. Our Lord visited this section of country; and at a later date St. Paul landed here, and finding some disciples, tarried in Tyre seven days. Though not what it once was, the city seems to have enjoyed a large commerce under the empire, and St. Jerome speaks of it as the noble and beautiful city of Phenicia. It was taken by the Saracens about A.D. 639, during the khalifate of Omar, and is said to have possessed a considerable trade under the Mohammedan rule. It was taken by the Crusaders, A.D. 1124, and continued in the hands of Christians a city of importance and strength, until A.D. 1291, when the Mamelukes seized upon it, plundered it of everything valuable, and left it in a dreadful state of misery and degradation. In 1516 it fell into the hands of the Turks under Selim; and ever since that date it has been sunk in ruin and deprived of all its wealth, grandeur, and importance. So that, though the vengeance of God is sometimes long delayed, it is none the less certain; and his word is exactly and literally true, and has been for hundreds of years, when he said of Tyre, 'They shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers; I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock. It shall be a place for the spreading of nets, in the midst of the sea; for I have spoken it, saith the Lord God:'—'I will bring forth a fire from the midst of thee, it shall devour thee, and I will bring thee to ashes upon the earth in the sight of all them that behold thee. All they that know thee among the people shall be astonished at thee; thou shalt be a terror, and never shalt thou be any more.' *

"As we finished reading the prophetic word, and noting its precise fulfilment, we turned away from the scanty remains of haughty Tyre with mingled emotions of sadness, sorrow, and self-abasement; and we breathed an earnest aspiration that our beloved city and country may take warning, and remember always that 'righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.'"†

A GLIMPSE OF THE SLAVE TRADE IN THE UNITED STATES.

MR. HALEY and Tom jogged onward in their wagon, each for a time absorbed in his own reflections. Now, the reflections of two men sitting side by side are a curious thing—seated on the same seat, having the same eyes, ears, hands, and organs of all sorts, and having pass before their eyes the same objects: it is wonderful what a variety we shall find in these same reflections!

As, for example, Mr. Haley: he thought first of Tom's length, and breadth, and height, and what he would sell for, if he was kept fat and in good case till he got him into market. He thought of how he should make out his gang; he thought of the respective market-value of certain supposititious men and women and children who were to compose it, and other kindred topics of the business; then he thought of himself, and how humane he was, that whereas other men chained their "niggers" hand and foot both, he only put fetters on the feet, and left Tom the use of his hands, as long as he behaved well; and he sighed to think how ungrateful human nature was, so that there was even room to doubt whether Tom appreciated his mercies. He had been taken in so by "niggers" whom he had favoured; but still he was astonished to consider how good-natured he yet remained!

As to Tom, he was thinking over some words of an unfashionable old book, which kept running through his head, again and again, as follows:—"We have here no continuing city, but we seek one to come; wherefore God himself is not ashamed to be called our God; for he hath prepared for us a city." These words of an ancient volume, got up principally by "ignorant and unlearned men," have, through all time, kept up, somehow, a strange sort of power over the minds of poor, simple fellows like Tom. They stir up the soul from its depths, and rouse, as with trumpet-call, courage, energy, and enthusiasm, where before was only the blackness of despair.

Mr. Haley pulled out of his pocket sundry newspapers, and began looking over their advertisements, with absorbed interest. He was not a remarkably fluent reader, and was in the habit of reading in a sort of recitative, half-aloud, by calling in his ears to verify the deductions of his eyes. In this tone he slowly recited the following paragraph:—

"EXECUTOR'S SALE.—NEGROES!—Agreeably to order of court, will be sold, on Tuesday, February 20, before the court-house door, in the town of Washington, Kentucky, the following negroes:—Hagar, aged 60; John, aged 30; Ben, aged 21; Saul, aged 25; Albert, aged 14. Sold for the benefit of the creditors and heirs of the estate of Jesse Blutchford, Esq.

"SAMUEL MORRIS, } Executors.
"THOMAS FLINT, }"

"This yer I must look at," said he to Tom, for want of somebody else to talk to. "Ye see, I am going to get up a prime gang to take down with ye, Tom; it'll make it sociable and pleasant-like—good company will, ye know. We must drive right to Washington, first and foremost, and then I'll clap you into jail while I does the business."

Tom received this agreeable intelligence quite meekly, simply wondering, in his own heart, how many of these doomed men had wives and children, and whether they would feel as he did about leaving them. It is to be confessed, too, that the *naïve*, off-hand information that he was to be thrown into gaol by no means produced an agreeable impression on a poor fellow who had always prided himself on a strictly honest and upright course of life: Yes, Tom, we must confess, was rather proud of his honesty, poor fellow! not having very much else to be proud of; if he had belonged to some of the higher walks of society, he, perhaps, would never have been reduced to such straits. However, the day wore

* Ezek. xxvi. 4, 5; xxviii. 18, 19. † Prov. xiv. 34.

on, and the evening saw Haley and Tom comfortably accommodated in Washington—the one in a tavern, the other in a jail.

About eleven o'clock the next day, a mixed throng was gathered around the court-house steps, smoking, chewing, spitting, swearing, and conversing, according to their respective tastes and turns, waiting for the auction to commence. The men and women to be sold sat in a group apart, talking in a low tone to each other. The woman who had been advertised by the name of Hagar was a regular African in feature and figure. She might have been sixty, but was older than that by hard work and disease, was partially blind, and somewhat crippled with rheumatism. By her side stood her only remaining son, Albert, a bright-looking little fellow of fourteen years. The boy was the only survivor of a large family, who had been successively sold away from her to a southern market. The mother held on to him with both her shaking hands, and eyed with intense trepidation every one who walked up to examine him.

"Don't be feard, Aunt Hagar," said the oldest of the men, "I spoke to Mas'r Thomas 'bout it, and he thought he might manage to sell you in a lot, both together."

"Dey needn't call me worn out yet," said she, lifting her shaking hands. "I can cook yet, and scrub, and scour—I'm wuth a buying, if I do come cheap; tell em dat ar—you *tell* 'em," she added, earnestly.

Haley here forced his way into the group, walked up to the old man, pulled his mouth open and looked in, felt of his teeth, made him stand and straighten himself, bend his back, and perform various evolutions to show his muscles, and then passed on to the next, and put him through the some trial. Walking up last to the boy, he felt of his arms, straightened his hands, and looked at his fingers, and made him jump, to show his agility.

"He an't gwine to be sold widout me!" said the old woman, with passionate eagerness; "he and I goes in a lot together; "I's raither strong yet, mas'r, and can do heaps of work—heaps on it, mas'r."

"On plantation?" said Haley, with a contemptuous glance. "Likely story!" And, as if satisfied with his examination, he walked out and looked, and stood with his hands in his pocket, his cigar in his mouth, and his hat cocked on one side, as if ready for action.

"What think of 'em?" said a man who had been following Haley's examination, as if to make up his own mind from it.

"Wal," said Haley, spitting, "I shall put in, I think, for the youngerly ones and the boy."

"They want to sell the boy and the old woman together," said the man.

"Find it a tight pull; why she's an old rack o' bones, not worth her salt."

"You wouldn't, then?" said the man.

"Anybody 'd be a fool 't would. She's half blind, crooked with rheumatis, and foolish to boot."

"Some buys up these yer old critturs, and ses there's a sight more wear in 'em than a body 'd think," said the man, reflectively.

"No go, 't all," said Haley; "wouldn't take her for a present—fact; I've *seen*, now."

"Wal, 'tis kinder pity, now, not to buy her with her son—her heart seems so sot on him; s'pose they fling her in cheap."

"Them that's got money to spend that ar way, it's all well enough. I shall bid off on that ar boy for a plantation-hand; wouldn't be bothered with her, no way—not if they'd give her to me," said Haley.

"She'll take on desp't," said the man.

"Nat'lly, she will," said the trader, coolly.

The conversation was here interrupted by a busy hum in the audience; and the auctioneer, a short, bustling, important fellow, elbowed his way into the crowd. The old woman drew in her breath, and caught instinctively at her son.

"Keep close to yer mammy, Albert—close—dey'll put us up togedder," she said.

"O mammy, I'm fear'd they won't," said the boy.

"Dey must, child; I can't live, no ways, if they don't," said the old creature, vehemently.

The stentorian tones of the auctioneer, calling out to clear the way, now announced that the sale was about to commence. A place was cleared, and the bidding began. The different men on the list were soon knocked off at prices which showed a pretty brisk demand in the market: two of them fell to Haley.

"Come, now, young un," said the auctioneer, giving the boy a touch with his hammer; "be up and show your springs, now."

"Put us two up togedder, togedder—do, please, mas'r," said the old woman, holding fast to her boy.

"Be off!" said the man, gruffly, pushing her hands away; "you come last. Now, darkey, spring;" and, with the word, he pushed the boy towards the block, while a deep, heavy groan rose behind him. The boy passed, and looked back; but there was no time to stay, and, dashing the tears from his large, bright eyes, he was up in a moment.

His fine figure, alert limbs, and bright face raised an instant competition, and half-a-dozen bids simultaneously met the ear of the auctioneer. Anxious, half-frightened, he looked from side to side, as he heard the clatter of contending bids—now here, now there—till the hammer fell. Haley had got him. He was pushed from the block toward his new master, but stopped one moment, and looked back, when his poor old mother, trembling in every limb, held out her shaking hands toward him.

"Buy me, too, mas'r; for de dear Lord's sake!—buy me—I shall die if you don't!"

"You'll die if I do, that's the kink of it," said Haley. "No!" And he turned on his heel.

The bidding for the poor old creature was summary. The man who had addressed Haley, and who seemed not destitute of compassion, bought her for a trifle, and the spectators began to disperse.

The poor victims of the sale, who had been brought up in one place together for years, gathered round the despairing old mother, whose agony was pitiful to see.

"Couldn't dey leave me one? Mas'r allers said I should have one—he did," she repeated over and over, in heart-broken tones.

"Trust in the Lord, Aunt Hagar," said the oldest of the men, sorrowfully.

"What good will it do?" said she, sobbing passionately.

"Mother! mother! don't! don't!" said the boy. "They say you's got a good master."

"I don't care—I don't care. O Albert! O my boy! You's my last baby! Lord, how ken I?"

"Come, take her off, can't some of ye?" said Haley, drily. "Don't do no good for her to go on that ar way."

The old men of the company, partly by persuasion and partly by force, loosed the poor creature's last despairing hold, and, as they led her off to her new master's wagon, strove to comfort her.

"Now!" said Haley, pushing his three purchases together, and producing a bundle of handcuffs, which he proceeded to put on their wrists; and fastening each handcuff to a long chain, he drove them before him to the jail.

A few days saw Haley, with his possession, safely deposited on one of the Ohio boats. It was the commencement of his gang, to be augmented, as the boat moved on, by various other merchandise of the same kind, which he or his agent had stored for him in various points along shore.

The *La Belle Rivière*, as brave and beautiful a boat as ever walked the waters of her namesake river, was floating gaily down the stream, under a brilliant sky, the stripes and stars of free America waving and fluttering overhead; the guards crowded with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen walking and enjoying the delightful day. All was full of life, buoyant and rejoicing; all but Haley's gang, who were stored, with other freight, on the lower deck, and who, somehow, did not seem to appreciate their various privileges, as they sat in a knot, talking to each other in low tones.

"Boys," said Haley, coming up briskly, "I hope you keep up good hear[illegible] are cheerful. Now, no sulks, ye see; keep stiff upper lip, boys; do well by me, and I'll do well by you."

The boys addressed responded the invariable "Yes, mas'r," for ages the watchword of poor Africa; but it is to be owned they did not look particularly cheerful. They had their various little prejudices in favour of wives, mothers, sisters, and children, seen for the last time; and though "they that wasted them required of them mirth," it was not instantly forthcoming.

"I've got a wife," spoke out the article enumerated as "John, aged thirty," and he laid his chained hand on Tom's knee, "and she don't know a word about this, poor girl!"

"Where does she live?" said Tom.

"In a tavern a piece down here," said John; "I wish, now, I *could* see her once more in this world," he added.

Poor John! It *was* rather natural; and the tears that fell, as he spoke, came as naturally as if he had been a white man. Tom drew a long breath from a sore heart, and tried, in his poor way, to comfort him.

And overhead, in the cabin, sat fathers and mothers, husbands and wives; and merry, dancing children moving round among them, like so many little butterflies, and everything was going on quite easy and comfortable.

"O mamma," said a boy, who had just come up from below, "there's a negro trader on board, and he's brought four or five slaves down there."

"Poor creatures!" said the mother, in a tone between grief and indignation.

"What's that?" said another lady.

"Some poor slaves below," said the mother.

"And they've got chains on," said the boy.

"What a shame to our country that such sights are to be seen!" said another lady.

"Oh, there's a great deal to be said on both sides of the subject," said a genteel woman, who sat at her state-room door, sewing, while her little girl and boy were playing round her. "I've been south, and I must say I think the negroes are better off than they would be to be free."

"In some respects, some of them are well off, I grant," said the lady to whose remark she had answered. "The most dreadful part of slavery, to my mind, is its outrages on the feelings and affections—the separating of families, for example."

"That *is* a bad thing, certainly," said the other lady, holding up a baby's dress she had just completed, and looking intently on its trimmings; "but then, I fancy, it don't occur often."

"Oh, it does," said the first lady, eagerly; "I've lived many years in Kentucky and Virginia both, and I've seen enough to make one's heart sick. Suppose, ma'am, your two children there should be taken from you, and sold?"

"We can't reason from our feelings to those of this class of persons," said the other lady, sorting out some worsteds on her lap.

"Indeed, ma'am, you can know nothing of them if you say so," answered the first lady, warmly. "I was born and brought up among them. I know they *do* feel, just as keenly—even more so, perhaps—as we do."

The lady said, "Indeed!" yawned, and looked out of the cabin-window, and finally repeated, for a finale, the remark with which she had begun—"After all, I think they are better off than they would be to be free."

"It's undoubtedly the intention of Providence that the African race should be servants—kept in a low condition," said a grave-looking gentleman in black, a clergyman, seated by the cabin-door. "'Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be,' the Scripture says."

"I say, stranger, is that ar what that text means?" said a tall man, standing by.

"Undoubtedly. It pleased Providence, for some inscrutable reason, to doom the race to bondage, ages ago; and we must not set up our opinion against that."

"Well, then, we'll all go ahead, and buy up niggers," said the man, "if that's the way of Providence—won't we, squire?" said he, turning to Haley, who had been standing, with his hands in his pockets, by the stove, and intently listening to the conversation.

"Yes," continued the tall man; "we must all be resigned to the decrees of Providence. Niggers must be sold, and trucked round, and kept under; it's what they's made for. 'Pears like this yer view's quite refreshing; an't it, stranger?" said he to Haley.

"I never thought on't," said Haley. "I couldn't have said as much, myself; I ha'nt no learning. I took up the trade just to make a living; if 't an't right, I calculated to 'pent on't time, *ye* know."

"And now you'll save yerself the trouble, won't ye?" said the tall man. "See what 'tis, now, to know Scripture. If ye'd only studied yer Bible, like this yer good man, ye might have know'd it before, and saved ye a heap o' trouble. Ye could jist have said, 'Cussed be'—what's his name?—and 'twould all have come right." And the stranger, who was no other than the honest drover whom we introduced to our readers in the Kentucky tavern, sat down, and began smoking, with a curious smile on his long, dry face.

A tall, slender young man, with a face expressive of great feeling and intelligence, here broke in, and repeated the words, "All things whatsoever that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.' I suppose," he added, "*that* is Scripture as much as 'Cursed be Canaan."

"Wal, it seems quite *as* plain a text, stranger," said John the drover, "to poor fellows like us, now;" and John smoked on like a volcano.

The young man paused, looked as if he was going to say more, when suddenly the boat stopped, and the company made the usual steamboat rush, to see where they were landing.

"Both them ar chaps parsons?" said John to one of the men, as they were going out.

The man nodded.

As the boat stopped, a black woman came running wildly up the plank, darted into the crowd, flew up to where the slave-gang sat, and threw her arms round that unfortunate piece of merchandise before enumerated, "John, aged thirty," and with sobs and tears bemoaned him as her husband.

But what needs tell the story, told too oft—every day told—of heart-strings rent and broken—the weak broken and torn for the profit and convenience of the strong! It needs not to be told; every day is telling it—telling it, too, in the ear of One who is not deaf, though he be long silent.

The young man who had spoken for the cause of humanity and God before stood with folded arms, looking on this scene. He turned, and Haley was standing at his side. "My friend," he said, speaking with thick utterance, "how can you, how dare you, carry on a trade like this? Look at those poor creatures! Here I am, rejoicing in my heart that I am going home to my wife and child; and the same bell which is a signal to carry me onward towards them will part this poor man and his wife for ever. Depend upon it, God will bring you into judgment for this."

The trader turned away in silence.

"I say, now," said the drover, touching his elbow, "there's differences in parsons, an't there? 'Cussed be Canaan' don't seem to go down with this 'un, does it?"

Haley gave an uneasy growl.

"And that ar an't the worst on't," said John; "mabbe it won't go down with the Lord neither, when ye come to settle with Him, one o' these days, as all on us must, I reckon."

Haley walked reflectively to the other end of the boat.

"If I make pretty handsomely on one or two next gangs," he thought, "I reckon I'll stop off this yer; it's really getting dangerous." And he took out his pocket-book, and began adding over his accounts, a process which many gentlemen besides Mr. Haley have found a specific for an uneasy conscience.

The boat swept proudly away from the shore, and all went on merrily, as before. Men talked, and loafed, and read, and smoked. Women sewed, and children played, and the boat passed on her way.

One day, when she lay-to for a while at a small town in Kentucky, Haley went up into the place on a little matter of business.

Tom, whose fetters did not prevent his taking a moderate circuit, had drawn near the side of the boat, and stood listlessly gazing over the railings. After a time, he saw the trader returning, with an alert step, in company with a coloured woman, bearing in her arms a young child. She was dressed quite respectably, and a coloured man followed her, bringing along a small trunk. The woman came cheerfully onward, talking, as she came, with the man who bore her trunk, and so passed up the plank into the boat. The bell rang, the steamer whizzed, the engine groaned and coughed, and away swept the boat down the river.

The woman walked forward among the boxes and bales of the lower deck, and, sitting down, busied herself with chirruping to her baby.

Haley made a turn or two about the boat, and then, coming up, seated himself near her, and began saying something to her in an indifferent undertone.

Tom soon noticed a heavy cloud passing over the woman's brow, and that she answered rapidly, and with great vehemence.

"I don't believe it; I won't believe it!" he heard her say. "You're jist a fooling with me."

"If you won't believe it, look here!" said the man, drawing out a paper; "this yer's the bill of sale, and there's your master's name to it; and I paid down good solid cash for it, too, I can tell you—so now!"

"I don't believe mas'r would cheat me so; it can't be true!" said the woman, with increasing agitation.

"You can ask any of these men here that can read writing. Here!" he said, to a man that was passing by; "jist read this yer, won't you! This yer gal won't believe me, when I tell her what 'tis."

"Why, it's a bill of sale, signed by John Fosdick," said the man, "making over to you the girl Lucy and her child. It's all straight enough, for aught I see."

The woman's passionate exclamations collected a crowd around her, and the trader briefly explained to them the cause of the agitation.

"He told me that I was going down to Louisville, to hire out as a cook to the same tavern where my husband works; that's what mas'r told me, his own self, and I can't believe he'd lie to me," said the woman.

"But he has sold you, my poor woman, there's no doubt about it," said a good-natured looking man, who had been examining the papers; "he has done it, and no mistake."

"Then it's no account talking," said the woman, suddenly growing quite calm; and, clasping her child tighter in her arms, she sat down on her box, turned her back round, and gazed listlessly into the river.

"Going to take it easy, after all," said the trader. "Gal's got grit, I see."

The woman looked calm as the boat went on; and a beautiful soft summer breeze passed, like a compassionate spirit, over her head—the gentle breeze that never inquires whether the brow is dusky or fair that it fans. And she saw sunshine sparkling on the water, in golden ripples, and heard gay voices, full of ease and pleasure, talking around her everywhere; but her heart lay as if a great stone had fallen on it. Her baby raised himself up against

her, and stroked her cheeks with his little hands; and, springing up and down, crowing and chatting, seemed determined to arouse her. She strained him suddenly and tightly in her arms, and slowly one tear after another fell on his wondering, unconscious face; and gradually she seemed, and little by little, to grow calmer, and busied herself with tending and nursing him.

The child, a boy of ten months, was uncommonly large and strong of his age, and very vigorous in his limbs. Never for a moment still, he kept his mother constantly busy in holding him, and guarding his springing activity.

"That's a fine chap!" said a man, suddenly stopping opposite to him, with his hands in his pockets. "How old is he?"

"Ten months and a half," said the mother.

The man whistled to the boy, and offered him part of a stick of candy, which he eagerly grabbed at, and very soon had it in a baby's general depository—to wit, his mouth.

"Rum fellow!" said the man. "Knows what's what!" and he whistled and walked on When he had got to the other side of the boat, he came across Haley, who was smoking on top of a pile of boxes.

The stranger produced a match, and lighted a cigar, saying, as he did so,—

"Decentish kind o' wench you've got round there, stranger."

"Why, I reckon, she *is* tol'able fair," said Haley, blowing the smoke out of his mouth.

"Taking her down south?" said the man.

Haley nodded, and smoked on.

"Plantation hand?" said the man.

"Wal," said Haley, "I'm filling out an order for a plantation, and I think I shall put her in. They telled me she was a good cook, and they can use her for that, or set her at the cotton-picking. She's got the right fingers for that; I looked at 'em. Sell well either way;" and Haley resumed his cigar.

"They won't want the young 'un on a plantation," said the man.

"I shall sell him, first chance I find," said Haley lighting another cigar.

"S'pose you'd be selling him tol'able cheap," said the stranger, mounting the pile of boxes, and sitting down comfortably.

"Don't know 'bout that," said Haley; "he's a pretty smart young 'un—straight, fat, strong; flesh as hard as a brick."

"Very true; but then there's all the bother and expense of raisin'."

"Nonsense!" said Haley; "they is raised as easy as any kind of critter there is going; they an't a bit more trouble than pups. This yer chap will be running all round in a month."

"I've got a good place for raisin', and I thought of takin' in a little more stock," said the man. "Our cook lost a young 'un last week—got drownded in the washtub, while she was a hangin' out clothes; and I reckon it would be well enough to set her to rai in' this yer."

Haley and the stranger smoked a while in silence, neither seemed willing to broach the test question of the interview. At last the man resumed:—

"You wouldn't think of wantin' more than ten dollars for that ar chap, seeing you *must* get him off yer hand, anyhow?"

Haley shook his head, and spit impressively.

"That won't do, noways," he said, and began his smoking again.

"Well, stranger, what will you take?"

"Well, now," said Haley, "I *could* raise that ar chap myself, or get him raised; he's oncommon likely and healthy, and he'd fetch a hundred dollars six months hence; and, in a year or two, he'd bring two hundred, if I had him in the right spot; so I shan't take a cent less nor fifty for him now."

"O stranger! that's ridiculous altogether," said the man.

"Fact!" said Haley, with a decisive nod of his head.

"I'll give thirty for him," said the stranger, "but not a cent more."

"Now, I'll tell ye what I'll do," said Haley, spitting again, with renewed decision. "I'll split the difference, and say forty-five; and that's the most I will do."

"Well, agreed!" said the man after an interval.

"Done!" said Haley. "Where, do you land?"

"At Louisville," said the man.

"Louisville," said Haley. "Very fair; we get there about dusk. Chap will be asleep—all fair—get him off quietly, and no screaming—happens beautiful—I like to do everything quietly—I hates all kind of agitation and fluster." And so, after a transfer of certain bills had passed from the man's pocket-book to the trader's he resumed his cigar.

It was a bright, tranquil evening when the boat stopped at the wharf at Louisville. The woman had been sitting with her baby in her arms, now wrapped in a heavy sleep. When she heard the name of the place called out, she hastily laid the child down in a little cradle formed by the hollow among the boxes, first carefully spreading under it her cloak; and then she sprung to the side of the boat, in hopes that, among the various hotel-waiters that thronged the wharf, she might see her husband. In this hope she pressed forward to the front rails, and stretching far over them, strained her eyes intently on the moving heads on the shore, and the crowd pressed in between her and the child.

"Now's your time," said Haley, taking the sleeping child up, and handing him to the stranger. "Don't wake him up, and set him to crying, now; it would make a devil of a fuss with the gal." The man took the bundle carefully, and was soon lost in the crowd that went up the wharf.

When the boat, creaking, and groaning, and puffing, had loosed from the wharf, and was beginning slowly to strain herself along, the woman returned to her old seat. The trader was sitting there—the child was gone!

"Why, why—where?" she began, in bewildered surprise.

"Lucy," said the trader, "your child's gone; you may as well know it first as last. You see, I know'd you couldn't take him down south; and I got a chance to sell him to a first-rate family, that'll raise him better than you can."

The trader had arrived at that stage of Christian and political perfection which has been recommended by some preachers and politicians of the north, lately, in which he had completely overcome every humane weakness and prejudice. His heart was exactly where yours, sir, and mine could be brought with proper effort and cultivation. The wild look of anguish and utter despair that the woman cast on him might have disturbed one less practised; but he was used to it. He had seen that same look hundreds of times. You can get used to such things, too, my friend; and it is the great object of recent efforts to make our whole northern community used to them, for the glory of the Union. So the trader only regarded the mortal anguish which he saw working in those dark features, those clenched hands, and suffocating breathings, as necessary incidents of the trade, and merely calculated whether she was going to scream, and get up a commotion in the boat; for, like other supporters of our peculiar institutions, he decidedly disliked agitation.

But the woman did not scream. The shot had passed too straight and direct through her heart for cry or tear.

Dizzily she sat down. Her slack hands fell lifeless by her side. Her eyes looked straight forward, but she saw nothing. All the noise and hum of the boat, the groaning of the machinery, mingled dreamily to her bewildered ear; and the poor, dumb-stricken heart had neither cry nor tear to show for its utter misery. She was quite calm. * * * * *

At midnight Tom waked with a sudden start. Something black passed quickly by him to the side of the boat, and he heard a splash in the water. No one else saw or heard anything. He raised his head—the woman's place was vacant! He got up, and sought about him in vain. The poor bleeding heart was still at last, and the river rippled and dimpled just as brightly as if it had not closed above it. * * * *

Patience! patience! ye whose hearts swell indignant at wrongs like these. Not one throb of anguish, not one tear of the oppressed, is forgotten by the Man of Sorrows, the Lord of Glory. In his patient, generous bosom he bears the anguish of a world. Bear thou, like him, in patience, and labour in love; for, sure as he is God, "the year of his redeemed *shall* come." * * *

The trader was not shocked nor amazed; because, as we said before, he was used to a great many things that you are not used to. Even the awful presence of death struck no solemn chill upon him. He had seen death many times—met him in the way of trade, and got acquainted with him, and he only thought of him as a hard customer, that embarrassed his property operations very unfairly; and so he only swore that the gal was a baggage, and that he was devilish unlucky, and that if things went on in this way he should not make a cent on the trip. In short, he seemed to consider himself an ill-used man, decidedly; but there was no help for it, as the woman had escaped into a state which *never will* give up a fugitive, not even at the demand of the whole glorious Union.

[The above terrible picture of one of the "peculiar institutions" of the United States is extracted from a popular tale called "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," which, after having gone through ten editions in America, has just been issued in England. It is to be hoped that the book will be found in every family in all the broad and smiling land.]

VARIETY OF USES.—Flax is employed in the manufacture of the most delicate French and Irish cambrics, and of the coarsest sail-cloth and tarpaulings; of the most beautiful laces from Lisle and Valenciennes, and of the heaviest sacking and towelling. The folds of snowy lawn that deck a bishop's arms, and the stout storm-sail that rides out the fiercest gale, are both the production of the same plant.

EQUIVOCAL GENTLEMEN.

Equivocal Gentlemen! Pray, who are they? Why, they are rather a curious class of persons. But if you are in the habit of noting character, we rather think you must know them. They are to be seen in every city, and almost in every town.

The equivocal gentleman, has in general manner and bearing, and, as far as a very limited exchequer will allow, in dress also, a curious smack of the real gentleman about him, of whom he is, altogether, a sort of amusing caricature. His pretensions are high, very high, and, conscious of the doubtfulness of his claims, always noisy and obtrusive. He endeavours to bully the world into respect for him. But it won't do. When he turns his back, the world winks one of its eyes, and says, with a knowing smile, "that's a queer sort of a chap." It doesn't in fact, know what to make of him—how to class him. It has, however, a pretty good notion that, with all the equivocal gentleman's pretension, he has by no means an unlimited command of the circulating medium.

And this is not an incorrect notion. Scarcity of funds is, in truth, at the bottom of all the equivocal gentleman's difficulties, as, indeed, it is of almost all those of every body else. He, however, may be emphatically said to be born of a warfare between his poverty and "gentility."

It is, of course, in the matter of dress that the equivocal gentleman is most anxious to establish his claim to be considered a genuine article; and it is in this matter, too, that his peculiar position in the world is made most manifest; dress being in his particular case, as it is less or more in all others, a strongly marked and faithful expression of character.

The struggle here, then, to keep matters right, is dreadful. None but himself knows how dreadful—none but himself knows the thousand shifts and expedients he is compelled to have recourse to, to maintain appearances in this most important and most troublesome department.

First, of the hat. It is a merciless and unfeeling hat; for it is obstinately hastening to decay, though it well knows that its sorely perplexed owner does *not* know where on earth to get another. See what a watching and tending it requires to keep it from becoming absolutely unfit for the public eye as the headpiece of a gentleman! Why, the watching and tending of a new-born infant is nothing to it.

Consider how carefully it must be examined round and round every morning, that no new outward symptom of decay has made itself manifest. Consider the brushing, the smoothing down, the inking of corners and rims, the coaxing and wheedling, by softly squeezing it this way, and gently pulling it that, to induce it to keep as near as possible to its original shape. Nay, desperate attempts may sometimes be detected to make it assume yet a smarter form, in defiance of decay and dilapidation.

Then, there is the stock. Stitching and inking and nking again, with careful daily supervision. Then there is,—but we need enlarge no further on this part of our subject.

But, mark, reader! everything about the equivocal gentleman is not in this state of seediness. He would not be the equivocal gentleman at all, if this were the case. Some of the particulars of the outward man are good—in fact, stylish—and it is this incongruity that makes him out, that makes him what he is, and which so much puzzles you to class him when you see him.

The equivocal gentleman *always* manages to have one or two of the component parts of his dress of unimpeachable quality, but *never* can manage to have the whole in this palmy state. There is always something wrong—something below par; and, we may add, generally something *outré*, absurd, or extravagant. Perfect consistency and propriety in dress he never can attain, and perhaps would not, if he could; for one of the most marked features of his character is a craving after singularity, in the art and fashion of his habiliments.

Overlooking himself what partial deficiencies there may be in this department of his entire man, and thinking that the world will overlook them too, the equivocal gentleman affects the "bang up." He is not content with desiring to impress beholders with the idea of his being merely a respectable sort of person: he desires much more than this. They must take him, if not certainly for a lord, at least for some great personage—for a—a—he does not himself, in fact, well know what—for a mysterious, indeterminate somebody, of mysterious and indeterminate consequence.

There are two or three points in which the equivocal gentleman displays a very remarkable degree of ingenuity. One of these consists in the dexterity with which he not only conceals defects of dress, but converts them into positive elegances. Thus, if he have to button up for want of a clean shirt, he contrives, by the very smart way in which he does it, to make it appear not only to be matter of mere choice or fancy, but, in fact, by much the genteeler thing.

But it is in the enacting of character that the equivocal gentleman particularly shines.

Not having either the cash or the credit necessary to enable him to adapt his dress to his identity, he is compelled to adapt his identity to his dress. In other words, placing, for the reason alluded to, little or no influence over the shape, fashion, or quality of his clothes, but being obliged to conform to circumstances in this matter to a most unpleasant extent—to wear, in short, whatever he can most conveniently get—he is driven to the expedient of adapting his character to the particular description of dress he may be wearing at the time. Thus, if it is a short coat, he probably enacts the country gentleman, or sporting character; if a braided surtout, then he is a military man; if he is driven to hide the deficiencies of his other garments by a cloak, he adds a cloth cap with tassels, frizzles up his whiskers, and comes forth a Polish count; and so on of other varieties of dress.

In person the equivocal gentleman is stout and robust, his age somewhere about forty. He is bushy-whiskered and affects a swaggering, bold, offhand manner, talks large to waiters, and with edifying ferocity on every body.

This rabidness of disposition on the part of the equivocal gentleman proceeds partly from his habit of attempting to bully the world into a high opinion of his consequence, and partly from the irritation produced by a constant dread that the world suspects the true state of his case. It is thus partly affected, partly real.

Being always miserably short of funds, the equivocal gentleman is necessarily much circumscribed in his enjoyments; and this is particularly unfortunate, for he has a very keen relish for the good things of this life. He likes good living, good drinking, good everything; but cruel fate has denied them to him, except in very limited quantities, and on very rare occasions. If he even gets them at all, it is by mere chance, mere casual incident. Occasionally it is by an effort of ingenuity, through which he has contrived, by some mysterious means or other, to get possession of a little of the circulating medium.

And pray, then, what *is* the equivocal gentleman? What is he in reality, and what does he do? How does he support himself? Why, friend, these questions are a vast deal easier put than answered.

Just now, the equivocal gentleman is doing nothing—literally and absolutely nothing. He was something or other at one time, but at this moment, and for many years past, he has pursued no calling whatever. The equivocal gentleman, in short, is a gentleman of shifts and expedients. He has a little world of his own, in which he manœuvres for a living. Being rather respectably connected, his friends occasionally remit him small sums, and these godsends, few and far between, and his own ingenuity, are all he has to depend upon. The equivocal gentleman, notwithstanding the dashy appearance he aims at, and the large style in which he speaks, is, we are sorry to say it, a bit of a rogue in grain, and a good deal of one in practice: he is, in short, somewhat of a scamp, partly from circumstances, and partly from the natural bent of his genius, which is ever urging him to take the shortest cuts towards the objects he desires to possess. He is, in truth, a sort of human bird of prey; tailors, bootmakers, and lodging-house keepers being his favourite quarries, and the class who, therefore, suffer most from his non-paying propensities. On one or other of these he is ever and anon pouncing, and woe be to them if he once gets them within his clutches: he will leave his mark, be sure, if he does.

The tailor, the bootmaker, and the lodging-house keepers, again knowing that he is their natural enemy—and as well do they know him for this, as the small bird does the hawk—stand in great awe of him; they have an instinctive dread of him, and put themselves in a posture of defence the moment they see him.

Our equivocal gentleman, in truth, lives in a constant state of warfare similar to this with the whole world—not open hostility, perhaps, but lurking, secret aversion. The world looks shyly and doubtfully on him, and he looks fiercely and angrily on the world in return.

Amongst the two or three little foibles by which the equivocal gentleman is distinguished, is a rather urgent propensity to strong drink. He is, in fact, pretty considerably dissipated, as the florid or brick-red face, on which his luxuriant whiskers vegetate, but too plainly indicates. He is not, indeed, always drunk; for his very limited command of means keeps him, on the whole, pretty sober; but he gets drunk when he can, and no gentleman can do more, nor can more be reasonably expected of him.

The equivocal gentleman is a man of refined tastes, and hence it is that he patronises the drama. He is a great play-goer. On such occasions he figures in the sixpenny gallery; and here he has a difficult part to play, as difficult as any on the stage. He has to make it appear to the gods, who wonder to see so fine a gentleman amongst them, *why* he has come to such a place, and at the same time to parry the natural conclusion, that it proceeds from a limited exchequer, which he must on no account permit to be presumed for a moment.

The way in which he manages this very ticklish point is this:—he assumes a look at once dignified and supercilious, which look is meant to impress you with the belief that his being in the shilling gallery, which he generally enters at the half-price, is a mere whim of one who could have gone to the boxes had he chosen—that he has come where he is, just to see what sort of a place it is, what effect the actors and the scenery have when seen from such a distance.

To confirm this impression, the equivocal gentleman never sits down in the gallery; this would look like premeditated economy. He stands, therefore, during the whole time of the performance, and stands aloof, too, from the ragamuffin audience; with his arms folded on his breast, and an expression of awful majesty on his brow.

Reader, do you know the equivocal gentleman now? We are sure you do.

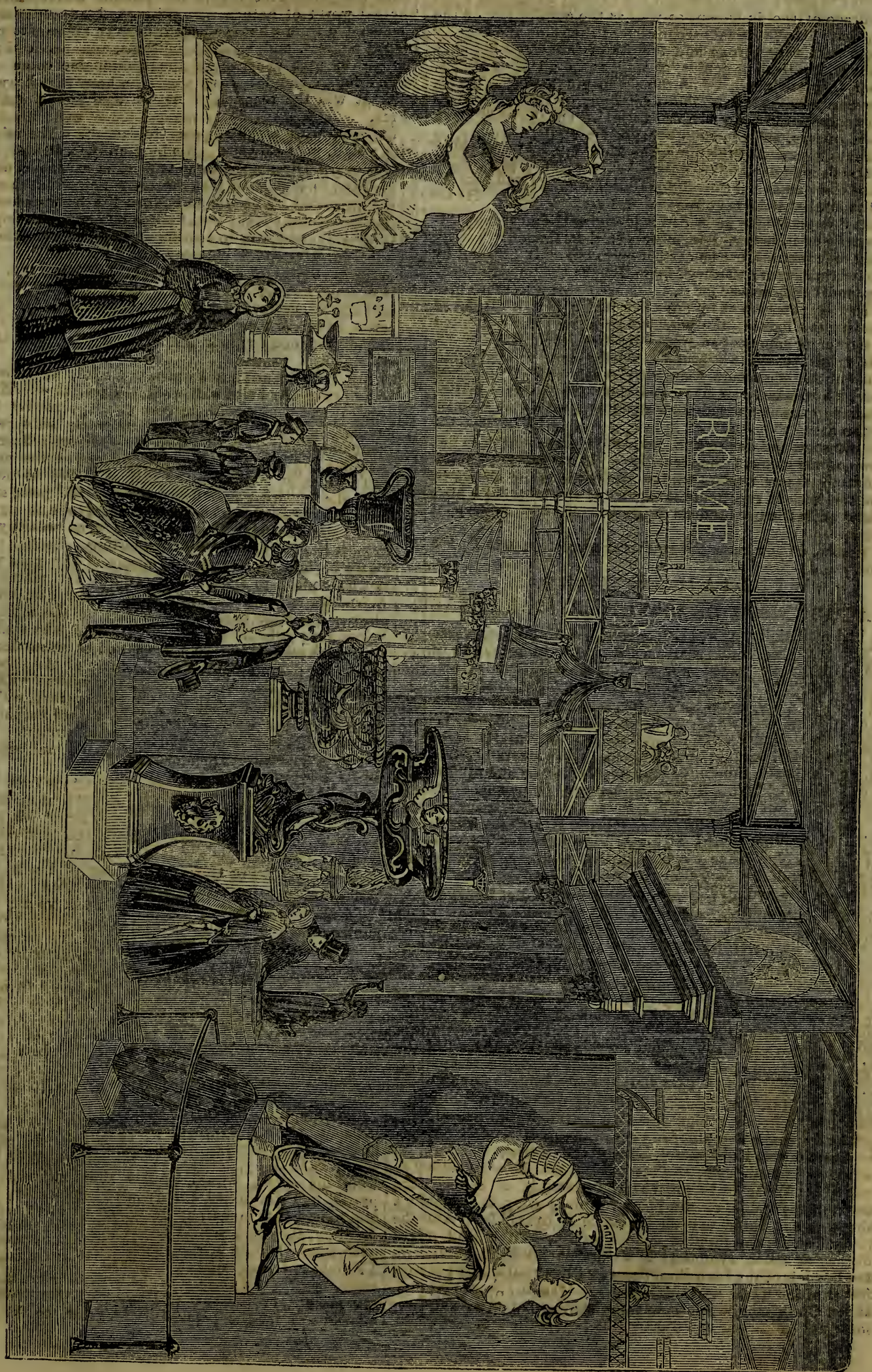
A REMINISCENCE OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

It was said by a Grecian moralist that "men are less affected by facts than by opinions about facts." Had he lived, however, in the nineteenth century, and passed a few days in the Glass Palace, in Hyde-park, he would have changed his opinion. That was a "fact" of such magnitude and splendour, that the mind was lost in its contemplation. With its vast variety of magnificent homely, artistic, and useful stores, it read a lesson to mankind such as has never before been placed before it. The building and its contents stood alone, superbly unique, and wonderfully in contrast with all that ever before, or elsewhere, had been attempted. In the building we had the realisation, as it were, of a splendid dream, a glimpse of fairy-land; and in its contents a huge comprehensive collection of objects, embracing all that the skill and industry of the world has rendered possible.

In spite of all that has been written and said of the effects of the Great Exhibition on the national taste, the question of its ultimate operation cannot be too often asked—the teachings which it contrasts, its lights and shadows, its largeness and variety of uses, cannot be too often enforced. It has been stated, with much seeming philosophy, that a highly-advanced state of civilisation is calculated to depress the standards of literature and art, and that in whatever degree you extend the patronage of art, in the same degree you lower the standards of it, the many being the customers catered for instead of the few. This kind of reasoning is specious enough at first sight, for it would certainly appear that the applause of the most numerous is that of the most ignorant; but could not a people be educated up to a high standard by the continual contemplation of fine compositions, even in the most homely objects, so that they would demand beauty and elegance of form in whatever met the eye; so that grace might be superadded to utility? What is to prevent the milk-jug of coarse terra cotta on the table of the peasant from having as exquisite a shape as the china one on the table of the noble? And the pitcher which the humble maiden carries to the well might display as much symmetry of design as the Parisian vase in the boudoir of the high-born dame, without putting the manufacturer thereof to any additional expense in its production. Italy, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was foremost in civilisation, and during this period the arts flourished. With their decay declined the Italians' social superiority and political independence. Galileo, Raphael, Bramante, Titian, and Michael Angelo were ascendant at the same time that the manufacturers of Florence and Genoa monopolised the market from Madrid to Constantinople, and the glass of Venice adorned the table of the warrior whose breast was defended by the armour of Milan. Those were Italy's golden days—arts, manufactures, and independence went hand in hand; with the neglect of the first, the others withered away, and she now lies morally and physically prostrate. We know that the greatest achievements in painting and sculpture were executed for the few; but we also know that the periods in the history of a country distinguished by progress in the arts is that of its most rapid social and intellectual development. It is no more necessary to possess a gallery of pictures in order to cultivate a taste for painting, than it is to inherit an estate in order to admire the beauties of natural landscape. The mind is exalted through the eye to an appreciation of the beautiful; and the artisan who has the privilege of walking through galleries, comparing the excellence of one master with another, is as much refined by their influence as the owner of the rarest collection.

But it is by no means necessary, while we thus endeavour to improve the standard of excellence, to sacrifice material comfort and commercial success to a speculative love of unproductive art. True art can be made subservient to the commonest purposes of daily life—adding refinement to the manners and dignity to the performance of the meanest men and the most commonplace actions. We do not really see why the furniture and decorations of the poor man's single room should not have elegance of form, even though they were of the roughest and cheapest kind. The wealthy should not monopolise the luxury of refined feeling. Certain things might easily be brought within the means of the poor which could not fail to add to their social comfort and moral refinement. A few prints upon a cottage wall, a few handsome forms in glass and earthenware, a few flowers on the table, can surely be not very difficult of attainment; and who shall say where their influence ends? We must not be misunderstood. We would not put the shadow in the place of the substance. We would not be thought to inculcate a system which would be subversive of higher claims. On the contrary, we believe that, in educating the taste of the people, we are making them more sober, more obedient to the laws, more moderate in their desires, more attentive to their social duties, and more fervent in their religion.

We have been led into these observations from the contemplation of the Great Exhibition of 1851, as an historical fact never to be renewed. Who will ever forget his sensations as he stood for the first time beneath that marvellous arch of crystal? "Stand for a minute with me," said the Earl of Carlisle, addressing the working men of Leeds, "where the broad transept intersects the far-stretching nave, while the summer sun glistens, first on the fresh young green of our forest elms, then on the tapering foliage of the tropics, then on the pale marble of the statuary, then on the thousand changing hues of the world's merchandise! I most truly believe that, as a mere spectacle, it surpasses any which the labour, and art, and power of man ever yet displayed in any one spot. Look at that long alley of plate, the stalls of goldsmiths and silversmiths! Such a bright profusion was not spread out by Belshazzar when, amid the spoils of the Old Asia, he feasted his thousand lords. Examine the jewels and tissues of India, of Tunis, of Turkey! So dazzling an array was never piled behind the chariot of the Roman conqueror when he led the long triumph up the hill of the Capitaline Jove. Observe the lustrous variety of porcelain, and tapestry, and silk, and bronze, and carving, which enters into the composition of furniture! Why, Louis XIV. himself, could he be summoned from his grave, would confess that, although the French people had dethroned his dynasty, and exiled his race, and obliterated that monarchy of which he was the special impersonation, they had carried all the arts of embellishment farther even than when he held his gorgeous court at Versailles. But I should not have spoken this had I nothing to remark but upon the jewelled coronet or the wreathing brass, or the glistening marble, or the spangled brocade; these might only be fit adornments for the palaces of the great, or for the toilets of



ITALIAN DEPARTMENT IN THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

luxurious beauty; the title which the Crystal Palace has upon the suffrage of the judgment as well as the admiration of the eye is, that it is the formal recognition of the value and dignity of labour; it is the throne and temple of industry—industry and labour, in all their genius, as well as in all their climes, whether they are employed on the cheap gingham that makes up the wardrobe of the humblest cottager, or the richest lace that forms an apron for queen or cardinal. On the rude block from the quarry, and the hollow brick for model cottages, or the biggest diamond of the mine, the Mountain of Light itself, labour and industry, alike necessary to furnish their daily bread to the masses and the millions, and to embody in palpable form the brightest visions of poetry and art.

"But though I have described it justly as the most magnificent temple of industry, remember yet that the only worthy worship of industry must be carried on in the daily life, and by the domestic hearth; this worship all have the power of rendering, and I can answer for it, there are two things more precious and bright even than anything which is now displayed in the Crystal Palace—the persevering energy of contented toil—the sunny smiles of an approving conscience."

A year has passed since these words were uttered; but have they not their meaning and their music still? The glass walls which witnessed so many triumphs of skill and industry, so much happiness, and so much affection, loyalty, and order, among so many thousands of people, will soon be transported to another spot, and devoted to another purpose; but does not the halo of memory enshrine it still?

Hundreds of our readers will recognise the scene shown in the engraving. It represents that part of the building which was devoted to the productions of Italy. P.

WILLIAM COWPER.

BY PARSON FRANK.

Long had artificiality swayed the destinies of English verse when Cowper arose to do it battle. An artist himself, and of refined skill too, he waged war with the affectations of art. Nature, it has been said, was "expelled by a fork" under the hands of Pope's imitators. Nonconformity to the establishment of poetical orthodoxy, with its canonical traditions, its prebendal-stall stiffness, its collegiate routine, and its lawn sleeve proprieties, became high treason to the heaven of the muses, and exposed the schismatic to all the terrors of *ipso facto* excommunication. Bards no longer launched forth prophetic fires, but played with syllables, and sported with song. Manner was all in all—the substitute for genius, sense, and wit. Not, What shall I say? was the question, but, How shall I say it? Not, Have I a burden that must be delivered for the relief and the very life of my soul? but, Can I set a distich upon six and five,—can I command a good array of approved epithets,—can I do the thing correctly, genteelly, *à la mode?* Themes the most trivial were chosen, whereon to exercise this divine art of poetry, sadly degenerated from its first estate, when it walked with God and was divinely free, and soared and anticipated the skies. The fruit of the muse's labour became whipped cream. The Vates curled, and powdered, and papered his fluent locks; and, instead of issuing with frenzied eye from the hermitage of Night Thoughts, forth tripped my gentleman sprucely and smirkingly from the *dulce domum* of a bandbox. He made magnificent exordiums and most impotent conclusions. He invoked the beatific Nine in his dainty introduction, and then groped his way like a sightless mendicant:—

> "As if an eagle flew aloft, and then
> Stoop'd from its highest perch to pounce a wren:
> As if the poet, purposing to wed,
> Should carve himself a wife in gingerbread."

Not so William Cowper. While the million jogged on the beaten footpath, *he* was the courser that disdains the road,

> "Snuffs up the wind, and flings himself abroad."

His mouth spoke out of the abundance of a full heart, and the great heart of the world beat responsively. Instead of repeating, as Mr. Craik says, "the unmeaning conventionalities and faded affectations of his predecessors," he turned to the "actual world of nature within him and around him."* In his aversion from what is affected, he even appears to patronise rugged phrases, and uncouth epithets, and harsh rhymes, as though in pert defiance of the fashionable coteries. If to write a rough couplet was to be vile, he would be yet more vile. It was the reaction of nature against the excrescences of art.

We say, with a smile, poor Goldsmith. We might say, with a sigh, poor Cowper. His biography is, indeed, a touching history. The man was so tender, so sensitive, so loving, so ill-fitted to cope with that sorrow which worketh death, so feebly prepared by nature to endure the heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to, and the pangs of blighted love, and dreadful surmises as to the something after death. As Mrs. Browning beautifully writes:—

> "O poets, from a maniac's tongue
> Was poured this deathless singing;
> O Christians, at your cross of hope
> A hopeless hand was clinging!
>
> O men, this man in brotherhood,
> Your weary paths beguiling,
> Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
> And died while ye were smiling!"

His life is no changeful romance, indeed, but a household story, over which we linger with something of household affection. Each epoch of the memoir has its interest; the happy infancy of the future poet in his good father's Hertfordshire rectory, where the gardener Robin, day by day,

> "Drew him to school along the public way,
> Delighted with his bauble coach, and wrapt
> In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,"

and where a gentle mother's smile and solace had power to chase away his every grief, until the bell tolled that called her to the grave, and her bewildered child watched from his nursery window the departure of the hearse, and drew

> "A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu."

Then the distresses of his boarding-school career, when coarse bullying broke the spirit of this "sensitive plant," accustomed as it had been to a constant flow of love that knew no fail,—and when he acquired that hatred of public academies which was one day to find utterance in his "Tirocinium, or a Review of Schools." Then his seven years' course at Westminster, where timidity on his part invited persecution (and who can persecute like an unfeeling boy?), and the nervous, shrinking lad afforded sport to his boisterous mates—for robust youth seldom makes allowances for constitutional incapacity to keep up neck to neck with its own wild race. Then his three years with Mr. Chapman, the solicitor, in whose office he and his fellow-clerk Thurlow, lord chancellor that was to be, employed themselves from morn to eve in giggling and making to giggle. Then his life in chambers at the Temple, as a regular student of law, where he "rambled from the thorny road of his austere patroness, jurisprudence, into the primrose paths of literature and poetry,"—cultivating the acquaintance of Colman, Lloyd, and other *littérateurs*,—amusing them and himself with verse-making and translations from the classics. Then, at thirty-one, his nomination to the lucrative post of reading clerk in the House of Lords—an office which excessive nervousness compelled him to resign; then his appointment to be clerk of the journals, which the same unhappy cause, or "effect defective" (as Polonius would say), made of brief tenure. This he brooded over, until madness visited his troubled brain; and when the dark cloud was dispersed, under the influence of excellent Dr. Cotton, he sought to preserve tranquillity in complete seclusion from the world and its "madding crowd's ignoble strife,"—for youth was over, and he was "left alone with ghosts of blessings gone,"—the bounty of a few friends enabling him to live in frugal retirement, and to "cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal," as the young Edinburgh Reviewers once construed Virgil. Then came his intimacy with the Unwin family, and with iron-nerved John Newton—a period subject to relapses

* "Sketches of Literature and Learning in England," vol. vi.

and reactions of morbid depression, but characterised by that regular poetical *régime* which he now imposed on himself as his purpose in life.

"God suffered once the thunder-cloud
Towards his love to blind him;
But gently led the blind along
Where breath and bird could find him;
And wrought within his shattered brain
Such quick poetic senses,
As hills have language for, and stars
Harmonious influences.
The pulse of dew upon the grass
His own did calmly number;
And silent shadow from the trees
Fell o'er him like a slumber."*

Painful often is the contrast between the placidity, wit, and sportive humour of his verse on the one hand, and on the other the deep gloom which was consuming him piecemeal, preying on his vitals, like the eagle of Prometheus. How often are his letters "the proofs of rare heroism! how often were those flowers of fancy watered by a bleeding heart!"† It is the knowledge of this that imparts so peculiar a charm to his epistolary and other pleasantries;—the contrast, as Mr. Gilfillan observes, between their airy buoyancy and his fixed, morbid misery, and the view this gives us of the irrepressible spring of enjoyment originally possessed by a mind, which not even the sorrows of madness could entirely choke up, and of that powerful sense of the ludicrous which could wreathe the grim features of despair into contagious smiles. It is beautifully true of this man, stricken of God and afflicted, that when one by one sweet sounds

"And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face, because so broken-hearted."

His habit of surrendering his pen to the most obvious pleasantry at hand, and dallying with the most casual thoughts of the moment, has been compared to Hamlet's talk about old Truepenny in the cellarage, when the thought of his father's spirit is weighing with awful mystery on his heart, or amusing himself with badgering Polonius, when the thought of filial revenge is swaying the very depths of his soul. He made no parade of the trappings of woe; he wore no inky cloak; he obtruded no "dejected 'haviour of the visage" upon the public; he traded not in the forms and modes and shows of importunate grief; but he had that within which passeth show, and with something of Spartan endurance he folded his mantle decorously over the struggle within, though his lifeblood was ebbing drop by drop away. Poor Cowper!

His poetry is, perhaps, dull reading to people whose pulse is ever at fever heat, and who call nothing poetry that does not deal with Corsairs, and Giaours, and Manfreds, and Cains. But it is popular still with a large number of steady old folks, who are addicted, rightly or wrongly, to English impressions of nature, English views of manners, and English sentiments of patriotism. It is manly, straightforward, unaffected, spirited, easy, hearty, domestic, John Bullish. It is truly earnest and sincere—another quality characteristic of John Bull His Mark. The very general esteem for Cowper's poetry, at the close of last century, Mr. de Quincey calls "inevitable,"—because the poet's picture of an English fireside, with its long winter evening, the sofa wheeled round to the fire, the massy draperies depending from the windows, the tea-table with its bubbling and loud-hissing urn, the newspaper and the long debate,—Pitt and Fox ruling the senate, and Erskine the bar,—all held up a mirror to that particular period, and their own particular houses; whilst the character of his rural scenery was exactly the same in Cowper's experience of England as in their own; so that in all these features they recognised their countryman and their contemporary, who saw things from the same station as themselves;—whilst his moral denunciations upon all great questions then afloat were cast in the very same mould of conscientious principle as their own.‡ Professor Wilson ascribes to him the earliest place among that modern generation of poets who, going back to nature, have sought the elements of poetry immediately in the world of nature and of human life:—"The charm of his poetry is a pure, innocent, lovely mind, delighting itself in pure, innocent, and lovely nature,—the freshness of the fields, the fragrance of the flowers, breathes in his verse. His own delight in simple, happy, rural life, is there; and we are delighted, as though, with happy faces, and with endeared family love, we walked by his side and shared with him in his pleasures."* Mr. Campbell, again, while admitting that Cowper's rural prospects have far less variety and compass than those of Thomson, contends that his graphic touches are more close and minute; not that Thomson was either deficient or undelightful in circumstantial traits of the beauty of nature, but he looked to her as a whole, more than Cowper, who contemplated the face of plain rural English life in moments of leisure and sensibility, till its minutest features were impressed upon his fancy; and whose landscapes, if they have less of the ideally beautiful than Thomson's, are distinguished by an unrivalled charm of truth and reality.†

Though many persons may refuse to call Cowper one of their favourite poets, hardly one of them but will be found to class something of Cowper's among their favourite poems. The intense puritan, whom æsthetics cannot touch, and who scouts poetry in the abstract and concrete alike as vanity and vexation of spirit, and in whose rather lengthy ears the no es of the muse are inharmonious as the crackling of thorns under the pot, has a liking for, and has even purchased a copy of, the Olney Hymns, though he is careful to tell you he thinks John Newton much the better bard of the twain. The mirthful frivolist, to whom the "Task" is no pseudonym, will allow that Cowper was a good fellow at bottom, for the sake of Johnny Gilpin. The moralist enjoys the didactic pieces, the scholar consults the translations, the schoolboy relishes "Alexander Selkirk," and every man of woman born exults in the "Lines on Receiving his Mother's Picture." "Able Editors" differ widely in their estimate of his various works. Southey predicts that the "Task" and the fragment on "Yardley Oak" will be coeval with our language, but dismisses all the rest with the sweeping assertion, that, if Cowper's other works live, it will be because written by the author of these two compositions.‡ We can hardly assent to this, while we remember the *unique* beauty of "Oh that those lips had language!"—and many a noble passage in the "Table Talk," "Progress of Error," "Hope," &c. He holds a distinguished place, too, among our satirists. Campbell remarks that his satire is not abstracted and declamatory, but places human manners before us in the liveliest attitudes and clearest colours. "There is much of the full distinctness of Theophrastus, and of the nervous and concise spirit of La Bruyère, in his piece entitled "Conversation," with a cast of humour superadded which is peculiarly English, and not to be found out of England."§ Christopher North calls his satire "sublime," and contends that we have no other such satires:—"the same man who was well satisfied to sit day after day beside an elderly lady sewing caps and tippets, except when he was obliged to go and water the flowers or feed the rabbits, rose up, when Poetry came upon him, sinewy and muscular as a mailed man dallying for a while with a two-edged sword, as if to try its weight and temper, when about to shear down the Philistines."‖ Those who consider him, as many profess to do, tame and unimpassioned, must yet be conscious of the glow of his moral indignation, the flame of which burns purely and strongly amid much that is sectarian and John Newtonish. Southey, as we have seen, summarily dismisses these rhymed poems, declaring that nothing which Cowper has written in rhyme, except by sudden gleams, is above mediocrity, and that he not only wanted ear to form its harmony, but rejected that harmony on system; and that, when he wrote in rhymes, provided he could cram his thoughts

* Elizabeth Barrett Browning.
† Tuckerman's "Thoughts on the Poets."
‡ "Autobiography of an English Opium-eater."

* Blackwood's Magazine, vol. xxvii. p. 834.
† Campbell's "Specimens of British Poetry," vol. vii.
‡ *Letter to G. C. Bedford*, 1809.—Southey adds, "His [Cowper's] popularity is owing to his piety, not his poetry, and that piety was craziness. I like his letters, but think their so great popularity one of the very many proofs of the imbecility of the age." Rather cavalier treatment of Cowper and his admirers.
§ Campbell's "Specimens," vol. vii. p. 358. ‖ Blackwood, vol. xxiii.

into the couplets, he chose rather that they should be rough than harmonious, that they should stumble than glide.* On the other hand, it has been maintained that Cowper's poetry, not being organ-toned, nor informed with any very rich or original music, any more than soaringly imaginative or gorgeously decorative, is of a style that requires the sustaining aid of rhyme, and is apt, in blank verse, to overflow in pools and shallows.† There is more truth, we submit, in this view of the case, than in Southey's sweeping clause.

Never may the time come when Cowper's memory and works shall be treated otherwise than with affectionate respect by England and the English! The blessings of English homes and universal liberty owe him no mean portion of their being.

"Nor ever shall he be in praise by wise or good forsaken;
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken."

A NOVEL SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

The following from Captain Reid's "Adventures in Southern Mexico," will throw a new light upon the ingenuity of the monkey tribe, and afford a novel anecdote for the collectors of facts in natural history:—"'They are coming towards the bridge; they will most likely cross by the rocks yonder,' observed Raoul. 'How, swim it?' answered the Frenchman; 'monkeys would rather go into fire than water. If they cannot leap the stream they will bridge it.' 'Bridge it!—and how?' 'Stop a moment, captain—you shall see.' The half-human voices sounded nearer, and we could perceive that the animals were approaching the spot where we lay. Presently they appeared on the opposite bank, headed by an old grey chieftain, and officered like so many soldiers. They were, as Raoul had stated, of the 'comadrejai,' or ringtailed tribe. One, an aide-de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps, ran out on a projecting rock, and, after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back, and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troop. Commands were issued, and fatigue parties were detailed, and marched to the front. Meanwhile, several of the comadrejai—engineers, no doubt—ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the 'arrogo.' At length they all collected round a tall cotton wood that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost, a strong fellow, ran out upon a limb, and, taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off, and hung head downwards. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipped his tail tightly round the neck and fore-arm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated this manœuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until the last upon the string rested his fore-paws upon the ground. The living chain now commenced swinging backwards and forwards, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased—the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement. This continued until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb, and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk! The chain was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge, over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred, passed with the rapidity of thought. It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld, to witness the quizzical expression of countenances along that living chain. The troop was now on the other side; but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was the question that suggested itself. Manifestly, by number one letting go his tail. But then the *point d'appui* on the other side was much lower down, and number one, with half-a-dozen of his neighbours, would be dashed against the opposite bank, or soused into the water. Here, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girdled him in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all powerful fellows; and running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal. Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation warned the tail-end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links now dropped off like a melting candle, whilst the higher ones leaped to the branches, and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the chapparal, and disappeared."

* "Life of Southey." † Craik's "Sketches of Literature," vol. vi.

KEEP IN STEP.

"*Those who would walk together must keep in step.*"—Old Proverb.

Aye, the world keeps moving forward,
Like an army marching by;
Hear you not its heavy foot-fall,
That resoundeth to the sky?
Some bold spirits bear the banner—
Souls of sweetness chant the song—
Lips of energy and fervour
Make the timid-hearted strong!
Like brave soldiers we march forward;
If you linger or turn back,
You must look to get a jostling
While you stand upon our track.
Keep in step!

My good neighbour, Master Standstill,
Gazes on it as it goes,
Not quite sure but he is dreaming,
In his afternoon's repose!
"Nothing good," he says, "can issue
From this endless 'moving on;'
Ancient laws and institutions
Are decaying or are gone.
We are rushing on to ruin,
With our mad, new-fangled ways."
While he speaks, a thousand voices,
As the heart of *one* man, says—
"Keep in step!"

Gentle neighbour, will you join us,
Or return to "*good old ways?*"
Take again this fig-leaf apron
Of old Adam's ancient days;
Or become a hardy Briton—
Beard the lion in his lair,
And lie down in dainty slumber,
Wrapp'd in skin of shaggy bear—
Rear the hut amid the forest,
Skim the wave in light canoe?
Ah, I see! you do not like it.
Then, if these old ways won't do,
Keep in step!

Be assured, good Master Standstill,
All-wise Providence designed
Aspiration and progression
For the yearning human mind.
Generations left their blessings
In the relics of their skill;
Generations yet are longing
For a greater glory still;
And the shades of our forefathers
Are not jealous of our deed—
We but follow where they beckon,
We but go where they do lead!
Keep in step!

One detachment of our army
May encamp upon the hill,
While another, in the valley,
May enjoy "its own sweet will;"
This may answer to one watchword,
That may echo to another;
But in unity and concord,
They discern that each is brother.
Breast to breast, they're marching onward,
In a good, now peaceful way;
You'll be jostled if you hinder,
So don't offer let or stay.
Keep in step!

CHARITY.

An essay on charity seems at first sight unnecessary,—as all, the highest as well as the lowest, admit the efficacy of the noble virtue. But as poverty is of ancient, nay, divine origin, so is true charity the one great means of its alleviation. All men are brethren. Some are placed high in the world's estimation, have riches abundantly, and are honoured of all men; others are subject to distress and direst poverty, and sink beneath a load of misery and self-abasement; but the condition of the first in no wise renders them independent of the last, but rather forms a bond of union between them—"Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye do it unto me."

In the engraving we have charity personified under the figure of a virgin. With one hand she is leading forward a sick woman, and with the other she is relieving an aged mendicant. On her countenance is seen an expression of mild and soft compassion, and in her whole person there is that "sweet divinity of goodness" which bespeaks a virtuous mind. Truly the grace of beauty adds something to the kind offices in which she is engaged. But it is not always in the bestowal of money that practical charity is seen. It consists also in the kind look, the sympathising word, the gentle pressure of the hand, the ingenuous emotion, the delicate recognition of even the prejudices and faults of the recipients of our bounty. Charity, says the poet, is twice blessed; it blesses those who give and those who receive. But we must be careful, in bestowing our alms, that we degrade not its receivers. Their self-respect must not be lessened by the manner of our giving; nor must we, on the other hand, dishonour ourselves by any unworthy suspicions, any reluctant withholding of sympathy, any commonplace remarks which might be thought likely to wound, in ever so slight a degree, the feelings, or even the prejudices, of the objects of our benevolence. True charity vaunteth not itself. It seeketh out and relieveth distress without unnecessary parade or many words. It goeth not into the dwellings of poverty or the haunts of crime in a court garment. It putteth not its name in subscription lists, or publisheth its virtues in the columns of a newspaper. It writeth not itself good or gracious on other tablets than the hearts of the poor and lowly. It crieth not out in the highway, or maketh much of its doings in the family. It putteth not gold into the plate when the bishop preacheth, and stayeth not away from God's house because of the poverty of the congregation. But this it doth: it offereth the other cheek to the smiter, rather than smite again; it giveth to every man that asketh; it prayeth for them that despitefully use it; it loveth its enemies, and doeth good to them that hate it; it giveth them who have taken away the coat, the cloak also; it speaketh well of all men, and it suffereth long and is kind; it weepeth with them that weep, and rejoiceth with them that rejoice; it rendereth not evil for evil; it blesseth where it expecteth not blessing in return; it is merciful and slow to anger; it judgeth not, condemneth not, and doeth unto all men as it would be done unto —"for the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again. . . . Love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great. . . . Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure pressed down, shaken together, and running over."

P.

CHARITY: A BAS-RELIEF BY VICTOR VILAIN.

HONESTY AND INDUSTRY:

A NARRATIVE FOR THE YOUNG.

Some years ago, a poor boy about ten years old, entered the warehouse of a rich merchant in Dantzic, named Samuel Richter, and asked the bookkeeper for alms. The man did not raise his head from his hand, but grumbled out, "You will get nothing here, be off!" Weeping bitterly, the boy glided towards the door, at the moment that Richter entered. "What is the matter here?" he asked, turning to the bookkeeper. The man scarcely looked up from his work, but answered "A worthless beggar-boy!"

In the mean time, Richter looked towards the boy, and observed, that when close to the door, he picked up something from the ground. "Ah, my little lad," said he, what is that you picked up?" The weeping boy turned and showed him a needle. "And what will you do with that?" asked the merchant. "My jacket has holes in it," was the answer, "I will sew up the big ones."

Richter was pleased with this reply, and still more with the boy's innocent, handsome face. He said, therefore, in a kind, though serious tone, "But are you not ashamed, you so young and so hearty, to beg? Cannot you work?"

"Ah, my dear sir," replied the boy, "I do not know how. I am too little yet to thrash, or to fell wood. My father died three weeks ago, and my poor mother and my little brothers have eaten nothing these two days. Then I ran out in anguish, and begged for alms. But, alas! a single peasant only gave me a piece of bread yesterday; since then, I have not eaten a morsel."

It is quite customary for those who make a trade of begging to contrive tales like this, and this hardens many hearts against the claims of general want. But the merchant trusted the boy's honest-looking face. He thrust his hand into his pocket, drew forth a piece of money, and said, "There is a shilling; go to the bakers, and with half the money buy bread for yourself, your mother, and your brothers; but bring back the other half to me." The boy took the money and ran joyfully away.

"Well," said the surley bookkeeper, "he will laugh in his sleeve, and never come back again."—"Who knows?" replied Richter. As he spoke, he saw the boy returning, running quickly, with a large loaf of brown bread in one hand, and some money in the other. "There, good sir," he cried, almost breathless, "there is the rest of the money." Then, feeling very hungry, he begged for a knife, to cut off a piece of the bread. The bookkeeper reached him in silence, his pocket-knife. The lad cut off a piece in great haste, and was about to eat it. But suddenly, he bethought himself, laid the bread aside, and folding his hands, uttered a silent prayer, and then fell to his meal with a hearty appetite.

The merchant was moved by the boy's unaffected conduct. He inquired after his family and home, and learned from his simple narrative that his father had lived in a village, about four miles distant from Dantzic, where he owned a small house and farm., But his house had been burned to the ground, and much sickness in his family had compelled him to sell his farm. He had then hired himself out to a rich neighbour; but before three weeks were at an end, he died, broken down by grief and excessive toil. And now his mother, whom sorrow had thrown upon a bed of sickness, was, with her four young children, suffering the bitterest poverty. He, the eldest, had resolved to seek for assistance, and had gone, at first, from village to village, then had struck into the high-road; and, at last, having begged everywhere in vain, had come to Dantzic.

Richter's heart was touched. He had but one child, and this boy appeared to him as a draft at first sight, which Providence had drawn upon him as a test of his gratitude. "Listen, my boy," he began; "have you a wish to learn?"—"Oh, yes! I have, indeed," cried the boy. "I have read the catechism already; and I should know a good deal more, but at home I had always my little brother to carry, for my mother was sick in bed."

The merchant at once formed his resolution. "Well, then, said he, "if you are good, honest, and industrious, I will take care of you. You shall learn, have meat, drink, and clothing, and in time, earn something besides. Then you can support your mother and your brothers." The boy's eyes flashed with joy. But in a moment he cast them again to the ground, and said sadly, "My mother all this while has nothing to eat." At this moment, as if sent by Providence, an inhabitant of the boy's native village entered Richter's house. The man confirmed the lad's story, and willingly consented to carry the mother tidings of her son William, and some food, and a small sum of money from the merchant. At the same time, Richter directed his bookkeeper to write a letter to the pastor of the village, commending the widow to his care, with an additional sum enclosed for the poor family, and promising further assistance.

As soon as this was done, Richter at once furnished the boy with decent clothes, and at noon led him to his wife, informing her of little William's story, and of the plan which he had formed for him. The good woman readily promised her best assistance in the matter, and she faithfully kept her word.

During the next four years young William attended the schools of the great commercial city. His faithful foster-father then took him into his counting-house, in order to educate him for business. Here, at the desk as well as on the school-form, the ripening youth distinguished himself, not only by his natural capacity, but by the faithful industry with which he exercised it. With all this, he retained his native innocence and simplicity. He regularly sent half his weekly allowance to his mother, until she died, after having survived two of his brothers. She had passed the last years of her life not in want, it is true, but, by the aid of the kind Richter and her faithful son, in a condition above want.

After the death of his beloved mother, there was no dear friend left to William in the world, except his benefactor. Out of love for him, he became an active, zealous merchant. He began by applying the superfluity of his allowance, which he could now dispose of at his pleasure, to a trade in Hamburg guilds. When by care and prudence he had gained between twenty and thirty pounds, he found that in his native village there was a considerable quantity of good hemp and flax, which was to be had at a reasonable price. He asked his foster-father to advance him forty pounds, which Richter did, with great readiness. The business prospered so well, that, in the third year of his clerkship William had acquired the sum of one hundred pounds. Without giving up his trade in flax, he trafficked also in linen goods, and the two combined made him, in a couple of years, about two hundred pounds richer. This happened during the appointed five years of clerkship. At the end of this period William continued to serve his benefactor five years more with industry, skill, and fidelity. Then he took the place of the bookkeeper, who died about that time, and three years after he was taken by Richter as a partner into his business, with a third part of the profits.

But it was not the will of Providence that this pleasant partnership should be of long duration. An insidious disease cast Richter upon a bed of sickness, and kept him for two years confined to his couch. All that love and gratitude could suggest William did to repay his benefactor's kindness. Redoubling his exertions, he became the soul of the whole business, and still he watched long nights at the old man's bedside, with his grieving wife, until, in the sixty-fifth year of his life, Richter closed his eyes in death. Before his decease, he placed the hands of his only daughter, a sweet girl of two-and-twenty years, in those of his beloved foster-son. He had long looked upon them both as his children. They understood him; they loved each other, and in silence, yet affectionately and earnestly, they solemnised their betrothal at the bedside of their dying father.

About ten years after Richter's death, the house of William Berne, "late Samuel Richter," was one of the most respectable in all Dantzic. It owned three large ships, employed in navigating the Baltic and North Seas, and the care of Providence seemed to watch especially over the interests of their worthy owner. He honoured his mother-in-law like a son, and cherished her declining age with the tenderest affection, until, in her seventy-second year, she died in his arms.

As his own marriage proved childless, he took the eldest son of each of his two remaining brothers, now substantial farmers, into his house, and destined them to be his heirs. But, in order to confirm them in their humility, he often showed them the needle which had proved such a source of blessing to him, and bequeathed it, as a perpetual legacy, to the eldest son in the family.

It is but a few years since this child of poverty, honest industry, and sincere gratitude, passed in peace from this world.

COAL AND CIVILISATION.

The following particulars respecting the history of coal may not be uninteresting. It is a pleasant, cheerful thing, to sit by the fireside in the cold winter time, and watch the glowing coal, and huge black rocky lumps, and tongues of flame that waver and dance, as the smoke in many fanciful forms rolls up the wide chimney; and it is well to know that men in the olden time have experienced the worth of coal, and had the same enjoyment that we now have. Coal was undoubtedly known to Theophrastus and Pliny, and from a very early period amongst the Britons. Nevertheless, for long after it was but little valued or appreciated, turf and wood being the common articles of consumption throughout the country. About the middle of the ninth century, a grant of land was made by the Abbey of Peterborough, under the restriction of certain payments in kind to the monastery, among which are specified sixty carts of wood, and as showing their comparative worth, only twelve carts of pit coal. Towards the end of the thirteenth century, Newcastle is said to have traded in the article, and by a charter of Henry III., of date 1284, a licence is granted to the burgesses to dig for the mineral. About this period, coals, for the first time, began to be imported into London, but were made use of only by smiths, brewers, dyers, and other artisans, when, in consequence of the smoke being regarded as very injurious to the public health, parliament petitioned the king, Edward I., to prohibit the burning of coal, on the ground of being an intolerable nuisance. A proclamation was granted, conformable to the prayer of the petition; and the most severe inquisitorial measures were adopted to restrict or altogether abolish the use of the combustible, by fine, imprisonment, and destruction of the furnaces and workshops! They were again brought into common use in the time of Charles I., and have continued to increase steadily with the extension of the arts and manufactures, and the advancing tide of population, till now, in the metropolis and suburbs, coals are annually consumed to the amount of about three millions of tons.

The use of coal in Scotland seems to be connected with the rise of the monasteries, institutions which were admirably suited to the times, the conservators of learning, and pioneers of art and industry all over Europe, and in whose most rigorous exactions evidences can always be traced of a judicious and enlightened concern for the general improvement of the country. Under the regime of monastic rule at Dunfermline, coals were worked in the year 1291—at Dysart, and other places along the coast, about half a century later—and, generally, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the inhabitants were assessed in coals to churches and chapels, which, after the Reformation, have still continued to be paid in many parishes. Boethius records that in his time, the inhabitants of Fife and the Lothians dug "a black stone" which, when kindled, gave out a heat sufficient to melt iron. How long will the coal-metals of the British Isles last at the present, or even an increased expenditure of fuel? So great has been the discrepancy, and so little understood the data on which to form a calculation, that the authorities variously estimate from two hundred to two thousand years. For home consumption the present rate is about thirty-two millions of tons annually. The export is about six millions; and yet such is the enormous mass of this combustible enclosed in one field alone, that no boundary can be fixed, even the most remote, for its exhaustion. The coal trade of Great Britain is nearly in proportion of three to two of that of all the other nations of the world; while in superficial area her coal measures are to those of the United States only as 11,859 square miles to 153,132 square miles.

What a vision of the future is hereby disclosed! If rightly employed, if the arts and progressive development of society at all keep pace with the means provided, the human race in the New world have a destiny to run, and a work of civilisation to accomplish, to which the Old in its brightest achievements can furnish but a faint analogy. Scarcely two centuries have elapsed since coal was employed as an article of domestic use, or introduced upon the most limited scale into the manufactures; its now ascertained extent and boundless latent powers were not dreamt of or imagined even but half a century ago; and very recently the lamentation was general, that no coal measures existed in the mighty continent of America. Who now can fancy a limit to the social movement with which that vast hemisphere is heaving all over—the advancing tide of its population spreading in every region—the forest cleared and covered with a network of railways, the rivers bridged from end to end with a navy of steam-ships—and all vivified and in motion through the agency of this long undiscovered product of the earth? Geological time rolled on, and the surface of our planet was replenished with the hidden treasure, and the man of science has no numbers to reckon the years that are past.

Sawdust Sugar.—In an article in the "Illustrated Exhibitor," entitled a "Visit to a Sugar Refinery," it is said that sugar may be extracted from various substances, and among them sawdust! A correspondent seems to doubt that fact; and for his benefit we append the following:—Bracconot, some years since, pointed out the very remarkable fact that sawdust and linen could be converted into grape sugar; and that from a pound of these substances more than a pound of sugar could be produced. The process is as follows: wood, or linen, or paper, are left to imbibe their own weight of oil of vitriol; eventually the whole is converted into a viscid mass; care must be taken that it does not become too hot. This mass being diluted with water is boiled for some hours, the liquor is filtered, the acid removed by chalk, and the sugar crystallised out after evaporation. One hundred pounds of sawdust will yield, by this treatment, one hundred and fifteen pounds of sugar; the same quantity of starch may be converted, by a similar operation, into one hundred and six pounds of saccharine matter. These substances only differ chemically from each other by an addition of a small quantity of hydrogen and oxygen, the elements of water, to the latter. The quantity of carbon remains through all the same, but the proportions of the two gaseous elements are increased by the process described.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Education in the German Language, through the Medium of the Popular Educator.—"The Popular Educator," No. 11, bearing date June 12th, will contain the first of a series of familiar Lessons in German. This course will impart a thorough acquaintance with the Language, and—together with the Lessons already commenced on the Literature and Grammar of the English Language, Lessons in French and Latin—render the "Popular Educator" the most complete Educational Work which has ever appeared. Besides instruction in the above Languages, it contains Lessons in Geometry, Arithmetic, Music, History, Botany, Physiology, Geology, Natural History, Biography, Geography, &c. To meet the urgent wishes of numerous Families and Individuals, an *Extra Edition* is now issued, upon superior paper, the price of which is 1½d. per Number, or Monthly Parts, containing four Numbers in a neat wrapper, 7d; or when five Numbers, 8½d. The Extra Edition is published without the weekly headings. Two Parts are now ready; Part I., price 7d.; Part II., price 8½d.

Lives and Works of the Painters of all Nations.—On July the 1st, John Cassell will publish the first part of a magnificent work, in imperial quarto, under the above title, containing a portrait of Murillo, and seven specimens of his choicest works including the "Conception of the Virgin," lately in the collection of Marshal Soult, and recently purchased by the French Government for the Gallery of the Louvre, for the sum of £23,440. The parts will appear on the first of every month, at 2s. each, and will be supplied through every bookseller in town or country.

Cassell's Shilling Edition of Euclid.—In consequence of the interest excited among all classes of the readers of the Popular Educator, since the publication of our Lessons in Geometry in that work, John Cassell has determined to issue a Popular Edition of The Elements of Geometry, to contain the First Six, and the Eleventh and Twelfth Books of Euclid, from the text of Robert Simson, M.D., Emeritus Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow; with corrections, Annotations, and Exercises, by Robert Wallace, A.M., of the same university, and Collegiate Tutor of the University of London. This work will be ready the first week in July, price 1s. in stiff covers, or 1s. 6d. neat cloth.

Scripture Library for the Young, in Shilling Volumes.—The first two volumes of this instructive series of works, "The Life of Joseph," illustrated with sixteen choice engravings and maps, and "The Tabernacle, its Priests, and Services," with twelve engravings, are now ready. The "Life of Moses" is in the press.

The Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art.—The First Volume of this splendidly embellished work, handsomely bound, price 6s. 6d., or extra cloth gilt edges, 7s. 6d., will be ready July 1, and will contain upwards of Two Hundred Principal Engravings, and an equal number of Minor Engravings, Diagrams, &c.

Completion of John Cassell's Library.—This invaluable Work is now complete, in 26 Volumes, 7d. each in paper covers; double Volumes, cloth, 1s. 6d., or when 3 Vols. in 1, 2s. 3d. The entire Series may be had, bound in cloth, 19s. 6d., or arranged in a Library Box, 25s.

The Emigrant's Handbook, a Guide to the Various Fields of Emigration in all Parts of the Globe is now ready, price 6d.

The Pathway, a Monthly Religious Magazine, is published on the 1st of every month, price twopence—32 pages enclosed in a neat wrapper. Vols. I. and II., neatly bound in cloth and lettered, price 2s. 3d. each, are now ready.

WORK AND WAIT.

THIS the watchword heaven hath, o'er thee,
Writ in living lines of glory
On its golden gate—
Burthen of each hero story—
Work and wait.

Work in spirit-gloom or gladness,
Youthful sunshine, age's sadness,
Wait the wish'd reward,
Though it mock thy soul to madness,
Long deferr'd.

Ye who Cain's hard curse inherit—
Fruitless toil—Faith bids ye bear it,
As to blessing turn'd—
Blessing boundless for the spirit,
Labour-earn'd.

Thou to whom much good is given,
Thou that ne'er with want hast striven
In sad sorrow's mart,
Still must in the work of heaven
Bear a part.

Go, with love and gentle speaking,
Bind the hearts of brethren breaking,
Lest thou blighted be
By the reaper vainly seeking
Fruit from thee!

FRITZ.

A FOREIGNER'S OPINION OF ENGLAND.—The father of Madlle. Wagner, in writing to a friend on the subject of his daughter's engagement, coolly says—"England is only to be valued for the sake of her money."

MADAME MALIBRAN'S MODEL.—In her teens, this well-known lady had a cracked, inflexible voice. Out of such unpromising materials was made the great singer. She took as her model the tone of musical glasses, and became so expert an imitator, that she often deceived her friends by pretending to rub the glass, and giving the music with her voice.

CLEARING THE FOREST.—Fourteen thousand oak timber trees, standing in Hainault Forest, have recently been sold by order of the government.

A NEW OLD FRESCO.—A package has been forwarded to this country from Leghorn, containing a fresco painting by Julio Romano, and sent to England by Lord Overstone, for deposit in the National Gallery. It is understood to be a very splendid work of art.

THE WINGS OF THE WIND.—It is calculated that within the last six months upwards of 1,600 miles of telegraphic wire have been strung up by the Electric Telegraph Company in carrying to completion the telegraphic communication of the country.

BROUGHAM *v.* BROUGHAM.—A newspaper tradition says that Barnes (editor of the *Times*) went one day to Brougham, then Chancellor, and, waiting for him in his private room at the Court, took up the *Morning Chronicle*, in which there was that morning a denunciation of an article Brougham had the day before written in the *Times*. Barnes suspected the authorship from the style, and when the legal dignitary left the judgment-seat to speak to the editor, the latter saluted the Chancellor with, "Well, this is almost too bad to demolish yourself in this way!" Brougham was taken aback. Barnes saw at once that the random guess was a hit, pursued his advantage, followed up the attack, and Brougham *admitted that he was the writer of the reply to his own onslaught.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. B. FORD and others have written to us for advice as to how they may profitably employ their leisure, so as to provide themselves with a little money for books, &c. Now this is a question that hundreds in London would like satisfactorily answered. Many young men are thirsting for knowledge, but are without the means wherewith to purchase books. One writes to say that the mechanics' institution of his town does not possess the kind of works he requires; another that he finds a difficulty in procuring books of a sufficiently elementary character; and, again another, that the books of the only library in the village are all either too trifling or too antiquated. How can we reconcile all these opposites—how advise where we know nothing of the particular circumstances of our correspondents?

A CORRESPONDENT from Broomsgrove wishes to know how false teeth are fixed in the jaw. Various plans have been adopted; but we believe the two most usual are by means of a piece of gold wire attached to the adjoining teeth, or by what is called capillary attraction. In the latter plan the set of false teeth is so nicely adjusted to the gums, that, when placed in the mouth, a slight suck exhausts the air between the teeth and the gums, and so keeps the teeth in their places.

A. B.—Apply to the authorities of the Colonial Office, enclosing your address on a stamped envelope for an answer. This plan would also ensure AN INQUIRER a reply to his question.

A CONSTANT READER should apply to the Orthopœdic Institution. Lord John Russell's private residence is at Chesham-place, Belgrave-square.

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS have written to us on the subject of emigration. For information with regard to the rates of passage, modes of transport in the colonies, &c. &c., we commend them to "The Emigrant's Handbook," issued from this office, in which will be found all needful advice.

C. A. B.—We advise you to learn German, mathematics, or one of the abstruse sciences. If you commence a course of strict self-discipline *at once*, and determine to follow it out, there is little fear of a happy result. Send us your address.

CHARLES.—The lines about which you inquire, beginning with "Delightful task! to rear the tender thought," are in *Thomson's Seasons*, near the end of his "Spring."

IGNOTUS.—"The boiling-point" varies considerably, according to the nature of the fluid. The boiling-point of water is about 212 degrees by Fahrenheit's thermometer; but it may be raised considerably above that by the addition of saline matter. The boiling-point of nitre is 238°; that of the acetate of soda, about 256°. In perfectly pure and smooth glass-vessels, water may be heated to 221° without boiling.

CARLO.—You should write to Her Majesty's Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, Park-street, Westminster. The qualifications for a free passage out are—being under 30 years of age, being married, and having a good knowledge of agricultural and other farming operations.

R. S. T.—The distance from Sydney to Bathurst is about 120 miles; from Sydney to Port Philip, about 550 by land. You had better get *Cassell's Emigrant's Handbook*, just published.

M. Y. (Halifax).—You have not stated whether the *warts* you wish to cure are hard or soft. *Hard* warts may be removed by the daily use of a little nitrate of silver, or nitric or acetic acid. Dip a thin slip of wood in the fluid, and apply it to the wart. The nitrate will produce a black stain, and the nitric acid a yellow one; but this will wear off in a few days. What are called "*soft* warts," may be removed by the daily use of Gowland's lotion. The milky juice of the spurge plant was recommended in a recent Number, but that being a highly poisonous fluid, it had better not be used; besides, it cannot easily be obtained.

A TRAVELLER.—You complain, in common, we believe, with hundreds, that you cannot read with any comfort when travelling in a railway or other swift conveyance. Try the following plan:—Place a card or a slip of paper over the line below the one you are about to read. Your eye will then be free from the disturbance caused by the motion of the carriage; and if you then read with comfort, thank us for the hint, and publish it for the benefit of others.

MARY W.—Yes; you are entitled to a month's notice, or a month's wages instead thereof, unless you have done anything which may render your *immediate* dismissal an act of necessity and justice.

A NEEDY MAN.—You had better write to Mr. Walcott, the secretary to the Colonial Land Emigration Commissioners, Park-street, Westminster. In the mean time, we may state that the most eligible classes of emigrants are agricultural labourers, shepherds, herdsmen, or women of the labouring class. These are taken, to the age of 45, at £1 per head; between 45 and 50 at £5 per head; and between 50 and 60 at £11 per head. The next best class are married mechanics and artisans, and these, with their wives, are taken, up to 45, at £2; between 50 and 60, £14. Children of both these classes, under 14, at 10s. per head. Families with more than four children under twelve years of age are ineligible. Single men are taken out at £3 per head.

C. PERKINS.—The word "*iconoclast*" is formed from two Greek words, *eikon*, an image, and *klao*, to break. It is a name given to the Greek emperors, or dignitaries of the Greek Church, who broke the images in order to put a stop to the idolatrous practice of worshipping them. The old golden coin, value 21s., was called a *guinea*, because the first that were struck were of gold from Guinea, in Africa; but the term, "guinea gold," now means gold equal in value to that of which guineas are made, or, in other words, *sterling* gold.

PADDINGTON.—Your friend has misinformed you. According to the most recent return, the number of hackney carriages, including cabriolets, working by licence in the metropolitan districts, was rather more than 3,800.

R. M'INTOSH.—We hope to give you, and many more, full particulars respecting the cheap issue of boxes of colours, and cases of mathematical instruments in the course of a few days.

W. R. R. may be assured upon competent authority that the liquors he enumerates are by no means necessary for "women giving suck." A host of medical practitioners have declared that the use of such liquors is highly injurious both to the mother and the babe. They recommend, in lieu thereof, broths, gruel, milk, and tea. The same remarks will apply to the other class of persons of whom you speak,—namely, "those who are weak and low, or who are slowly recovering from illness."

"WHY AND WHEREFORE" will find that we have attended to his remarks, in the answer given above to M. Y., of Halifax.

A DRAUGHTSMAN.—We decline stating "the features of Mr. Herdman's new theory of vision in relation to perspective," because after he had delivered his lecture upon it, the accuracy of his views was much questioned by many scientific gentlemen present.

J. F. N.—You had better write to Mrs. Wedlake of Fenchurch-street, London, who has generally a number of thrashing machines and other agricultural implements on sale.

A MECHANIC.—The present market price of silver is 4s. 11½.

MARY.—Never mind a few "freckles;" the use of cosmetics are, in most cases, dangerous.

R. MANSFIELD.—Covers in which to bind the New Series of the *Working Man's Friend*, may be had at 1s. each at our Office, or through any Bookseller.

X.—The "Arches Court" is the chief and most ancient consistory court, belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury, for the debating of what are termed spiritual causes. It derives its name from the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow (*de arcubus*), where it was formerly held. "*Qui tam actions*" are actions brought by common informers. They are so called, because in the form in which they are conceived, the prosecutor declares that he prosecutes "as well for our sovereign lord the king as for himself" ("*tam* pro domino rege *quam* pro seipso"). Where information is given of offences committed against penal acts of parliament, the informer is usually entitled to one moiety of the penalty, while the other goes to the crown; and this gives the informer a right to sue the party offending for his share of the penalty.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. II., No. 38.] SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE LAKE OF COMO.

EVERYTHING connected with Italy is interesting. Books have been written, almost without number, songs have been improvised to all kinds of melodies, and enthusiasm has been "got up" in the minds of travellers to an unprecedented extent, when the "classic land" has been the theme, and yet the interest with which every new book, or picture, or song, or story is hailed, has by no means diminished. True that some is pleasant to read of Rome "the Eternal City," Naples, Florence, Milan, Venice,—even though the glory has departed from them all. The very names of the cities, lakes, mountains, have a sweet music in them; and scarcely a spot in the peninsula but has its legends and true histories.

How often has the route from France to Italy been described! When the great Hannibal made the passage of the Alps in

VIEW OF THE LAKE OF COMO.

of the books and some of the pictures might as well not have been written or painted,—the books telling little more than where good dinners are to be obtained, and where bad ones are to be avoided; and the pictures, some of them, giving merely the conventional and ideal features of the land of vines and olives. Nevertheless, and in spite of these drawbacks, it nineteen days, he thought, and justly too, that he had performed a mighty feat; in one day, thanks to Napoleon's ambition, the hundred miles from Nice to Genoa are travelled with little difficulty; sometimes through Alpine passes and over roads cut in the sides of mountains, and across bridges, and through valleys, and again over mountains and rocks, and

projecting headlands, at an elevation of a thousand feet above the sea,—but more often by the coast road opened about twenty years ago. Both paths, however, are crowded with beautiful scenery and romantic associations.

On leaving Nice, the traveller takes a road which winds round the base of several hills for three or four miles inland. Thence, at an elevation of some fifteen hundred feet, the sea comes into view, and beneath him lies the harbour of Villa Franca. On through villages, that lie in valleys and vineyards, like nests, to Genoa. Hence by way of Spezzia and Sarzana, the last town in the Genoese territory, to Lucca; a bath in the little river Lima, which takes its rise in the Apennines, and through the duchy of Tuscany to Florence. Pisa and Leghorn, and Piombino, and Orbitello,—beautiful names all,—are on the sea-shore, and we are on the road to Rome. Rome the dream of artists and scholars, Rome the historical, Rome the once mistress of the world—fallen, priestridden, degraded, but still glorious Rome is reached at last. Still onward. Naples, Vesuvius, Sicily, Otranto, Capriola, Ravenna, Venice. In these few lines, we have made the tour of Italy; have twice crossed the Apennines, the backbone of the Peninsula, and have yet to reach our destination, the lake of Como. We go by way of Padua and Mantua, and Brescia, and Cremona, and Milan,—every step of our journey crowded with memories of the past—and stand at length upon the wood-crowned hills that look down upon the still waters of the glorious lake.

"Like a silver zone,
Flung about carelessly it shines afar,
Catching the eye in many a broken link,
In many a turn and traverse as it glides."

The lake of Como—the Larius of the ancients—is situated in the Milanese district of Austrian Italy. It is about twenty-seven miles in length from north to south, by about three miles wide, and is divided into two branches; at the end of one stands the city of Como, and on the other the town of Lecco. Indeed the lower part of the lake, near Bellagio, is often called the lake of Lecco,—

"Sweet is it to behold on either side,
The crystal flood divide,
Making an isle of that green eminence,
And watch the sails that flash on the fair stream
Now seen, now lost,
Like fire-flies glancing through the moonlight gleam,
As the winds the current crossed."

The city of Como, though rather out of the track of the ordinary tourist, is well worth visiting, both on account of the cool purity of its atmosphere and the associations which every travelled scholar will conjure up. Como is celebrated as having been the birthplace of the younger Pliny, a statue of whom may yet be seen in the wall of one of the churches, bearing a Latin inscription, and the date 1499. It is one of the most ancient cities of Italy, having been built by the Gauls under Brennus. It is surrounded by walls, and is delightfully situated on the shore of the lake. The walls are guarded, every here and there, by picturesque towers, which, since the Austrians keep such strict watch and ward over the Lombard-Venetian kingdom, may, though mostly ruinous, be still be brought into use. Of course Como, like every other French, German, or Italian town, has its old castle and its ruined cathedral; but it has besides a flourishing trade in silk and cotton, a good quarry of the true white marble, and numerous well-built, clean, and handsome houses. The scenery on the borders of the lake is at once grand and beautiful. It is enclosed between hills of noble appearance, clothed with vines and olives nearly to their summits. Our engraving shows one of the numerous villages which are to be found on the shores of the lake. Protected by the mountains behind, numerous pretty villas are built almost to the water's edge; and such is the salubrity of the climate, that vines, almond, and chestnut trees appear as though they were in an almost constant state of blossom. The Lake of Como, like most of the lakes of Italy, is famous for the purity of its waters, the beauty of its surrounding scenery, the gaiety of its boatmen, and the indescribable charm of the soft clear blue skies which mirror themselves in its translucent depths. On summer evenings it is no uncommon thing to see the greater part of the inhabitants of the villas on its banks, afloat in all kinds of strange picturesque little vessels. At such times it is pleasant to hear the songs of the various parties trolled forth through the cool air. Bulwer, in one of his most popular novels, gives us a specimen of these boat-songs of the Lago di Como:—

"The beautiful clime!—the clime of love!
Thou beautiful Italy!
Like a mother's eyes, the earnest skies,
Ever have smiles for thee!

The beautiful lake, the Larian lake!
Soft lake like a silver sea,
The huntress queen, with her nymphs of sheen,
Never had bath like thee!
See, the Lady of Night, and her maids of light
Ever now are mid-deep in thee.

Beautiful child of the lovely hills,
Ever blest may thy slumbers be!
No mourner should tread by thy dreamy bed,
No life bring a care to thee;
Nay, soft to thy bed let the mourner tread,
And life be a dream like thee!"

In songs like these, the wanderers and dwellers by the still calm waters may dream away their lives undisturbed by the bustle of the outer world of cities, and, with hearts awakened to the "mystery of sweet sounds," and with souls attuned to the melodies of nature, exclaim with Shakspere:—

"Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears,—soft stillness of the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony." P.

SILESIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The success which last year attended the Great Exhibition of all Nations has induced the people of other countries to get up exhibitions of their own; and thus the "world idea," as the Germans call it, is making the circuit of the globe. In Paris, New York, Cork, and other places, the notes of preparation are busily sounding; but it remained for the Germans in Breslau, a remote city in Prussia, almost on the confines of the German language, to be the first to follow the example of Great Britain. On the 27th of May, the National Silesian Exhibition was opened with all necessary pomp and ceremony. Of course our readers will have acquainted themselves, through the medium of the newspapers, with the particulars of the building, which is of wood, with a slated roof,—the character of the objects exhibited, embracing specimens of all the fabrics peculiar to the country, from iron ore to ladies' caps, jewellery, and toys,—the difficulties experienced by the promoters of the scheme in getting the exhibitors to patronise it before the last moment, and the entire success and unanimous approval it has finally met with at the hands of the German people. On these subjects we cannot enlarge, from the simple fact of our Friend bearing date so long after the occurrence has taken place; but on the influence of such peaceful demonstrations we may write just one sentence, and it is this:—A better knowledge of a people, a more comprehensive idea of their resources in art and manufacture, a more vivid picture of their national and domestic peculiarities, and a more perfect acquaintance and intelligent appreciation of what they are capable of producing, may be obtained by a single day's careful inspection of their National Bazaar than could be arrived at by a whole life of reading, without the advantage of a personal visit to the country.

THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CORK.

Before this number reaches the hand of the reader, the National Exhibition at Cork, in Ireland, will have been opened. Arising out of the Great Exhibition of last year, our friends on the other side of the Irish Sea will have the benefit of a long and valuable experience in the arrangement of the articles to be exhibited, and in the conduct of the minutiæ necessary to be observed. To enable as large a number of persons as possible to be present on this interesting occasion, the Chester and Holyhead Railroad have adopted a scale of charges which will enable tourists to visit the sister isle at a most economical rate. Tickets for one month have been issued, which will frank visitors from London, Birming-

ham, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and the northern towns, to Ireland and back, allowing them to stop as long as they please at any point of their progress. Thus thousands, besides gratifying their taste at the National Exhibition at Cork, will have an opportunity of examining the Giant's Causeway, the Lakes of Killarney, the cities of Dublin, Belfast, and other interesting spots in the beautiful island.

We understand that the greatest enthusiasm exists in Ireland with regard to this National Industrial Exhibition; and we doubt not but that, while we are recording its commencement, we are also hailing the advent of a better day for that unfortunate and misgoverned country. With the submarine telegraph in action at Galway, and the Peace Bazaar crowded at Cork, we think we may congratulate our Irish brethren on a *real advance* among the nations.

LOOK UP!

BY JOHN CRICHLEY PRINCE.

"Look up!" cried the seaman, with nerves like steel,
As skyward his glance he cast,
And beheld his own son grow giddy, and reel
On the point of the tap'ring mast;
"Look up!" and the bold boy lifted his face,
And banish'd his brief alarms,—
Slid down at once from his perilous place,
And leapt in his father's arms.

"Look up!" we cry to the sorely-oppress'd,
Who seem from all comfort shut;
They had better look up to the mountain crest
Than down to the precipice foot;—
The one offers heights they may hope to gain—
Pure either, and freedom, and room,
The other bewilders the aching brain
With roughness, and danger, and gloom.

"Look up!" meek souls, by affliction bent,
Nor dally with dull despair;
Look up, and in faith, to the firmament,
For heav'n and mercy are there.
The frail flower droops in the stormy shower,
And the shadows of needful night,
But it looks to the sun in the after-hour,
And takes full measure of light.

"Look up!" sad man, by adverses brought
From high unto low estate;
Play not with the bane of corrosive thought,
Nor murmur at chance and fate;
Renew thy hopes, look the world in the face,
For it helps not those who repine;
Press on, and its voice will amend thy pace,—
Succeed, and its homage is thine.

"Look up!" great crowd, who are foremost set
In the changeful "Battle of Life;"
Some days of calm may reward ye yet
For years of allotted strife.
Look up, and *beyond* there's a guerdon there
For the humble and pure of heart;
Fruition of joys, unalloyed by care,
Of peace that can never depart.

"Look up!" large spirit, by Heaven inspired,—
Thou rare and expansive soul!
Look up, with endeavour and zeal untired,
And strive for the loftiest goal.
Look up, and encourage the kindred throng
Who toil up the slopes behind,
To follow, and hail, with triumphant song,
The holier regions of mind!

POETRY AND PROSE.—One day in spring Sir Walter Scott and Lady Scott strolled forth to enjoy a walk around Abbotsford. In their wanderings they crossed a field where a number of ewes were enduring the frolic of their lambs.—"Ah," exclaimed Sir Walter, "'tis no wonder that poets, from the earliest ages, have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence!" "They are, indeed, delightful little animals," returned her ladyship, "especially with mint sauce!"

THE HEADS OF THE WORLD IN 1852.

THE following is the most complete list of the governing powers of the world which has hitherto appeared:—

State.	Name.	Title.
Anhalt-Benburgh	Alexander	Duke
Anhalt-Cothan	Augusta	Duchy
Anhalt-Dessau	Leopold	Duke
Austria	Francis Joseph I.	Emperor
Baden	Chas. Leopold Frederick	Grand Duke
Bavaria	Maximilian II.	King
Belgium	Leopold	King
Bolivia	General Belze	President
Brunswick	William	Duke
Brazil	Pedro II.	Emperor
Buenos Ayres	Juan M. de Rosas*	President
Cabool	Dost Mahomed	Ameer
Chili	Manuel Mont	President
China	Hien Fung	Emperor
Corrientes	Benjamin Constant	Governor
Costa Rica	Juan Rafael Mora	President
Denmark	Frederick VII.	King
Dominica	B. Baez	President
Equador	General Ascasabi	President
Egypt	Abbas Pacha	Viceroy
Entre Rios	Juste Jose Urquiza	Governor
France	Charles L. N. Bonaparte	President
Great Britain	Victoria	Queen
Greece	Otho	King
Guatemala	General Carrera	President
Hanover	George Frederick	King
Hayti	Faustin I.	Emperor
Hesse-Cassel	Frederic William	Elector
Hesse-Darmstadt	Louis III.	Grand Duke
Hesse-Homburgh	Ferdinand	Landgrave
Holland or Netherlands	William III.	King
Honduras	Juan Lindo	President
Hohenzollern Hechin'nla	Frederick William	Prince
Hohenzollern Sigmar'n	Charles Antony	Prince
Liberia	Joseph J. Roberts	President
Lichtenstein	Aloys Joseph	Prince
Lippe Detmoid	Leopold	Prince
Lippe Schauenburg	George William	Prince
Mecklenburg Schwerin	Frederick Francis	Grand Duke
Mecklenburg Strelitz	George V.	Grand Duke
Mexico	Mariano Arista	President
Modena and Messena	Francis V.	Duke
Mosquito	Jamaco	King
Nassau	Adolphus	Duke
New Grenada	Jose H. Lopez	President
Nicaragua	Laureano Pineda	Director
Oldenburg	Augustus	Grand Duke
Paraguay	Gen. Lopez	President
Parma	Charles Louis	Duke
Peru	Ramon Castilla	President
Portugal	Maria II.	Queen
Prussia	Frederick William IV.	King
Reuss, Elder Line	Henry XX.	Prince
Reuss, Younger Line	Henry LXII.	Prince
Russia	Nicholas I.	Emperor
San Salvador	Francis Duenas	President
Sandwich Islands	Kamehameha III.	King
Sardinia	Victor Emanuel	King
Saxe Altenburg	Joseph	Duke
Saxe Coburg Gotha	Ernest II.	Duke
Saxe Meiningen-Hild	Bernard	Duke
Saxe Weimar-Eisen	Charles Frederick	Grand Duke
Saxony	Frederick Augustus	King
Schwartzenb'g Rudolstadt	Frederick Guather	Prince
Schwartz'n-Sonderhausen	Guather II.	Prince
Society Islands	Pomare	Queen
Spain	Isabella II.	Queen
States of the Church	Pius IX.	Pope
Sweden and Norway	Oscar I.	King
Turkey	Abdul Medjid	Sultan
Tuscany	Leopold II.	Grand Duke
Two Sicilies	Ferdinand	King
United States	Millard Fillmore	President
Uruguay	Joaquin Suarez	President
Venezuela	Jose G. Monagaz	President
Waldeck	George Victor	Prince
Wurtemburg	William	King

* Since deposed; his successor not known.

RELATION OF MARRIAGE TO GREATNESS.

BY B. E. HINE.

I AM convinced that the rapidity of human progress will greatly depend upon the observance of the laws of marriage. These laws have reference to such an adaptation of husband and wife as will secure their own highest happiness, and the best possible development of their offspring. That much of the physical and mental inequality observed among mankind is due to the mismatching of parents, there cannot be a shadow of doubt. That much of the natural proneness of many to vice and crime is due to the same cause, is equally evident. And that the conditions of the great mental and physical vigour of children are chiefly dependent upon the true adaptation to which we refer, is apparent to all who have given this subject a little attention.

In this I would not rob education and social circumstances of their great importance in occasioning good or bad character; for we believe these can do much to pervert the best natural endowment, or to correct the most unfortunate by birth. But I would have it distinctly understood that a large amount of the woes of life, much of the physical and moral deformity we observe among our fellow-men, as well as of the great inferiority of so large a portion of mankind, can be effectually overcome by a strict regard to the marital relations.

I should not attempt to discuss the whole subject of marriage in this paper, even if I were capable of doing so. My object is merely to give some facts from the history of greatness, which bear upon the question of early marriages. I have frequently seen it asserted, by physiological and phrenological authors, that to marry before the maturity of the parties in physical and mental vigour is a gross indiscretion, if not an unpardonable sin. For, though the parties may be happy through life, yet the consequences upon their children, in giving them feeble constitutions, ill health, and premature graves, are unimaginably deplorable, and should startle all young lovers from their reveries who begin to dream of connubial felicity. This may be true, but the inconsiderate reader is little apt to heed a mere assertion; and, with multitudes, *inclination* is sufficient to countermand an undemonstrated proposition.

I have also seen, since beginning this inquiry, the statement that certain of the world's distinguished sons have been the youngest-born of the family. It need not be said that the authority of half-a-dozen such cases, selected from the shining host of renown, have little or no authority, inasmuch as it may be that double the number can be found who were the eldest-born. To make, therefore, an appeal to greatness effectual on this subject, we must begin with the biographical catalogue, and notice all the examples, whether born first, second, third, or last in the progress of the family. Though we have not space to give all the bright examples that can be found, yet I will give all the cases that I have examined, so that the list can be taken as the average of the whole.

We must apologise for the omission of many whose names will readily occur to the reader, but that are not mentioned here, because their biographers have failed to give facts which are of any service in this connexion. It may be here remarked that the lesson of history in this case is, as far as it goes, perfectly reliable, because the historians had no theory to support, nor no prejudice on this subject to pamper, by the concealment of opposing facts, or the undue colouring of those that are favourable. Let us, then, listen to the voice of Nature; for when her dicta are given they are effectual, and should command universal and unqualified obedience. When we find the eldest son distinguished, we shall give such facts as can be found concerning the condition of their parents, tending to explain the vigour of their first child.

LORD BACON was the youngest son by a second marriage. His father was fifty and his mother thirty-two years of age at his birth, which was in 1560.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was the youngest son by the second marriage of his father, who was also the youngest son of the youngest son for four generations. He was born in 1706.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was the eldest son, born in 1709. His father was past fifty and his mother past forty years of age at his birth. His father had but one other child, a son, that died at the age of twenty-five. It is proper to remark here that this case seems to be an exception to the law, that children born while their parents are in the decline of life are of inferior mind and body. But the fact is given, that both his parents possessed large and robust bodily powers, and transmitted their physical vigour to the son.

ADAM SMITH, the founder of political science, was an only son, and born in 1723. His father had been originally bred to the law, and afterwards held the office of private secretary to Lord Louden, Secretary of State and Keeper of the Great Seal. He was comptroller of customs, and died a few months before Adam's birth. It is therefore evident, from the stations he had filled, that he was of full middle age at the time of the advent of his illustrious son.

VOLTAIRE, of whom it is said, that "he broke our spiritual chains," and of whom it may be said, that he came near sundering our religious ties, was the younger of two sons, and born in 1694. He was so feeble as an infant, that he was not expected to survive many months, but finally lived to puzzle the world for eighty-five years.

JEAN JAQUES ROUSSEAU, who was the author of that theory of government upon which our fathers based the republic, to wit, the "social compact," and who boasted, when past fifty years of age, that there was no woman of fashion of whom he could not make a conquest, was born in 1712. Mention is made of a brother, seven years older than he, so that he must have been the third or fourth, if not the youngest, son. He was one of the most original philosophers the world ever had, and probably the influence of none was ever greater during his life. And yet his celebrated "Confessions" contain a revelation of folly so extreme, vanity so excessive, and baseness so disgraceful, that it would pass for incredible, if not proved by the book itself.

D'ALEMBERT was an illegitimate and a foundling. He was taken to the hospital, but his father, M. Destouches, who was commissary of artillery, provided for his support as soon as he found what had happened. His mother was sister of Cardinal Toucin, Archbishop of Lyons, and was afterwards known in the circles of Paris as a woman of talents and accomplishments. Soon as she discovered the literary and scientific inclination of her son, she remarked, "Woe to him who depends for subsistence on his pen! The shoemaker is sure of his wages, but the bookmaker is sure of nothing." She was the author of a novel, of which the reviewer said, that it could make the most hardened weep. He was born in 1717, and two years after entering the academy he attained the highest rank of geometricians. He was a disciple of Voltaire. I have been thus particular in this case, not only to show that D'Alembert was not born of young parents, but also that he is an exception to the law that individuals conceived at a time of unhallowed gratification have a predominance of the lower organs, and are rarely more intellectually distinguished. We find his mother was a talented woman, and his father, from the position he held, was a man of no mean mind. Besides, the examples of illegitimates in France are not of so much account as in other countries, where the illicit commerce of the sexes is more disgraceful, and more effectually prevented.

LAVOISIER was born in Paris in 1743; and the fact that his father had become wealthy in the occupation of farmer-general shows that he must have been in middle-life when his notable son was born, and in all probability a younger son.

SIR MATTHEW HALE was the only son of Robert Hale. His father had been educated for the bar; but he abandoned the profession from conscientious scruples, thinking it impossible to practise law consistently with a strict adherence to truth and justice. The conscientious delicacy of his father must have done much for the son, even though he was an early son. The probability is, however, that Sir Matthew Hale was born of middle-aged parents.

GUILFORD, lord keeper of the seal, was the second son.

LORD JEFFRIES was the sixth son.

LORD MANSFIELD was the fourth son, and born in 1704.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE was the fourth son, and born, after the death of his father, in 1723.

THOMAS ERSKINE was the third an youngest son, and was born in Scotland in 1750.

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY was the third son that attained the age of maturity, and born in 1757.

WILLIAM PITT was the youngest child, born in 1759, when his father, Lord Chatham, was fifty-one years old.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON was born in 1757, and was the youngest son of his father's second wife.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was the third son, born in 1732, of the second wife of his father, who had had two sons by his first wife.

Patrick Henry was the second son, one of nine children, and was born in 1736. His father was the second husband of his mother.

Benjamin Rush, the father of medicine in America, was the eldest son, and born in 1745. His father died when his son was six years of age, the father of but one other child, which renders it probable that he was on the verge of middle life, at least, when Benjamin was born. His mother was an extraordinary woman, and, not being able to educate her children from the proceeds of a small farm, she removed to Philadelphia, and engaged in trade. She taught the elements of English herself.

Aaron Burr was born in 1756, four years after his father's marriage, in the thirty-eight year of his age. His grandfather and father were successive presidents of Princeton College, New Jersey. His mother was twenty-five years of age at the birth of Aaron, and was the daughter of the celebrated President Edwards. His parents died before he was three years old.

Daniel Webster is the youngest child by a second marriage.

Dr. Doddridge was the twentieth child by one father and mother.

The Hutchinsons are the four youngest of twelve children now living, out of sixteen of the Hutchinson family.

Mozart was the youngest of seven children, he and a sister, four years older than himself, being the only survivors of childhood. He was born in 1756. When but six years of age, he, with his sister, who was ten years old, gave highly-successful public concerts. His parents were also distinguished musicians.

Shakspeare was the eldest son, and was born in 1564. The ages of his parents are not given. He ran away to London to escape the penalty of deer-stealing, attached himself to a theatre, and became a dramatist that the world has failed to find breath enough to praise.

Kean, the great tragedian, was an illegitimate, born in 1789. His mother was a Miss Carey, a low actress, and his father was Edmund Kean, a workman about the theatre. What the ages of his parents were, we know not.

Alexander Pope was born in 1688, the only son of his father, but the second son of his mother.

Tom Moore was an only son, though he had two sisters, older than himself. He was born in 1780.

Thomas Campbell was born in 1777, the youngest of a large family, and when his father was sixty-seven years old.

Lord Byron was born of his father's second wife, three years after her marriage in 1788. His father had a daughter by his first wife.

James Beattie was the youngest son of six children, born in 1735.

John Dryden was born in 1631. He was the eleventh child of a family of fifteen.

John Milton, who is said to have been a "man in his childhood," appears to have been the eldest of three children. He was born in 1608. His father was disinherited on account of his reformed faith, and adopted the profession of a scrivener. It is highly probable that he married late, as he had been educated at Oxford, espoused the radical religion, was disinherited, and went to work for a living before his marriage. He was a distinguished musician.

Edmund Waller was born in 1605. His father died while he was an infant, and his care devolved on his mother, who was a remarkable woman, intimate with Cromwell, whose downfall she predicted to him. Edmund was a younger child. He represented his borough in parliament at the age of sixteen. He was cousin of Hampden, and made a speech in his defence, of which 20,000 copies were sold in one day. He died in 1687, leaving a numerous family. His eldest son was too weak to inherit his estate, and the second son took it. He married a rich wife at twenty-two years of age, by whom he had a son that died young, and a daughter. She lived but a short time, and he married a second wife, whose first child was as stated above. His second son became quite distinguished. These facts bear heavily on the law of marriage that is the first of this paper.

Abram Cowley was born in 1618, and was probably the only son; if not, he was the youngest, as his father died before his birth. His mother was a woman of lofty sentiments, and to her counsels is ascribed, to a great extent, the moral purity that characterised her son. Abram wrote many poems at ten years of age.

Sir Walter Scott was the fourth son, and was born in 1771.

Gottfried August Burger was the only son of his father, who died when he was a boy. He became dissolute, and was abandoned by his grandfather, who assumed the care of him. He managed, however, to raise a living, reformed, and bore the title of "poet for the German people."

From the poets turn we to some of the artists.

William Hogarth was the eldest of three children, whose father's father was the youngest of nine. He was born in 1697. His father was a school-teacher and an author. He wrote a work of 400 pages, as an addition to Littleton's Latin Dictionary, which was much praised by the best scholars. William was apprenticed to a silver-plate engraver. The fact that his parents had but three children is something to show they were in middle-life when the distinguished artist was born.

Richard Wilson was the third son, and was born in 1713.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was the tenth of eleven children, and was born in 1723.

Thomas Ganesborough was the youngest son, and born in 1727.

William Blake was the second son, and born in 1757.

George Morland, who was said to have been "original and alone," was the eldest of five children, and born in 1763. What the ages of his parents were, we are not informed.

Henry Fuseli was the second of eighteen children. His father was a painter and a scholar.

Thomas Banks, a noted sculptor, was the eldest of three sons, and born in 1735. Little is said of his parents.

Joseph Nollekens, a sculptor, was the second of five children, born in 1737. He came from a race of painters.

John Flaxman was the second son of a sculptor, born in 1755.

George Romney was the fourth and youngest son. His grandfather did not marry until after he was sixty years of age, and yet lived to see his grandchildren. George was born in 1734, and became a renowned painter.

Allan Ramsay was also a poet, the son of a poet, and born in 1713. He was the eldest of seven children. Poets are generally of early development; and this fact in the case of his father may reconcile this example with the law under description.

Sir George Howard Beaumont was an only son, born in 1753. His father died while he was an infant, and his mother is said to have been a woman of taste and talent.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was the youngest of sixteen children, born in 1769. He was chief painter to the king.

Benjamin West was the tenth child, born in 1738, and the youngest son.

We will close these citations with a few examples of a different stamp.

Sir Thomas More was an only son, born in 1480. His father was about forty years of age at his birth. His mother, on the night of her marriage, saw engraven on her wedding-ring the number and character of the children, *the face of one shining with superior brightness.*

Swedenborg was the second child and eldest son of Jasper Swedenborg, Bishop of Skasa.

John Wesley was the fourth son, and born in 1703.

John Hampden was born in 1594, the eldar of two sons. His father was a member of parliament in 1593, and died in 1597. He must have been in middle life when his noble son was born, for at that time youth were not as apt to be members of parliament as they are now legislators in this country. His mother was aunt to the Protector Cromwell.

William Penn was an only son, born in 1644. His father was but twenty-three years of age at the birth of his son; but the fact that he was Rear-Admiral of Ireland at the time proves that he must have matured at an early age. His father was a most conscientious man, and his mother was daughter of a merchant of Holland.

Among the historians we find the following concerning whom the required facts are given:—

Hume was the youngest of three children, and was born 1711.

Gibbon was the youngest of seven children, and was born in 1737.

Smollett was the second and younger son of the youngest, and was born in 1721.

William Robertson was the seventh child, and was born in 1721. His father was an able divine, and his mother a strong-minded woman.

Among the great commanders we find the following:—

Alfred the Great was the third son.

Peter the Great was the seventh child of his father, and the eldest of his second wife. His father's oldest child was weak and diseased. Peter was born 1673.

Frederick the Great was the eldest son, born in 1711. His father is said to have been old at his death, and Frederick being but twenty-nine years of age at that time, the inference is that he was mature when his illustrious son was born.

Napoleon Bonaparte was the second son, born in 1769. His father was but twenty-one years of age at the birth of Napoleon. He was attached to Paoli, the champion of his country's independence. His young and spirited wife, while *enceinte* with the future hero, followed Paoli's head-quarters and the army of Corsican patriots across the mountains, and resided a while on the summit of Monte Rotondo. As the time of Napoleon's birth approached, his mother was escorted back to Ajaccio. On the important day, she went to church, but, finding herself ill, hastened back, and arrived at her room just in time to leave the infant upon the carpet. The advocates of early marriages may make as much out of this example as they can get credit for.

Horatio Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar, was the fourth son, born in 1758.

Charles XII. was the eldest child, born in 1682, when his father was twenty-seven years old. His mother was renowned for her virtues, but his father was a tyrant. The Queen employed all her means in relieving the oppressed, and, when these failed, she threw herself at the king's feet, and, bathing them with tears, besought him to pity his subjects; but the reply she received was, "Madam, we took you to bring us children, not to give us advice."

But, not to close with human vice on our minds, let us cite a few examples from the rank of polite writers:—

Henry Fielding was the third son of the third son, and was born in 1707.

Sterne was the second child.

Joseph Addison was born in 1772, when his father was forty years of age. He was the eldest son. His father left four other children, all of whom were as far above the ordinary world as Joseph was above them.

In collecting the above examples and authorities, we have taken all, as they came before us, in whose cases the necessary facts have been furnished. No selection has been made with a view to the great law under consideration, but all contradictory facts have been cited. We have gone over but a small portion of the field of human greatness, but enough has been given to speak for the whole. A profitable class of subjects under this head would be the kings and emperors of the world who have been enthroned by hereditary right. If we should compare the eldest born with the younger throughout all kingdoms, we should be struck with the weakness of the one and the comparative strength of the other. Peter the Great was the actual czar while a mere boy, in consequence of the weakness of his elder brother, who was the nominal sovereign. So would we find striking contrasts between kings born of very youthful parents and those who derived vigorous minds and bodies from full-grown sires. In the few investigations we have made, the reader has discovered the fact, in several instances, of the weakness of the first-born. In no case has an example of inefficiency in the younger children, that has fallen under notice, been omitted.

What, then, is the argument? The reader need not be told that those who are born of immature parents are the monuments of parental folly and wickedness. The statement we have made, furnishing scarcely a single instance in favour of early marriages, should be considered conclusive on this subject, and lead the young to reflect before they add to the deformity and weakness of mankind. Every marriage should be consummated under such circumstances as to secure in each child an improvement in the stock. Progression is the order of nature, and it is to be lamented that the indiscretion of love is one of its greatest obstacles. It is sometimes said, in justification of early marriages, that it tends to conserve the virtue of the parties, and thus promote public morality. But let it be said, in reply, that those who require early marriage to protect their virtue, better rot in the filth of their own minds than give birth to such as will transmit for ever their weakness and their baseness. None but those who can produce good developments for their children, and who are free from all transmissible disease, should permit themselves to be the occasion of a single birth. It is as wicked to bring into the world a constitutional thief, or murderer, or a libertine, as it is to be guilty of these crimes themselves. Let all, then, reflect upon the subject, and be cautious how they sin.

WEATHER WISDOM.

Nearly everybody professes to be weatherwise. Everybody tells everybody what sort of weather may be expected, and in nine cases out of ten everybody is wrong. What is commonly called the power of foretelling the weather is only the result of repeated observations on the comparative frequency with which certain effects accompany one another. Hence it is that agriculturists, shepherds, gardeners, coachmen—but above all, fishermen and sailors—are so much more weatherwise than the mechanic or citizen; and from the constant necessity they are under of studying the minutest indications, or secondary effects of meteorological changes, they arrive at the power of foretelling future changes, with a certainty far exceeding the landsman's comprehension.

In the absence of that *tact*, that quick prescience of atmospheric changes, possessed by the class of persons we have before mentioned, and which can only be acquired by a similar course of discipline, the common observer must have a barometer to aid him in forming a guess, whether he should take an umbrella or great-coat out with him, or whether he may go forth unprepared for anything but warmth and sunshine. But indications of the weather are not only to be found in barometrical changes, the clouds furnish data, and animals evidence every change, and he who sets to work to study these things gains something more than weather-wisdom, he acquires the habit of observation.

BAROMETRICAL CHANGES IN THE WEATHER.

After a continuance of dry weather, if the barometer begin to fall slowly and steadily, rain will certainly ensue; if after a great deal of wet weather, the mercury begins to rise steadily and slowly, fine weather will come, though two or three days may first elapse. On either of the two foregoing suppositions, if the change immediately ensues on the motion of the mercury, the change will not be permanent.

The mercury will often rise or fall as has just been mentioned, for some time before the fair or wet weather, which it prognosticates, begins; and it will then fall or rise during the continuance of this: that is, the mercury will often appear at variance with the existing state of the atmosphere. Under such circumstances the principle before alluded to must be borne in mind; that the barometer only indicates some change in the air which has taken place, but the effects of which may not yet be seen.

A sudden fall of the barometer in the spring or autumn, indicates *wind;* in the summer during very hot weather, a thunderstorm may be expected; in winter a sudden fall after frost of some continuance indicates a change of wind, with thaw and rain. But in a continued frost, a rise of the mercury indicates approaching snow.

When a violent gale has followed a sudden fall of the mercury, it begins to rise again very rapidly, especially about the season of the equinoxes; in this case the gale will not last long. No rapid fluctuations of the barometer are to be interpreted as indicating either dry or wet weather, it is only the *slow*, *steady*, and continued rise or fall that is to be attended to in this respect. A rise of mercury, late in the autumn, after a long continuance of wet and windy weather, generally indicates a change of wind to the northern quarters, and the approach of frost.

INDICATIONS FURNISHED BY CLOUDS, &c.

Clouds are an old-fashioned index to the weather. In many an old country saying, in many an old doggrel verse its weather-wisdom lessons are conveyed:—

"An evening red and morning gray,
Will set the traveller on his way;
But an evening gray and a morning red,
Will pour down rain on the traveller's head."

If the sky be clear, after the continuance of fair weather, light streaks of cloud *(cirrus)* appearing are the first indica-

tions of change. If these clouds accumulate, and descend into lower regions of the atmosphere, rain commences. When the sun appears to be setting in a fog, with dark and crimson streaks, in sharp, well-defined lines, wind, and rain, and stormy weather may be expected. In hot summer weather, the sky, during the finest days, is often loaded with masses of cloud, clear, sharp, rounded, and brilliantly edged with light. With such a sky, no immediate change need be apprehended. If, however, towards evening, these clouds congregate in the horizon, and rise upwards with sharp outlines, and an unusual stillness and closeness is felt in the air, it is a sure sign of an approaching thunderstorm. A greenish tinge in the gray evening is a sure precursor of wet; but, whatever may be their form, colour, and character, an increase of the clouds, particularly towards evening, may be generally taken as indicating approaching rain, because accumulated moisture in the air must return to the earth in rain. The dappled or mottled sky is at all seasons a sign of fine weather. Haloes around the moon are considered a tolerably certain sign of rain, even when there is no apparent cloud intervening to form them.

GENERAL AND COMMON PROGNOSTICS OF THE WEATHER.

Among these we may reckon such as are derived from birds, beasts, insects, reptiles, and plants, to which may also be added the woodwork of houses, as doors, windows, window-shutters, &c.

Before rain an unusual bustle is observed among ants, bees, and wasps at their nests; spiders quit their recesses, and are seen crawling about at night; flies of all kinds are more active, and sting or bite. When gnats fly in compact bodies in the beams of the setting sun, it indicates fine weather; but if they retire under the shade of trees at evening, rain may be expected. Snails and slugs appear in greater number in damp weather, and therefore both before and after rain; and frogs are more noisy in the ponds and marshes at the same time. Swallows fly low before rain, because the insects which are their prey approach nearer to the earth at that time. It has been observed that fish are eager in bolting at flies, and are more active before rain, for a similar reason.

The uneasiness of pigs before a storm has been a theme of amusement in rural life, quite long enough to attest the truth of the observation. Sailors expect a storm when porpoises and dolphins gambol on the surface of the water.

Peacocks and guinea-fowls, and many other birds, are particularly clamorous before rain, and the domestic cock manifests uneasiness by frequent crowing. Birds in general retain in the quill part of their feathers a quantity of oil, which, when they feel an extraordinary degree of moisture in the atmosphere, they express by means of their bills, and distribute it over their feathers to secure their bodies against the effects of an approaching shower.

Domestic animals, as cows and sheep, but particularly the latter, on the approach of rain, feed with great avidity in the open field, and retire near the trees and hedges as soon as they are satisfied. In fine weather they graze and lounge about, eating and resting alternately, with apparent indifference.

The closing of the flowers of the *anagallis arvensis* on dull days and in moist weather has conferred upon it the title of the "poor man's weather-glass;" but the following lines convey most of the popular precepts on the subject, and we therefore venture to present them:—

"The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the grass is low;
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed;
The moon in haloes hid her head;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see a rainbow spans the sky!
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the light red pimpernel.
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack!
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
Her corns with shooting pains torment her,
And to her bed untimely send her.
Loud quack the ducks, the sea-fowls cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings!
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws;
The smoke from chimneys right ascends,
Then spreading back to earth it bends;
The wind, unsteady, veers around,
Or settling in the south is found;
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the cautious flies;
The glow-worms, numerous, clear, and bright,
Illumed the dewy hill last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Like quadruped, stalk o'er the green;
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is dressed;
The sky is green, the air is still,
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill;
The dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast.
Behold the rooks, how odd their flight,—
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
The tender colts on back do lie,
Nor heed the traveller passing by;
In fiery red the sun did rise,
Then wades through clouds to meet the skies.
'Twill surely rain—we see't with sorrow,
No working in the fields to-morrow."

In the winter, when the thermometer is between 34 and 40 degrees, the air being in a state of condensation, and the running water being warmer than the land, a mist or fog may be seen rising above the rivers, particularly when the air is cold and clear; but this vapour is no longer visible when the river is frozen.

Much anxious inquiry has been made as to the alleged connexion of the moon with the weather. The follies of the ancients are identical with the follies of the astrologers. Gardeners and farmers have their favourite moons. M. Arago has admirably exposed all these criminal charges against the innocent moon.

But to the philosophic mind all objects in nature, whether animate or inanimate, may afford both amusement and instruction, particularly in meteorology; for in this science, as well as in everything else, nature opens her vast stores—her library and her laboratory are never closed, and we find

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

PADDINGTON—PAST AND PRESENT.—Paddington was, but a few years back, a rural village, with a few old houses on each side of the Edgeware-road, and some rustic taverns of picturesque appearance, screened by high elms, with long troughs for horses, and straggling sign-posts. The green was a complete country retreat, and the group of elms was a study for all the landscape-painters in the metropolis. The diagonal path led to the church, then a little Gothic building overspread with ivy, and as completely sequestered as any village church a hundred miles from London. It was pulled down in 1791, and the present one erected in its stead. Nollekens (the sculptor), Mrs. Siddons (the actress), and W. Collins (the marine landscape-painter) are buried in the churchyard. There are four new churches recently built in the parish—St. James's, St. John's, Holy Trinity, and All Souls; and it is now one of the busiest and most thickly-populated of the London suburbs. In Praed-street is the terminus of the Great Western railway, opened for short distances in June, 1838, and to Bristol in June, 1841. The basin of the Paddington canal is in convenient proximity. The whole of this newly-created district is a wonder of architectural magnificence. All the way westward from Hyde-park-terrace, through Bayswater, to Notting-hill, the road is flanked with elegant and massive mansions, and on the western verge of Kensington-gardens is a new thoroughfare to Kensington itself, on which are built several detached villas in the striking Italian style, with ornamental parapets, and prospect-towers. The now happily forgotten, but once famous, agent of capital punishment, the "leafless tree" of Tyburn, stood on the spot of ground occupied by No. 49, Connaught-square. The last execution there took place in 1783.

CERVANTES.

Four works of fiction are known above all others, and are read in nearly all the languages of the civilised world—"The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," "Gil Blas," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Don Quixote:" the first by an unknown writer, or writers, the second by Rene de Sage, the third by our countryman De Foe, and the last by Cervantes. And thus, in one sense, are England, France, and Spain, for ever identified. But of all the Spanish prose fictions, the immortal Don Quixote has attained the most universal popularity. For two centuries previcus to its appearance, the "Amadis de Gaul," and the "Poema de Cid," had engrossed the attention of the world of Spanish readers; but no sooner had the "Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance" appeared, than the romantic legend of the "Cid" gave way before him, and the histories which arose out of the struggles of the Crescent and the Cross were put aside for Cervantes' trenchant sword of ridicule and sarcasm. It has ever been asserted that the work of Cervantes, so abounding in satire and extravagant adventure, had great influence in lowering the high and manly spirit for which the natives of the peninsula had been for ages celebrated. It may be so; for, from the moment that Don Quixote entered the lists, the spirit of high romantic Spanish chivalry fled away affrighted, never to return.

An author or an artist is generally known by the works which survive him: in the case of Cervantes this is true; but had he never distinguished himself as a writer, the story of his life would have been well worth reading. It is a romance of itself. Unknown to the great mass of his countrymen, Cervantes had no contemporary biographers; and it was not till after his death that the world discovered what a great man it had lost. Seven cities claimed the honour of having given him birth,—even as of old, seven cities claimed Homer as their own. Though the place of his burial is still unknown, Madrid, Seville, Lucena, Toledo, Consuegra, Esquivias, Alcazar de San Juan, and Alcala de Henares, asserted their right, after his death, to have his name enrolled among their citizens. It is believed, however, that he was born in the latter city; for in the parish of St. Mary the Greater, he was baptised on the 9th of October, 1547. Though not of the class of nobles, his family had for ages distinguished itself for valour and honour; and among the conquerors of the New World under Columbus, we find the name of Cervantes. The immediate progenitor of the author of "Don Quixote," was Rodrigo de Cervantes, who in 1540 married Donna Leonora de Cortinas, a lady of noble family, from the village of Barajos. Two daughters and two sons blessed this union, the youngest-born of whom was Miguel, the subject of our notice.

Of the early life of Cervantes little is known, except that he was so extremely fond of reading that he would pick up and peruse any scraps of paper which he chanced to find in the streets, and that he was enthusiastically fond of poetry and romance. It is probable, however, that he received his education at Salamanca, from the fact of the manners of its students being so well depicted in two of his novels, "Le Licencie Vidriera" (The Graduate Vidriera), and "La Tia Fingida" (The Feigned Aunt), as well as in the second part of "Don Quixote." That he was a successful student is evident from the varied and extensive learning which he displays in his works.

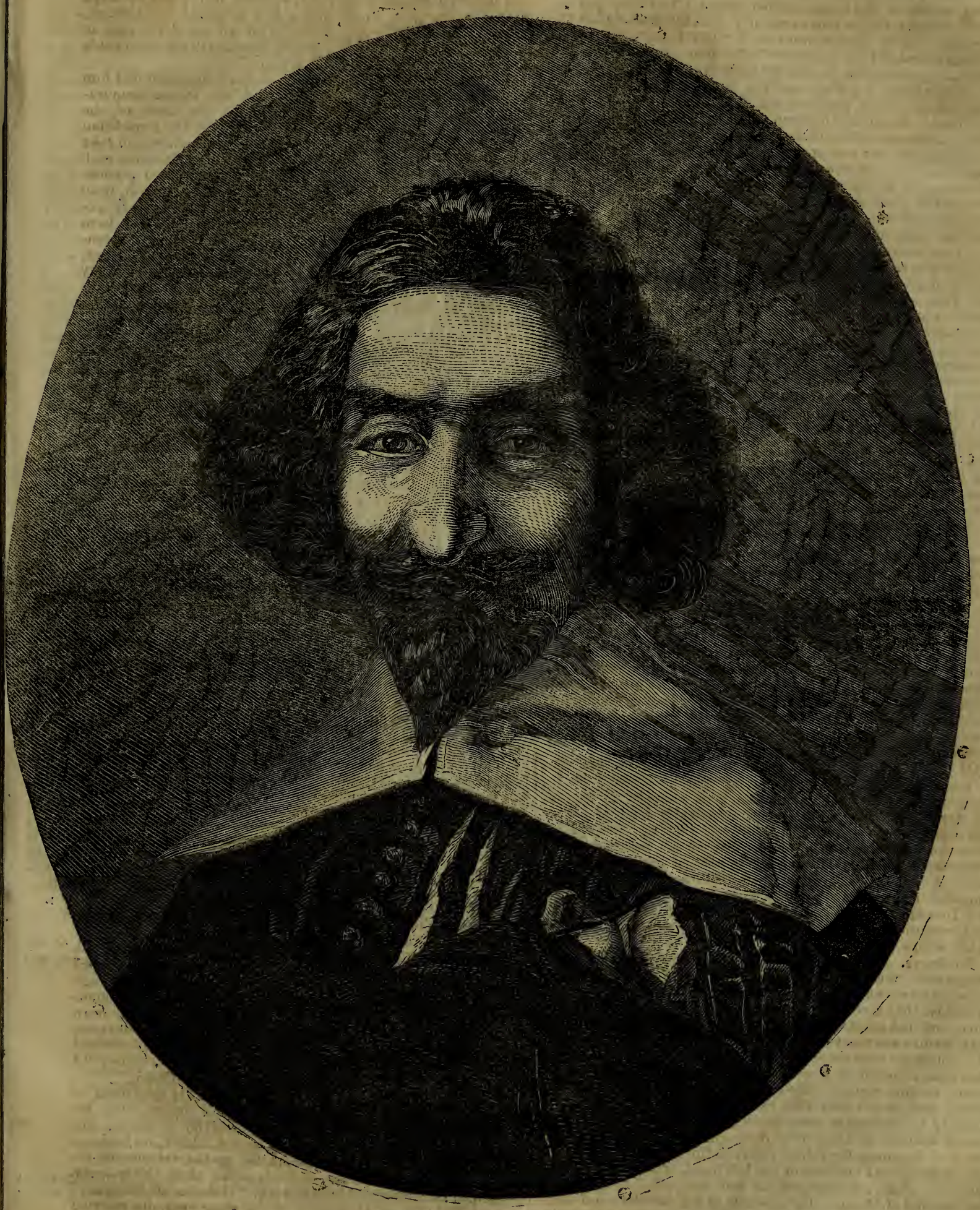
While yet a very young man he accompanied cardinal Acquaviva, the pope's nuncio, from Spain to Italy in the capacity of an humble friend; and it was during this journey, probably, that he obtained his knowledge of Valentia, Barcelona, and the southern provinces of France. In 1569, being then about twenty-two years of age, we find Cervantes serving as a volunteer (*asentar plaza de soldado*) in the Spanish army, at that time engaged in a quarrel with the Turks. Of his exploits in the various engagements honourable mention is made; and it is likely that an ardent youth like him would scarcely be content to pass through the routine of a soldier's duties without in some way distinguishing himself. In the battle of Lepanto, Cervantes received three arquebus wounds, two in the breast and one in the left hand, which was maimed for ever. Sick and wounded he was compelled to remain in the hospital of Messina, for upwards of six months; and when at last he was sent home, it was in the capacity of an invalid, with a pension of three crowns a month. But Cervantes gloried in his valour and his wounds, received, as he himself tells us, "on the most glorious occasion which had occurred in that century, or those which had preceded it, or which, it could reasonably be hoped, would be witnessed for ages to come,—a triumph which was among the stars destined to guide future warriors to the haven of honour."

But his wounds do not appear to have incapacitated him for further service, for in 1573, we find him taking honourable part in the disastrous campaign on the coast of the Morea; he was also subsequently engaged in the expedition to Goletta, and his company was among those chosen to take possession of Tunis. Thence he returned to Palermo with the fleet; and when he arrived in Italy, he obtained permission from Don Juan, the commander, to return to Spain, from which he had been absent seven years. The military experiences of Cervantes—during all of which he had been especially distinguished for courage, wit, and exemplary conduct—enabled him to visit the cities of Rome, Florence, Venice, Palermo, and Naples, as well as the island of Sicily and the coast of Africa; and the knowledge of the world thus obtained he made good use of in his subsequent career as an author.

Hitherto, we have seen Cervantes under the aspect of a successful soldier; and we can but allude to the events which further distinguished his military career. On the 26th of September, 1575, the galley *El Sol*, in which he served was captured by an Algerine squadron, and he, with the rest of the crew, his countrymen, was conducted in triumph to the port of Algiers, was loaded with chains and thrown into prison. Some letters found on his person, induced his captors to think him a man of high station; and a proportionately large ransom was consequently demanded for his liberation. His father heard of his sad fate, and in vain sold all that he had to purchase his son's liberty. But though the ransom was insufficient for Miguel, it served to liberate his brother John, who returned to Spain with the intention of raising an armed force to attack the Algerines. Thus was there no hope left for Cervantes but in the exercise of his wits and the resources of his courageous mind. Many and various were his attempts at escape; but they were all frustrated by the vigilance of his captors or the accidents of fortune. At one time he headed the little band of brave fellow-sufferers, and boldly sallied forth, but they were stopped at the gate of their prison. At another, he sent a faithful moor to Hassan Agra, the Dey of Algiers, with offers of submission, but the messenger was impaled alive, and his master sentenced to receive two thousand lashes—a doom only reversed through the interest of the highest nobles. At another time, he trusted to some Valentian merchants, established at Algiers, to come with an armed frigate to his aid; but the man who had the conduct of the scheme, like another Judas, betrayed his trust; and for five years Cervantes remained a prisoner in an African dungeon. At last, however, his liberation was effected by ransom. On the 19th of September, 1580, Cervantes walked out of his prison doors; he once more breathed the air of heaven, a free, unfettered man; and, turning his face homewards, experienced, as he tells us, "one of the greatest joys a human being can taste in this world,—that of returning after a long period of slavery, safe and sound to his native land."

Behold Cervantes now a private citizen of Esquivias. He has seen much trouble, encountered much danger, experienced the successes and the ill-fortunes of war, travelled through various countries, observed the manners and customs of mankind, made himself acquainted with strange languages, worn off the first excitements of life, become inured to dangers, prisons, and privations; and has fought and bled and suffered for his country. "Let me take my ease," he exclaims; "I shall soon be what the world calls a middle-aged man."

But the ease which his active spirit takes is the labour of other men. He cannot sit idly down and dream away his life; he must find vent for the restless activity of his fine impulsive spirit; and so, from having been a soldier, he becomes an author, and love and literature fill up the vacuum in his heart. Towards the close of 1584, being then thirty-seven years old, he published his first work, "Galatea, an Eclogue;" and on the 14th of December of the same year, he married



MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

Donna Catalina de Palacios Salasar y Vosmediano, a lady of noble birth, the heroine of his poem.

Henceforth he was an author. But the profits of the pen, in that age, as in this, were by no means regular, sufficient, or certain; and we find Cervantes about this time alternately writing a comedy or a farce, acting as clerk in the Navy Victualling Office, or petitioning the king for employment in America, "the refuge of destitute Spaniards." Fortunately for the *old* world, he was not allowed to go to the *new;* or perhaps his great work, "Don Quixote," would never have been written. Although our author was not a poor man, he must not be considered by any means a rich one. Besides an increasing family, he had taken charge of his two sisters. Years were creeping on apace, for he was now forty, and it therefore behoved him to look about amongst his friends; but they did not assist him with advice or employment. It was under these circumstances that Cervantes wrote most of his novels, the first that had ever been written in the vernacular of Spain, previous writers having confined themselves to translations of Decameron and Boccacio.

About this time, however, a great misfortune overtook our hero. He was accused of malversation of office, was arrested, and thrown into prison; and though there is no reason to believe that the slightest stain of dishonour attaches to Cervantes, it is certain that the occurrence was a source of great anxiety and distress to him. How long he remained in prison, or what became of him for the next five years (1598-1603), is not certainly known; but it was during this period that he commenced the immortal "Don Quixote." It has been said that the work was partly written in a dungeon of the Inquisition; and though, as Voltaire says, it would be difficult to say anything too bad of the Holy Office, there is no valid reason for believing that Cervantes ever came in contact with the Brotherhood. It appears rather more likely, indeed, from the minute account which he gives of La Mancha, that he resided in that city during these years. However this may be, in 1605, the first part of that famous work appeared. At first, as has been the case with other celebrated books, it was not very well received; but, a few months serving to make it known, it was hailed everywhere, and among all classes of the people, with the most unbounded enthusiasm and delight. In a short time its success was so perfectly ensured as to raise up around its author the very best, though, perhaps, not the most flattering, evidences of its truth and fearlessness—a host of enemies. All those readers and writers of the monstrous tales of chivalry which Don Quixote attacked and ridiculed, conceived themselves personally insulted. The friends of Lope de Vega and the dramatists were deeply incensed; and all against whom the Don had couched a lance were ready to exclaim against the truth of his satires. But the "struggles of a book," were not in this case destined to be of long duration; and before ten years had passed, the second part of "Don Quixote" had appeared, and been welcomed everywhere. Perhaps the second part was hastened, from the fact that a spurious continuation, by a monk of Arragon, who called himself the licentiate, Alonzo de Avellaneda, had already made some noise. This so incensed Cervantes that he hastened to bring forward the "true history." In the dedication of the second part to the Count de Lemos, Cervantes says, "Don Quixote has put on his spurs, that he may hasten to kiss the feet of your excellency. I believe that he will appear a little peevish, because at Tarragona he was bewildered and ill-treated; nevertheless, it has been established by diligent inquiry, that it was not really he who figures in that history, but an impostor who wished to pass for him, yet cannot accomplish his object." In the preface to the second part, and in the work itself, the author is at some pains to punish his unblushing plagiarist; and in order to prevent any second Avellaneda from continuing the knight's adventures, he concludes thus:—"Here Cid Hamet Benengeli lays down his pen; but he has placed it so high that no one henceforth will think it prudent to make a new attempt at seizing it."

In his preface Cervantes again refers to his poverty and infirmities; but he was not really in want,—as, besides his wife's property, he was in the receipt of a pension from the Count de Lemos, whose liberality he acknowledges in the same page in which he laments his wants.

Of course, every one knows the true anecdote of Philip III. of Spain, who being one day on a balcony, observed a man laughing so immoderately that he exclaimed, "The fellow must be mad, or reading 'Don Quixote;'" but every one does not know how the Marquis Torres, the censor of that day, "confirms and approves" the celebrity of its author. "I affirm," says he, "that on the 25th day of February in the present year, 1615, while my lord cardinal, the illustrious Don Bernando de Sandoval y Roxas, Archbishop of Toledo, was on a visit to the ambassador of France, who had come to Spain to negotiate the treaties of marriage between the princes of both nations, many French gentlemen in his suite, lovers of the belles-lettres, accosted me and other chaplains of my lord cardinal, making inquiries concerning works of literature, upon which I took occasion to mention this second part of Don Quixote, then under my examination. They no sooner heard the name of Cervantes than they began to expatiate on his merits, and on the estimation in which his works were held in France, and in the neighbouring kingdoms. The first part of 'Don Quixote,' the novels, and the 'Galatea,' they said were universally known. So great were their encomiums, that I offered to introduce them to the author himself, and they assented with expressions of most unbounded acknowledgments to me for the proposal, first inquiring the most minute details concerning him. I was obliged to confess to them that, though a veteran soldier and a man of birth, he was in state of poverty. 'Why is not such a man enriched from the public treasury?' cried one of them; when another gentleman shrewdly observed, 'If poverty obliges him to write, Heaven forbid that he should be in affluence, since by his works he enriches the whole world.'"

Little remains to be told. With the completion of "Don Quixote" the real life of Miguel de Cervantes may be said to have ended. He lived, indeed, for some years afterwards, but it was a life of sickness and suffering. But neither pain nor poverty could silence his tongue or sadden his spirit. He died with his pen in his hand, and a smile upon his lips, on the 23rd of April, 1627, being then in his seventy-ninth year. After what has been said, we need say but little more. His works are, as we have already mentioned, translated into all European languages, and are everywhere received with welcome and approbation. Our portrait of him is taken from one which was affixed to a volume printed many years since. The reader may judge for himself if it be like the original, for here are the very words in which the author describes himself:—"He whom you see here, with an acquiline countenance and chestnut hair; the forehead smooth and uncovered, the nose awry, though well proportioned; the beard silver (it is not twenty years since it was gold); large moustachios, a small mouth, teeth not very numerous, for he has but six in front, and yet more, they are in bad condition and worse arranged, since they do not correspond one with another; the figure between the two extremes, neither large nor small; the complexion clear, rather pale than brown; a little stooping in the shoulders, and not very light about the feet; this is the author of 'Galatea,' and of 'Don Quixote de la Mancha,' and other works, thrown on the town, which may have lost their road, the name of their master being unknown. He is commonly called Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra."

P.

SHALL MOORE HAVE A STATUE?—A correspondent of the *Times* begs for a nook in Westminster Abbey for Tom Moore, and expresses his feelings in the following strain:—

"Oh! let one touch of his harp awaken
Our fond regard for the child of song!"
May it thrill till the high resolve be taken
To crown him our deathless bards among!

In our holiest fanes there is but one corner,
Fit shrine to deposit his honour'd remains;
Not saved for the sinless, but due, tell the scorner,
To genius whose brightness extinguish'd its stains.

If his lyrical numbers' melodious spell
Still hold beauty and love in their magical chain,
Wit and lore were made vocal in poesy's shell,
And Lansdowne and Russell applauded the strain.

[The question has since been answered in the most unmistakable terms; and a committee of gentlemen has been formed for the purpose of collecting subscriptions.]

LOVE AND LOYALTY.

THE town of G——, on the Ohio river, was originally settled by French emigrants, principally royalists, many of whom preserve, to this day, their national character, customs, and prejudices. Among these was one family of rank, distinguished for refinement and intelligence, who having emigrated on the first lowering of the storm which convulsed all Europe, were enabled to bring with them a considerable amount of their once princely fortune. This family consisted of old Jean Dulaire, formerly an officer at the court of the unfortunate Louis, and still a faithful and fiery-hearted royalist; his daughter, an only child, gay, charming, pretty, and petit, with Julie for her name; his nephew, Jacques Le Brun, a scholar and a gentleman, tall enough for a grenadier, but with an amount of modesty which would overstock a school-girl. It happened very naturally, in the course of human events, that Jacques loved his bewitching little cousin; but "faint heart never won" a lively and coquettish French girl; and so, one fine summer morning, with a cold smile on his lip, and agony at his heart, poor Jacques saw his soul's dearest treasure bestowed—by her father, fate, and the priest—on a gay, handsome, and young Frenchman, once attached, in an honourable capacity, to the house of Orleans, but who had been about two years in America, was poor, but enterprising, and had already entered upon an extensive trading business on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. After his marriage, he remained with his wife at the house of her father until the autumn, when his business called him to Louisville. He parted from his friends with a cheerful smile on his fine, manly face, tenderly unwinding the small white arms of poor Julie, who clung weeping about his neck to the last, agonised with those dark presentiments which ever haunt the heart of a loving woman.

Months had passed by, bringing most affectionate, though, from the want of direct communication, very unfrequent, letters from the absent Loraine. It was now the dead of winter, and his return was looked for daily and anxiously. One bright frosty morning Julie was standing at the window of the common parlour, looking towards the river, with fixed and dreamy eyes, the heart within her becoming hourly heavier, and "sick with hope deferred." Against the wainscot at her side leaned the pale and devoted Jacques, cherishing still for his fair cousin a holy and unalterable affection—a love as pure and as unseen as a crystal hid in the bosom of a rock. Suddenly the eyes of both were attracted to a party of men coming up from the bank of the river, led by old Jean Dulaire. As they drew near the house, Julia was struck by the manner of her father, and the expression of his face. He walked deferentially, yet proudly; he seemed both happy and sorrowful; and in his eye shone the light of a sentiment, with him, a gentleman of the old *régime*, true as religion, and ardent as love—loyalty.

The strangers were dressed—as travellers at that inclement season of the year should be dressed—with comfortable plainness, even roughness. Two of them were evidently but common boatmen, but the three in advance, who were young and handsome, though strong and hardy-looking, had about them that nameless grace, that air of superiority, of refinement, of *je ne scais quoi*, which always, and in all situations, distinguish gentlemen, the truly noble, wherever they are found. Julie and Jacques were hardly surprised when they were presented to three of the princely members of the royal family of France—the Duc d'Orleans, Duc de Montpensier, and the Count de Beaujolais. After breakfasting with their friends, these brave and adventurous young princes related enough of their recent history to account for their present situation and undertaking. After many months' travelling through various parts of the United States, they had heard, while resting for a time in New York, of the new law, expelling all the members of the Bourbon family from France, and that their noble mother had been deported to Spain. Their object was to join her; but, owing to the then existing war between England and Spain, this object was not easily attained. To avoid French cruisers on the coast, they determined to repair to New Orleans, and from thence to Havanna, where they thought to take ship for Europe. They crossed the Alleghany mountains to Pittsburg in December. At that place they purchased a keel-boat, hired two persons to aid them in their navigation, and thus descended the Ohio. They found that the immense quantities of ice almost obstructed their passage; they had been in some danger from it, and had once or twice been obliged to land, and lay up for some days, awaiting a thaw. As the day of their arrival was extremely cold, the travellers remained with the emigrant family; but the following day, being milder, they took leave at an early hour. The eldest brother, the Duc d'Orleans, as he bent to kiss the fair hand of the beautiful Julie, kindly expressed his regrets at not having met her husband, who had formerly been his secretary.

The excitement of this interesting visit having passed, the wifely anxiety of Julie returned. Alas! how long was it destined to weigh upon her breast with mortal heaviness—to slowly draw strength, and joy, and hope, like blood-drops from her heart! Weeks, months, went by, and brought neither husband nor letter; no tidings of any kind reached the half-frantic woman, or her anxious friends. Diligent inquiries were finally made at every town on the river where the missing man had been in the habit of trading, but in vain; and Pierre Loraine was at last mourned as one dead. Then, how desolation spread through that once happy home—its joy changed to sadness, and its light became dimmed! The once glad step of Julia grew languid; her bright eye tearful; she was missed from the dance; the chords of her harp were untouched, the voice of her singing was hushed, and her once-loved flowers withered and died in the shadow of her neglect. It was a beautiful evidence of Julia's own loyalty of nature, that she never for one hour believed herself deserted by her husband. She believed that he had died by the hand of some foe, or perished from hardship, or fallen a victim to his own reckless daring on some hunting expedition, when, as was his wont, he had gone out alone.

The gentle mourner was finally aroused from the deep stupor of her grief by the severe and protracted illness of her father. It was again winter, when the old man, who had long been failing, but whose habits were those of cheerful and constant activity, resigned himself, like a subdued child, to the stern dominion of disease. Julie, who, in her strangely darkened youth, had been longing, with an intense and bitter yearning, for the grave-rest, rebuked her selfish sorrow, and, pressing her cross to her lips and heart, prayed for strength to fulfil that holiest of woman's missions—ministering to the wants and sufferings of age. Thus, in affectionate attendance on her invalid father, she passed the dreary autumn and winter months, till the warm pulses of spring began to play through the chilled bosom of earth, and the blue skies once again smiled down on the coming-forth of flowers. Oh, that our worn hearts might ever leap with the renovated heart of nature—that our griefs might depart with her storms, and our smiles return with her sunshine—that our complaining voices might never make discord in the song of her rejoicing, and that the tears of our mortality might never blind us to the infinite glory with which God has crowned her!

Julie Loraine was daily becoming more reconciled to her sad, peculiar lot. She was religious and industrious—a good daughter and friend; and though widowed in heart and life, could not long remain a wretched woman. Her father seemed to revive as the spring advanced; but it was still evident that his race was nearly run. One day, as he was walking his room, leaning on the arm of his nephew, Jacques Le Brun, he dwelt freely on the event of his death, which, at the best, he believed, could not be far distant. Seeing that Jacques appeared much affected, he said, tenderly,—

"You should not grieve for me, my son; I am old and bowed towards the grave with many sorrows. I have been faithful to my king and country, true to the holy mother church, and I do not fear death—its repose would be grateful to me, and I should even be impatient for it, were it not that I must leave the richest treasure of my heart, the angel of my life, my dear and devoted child, my Julie, widowed and unprotected."

"Stay!" cried Jacques; "have you forgotten me? Will I not remain her protector and friend—her own true-hearted brother?"

"Ah, my good Jacques, you have not that relation by nature, and the world will not allow you to assume it. Were you Julie's husband, now ——"

"I were the happiest man living!" exclaimed Jacques, in a quick, fervent tone.

Dulaire turned, and, looking with earnestness into the face of his young companion, said,—

"And so, Jacques, you love my Julie?"

"Oh, yes, uncle, I adore her! Yet she has never known my love, wild and hopeless as it has ever been!"

"Poor Jacques! how much you have suffered, and I never divined it! Ah! there is much before our eyes that we never see. But Julie may yet be yours. Without a doubt, Loraine is long since dead, for he was not a man to forsake a wife—and such a wife! To you, my good Jacques, I could resign my child, and afterwards sink tranquilly to the last sleep. Go and call her; I will talk with her alone on this subject."

Jacques summoned his cousin, and for the next half-hour walked the hall without, in a state of fearful uncertainty. At length, hearing his name softly called, he hesitatingly re-entered the room. His first glance at his uncle's face reassured him; but he saw that his cousin had been weeping, and her voice was tremulous, though her words were calm, as she said,—

"My father has related to me his conversation with me. I did not know before that you loved me, Jacques. I must have pained you many times by my lightness in the days gone by. I know that, should Heaven take my father from me, I should be quite unprotected. We should then be alone in the world, cousin. I have never thought of you as a husband, but I have loved you well as a brother, and I think we could be happy together."

Here Jacques caught her hand, and pressed it passionately to his lips. Julie withdrew it, hurriedly, saying,—

"Hear me out, I entreat you, cousin. I cannot be your wife while there is one remaining doubt of my being in truth a widow. Should we marry, and should Pierre some day return—oh, God! what misery for us all! No, no; ask me not to be yours, till you bring me proof that the cold earth, or the colder wave, covers him."

Then, flinging herself into her father's arms, she wept with all the grief of a first bereavement. Le Brun could not but see that the love of Julie for her lost husband had never died; and as her resolution continued unshaken, by the advice of her father and the entreaties of her lover, in the course of a week, Jacques set forth on the strange expedition to discover indubitable proofs of the widowhood of his love. Hopes and fears chased each other through his heart as he kissed the brow of his cousin in parting, and looking into her blue eye, saw there a faint smile struggling with a tear—that beautiful strife which we sometimes mark in the cup of a violet, when the dew would quench the sunshine, and the sunshine would drink up the dew.

Our enamoured pilgrim travelled but slowly in those anti-steam navigation times, and it was many weary days before he reached Louisville, the place in which Loraine had last been known to be. It was a sunny May morning when he landed, and strolled through the principal street of that then inconsiderable town. Suddenly Le Brun remarked a stranger coming towards him, whose light, springing step and long black curls were surely familiar to his eye. But no; this young man wore a foreign dress and a long moustache. Nearer he came; and, wonderful miracle! it was no other than the lost Loraine! Jacques became deathly pale, and staggered as though struck by a heavy blow! Hope and joy died within him, and a wild and fearful feeling grappled at his heart. Had quick, stern thoughts been good sharp steel, Loraine had then fallen, pierced by more dagger-points than freed the soul of Cæsar. But Jacques's nature was too essentially generous and good to cherish such deadly feelings as these; the reaction was sudden and perfect—a moral revolution. His affection for his old friend came back, and with it the bitterest remorse; and when Loraine, on recognising him, sprang towards him with all the frank cordiality of a brother, he, on the breast of his friend, renounced for ever the sweet, vain dream of his love. He was roused by the wild, hurried inquiries of Pierre, "What of my Julie?—what of her father? Tell me, Jacques; for her sake, tell me!"

"They live and love you still; come, let us lose no time in going to them."

* * * * *

It was the eve of the first of June, and a fit birth-night was it for that rose-crowned queen of the changing months. The stars were unusually brilliant in honour of the great occasion, and freshness, fragrance, and moonlight were abroad. Let us look for a few moments into the quiet home of our heroine. In the pleasant little parlour we find her, with her venerable father, who is looking in far better health than a few months since he had hoped ever to enjoy. He is seated in his luxurious arm-chair, with his feet resting upon a stool, embroidered by the fair hands of his daughter. He wears a dark dressing-gown of brocade, and his thin white locks are crowned by a small cap of black velvet. On a stand at his side lies a gold snuff-box, with a miniature of "Louis the Martyr" set in the lid. From this he often regales himself, giving always a glance at the pictured semblance of decapitated royalty. But, to drop this inconvenient present tense, Julie, clad in deep mourning, with a widow's sombre cap almost concealing her sunny hair, sat on a low ottoman at his side. There was a hurried step without, the door opened, and Jacques stood before them. Julie sprang forward with a cry of welcome; but her eye fell upon another form. She paused, clasped her hands, and one word broke from her lips—

"Pierre!"

But the heart spoke volumes in that single word, and the next instant she lay in a swoon of joy on the breast of her first and only love, her lost and her found. And it was touching to see old Jean Dulaire; how he rose and tottering toward the returned wanderer, "fell upon his neck, and wept." And Jacques—with his life-long love, tried, tempted, and sanctified—was he not happy, with a happiness greater than theirs?—a holy pleasure, which nothing could take from him—the calm, sweet joy of self-sacrifice, of renunciation.

When the first half-delirious raptures of meeting were over, all gathered round Pierre to hear the story of his long absence, wanderings, and adventures. But first he removed from Julie's head, with his own hand, the widow's cap, and twined in her beautiful hair some half-opened roses, wet with night-dew. Then, with that dear hand leaning upon his shoulder—one arm around the slenderest waist in the world, and one hand grasping his father's, he related the strange, eventful history, which we give, as near as may be, in his own words.

"It was rather late in the winter when I left Louisville for home, and I was obliged to stop a while at some small settlements on the way to transact business. Just as I was about leaving one of these places, with a company of traders, all strangers to me, I observed a keel-boat near the shore, containing a number of men, which had become encompassed and blocked in with the ice. I could persuade no one to go with me in a boat to the assistance of the strangers, so I took a long pole in my hand, and walked to them on the floating ice, leaping from block to block. I reached the boat in safety, and found three of those men to be our young exiled princes, the Duc d'Orleans, Duc de Montpensier, and the Count de Beaujolais. They had come in this manner—the brave young men!—all the way from Pittsburg. But I forget—you must know of their undertaking, for they told me that they stayed one night with you. A day or two before I encountered them, their helmsman had been taken ill, and given up, and thus they had got into trouble. But I soon got them free of the ice, and brought them safely to the landing. Then it was that his highness and his noble brothers earnestly entreated me to turn my face from home, and to accompany them to New Orleans. What could I do? There was my royal master, who, in his prosperity, had befriended me; and could I forsake him in the hour of his misfortune? Ah, Julie, pardon me once obeying loyalty rather than love! I promised my prince, proudly but sadly, to go with him. But I wrote to you telling the story of my strange fortune, and gave the letter to the sick boatman, who was returning to Pittsburg."

"I never received that letter!" exclaimed Julie. "Ah, then, the poor fellow may have died before reaching this place."

"I will not weary you with a detailed account of our hardships, adventures, and hairbreadth escapes—for we had enough of all these to preserve us from *ennui*. We reached New Orleans at length in fine health and spirits, and the princes took passage that very day for Havanna, in an American ship which was to sail the next morning. At night I went on board, to spend the few last hours with my illustrious friends, who had the cabin entirely to themselves. With a few bottles of old Burgundy, with songs and legends of *la belle* France, what wonder if time went by unchallenged? It was past midnight when we embraced and parted. I went up on deck, and, to my astonishment, the ship was off to Havanna, with all sail spread, and far behind us gleamed the lights of New Orleans! I beat my breast—swore at the stupid captain; but all in vain—they took me the voyage to Havanna. After seeing my friends sail for Europe I concluded to return to New Orleans in the same vessel which had brought me out. But again the fates were against me. We had been but about two days at sea when we were boarded by a French cruiser, and, owing to my having about me some books, autographs, and a miniature, parting-gifts from the Duc d'Orleans, I had the honour of being taken possession of as an important prize. The rascals believed, or pretended to believe me a Bourbon, one of the princes; and, *malgre* my remonstrances, threats, and entreaties, they took me all the way to France, and placed me in close confinement. It was then some months before I could obtain a trial, and though I was at last honourably acquitted of the grave charge of royal birth, my money was retained, with what I valued more, the last gifts of my prince. I was thus detained until I could earn sufficient to replenish my wardrobe, and pay my homeward passage. I wrote several letters to Julie and to you, my father, but did not send them, from utter hopelessness of their ever reaching you. At length I was able to take ship for Martinique, and from thence to New Orleans. From thence I worked my way up the Mississippi and Ohio—up to home. Ah, my dear Le Brun, my poor fellow, I am sorry for you—you have lost so charming a wife."

A Relique of the Pretender.—The unfortunate Prince Charles Edward, "the young Pretender" of this country, but "the rightful heir" of Scotland's Jacobites, in the course of his melancholy wanderings, carried a portable knife, fork, and spoon, in a leathern case, about his person; on his departure from Scotland, they were given as a *souvenir* to the Primrose family, with whom Flora Macdonald was connected, and, having been guarded with jealous care, were ultimately presented to Sir Walter Scott, as the most benefiting recipient. When George IV. visited Edinburgh, Sir Walter presented this curious historic monument to that sovereign as the greatest gift a national writer could make to his king. From the king it passed to the Marchioness of Conyngham, and from her to her son, the Lord Londesborough, who has possession of it. The intrinsic value of the article is not great, but the historic value is priceless, no doubt, to many Scotchmen.

THE INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE OF HUNGARY.

The soil of Hungary is, by its fecundity, and by the variety of its vegetable productions, well adapted for the mixed character of its population. Throughout the whole of the country the greatest of abundance and diversity are observable. To the north the mountains of Carpathia, with their threatening defiles, where the gold and silver mines are worked—the richest mines in Europe—upon the mountain-side where the luxuriant vineyards of Tokai extend; beyond, the lakes of Balaton and Ferto, lakes that well deserve the name of inland seas; the Danube, that monarch of European rivers, rolls onward to the ocean, traversing the vast pasturages which extend on every side, and which almost appear to be without limit; fields of yellow corn, fields of grass, fields of grain of every kind, stretching far away in their varied hues, presenting a magnificent spectacle, which reminds the traveller of the grandeur of the desert without its aridity! To the south reigns the temperature and the vegetation of Italy, with all its richness of soil and southerly splendour; there lies an immense laboratory of agricultural produce capable of competing with the exportations from Odessa, and of supplying the wants of half Europe, if a foreign government did not, by its selfish enactments, hinder the efforts of the agriculturist in all commercial enterprise. In short, the whole geography of the country is remarkably prolific, and in its diverse latitudes produces without exception that which is best adapted to sustain the life of man. We can then easily understand why the Magyar loves his country, and here lies the secret of the jealousy and covetousness of other nations in their endeavours to reign alone in that highly-favoured land.

In order rightly to estimate the reciprocal advantages which Hungary offers to its inhabitants, and to foreign nations w have entered into an alliance with the Magyars, we m glance at the industrial and commercial condition of t country during the last half-century.

In spite of the obstacles which had to be surmounted, t state of Hungary had arrived at that point which had ov come the limits of a purely agricultural condition, and had some degree created a commercial interest, which is the on true and proper foundation of the industrial manufactures o nation. But the imposts which had been established had re dered it impossible to engage in a liberal and unrestrict interchange of commodities with other lands. The gover ment of Vienna having acted only for the extension of the national power, everything having been sacrificed to thi everything else having given way before it. After the issu of the imperial tariff, the importation into Austria of the agr cultural produce of Hungary was only permitted so long as it did not interfere with similar Austrian productions. The frontiers of the Austrian empire were guarded by a line of custom-houses—a stern prohibitive on trade—so that the Magyars were very often encumbered by the productions which they had not the power of removing from Austria, and selling to a foreign land, as every means was resorted to for the interdiction of such trade. The admission into Hungary of works of art and articles of manufacture was almost open, whilst the admission of Hungarian productions into Austria was virtually prohibited. Whilst the excise duties upon Austrian articles admitted into Hungary was five florins, sixty florins had to be paid if Hungarian productions crossed the Austrian frontier. Thus, too, the Hungarians had to purchase of the Austrian at 200 florins what they might easily have obtained from France at 75 florins.

A VIEW OF THE FREE PORT OF FIUME, IN THE GULF OF QUARNARI, IN THE ADRIATIC SEA OR GULF OF VENICE.

It was this iniquitous system which provoked, in 1844, the general abandonment of the nation, and that industrial movement which was destined to regain lost time. Long since the complaints of the diet had reached the cabinet of Vienna, but had been entirely disregarded. It was time that men should awake from their apathy and act for themselves; the stern voice of necessity demanded a change. The value of commercial relations with foreign lands was apparent. The Hungarians looked to the Adriatic for a fitting spot to select as a port; none appeared so fitting as a seaport on the coast of Fiume, to serve as a connexion—industrial and commercial—with the west.

The village of Fiume—St. Veit am Flaum, in the Illyrian language—formerly occupied by the Romans, was taken by the Magyars in the reign of Ladislas (1089). Lost in the warfare with the Turks, it was retaken by Marie Thérèse, and was from that moment declared the French port of Hungary. Its topographical position is excellent. Placed in an amphitheatre of hills, its basin presents a safe and convenient harbour to the largest vessels. The three openings by which it is entered are well guarded by nature and fortified by art. The sailors of Fiume are well known for their hardihood and prudence; and from their number Austria, Venice, and Dalmatia have in years long past drawn their best seamen. The timber-yard of Port Royal is one of the most magnificent establishments of its kind, and from the wood stored within it have been built some of the finest ships that ever rode upon the waters.

The register of the port of Fiume given in 1844 contains an entry of 562 vessels coming in, and 570 going out. The exportation in the same year contains,—salt, 95,000 cwt.; tobacco, 49,000; hemp, 8,600; rags, 6,900; and, lastly, 285,000 cask staves. These were principally for use in Marseilles and Bordeaux. The exportations of Hungary from the other ports during the same period amounted to 71,735,913 florins, against an importation of 68,514,437 florins, in which the foreign exportation comprised only the value of 13,780,913 florins. All the rest went to Austria. The Magyars were cast down at a state of things so disastrous, and hoped to repair it by pursuing their commercial enterprise by the way of Fiume. Their hope seemed to be but an illusion; but in it lay the foundation of their prosperity. Jacques Cœur, the son of a poor artisan, created the French navy in 1440. The Magyars will have no power till they find another Jacques Cœur to do for them in modern commerce what he of old accomplished for France. Austria is without doubt suspicious, and has endeavoured to destroy the hopes of Hungary by rendering Fiume a tributary to the city of Trieste.

JAMES FERGUSON.

Perhaps no kind of writing conveys greater encouragement to the young and inquiring mind than the biographies of those daring spirits who have risen from the mass by their own persevering efforts. It is pleasant to read how such an one, whose name, it may be, is now placed on the roll of the world's great men, rose from the meanest beginnings; and it is instructive to trace how, step by step, he won for himself a consideration which his original position by no means warranted,—how he bore himself when the honours which the world can bestow were showered thickly upon his head,—and how at last, in his old age, looking lovingly back to his youth of struggle and his manhood of emprise, he records, for the benefit of the young of after-days, the means by which he accomplished his great triumphs. The places of note among men—the senate, the bar, the pulpit, the press, and the professor's chair—are ever recruited from the ranks of the people; and is it not an encouraging thought, that almost all stations are accessible to those who have courage to stand forward among the competitors, and that, in the race of life, the great prizes are not reserved for the wealthy and the well-born, but that all, the sons of labour and the inheritors of poverty, may hope for an honourable reward, ere the great struggle is over?

These remarks have been called forth from the perusal of the life of James Ferguson, a man to whom it was given to raise himself from the very lowest depths of poverty to a renown which is now as wide and lasting as the English language. He was born in the year 1710, of humble parents, in a mean cottage, not far from the little village of Keith, in Banffshire. His father, though but a day-labourer, was honest and religious; and the very first incident recorded in the life of the future astronomer seems like a promise of after-fame. It was the practice of the father to teach his children all he himself knew, which was to read and write. James, however, could not wait till his own turn came, but secretly learned the lessons given to his elder brothers; and when at last he went to receive his first lesson, his father discovered, to his surprise, that he had little to teach. At the early age of seven or eight years an incident occurred which seems to have made so great an impression on his mind, as almost to determine his future career. The roof of the cottage having fallen in, his father raised it with a prop in the manner of a lever. This operation excited the attention of the child, and he immediately set about various experiments in a small way—making models and drawing diagrams, and so forth—which in the end made him thoroughly acquainted with not only the lever, but also the power of the wheel and axle. He had thus, without assistance, actually made the discovery of two of the most important truths in practical mechanics. After he had made his discoveries, he proceeded, like older philosophers, to write an account of them, believing that no other treatise on the subject had appeared. We may fancy the little fellow's surprise when, on showing his discovery to a gentleman who came to his father's house, to find that the whole was already in a printed book, and his gratification when the true nature of the mechanical powers were explained to him. The taste for practical mechanics, thus early discovered, continued to distinguish him through the whole of a long and useful life.

The poverty of his father necessitated our young philosopher to work for a living. He was, therefore, employed by a neighbouring farmer in tending sheep; and while so employed his taste for astronomical pursuits appears to have had its rise. During the day, he occupied himself, while his flock was feeding around him, in making little models; and as soon as night came on he would lie down on the grass, like the Chaldean shepherds of old, and study the stars. His removal to the service of another farmer—a worthy man called James Glashan—enabled him still further to indulge in these observations. "I used to stretch a thread, with small beads on it," he tells us, "at arm's length, between my eye and the stars. Sliding the beads on it, till they hid such and such stars from my eye, in order to take their apparent distances from one another, and then, laying the thread down on a paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads."

It appears, moreover, that his master, so far from discouraging his shepherd-boy in his astronomical fancies, actually took part of his work in the daytime upon himself, so that the lad might have further leisure. Mr. Gilchrist, the minister of Keith, having seen some of Ferguson's performances, was so pleased with the evident talent they displayed, that he gave him a map of the world to copy, and furnished him with compasses, ruler, pens, ink, pencils, and paper—the first regular drawing instruments he had ever possessed. A pleasant picture is given by the astronomer of this period of his life. For the purpose of enabling the lad to pursue his studies, the master gave him more time than he could reasonably expect; "and often," he says, "took the flail out of my hands and worked himself, while I sat by him in the barn, busy with my compasses, ruler, and pen."

The map finished, young Ferguson took it to his patron; and while at his house was introduced to Mr. Grant, of Achoynamey, who offered to take him into his house, so that he might receive instruction from Mr. Cantley, his butler. From this butler, who appears to have been a very clever person, James Ferguson received his first instruction in decimal fractions and the elements of algebra; but, just as he was about to commence geometry, Mr. Cantley left that part of the country to take office under the Earl of Fife. The youth, therefore, returned to his father's house, carrying with him, as a gift from the good butler, a copy of "Gordon's Geographical Grammar," from which he obtained his first real knowledge of the globe.

His next occupation was in the house of a miller, in whose employment he remained, notwithstanding ill-usage and insufficiency of food, for more than a year, when he was engaged by Dr. Young, who promised to instruct him in medicine. But this gentleman, who was a farmer as well as a physician, not only

broke his promise, but used him so badly in other respects, that, after staying for three months, he was obliged to return to his father's. A severe hurt which he had received while in the doctor's employ, and which the doctor was too busy to attend to, kept him at home for some months. But he could not be idle; and during this compelled leisure he constructed wooden clock, and a wooden watch with a whalebone spring; and his knowledge of the mechanism of clocks and watches becoming known in the neighbourhood, he obtained some little employment in cleaning and repairing the horologes of the villagers.

About this time, being then twelve years old, he was invited to reside at the house of Sir James Dunbar, of Durn, where his talent for drawing excited so much attention from the ladies that they employed him in designing patterns for dresses, lace collars, and various other articles of female attire, besides making him useful to Sir James in several ways. But our hero did not neglect his astronomical studies because he was noticed by the rich; on the contrary, when he was sent to the house of Lady Dipple, Sir James's sister, he continued to make nightly observations of the stars with his threaded beads; and so excited would he sometimes become while thus occupied, that, to use his own words, he thought he saw the elliptic "lying like a broad highway across the firmament, and the planets making their way in paths like the narrow ruts made by cart-wheels, sometimes on one side of a plane road, and sometimes on the other, crossing the road at small angles, but never going far from either side of it."

He now began to employ himself as a painter in a small way; and having gone to reside with Mr. Baird, of Auchmeddan, Lady Dipple's son-in-law, where he first enjoyed the luxury of access to a good library, he commenced taking miniature portraits. His talents in this way struck his friends as extraordinary, and by their advice, he proceeded to Edinburgh and set up as a regular portrait-painter. He was now about eighteen; and for twenty-six years he followed the profession of a painter with greater or less assiduity, although he never appears to have been either highly successful or much in love with it. Meanwhile, he tried his hand at medicine, in which he made some progress; never, however, forgetting his astronomical studies. Having discovered the causes of eclipses, he drew up a scheme for showing the motions and places of the sun and moon in the ecliptic for every day in the year. This discovery he made known to the celebrated Maclaurin, who was so much pleased with it that he had it engraved. It sold so well that Ferguson began to consider his fortune made. One day he asked the professor to show him his orrery; when he saw it, he was so struck with the harmony of the motions of the heavenly bodies, that, without seeing the interior of the instrument, he set about constructing one for himself, which answered its purposes so well, that he was soon engaged in delivering lectures on it before the professor's mathematical class. He afterwards made six instruments of a like description, each new one an improvement on the last.

In this way his mind became more and more habituated to philosophical pursuits; and, quite tired, he says, of drawing pictures which would never become famous, he determined to try his fortune in London as a teacher of astronomy and mechanics. In London, then, that glorious city, the next year (1743), we find him—still occupied in painting portraits, but devoting every spare minute, and often half the night, in the study and prosecution of his favourite pursuit. He was now in his thirty-third year, and he longed to accomplish something which should distinguish him from the crowd. Having discovered a new astronomical truth, that the moon must always move in a path concave to the sun, he submitted his proposition to Mr. Folks, the president of the Royal Society. This brought him into immediate notice; and the same day that the president received the paper, he took its author to a meeting of the learned body with which he was connected, and introduced him as a highly promising young man. In 1747 his discovery, entitled "A Dissertation on the Phenomena of the Harvest Moon" was published; and such was the favour with which it was received by the learned, that in the next year we find him engaged in delivering public lectures to fashionable audiences on the eclipse of the sun, &c., under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King George III.

From this time he was continually occupied in astronomical pursuits, delivering lectures, and writing several works on astronomy and mechanics, besides contributing occasional papers to the philosophical transactions.

Soon after George III. came to the throne, he bestowed a small pension on Ferguson from the privy purse. In 1756 he published his "Astronomy explained upon Sir Isaac Newton's Principles"—many editions of which have since appeared. In 1763 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, the usual fees being remitted, as in the cases of Newton and Thomas Simpson. In 1764 he published his lectures on subjects in Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Pneumatics, and Optics, with the use of the stars, the art of Dialling, and the Calculation of the mean times of New and Full Moons and Eclipses. In 1769-70 appeared several works from his pen intended as introductions to astronomical studies; in the latter year he was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society; and in 1775 he published his last work, "The Art of Drawing in Perspective made easy to those who have no previous knowledge of mathematics." The next year (1776) he died; having accomplished many great things, and being in the enjoyment of a reputation second to few scientific men of his day.

And thus had the shepherd's boy risen, by the strength of his self-taught mind, to a position among the learned, which entitles him to be considered as a benefactor of mankind. There is no aristocracy of talent, and the great places in the world's esteem are open to all competition. Ferguson, says a public writer, has contributed more than perhaps any other man in this country to the extension of physical science among all classes of society, but especially among that class whose circumstances preclude them from a regular course of scientific instruction. Perspicuity in the selection and arrangement of his facts, and in the display of the truths deduced from them, was his characteristic both as a writer and a lecturer. Of his dialogues on astronomy, Madame de Genlis, the teacher of the youthful Duke of Orleans and his brothers, says—"This book is written with so much clearness, that a child of ten years may understand it from one end to the other." When we consider, that during the whole course of his life, Ferguson was ignorant of mathematics and the higher parts of Algebra,—owing probably to the scarcity of good and cheap elementary works; a scarcity which is every day becoming less and less—his success in whatever he undertook appears astonishing. In his day, books on science were comparatively dear and few; in ours, a youth who can merely read his own language may teach himself whatever he pleases; how much greater, then, becomes the merit of a man, who, like Ferguson, raised himself from poverty to distinction by the efforts of his own persever- and indomitable energy! Devotion to knowledge, unlike any other kind of labour, brings with it a reward which reconciles the student to poverty, and renders him capable of rising superior to the petty ills of life.

P.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDUCATION IN THE GERMAN LANGUAGE, THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF THE POPULAR EDUCATOR.—"The Popular Educator," No. 11, bearing date June 12th, contained the first of a series of familiar LESSONS IN GERMAN. This course will impart a thorough acquaintance with the Language, and—together with the Lessons already commenced on the Literature and Grammar of the English Language, Lessons in French and Latin—render the "Popular Educator" the most complete Educational Work which has ever appeared. Besides instruction in the above Languages, it contains Lessons in Geometry, Arithmetic, Music, History, Botany, Physiology, Geology, Natural History. Biography, Geography, &c. To meet the urgent wishes of numerous Families and Individuals, an *Extra Edition* is now issued, upon superior paper, the price of which is 1½d. per Number, or Monthly Parts, containing four Numbers in a neat wrapper, 7d.; or when five Numbers, 8½d. The Extra Edition is published without the weekly headings. Two Parts are now ready; Part I., price 7d.; Part II., price 8½d.

CASSELL'S SHILLING EDITION OF EUCLID.—In consequence of the interest excited among all classes of the readers of the POPULAR EDUCATOR, since the publication of the Lessons in Geometry in that work, John Cassell has determined to issue a Popular Edition of THE ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY, to contain the First Six, and the Eleventh and Twelfth Books of Euclid, from the text of Robert Simson, M.D., Emeritus Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow; with corrections, Annotations, and Exercises, by Robert Wallace, A.M., of the same university, and Collegiate Tutor of the University of London. This work will be ready early in July, price 1s. in stiff covers, or 1s. 6d. neat cloth.

MISCELLANEA.

THE "TON" OF ST. KITTS.—The magnificoes of Basseterre are the shopkeepers and their shopmen. The latter wear mustaches, imperials, and dandy dresses, ride their nags, and (as a creole informed me) "lead here," They are by no means of so high a caste, or so well-informed as shopmen in England, but talk and act as if their superiors did not exist. Indeed, throughout the West Indies, it is high treason to hint that there is any class of gentlemen, *par excellence*, in the world. Noble birth, education, elegant manners, and fortunes that command all the splendours of life, with the taste to appreciate them, must be carefully kept out of sight, lest it grate offensively on the ear of the counter-skipping *élégant* and his trading-master. The educated clergyman, the lawyer, and the physician are looked down upon by the shopocracy of the West Indies.

PRE-RAPHAELITISM.—If the theory of the Pre-Raphaelites is just as regards painting, it must be just as regards the other departments of taste. What would be the effect of the new system, if applied to romantic fiction? But the question is unnecessary; for the new system ignores romance, which is the truth of nature, not of fact. A pre-Raphaelite story, taken from real life, may be romantic in its incidents and striking in its catastrophe; but it would want coherence in the design, and therefore produce no sustained emotion; and its characters being drawn, without selection from vulgar prototopes, would excite more disgust than interest. The drama?—but there the new theory of art becomes more ridiculous: a tragedy on such a plan would be received with alternate yawns of ennui and shouts of laughter. All these are pertinent questions; for fine art, in literature, music, sculpture, painting, architecture, forms a homogeneous circle under one law of taste. It may be supposed that we are ascribing too much importance to this department of the mediæval mania; but, for our part, we scorn nothing that presents a bar, however slight to the progress of civilisation and refinement. Pre-Raphaelitism is only one form of a degradation of taste which appears to keep pace with the utilities of the time, and we shall never be slow in lending our aid to cleanse the temple of its desecrators.

INTEMPERANCE.

W ATCH yonder wretch—mark well his haggard face,
H is tattered garments, and his tottering pace;
I n every feature, vice and dark despair
S ecurely reign, and penury and care;
K een are his wants, and justice round them throws
E ndless confusion and a cloud of woes.
Y ou ask what dire calamity is this

W hich blights so cruelly his health and bliss?
H e is a drunkard. Alcohol hath found
I n him a victim, and his soul is bound!
S oon as the demon his fell torch illumes,
K indled within, the fatal fire consumes;
E ach comfort flies at his approach; and fade
Y outh, strength, and beauty, 'neath his Upas shade.

THE DUTY OF ALL IS TO LABOUR.—"The rich man," says Dr. Channing, "has no more right to repose than the poor. He is as much bound to labour as the poor; not to labour in the same way, but to labour as really, as efficiently, as intensely. I am tempted to say more intensely, because he has a sphere so much wider and nobler opened to him. No man has a right to seek property in order that he may enjoy, may lead a life of self-indulgence, may throw all toil on another class of society. This world was not made for ease. Its great law is action, and action for the good of others still more than for our own. This is its law, and we violate it only to our own misery and guilt."

FLEXIBLE VARNISH may be made of India-rubber shavings, dissolved with naphtha, at a gentle heat, in a close vessel.

HARD VARNISH FOR JAPANNING.—Take of the best pale African copal seven pounds, fuse, add two quarts of clarified linseed-oil. Boil for a quarter of an hour, remove it into the open air, and add three gallons of boiling oil of turpentine. Mix well, then strain into the cistern, and cover up immediately.

LINSEED-OIL VARNISH.—Take eight pounds of linseed-oil, and boil for one hour, then add one pound of the best resin, previously powdered, and stir the mixture until the resin is dissolved. Now add half a pound of turpentine. Let the whole cool, and it is ready for use.

SHELLAC AS A WATER VARNISH.—Dissolve one part of borax in twelve of boiling-water, and add the whole to an equal quantity of white lac varnish, with which it will mix freely. This varnish is useful in painting, where a firmer body is desirable than can be procured altogether in oils. It may be also used instead of shellac varnish alone, as a vehicle in painting.

A GOOD JAPAN VARNISH FOR TIN-WARE.—Take oil of turpentine eight ounces, oil of lavender six ounces, copal two ounces, camphor one drachm. Mix at a moderate heat.

BLACK JAPAN VARNISH FOR LEATHER.—Take boiled linseed-oil one pint, burnt umber eight ounces, asphaltum half an ounce. Boil and add oil of turpentine till the required consistency is obtained.

TO JAPAN VARIOUS KINDS OF WOOD.—Provide yourself with a small muller and stone to grind any colour you may require; also with white hard varnish, brown varnish, turpentine varnish, japan gold size, and spirit of turpentine, which you may keep in separate bottles until required; with flake white, red lead, vermillion, lake, Prussian blue, king's and patent yellow, orpiment, spruce and brown ochre, mineral green, verditer, burnt umber, and lamp-black. Prepare the wood to be japanned with size, in order to fill up and harden the grain; then rub the surface smooth with glass-paper when dry. With the foregoing colours you may match the tint of any kind of wood, always observing to grind your colours smooth in spirit of turpentine; add a small quantity of turpentine and spirit-varnish, and lay it carefully on with a camel-hair brush, then varnish with brown or white spirit-varnish, according to colour. For a black, mix up a little size and lamp-black, and it will bear a good gloss without varnishing. To imitate black rosewood, a black ground must be given to the wood, after which take some finely-powdered red lead, mixed up as before directed, and lay on with a flat, stiff brush, in imitation of the streaks in the wood; after which take a small quantity of lake, ground fine, and mix it with brown spirit varnish, carefully observing not to have more colour in it than will just tinge the varnish; but, should it happen on trial to be still too red, you may easily assist it with a little umber ground very fine, with which pass over the whole of the work intended to imitate black rosewood, and it will have the desired effect. If the work be done carefully, according to the foregoing rules, it will, when varnished and polished, scarcely be distinguished from the real wood.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A WOULD-BE-ARTIST."—You may fix your pencil drawings by passing them through rice-water. Boil a table-spoonful of the best rice in a quart of clean soft water, till the grains have swelled out to their full size. Remove it from the fire before the grains, by bursting, begin to thicken the water. Strain the liquor through fine muslin into a dish, and then, taking your drawing by two of the corners pass it quickly *under* the rice-water, so that every part is covered. Place the drawing upon a clean deal board, in a slanting direction, and fasten the upper corners with two pins. There let it remain till thoroughly dry, when you will find your pencil-work so fixed that indian rubber will not erase it. Drawings thus fixed may be cleaned at any time with the crumb of stale wheaten bread, without any fear of spoiling the work, however bold. *Chalk* drawings may be fixed by the same method, but they must be passed carefully through the rice-water, or the work, especially in the shaded parts, may be disturbed.

H. WELSH.—You may find all the information you ask respecting "paper-making, writing, and printing," in a sixpenny book published at our office, entitled, "Book for the Young." "Baron Trenck" is not an imaginary being; he really existed, and we believe the history of his persecutions to which you refer may be regarded, on the whole, as authentic. A "History of Shipwrecks" would occupy more space than we are able to devote to such a subject.

J. CLIFFORD,—who, by-the-by, has not told us his "whereabouts,"—offers to reward us with *three pounds* for our trouble,' if we will tell him "the best thing for cureing groundless fears." Our "fears" that we shall not be able to win this glittering prize are not quite "groundless."

MARY ANN.—Alpaca is the soft silk-like wool of the Alpaca, an animal of the Llama tribe, peculiar to South America, having some resemblance both to the camel and the sheep, though it cannot properly be classed with either. The question is now being seriously discussed, whether this animal admits of naturalisation in the British isles.

HENRY.—The census already published does not contain the particulars you require, as to the number of persons engaged in each trade, and the number of persons belonging to each religious denomination. The former will, no doubt, be published; concerning the latter there is much doubt.

SAXON.—Deafness is an "infirmity" which you should not trifle with. We fear that you would derive little or no benefit from the pamphlets or remedies that are advertised from time to time. You might obtain suitable aid, perhaps, at some of the ear infirmaries in London, but for this your *personal attendance* would be necessary.

V. E., J. BARRY, and others.—We cannot encourage you to hope for success in Australia, either as grocers, or clerks, or storekeepers. As to "suitable fields for emigration" and other particulars about emigrating, we refer you, G. LANANGE, and several other correspondents, to the *Emigrant's Handbook* just published at our Office.

X. M.—The sentiments expressed in your lines are excellent, but your versification is not sufficiently correct for our pages. "Try again."

J. TENNYSON.—We know but of one ship that sails to Australia upon the temperance principle, but that one does not take passengers. You can, of course, act upon the temperance principle in any vessel you choose. We cannot undertake to say "in which of the gold fields" you would "be most successful." As to "the lowest possible cost of emigration," you would be best able to calculate that after obtaining the rate of passage, &c., from the agents of some vessel advertised to sail.

W. PERRY.—There is nothing in the circumstances to which you refer, to prevent your investing any portion of money in a savings bank.

R. A.—*Spectacles* are said to have been invented by one SPINA, about the year 1209.—The word *miasma* is from the Greek word *miaino*, to pollute; it means infecting substances arising from distempered poisonous bodies, by which persons are affected at a distance.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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SPAIN AND ITS PEOPLE.

THE inhabitants of the Spanish peninsula occupy a prominent position in the history of the world. Belonging to one of the oldest branches of European civilisation, the influence of the Spaniards is felt and acknowledged in all European countries; no less in Great Britain—whose oldest allies and bitterest enemies they have alternately been—than on the continent, where, in all dynasties and monarchies the name of Spain has been more or less intimately connected from the earliest period. As it would be manifestly beyond our scope to attempt anything more than a brief and general description of this interesting country, it will be our aim to convey to the reader such information as will induce him to search out for himself, in larger and more learned books. Meanwhile, we will endeavour to make him familiar with

THE ROYAL PALACE OF MADRID.

THE GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE COUNTRY.

Spain occupies that portion of the western European peninsula between the 35th and 44th degree of north latitude, having its extremities about 9 degrees west by 3 degrees east of London. It is bounded on the north by the Bay of Biscay and the Pyrenean mountains, which separate it from France; on the south by the Straits of Gibraltar, which divide it from Africa; on the east by the Mediterranean sea; and on the west by the kingdom of Portugal—which is a narrow slip

forming nearly the whole western sea boundary of Spain—and the Atlantic Ocean. Thus we perceive that the Pyrenese range forms a grand natural boundary between it and France; and that including the kingdom of Portugal, a kingdom nearly allied to it in language and traditions, it is surrounded on three sides by the sea. A glance at the map of Europe, however, will convey a better idea of its situation than could any written words. The greatest breadth of Spain, from the river Bidasoa in the west to Cape St. Sebastian in the east, is about 500 miles, while its length from the Bay of Biscay in the north, to the rock of Gibraltar in the south is nearly 600 miles, forming, with Portugal, nearly a square. Its superficial contents may be estimated at about 148,000 square miles; and its grand physical traits are the extent, number, and height of its mountains; and its rivers, which take their rise between the chains from which they flow. The strong contrast between this formation and the level, monotonous region of France, has induced modern geographers to find some cause for the fact other than a mere caprice of nature. Inquiry on the subject led naturally to discovery, and it is now believed that the Spanish mountains are the terminations of that great range which, taking its rise in Tartary, traverses Asia and Europe, leaves a stronghold in Switzerland, and a few scattered posts in France by the way, to keep up its communication with Spain, where it forms a vast natural bulwark of hills, which lend each other support in withstanding the immense volume of waters with which the ocean endeavours to overwhelm the continent of Europe. Without inquiring into the correctness of this supposition, it is sufficiently evident that there are many chains of mountains which take their rise in the Pyrenees, and run southward by westward, intersecting the whole peninsula. Another look at the map will render this apparent, and the reader will discover the Asturian and Gallician range; the range of Guadarrama, that which is called the Iberican; the Sierra Morena; and the mountains of Granada and Ronda, which skirt the Mediterranean, are the most elevated of them all. "These last," says Father Marina, in his excellent account of Spain, "press onward with so much boldness, that they seem to have pretended in various places to cross over the sea, dry up the strait, and unite themselves with Africa."

Another singular characteristic of Spain, is its distinctly marked division into two separate regions, one of which has been called the central, and the other the region of the coast. The whole interior of Spain may in truth be spoken of as one vast mountain; for though it consists mainly of level lands, traversed by lofty ridges, yet even the plains rise almost everywhere to an elevation of nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea. In these preliminary remarks we must again request the reader to refer from time to time to the map of the country, so that he may verify the truth of them as he goes on. And, indeed, we here take occasion to say, that in all geographical and historical reading—in voyages and travels, no less than in the more exact accounts of the geologist—the student will find the possession of a map of the country under consideration a most important aid. To resume: in consequence of the extreme dryness of the atmosphere, the rivers of Spain are neither so many nor so great as to comport with the height and number of her mountains. The principal are—the Tagus, the Guadalquiver, the Ebro, the Duero, and the Guadiana. The Tagus, the prince of Spanish rivers, and the fruitful theme of so much poetry, takes its rise in the mountains of Guadarrama, waters the groves and gardens of Aranjuez, half encircles old Toledo; and having received many tributary streams, at length opens into a wide estuary, reflecting the images of Lisbon and Cintra. The Guadalquiver, another poetical river, rises between the Modena and the Nevada, and having been fed by numerous mountain rivulets flows slowly and gracefully towards the ocean—laving in its way the walls of Cordova and Seville, and scattering fertility over the fair plains of Andalusia. The Ebro has its source in the mountains of Navarre, and takes its course between two of the branches of the Pyrenees, until it empties itself into the Mediterranean—the "Great Sea" of the ancients: it is the only one of the larger rivers that takes an eastern course. The Duero is a mere rivulet at its rise in old Castile; but it gradually swells as it passes the spot where Numantia once stood; and passing through Portugal, reaches the ocean at Oporto. The "placid Guadiana" springs mysteriously from among the classic marshes of Ruidoso, flows onward between delightful meadows, the pasture of countless flocks and herds, and reaches the ocean in the gulf of Huelva. Besides these are numerous smaller streams, such as the Minho, which flows from Gallicia to the Atlantic; the Lima, supposed to be the "Lethe" of the ancients; the Timbre, which finds its outlet at Cape Finisterre; and the Gave de Pau, which passes seaward at the historical Cape St. Vincent.

The lakes of Spain are of no great importance. The most remarkable of them, however, is the Lake of Abulfera in the province of Valencia. This beautiful lake extends nearly twelve miles, from the village of Catarraja to the town of Callera, and is about five miles and a half wide; but it is so shallow that only small boats can float in it. At certain seasons of the year, however, the whole surface of the lake is alive with company, who go in boats to shoot the aquatic birds which make it their home; and at other times it affords excellent sport to the angler, as it abounds in fish of large and excellent quality.

The soil of Spain varies as much as its surface; in one part, it is covered with woods and forests—especially in Catalonia, Gallicia, the Asturias, and the Sierra Morena; in another, it is intersected by dry mountainous plains. The region of the coast, though less elevated, and sloping gradually towards the sea, is broken into a constant succession of mountains and valleys, which produce the most agreeable variety, and furnish a happy contrast to the quiet monotony of the interior. The country, however, is everywhere fertile—or might easily be made so by proper irrigation—even in the snowy regions of the Sierra Nevada.

The climate of Spain varies according to the position of its cities. It is described by the writers who have only visited the north and the interior, as being a prey to perpetual snow on the mountains, and unsheltered and unshaded heat in the valleys,—swept by cold blasts in winter, and burnt up by a powerful sun in summer; but all round the coast, and for many miles inland, the climate is delightful; and no engagements need be put aside on account of the weather. "No country in Europe," says Humboldt, "presents a configuration so singular as Spain. It is this extraordinary form which accounts for the dryness of the soil in the interior of the Castiles, for the power of evaporation, the want of rivers, and that difference of temperature which is observable between Madrid and Naples, two towns situated in the same degree of latitude." There is a tradition, mentioned by Marina, of a drought so long and so severe that the springs and rivers dried up, and men and animals died miserably for want of water; and there is a legend which tells how, in the thirteenth century, about the time of the famous battle of Navas de Tolosa, in which two hundred thousand Saracens were slain, that for nine months no drop of rain fell in the kingdom of Toledo; but, perhaps, there is a slight tinge of exaggeration in both accounts. We now come to speak of

THE PRODUCTIONS OF SPAIN.

Nature appears to have been particularly indulgent to the peninsula; but the ingratitude of man has rendered him unworthy so noble a possession. The productions of Spain are rich, various, and almost universal. That the mines of gold and silver from which the ancients drew their stores of wealth, are—with the exception of the silver mine of Guadalcanal—nearly exhausted, is certainly true; but Spain possesses mines of iron, and copper, and lead, and quicksilver, which might be made more valuable, if properly worked, than could any quantity of the precious metals. It will be seen, as we proceed, how the possession of riches has proved a curse to this beautiful country; how, after having been the discoverers, and almost the possessors, of the great American continent—in the southern half of which the Spaniards have left indelible traces of themselves in the character of its people, and in the very names of its cities, towns, rivers, and mountains,—they have failed to render themselves a great nation; how, after having played a most conspicuous part in the history of Europe from the time of Cæsar to that of Isabella, they have sunk in the estimation of the world, and are reckoned but a secondary state; and how, after having had it given them to possess riches in countless abundance, and a country

the fairest on the earth, the Spaniards have thrown away the opportunity of making their influence in modern politics anything but a bad influence, and their position in the world a position which thoughtful men grieve to behold.

But we must not anticipate ourselves. Besides the metals, Spain possesses coal and salt mines in Asturias, Arragon, and La Mancha; precious stones are dug up in various parts of the kingdom, the most beautiful marbles in the world are found in nearly all her mountains. Wheat of the finest quality is produced—or could easily be produced—in most of her provinces; and the grape is grown all over the peninsula. In fact, modern Spain is celebrated only for her fine wines and her ancient memories!

But other goods belong to this favoured country. In her mountains are produced abundance of timber and charcoal, and in her valleys the pasture for sheep and cattle needs little cultivation. Horses of the true Arabian stock range far over her hills, and cattle and swine breed abundantly in her forests; wild animals congregate fiercely in her wastes and fastnesses, and sheep outnumber the inhabitants of her valleys. As the hunter wends homeward, he is greeted by the songs of nightingales, and flowers of sweetest odour throw their gifts upon the evening air. Everywhere is abundance, but everywhere man lies supine in the sunshine, and neglects the gifts which God has given him!

In the fruits of Spain there is a quantity and richness almost unequalled by any other country. Besides the different varieties common to the temperate climes, the fig, pomegranate, orange, lemon, citron, date, plantain, and banana of other lands find there a kindly home. There seems, indeed, to be no extravagance in the theory of the Frenchman who attempted to find, in the different sections of Spain, a similitude, in point of climate and productions to the various countries lying around it. Thus he compares Biscay, Asturias, and Gallicia, to the neighbouring countries of Europe; Portugal to the corresponding part of America; Andalusia to the opposite coasts of Africa; and Valencia, in point of soil, climate, and the genius of its inhabitants to the regions of the East.

Nor are the riches of Spain confined to the resources of her fertile soil; the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, washing an almost equal extent of coast, supply her inhabitants with fish of fine and various quality, and at the same time place them in a position to communicate with every nation of the world. Verily, Spain is a favoured country: and, properly governed, would, under Providence, give the palm to no other nation upon earth.

THE POLITICAL DIVISIONS OF SPAIN

formerly consisting of fifteen provinces which are thus tabulated in the Encyclopædia Britannica. The population given is that acknowledged at the beginning of the present century, and it has not probably increased more than 5 or 6 per cent.

The monarchy of Spain, as seen from the table below, consisted of many distinct provinces, each of which, in earlier times, formed a separate and independent kingdom; but although they are now united by marriage, conquest, inheritance, and other circumstances under one crown, the original distinctions, geographical as well as social, remain almost unaltered. By recent decrees, however, the old political divisions are no longer recognised; and Spain is now divided into forty-nine provinces, —namely, Alava, Altacete, Alicante, Almeria, Avila, Badajoz, Las Baleares, Barcelona, Burgos, Caceres, Cadiz, Las Canarias, Castellon de la Plana, Cindad Real, Cordoba, La Coruna, Cuena, Gerona, Granada, Guadalajara, Guipuzcoa, Huelva, Huesca, Jaen, Leon, Lérida, Logrono, Lugo, Madrid, Malaga, Murcia, Navarra, Orense, Oviedo, Palencia, Pontevedra, Salamanca, Santander, Segovia, Sevilla, Soria, Tarragona, Teruel, Toledo, Valencia, Valladolid, Viscaya, Zamora, Zaragoza. The language, costumes, and local habits of the natives of Spain vary no less than the climate and productions of the soil—as every reader of the immortal Don Quixote is quite aware. Man following, as it were the example of the nature by which he is surrounded, has little in common with the inhabitants of the remoter districts; and these differences are increased and perpetuated by the ancient jealousies and inveterate dislikes which petty and contiguous states are so fond of keeping up with tenacious memory. "Thus," says a quaint writer, "Estramadura is quite unlike Catalonia; Catalonia differs from Andalusia; Andalusia from Gallicia, and all and equally from one another. The general comprehensive term Spain, which is used by geographers, is apt to mislead the traveller; for nothing can be more vague or inaccurate than to predicate any single thing of Spain or Spaniards, which will be equally applicable to all its heterogeneous parts. The north-west parts

Provinces.	Sub-Divisions.	Extent in Square Miles.	Population.	Chief Towns.
Province of Catalonia ..	County of Roussilon	10,400	814,412	Barcelona, Tarragona, Urgel, Lerida, Gerona,
	County of Cerdagna	7,800	923,150	Salsona, Tortosa, Figueras.
Kingdom of Valencia	.....	7,800	932,150	Valencia, Alicant, Elche, Orihuela, Castellan, Alzira Carcaxente, Gandia, Xaciva, Alcoy.
Province of Estramadura	.....	16,000	416,222	Badajoz, Placentia, Coria, Merida, Truxillo, Xera de los Cavalleros, Lerma, Ahnatona, Zafra.
Province of Andalusia ..	Kingdom of Seville	12,600	754,293	Seville, Xeres de la Frontera, Cadiz Real Ejo, Ayamonte
	Kingdom of Granada	4,500	661,661	Granada, Malaga, Loxa, Santa Fé, Ronda, Guadix.
	Kingdom of Cordova	1,080	236,016	Cordova, Archidona, Avellana.
	Kingdom of Jaen ..	2,400	177,136	Jaen, Ubeda, Baeza, Anduxa.
Kingdom of Murchia	....	8,812	337,686	Murchia, Carthagena, Loxa, Churchilla, Alba, Cete, Villena, Teruel, &c.
Kingdom of Arragon	....	16,500	623,308	Zaragona, Aaca, Barbastio, Huesca Tarazona.
Kingdom of Navarre	.....	2,287	287,382	Pampeluna, Toledo.
Province of Biscay	Biscay Proper	4,000	116,042	Bilboa, Vermijo.
	Alara		74,000	Vittoria, Trevino, Ona.
	Guipuzcoa		12,076	St. Sebastian, Fuenaraba, Tolosa, Piacentia.
Princp. of the Asturias	Oviedo	3,375	350,000	Oviedo, Aviles, Luarca, Gigon.
	Santillana	1,200		Santillana, San Vincente, Riva de Sella.
Kingdom of Gallicia	.....	11,500	1,350,000	San Jago, Bayona, Lugo, Corunna, Vigo.
Kingdom of Old Castile	Burgos	10,800	1,190,180	Burgos, Osma, Siguenza, Avila, Valladolid, Segovia.
	Avila			
	Segovia			
Kingdom of New Castile	Toledo	22,000	1,146,809	Madrid, Toledo, Cuenca, Alagon, Ocana, Hucles, Tarragona.
	Cuenca			
	Lamanca			
Kingdom of St. Leon	.....	10,750	665,432	Leon, Douro, Astorga, Salamanca, Zamora.
Kingdom of Majorca	Islands of Majorca, Cabrera, and Ivica ..	1,150	136,000	Palma, Alcadia, &c.
Island of Minorca	.....	360	27,000	Mahon, Celladella, &c.
			10,308,505	

of Spain are more rainy than Devonshire, while the centre provinces are as dry and parched as Barbary. The rude agricultural Gallician, the industrious manufacturing artisan of Barcelona, the gay and voluptuous Andalusian, and the business-like Castilian are all Spaniards; but they no more resemble each other than do the characters at a masquerade."

In our next article we shall endeavour to give a short *résumé* of the history of this remarkable people.

THE DREAM OF THE NIGHT.

In one of the western counties of Ireland, about twenty years ago, there stood a stately mansion in the midst of a mountainous and rather wild district. It had all the incongruities of architecture which characterise those buildings which had been erected in the age of lawless violence and petty warfare; the close windows, and castellated walls of the days of the Kernes and gallow-glasses, "tories and rapparees," from time to time surrounded and half-hidden by gay terraces and airy apartments, marking the gradual triumph of peace and law. It was imbosomed by woods of native oak and mountain ash; and the bleak hills above, if they were not picturesque, were at least useful. In summer they afforded pasturage to sheep and cattle, and in winter their furze was the retreat of large numbers of grouse, partridges, and hares. The furniture of the interior of the mansion in a great measure corresponded with its outward appearance. One or two fauteuils and light slender chairs seemed intruding amongst their highbacked and massive companions; the plate, the pictures, and even the books, belonged to the last century. The owner of these premises was a Mr. Everard Cotherell, the descendant of a military adventurer in the wars under Elizabeth, who by his marriage with the daughter of the chieftain of the district had succeeded to the inheritance, and by his winning manners and kind-heartedness had secured the allegiance and affections of the clan. The estate was for the most part marsh or mountain, and was at the period of our tale let at exorbitant rents, which were seldom paid up, and then chiefly in farm labour. But Mr. Cotherell was a man who never went to extremes with his tenantry. It was the boast of the district that for centuries back no Cotherell had ever sent a poor man's cow to the pound, or taken the roof from over the head of the widow or the orphan. The present owner was a man of retired habits, who resided constantly upon his estate, occupying himself with his farming pursuits or his books. He seldom went to Dublin, and then only on business, as neither his purse nor his tastes enabled him to enjoy the gaieties or dissipations of the metropolis. He had at home society which he valued more than he could have done that of the gayest or the wittiest, or most learned—a wife, whom he had married for love, and loved now, if possible, more ardently than ever, and a daughter in the full bloom of youth and beauty. Upon the latter he and Mrs. Cotherell actually doted. Her education had from her birth occupied all their leisure hours; and as she was their only child, they were looking forward with calm pleasure to the day, when, as the wife of a man of high birth, a model of manly beauty, the possessor of a refined and dignified mind, she would become the mistress of the "old house at Rathnagru." Pleased would they then lay down their wearied heads and say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servants depart in peace, for our eyes have seen thy salvation."

Mary Cotherell was, when our story commences, about eighteen, and her appearance told at once of the mixed race from which she sprang. Her fair hair and mild blue eye were decidedly Saxon, but the comic expression about the mouth, the expressive, but by no means disagreeable, prominence of the features, the rapid succession of light and shade by which her emotions showed themselves upon her lively, speaking face, told of a mingling of Celtic blood as plainly as the family papers or genealogy. The Celtic character showed itself still more as one watched the current of her quiet existence. Extravagant joy at the prospect of any of the little pleasures of a country life (for she knew no others), was succeeded by extravagant grief at the commonest disappointment, the death or mishap of the meanest of her favourite animals. Her language was generally figurative and impassioned, and her sympathy for the poor unbounded. She had lived amongst them, been brought up amongst them; in short, they were almost her only friends. She wailed at the wakes, and ministered closely and soothingly by the bedside of the sick amongst the tenantry, carried food, wine, and medicine from the "big house" in her own hands; but, nevertheless, it never entered her head that it was kind of her to do so, or that she was giving a proof of what modern young ladies call "Christian benevolence," and make its objects feel that it is pure charity. It came to her as a daily duty, as much as eating her breakfast, and, it must be confessed, rather more agreeably than saying her prayers. She was, it may be readily believed, the idol of the peasantry, the more so, as she and all her family were still stanch adherents of the "ould religion." When, to all we have mentioned, you add a little occasional pettishness and wilfulness, a decided manifestation in some instances of a determination to have her own way, you have before you as good a picture as I can give of what Mary Cotherell was when first I knew her. It must not be supposed that Mr. Cotherell's retired life caused him to be forgotten by his city friends. Like all the Irish gentry of the period, his hospitality was too lavish to render that by any means probable. His dinners were certainly by no means so *recherché* as were to be met with in Merrion-square, nor the attendance so exact and satisfactory, nor the rooms so comfortable; in short, there was not one department of his *ménage* with which a fastidious exquisite might not find a thousand faults. But there was an indescribable charm about the plentiful dinners of game fresh from the moors, and fish from the stream, beef and mutton "killed on the premises," and piled on the table in masses fit for Cylops, vegetables fresh from the garden, and, above all, the flowing bumpers of whiskey-punch at the close, quaffed by all with a most pleasing disregard to the proprieties of city life. And there was the fine stud of hunters, upon which Mr. Cotherell so prided himself, and which were at all times at the disposal of his guests, not one of which ever "stopped at a wall, or looked for a gap," and which possessed that familiarity with bogs and morasses so necessary in Irish animals of their class; and there was the unlimited supply of game scattered over miles of a romantic country, to exercise the muscular powers, and sharpen the appetite for the joys of evening. Then after tea there was the music and the dancing—not the piece of tame formality known under the name of dancing in England, but a dashing, rollocking, jovial, lively sort of amusement, carried on amidst merry jokes and hearty laughter, and with a degree of vigorous exertion of the lower extremities, unknown at evening parties at the present day.

It need cause no surprise, then, when we inform our readers that no sooner had the shooting-season set in than a host of young barristers, students, and "young men about town," connexions and acquaintances, more or less intimate, of the Cotherell family, might be seen packing themselves on the top of the Galway mail, or into the long boxes, dignified by the name of "passage-boats," which used to start, and, for aught we know to the contrary, start still, from Portobello-bridge, *en route* to Rathnagru House. Down they came in swarms, each one hurrying to secure as good a bedroom as possible, pulling the old butler by the ear, or half flinging him down stairs, by way of announcing his arrival. That functionary, having, of course, the utmost respect for all his master's friends, and holding all "gintlemin" in the utmost reverence, seldom made any comment upon these modes of salutation, beyond observing "that the gintlemin was always mighty hilaryus when they was afthur comin' from the city."

By degrees the ladies would begin to arrive too, for one sex never establishes itself long anywhere alone. Then the gentlemen would have to relinquish the bedrooms, one by one, and take up their night abode on the sofas, and often on the floor of the sitting-rooms, carrying on at all times tremendous fun and frolic, and making a great uproar, to the manifest gratification of the whole household.

Among the number was a young man named Robert Croughton, a student of Trinity College, who was just finishing his course. He was the son of an old and intimate friend of Mr. Cotherell's; and as he came each summer, with unfailing regularity, he was received with a larger share of welcome than fell to the lot of most of the visitors of Rathnagru. None of them were ever invited. They came or stayed away, as pleased their fancy, and were always cheerfully received; but

the absence of any one individual from these yearly reunions seldom excited any attention, beyond a passing remark. Croughton, however, was always calculated upon, and always arrived. The ladies considered him an indispensable portion of the company, and the gentlemen thought him a "decent, harmless fellow." He was always the first to reach the drawing-room after dinner, and was the only one known to stay in from shooting or "tracing" hares, on a bracing snowy morning, to copy music or read poetry. His tastes and disposition may be easily guessed; he was gentle and refined in his manners, averse to coarse pleasures, fond of ladies' society, given to literary pursuits, full of an ardent and impassioned sentimentality, which found vent in very middling pieces of poetry, and possessed an intimate acquaintance with the language, habits, manners, and legends of the Irish peasantry. He was intended by his father for one of the "learned professions," but he possessed one feeling which would have proved a bar to his success in any one of them—a strong repugnance to work of any kind, and a total want of energy. He would have been content to lead for ever a flowery, joyous life at Rathnagru, amongst the ladies, the fields, and the horses, and cursed his hard fate when the close of the vacation called him back to college. Of middle height, with fair, curling hair, regular but pleasing features, and delicate complexion, he was the beau-ideal of what young misses term "interesting."

To make a long story short, he had, during his repeated visits, fallen in love with Mary Cotherell, and had pressed his suit with all the ardour of which his susceptible and highly-wrought nature was capable. By her he was at once accepted, and the parents, on both sides, after mature deliberation, came to the conclusion that it was, perhaps, the best thing that could happen. Repeated failures in college had inspired Croughton's father with grave doubts as to his son's success when thrown upon his own resources in the great world, and he thought the life of a country squire would just suit him. Mr. Cotherell judged rightly that he would make a good husband for Mary, and a kind landlord for the tenantry. What more was wanted? Finally, it was arranged that they should be married as soon after he had obtained his degree as possible. It seems to me as if but yesterday that, on the evening of the day on which the preliminaries were all arranged, they were my *vis-à-vis* in a quadrille we were dancing in the old drawing-room at Rathnagru. I remember with what admiration I gazed on them, as they leaned against the cabinet, while the end couples were going through the figure, their whole soul and attention wrapped in their own conversation, and the love-light beaming from their eyes, and with what fervour I responded to the emphatic exclamation of my partner, "*Aren't* they a nice couple!"

One morning, two or three weeks before the scene I have just been describing, and just previous to the expected arrival of Croughton and the other guests from Dublin, Mr. Cotherell came down to breakfast, unusually sad and silent. This sombre melancholy, which deepened during the day, excited the attention of Mary and her mother, and led them to inquire the cause. He at first replied that it was nothing of consequence, and towards evening made an effort to appear cheerful. That it was only an effort, however, was quite apparent, and at tea Mrs. Cotherell gently remonstrated with him upon keeping the source of annoyance or anxiety concealed from her.

"Well, my dear," he replied, "since you press me, I'll tell you; but I know you'll think me silly; and so I am, perhaps, but I can't help it. I dreamt last night that I was standing with Mary upon the bank of a rushing, roaring river, swollen, turbid, and muddy, and that she suddenly—I couldn't tell how—fell in. Bevis" (a favourite greyhound) "was standing at my side, and plunged in after her, and, seizing her dress in his mouth, made an effort to swim towards the bank. But all in vain. The torrent carried them away. Mary I saw, rising and falling with the heaving of the water; and, my God!" said he, with a sudden start, shuddering as he spoke, "can I ever forget the frightful expression of her eyes, as they were fixed upon me, as I thought for the last time! I awoke with the fright, and could not sleep again during the whole night. I have tried in vain to shake it off, but it has left an extraordinary impression upon me, for which I cannot account. I could not help starting, as if in terror, when I saw Mary entering the room this morning."

When he had finished, Mary looked a little graver than usual, and said, after a moment's thought, "Peggy Fegan says it's bad to dream of muddy water—I wonder is it."

"Tush, child! it's all old women's folly. You must have been ill, my dear," said Mrs. Cotherell, turning to her husband; "indigestion, or something of that kind."

So the matter dropped for the present. By Mary and her mother it was soon forgotten, in the excitement of preparation for the visitors, but it was evident Mr. Cotherell still brooded over it. Even when Croughton had come down, and Mary was his affianced bride, her father stayed constantly near, riding and walking close beside her, and exercising so close a supervision, as it were, over the two lovers, that Croughton felt rather annoyed at it, as he considered, and rightly too, that there was now less occasion for it than ever.

One snowy morning the gentlemen had all gone out to course, if coursing it could be called, when the poor hare had to escape from powerful dogs through deep, soft snow. After a long chase on the hills, puss, hard pressed, ran towards the house, near to which the trampling of men, horses, and cattle, had either melted the snow, or rendered the footing firmer. Loth to leave this favourable position for certain death in the wastes beyond, the poor animal took refuge in the farm-yard. Rushing into the dairy with frightened haste, she ran behind some pails, under a bench near which Miss Cotherell was standing, talking to some poor women, who were collected to receive their daily allowance of buttermilk. She stooped directly, with girlish eagerness, to secure the hare, and just as she did so, Bevis, the hound, came bounding in and made towards her, and, darting, open-mouthed, at his prey, slightly wounded her mistress's hand with her fang.

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed, "papa's dream is now fulfilled; so it is nothing but a scratch after all. I must run and tell him." She did so, but he looked graver than ever, and kissed her with an earnest sadness that for the moment surprised and alarmed her. But it was soon forgotten when Robert Croughton kissed her too, and condoled with her upon her wound.

The winter months soon passed round, and summer, so welcome to lawyers, students, prime ministers, and beggars, came again, and a merry party was once more collected in Rathnagru, but this time to witness the wedding. It was to come off in three weeks, and all were in high spirits, save Mr Cotherell, who, still gloomy, sombre, and foreboding, seemed more occupied in seeing to the safe-keeping of the dog Bevis, which he had kept tied up in a stable ever since the accident we have mentioned, than in preparation for the approaching festivities. A fortnight was still to come—to the lovers it seemed a year—before their union, when the whole household were aroused, early one morning, by wild and piercing shrieks, issuing from Mary Cotherell's bedroom. Father, mother, guests, servants, all rushed, in wild affright, to the spot. When there, a scene met their view which might well cause the stoutest heart to throb convulsively, and the sternest brow to blanch its colour. Crouching in a corner of the room was the unhappy Mary, in her night-dress, her eyes glaring with maniacal light, and around those lips from which Croughton had so often kissed the soft dew of love, he was now horrified to see the foam hanging in thick wreaths.

"Keep away from me! I'm mad!" she exclaimed. "And take away the dog—the dog, I tell you!" pointing, with frantic gestures towards the water-basin—"the dog is in that water! Take him away directly, or—or he'll devour me;" and the word "*devour*" was prolonged into a fierce, wild shriek. Her father alone had the courage and presence of mind to approach her. Walking towards her with the calmness and devotion of despair, he took her in his arms, although she resisted with frightful energy, and, laying her in the bed, held her down, while they sent for a doctor. He came; but why prolong the sad story. What pleasure or profit should I derive from relating, or the reader from perusing, the details of the awful scene which followed,—the ravings of the maniac, for ever lost in this life, the prolonged swooning of the mother, the calm but unfathomable grief of the father, and the wild despair of the unhappy lover! In a few days, she was borne to the grave by the same means that her fathers had been for generations before, upon the shoulders of the faithful and sorrowing tenantry; and the peasant girls, in white

dresses, and bearing in their hands white rods, as a token that a maiden had gone to her rest, formed the van of the sad procession. Mother and father, broken-hearted, soon followed to that better land where the weary are at rest; and when last I heard of Croughton he was a missionary in South Africa.

Of the old house nothing remains but the mouldering walls, and the estate itself was brought to the hammer, a few days ago, in the Encumbered Estates Court for the benefit of the heirs-at-law.

THE IRISH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

Thursday, June the 10th, was a great day in Cork, says our able contemporary, the *Athenæum*. The city—rich at all times in natural beauties, wood and water, fine streets, picturesque bridges and commanding heights,—and now full of strangers from every part of the British isles, the representatives of royalty, literature, science, industry, and the Fine Arts—presented to the eye a spectacle as imposing in its outward forms as it was suggestive in its moral meanings. Cork is a city of great architectural possibilities. Its harbour is almost unrivalled. Its wharves are broad, clean, and well located. Its main thoroughfares are wide, straight, and capacious. Its houses are lofty. Altogether it reminds the traveller of New York more than any other city in Europe. But when the tourist turns from the pictorial to the social aspects of the place, the parallel ceases. The new world has no scenes to show like those of transpontine Cork. Here, poverty sits in the highway nursing its rags; not with that hopeful fierceness and impatience which a starving Saxon exhibits in his distress,—but with a rosy merriment and good humour, as if the Celt, "being native here and to the manner born," were in love with misery. Here, at least there are ready wits and strong arms waiting on Providence for a task to perform. Cork is also a city of great social possibilities.

The Irish Industrial Exhibition is for Cork and for the south of Ireland an event of much importance. Exaggerated notions are no doubt entertained by some; the over-sanguine expect from it the most varied and irreconcilable benefits, and even sober people look to it for the industrial regeneration of this country. It is in the order of nature that this eagerness of expectation should suffer some rebuke from the literal facts; but from what has already transpired in reference to the collection of industrial products now housed in Cork, it is certain that an impetus will be given to native manufactures,—and it is probable that of the thousands of strangers who will be drawn to Ireland by the attractions of the prose Crystal Palace, some few may be induced by the combined attractions of natural beauty, good living, and cheap estates to settle in the neighbourhood. Such ideas, however, though they may seem sanguine enough in the meridian of London, would be denounced as cold and sceptical in the atmosphere of Cork. Under the glowing light of a fierce sunshine—amid the noise and dazzle of a military display—in the fervour of a new set of sensations—men's minds are in a state of moral intoxication. To them it appears that Ireland has obtained a new lease of national life. The phrase of our native prelate—

"Westward the tide of empire seems to flow"—

is now on every tongue; and the almost simultaneous opening of the submarine telegraph between Howth and Holyhead—which brings Dublin within a few seconds of London—and of the Irish Industrial Exhibition at Cork, is regarded less in the national aspect of an evidence of steady Imperial progress than as a cabalistic sign of accomplished emancipation.

This exuberant unreality of fancy is not, however, difficult to understand and appreciate. The material and practical are as yet novelties in Ireland. The generation of living men was nursed in fanciful and legendary superstitions. The national schools have done much to banish the banshee—hosts of Saxon tourists have wellnigh driven the phantom steed from the waters of Killarney—the railway has scared will-o'-the-wisp from the moors and mosses of the great central plains of the island. But the early homes of those who now have to deal with the practical Saxon on the exchange and in the corn market were tenanted by the fairies. The elfin tribes are going; but they will, of course, leave some inheritance of fancy and superstition—some elements of the unreal and the grotesque behind them. In time these, too, will follow;—and probably few events could have accelerated their flight more effectively than the Exhibition now open in Cork.

The structure in which the Exhibition is held is partly new. The site is the Corn Market, on Albert Quay, fronting the picturesque heights along which winds the Glanmoire-road. Nothing could be better as to situation;—for the ships ride along the edge of the quay within a dozen yards of the entrance gates, and a handsome and capacious bridge crosses the sea at this point. The Corn Exchange proper forms one end or nave of the structure. The other nave, the principal showroom in the building—and called the Hall of the Fine Arts—is a half-barrel of wood, very much like the hull of a huge ship turned upside down. Wings are added—also of a temporary character—for the more useful articles. Light is admitted by a strip of glass along the roof—as in some railway stations in England. An eye familiar with the graceful outlines and material brilliancy of the Crystal Palace in Hyde-park wanders with some impatience about an interior so devoid of beauty and originality. From no point is the edifice imposing; though there is one view—that from the floor of the Corn Exchange proper down the half-barrel towards the point ending with the great organ—which is decidedly pretty. The walls are covered with crimson cloth—and this in its turn is almost covered with paintings, worsted work, and engravings. Works have been sedulously collected from Irish artists of eminence, whether settled in London or elsewhere. Thus, we have once more Macdowall's "Eve and Psyche," and Foley's two large figures—the "Youth at a Fountain," and the "Wanderer"—in the hall. Maclise's "Spirit of Justice"—a fresco of which he has executed for the House of Lords—is conspicuously placed, as it ought to be in such a collection. Of the merits or demerits of these productions nothing more *is* to be said—and for the remainder of the fine arts it is almost a charity to say nothing.

The real interest of the Exhibition centres in the industrial products. This is the case not only as to the social consequences of the gathering, but even as to the skill displayed. Foley and Maclise are a credit to Ireland, no doubt; but their triumphs are individual and exceptional—producing no results for the country or for the race. The excellence displayed by the weaver and the lace-maker is of social and political importance; and in this department of the Exhibition we cannot award our praises too warmly. The poplins of Irish manufacture, the laces of Limerick and Belfast, are already famous wherever fineness of tissue and delicacy of finish are appreciated, and their reputation must be increased by the many exquisite specimens here shown to the fair and fashionable visitors. In this direction the Irish Exhibition will probably do a great service to native industry. The Crystal Palace was not particularly rich in specimens of Irish work—one reason, among others, for the effort now being made in Cork; and thousands of persons retired from that vast collection without being struck with the minute beauty of the island products. This omission, so far as the tourists to Cork are concerned, may now be rectified.

That these tourists will be many during the summer which has now set in with what Walpole calls "its usual severity," there are reasons to expect. By the perfection of the Irish railway system the distance is reduced to that of journeys which the most timid tourist will undertake without alarm. Cork is now as near to London as Boulogne—Killarney is not so far as St. Goar. The sea voyage is not more formidable than that between Dover and Ostend, and the scenery of the road is far finer. The Bay of Dublin, though in no respect like the Bay of Naples, is very superior to the roadstead of Ostend. The marine and mountain views in North Wales are grander than the Valley of Liége. Cork itself, the Cove, Blarney, Glengariff and the three lakes of Killarney present a combination of natural attractions not easily surpassed in continental Europe. And where on the way to the Rhine is there a scene like Bangor—between Snowdon and the sea—or a work of human enterprise and power like the Britannia-bridge?

But the hope for Ireland lies, not more in the tide of Saxon tourists which may now be expected to pour along its plains and mountain paths, than in those great material links which are binding it into closer fellowship with England and Europe. Last week the magnetic wires were laid from Anglesea to

Dublin; while the representative of English royalty was inaugurating the Irish festival of Industry in Cork on Thursday, workmen were employed in laying down fresh wires between Port Patrick and Donaghadee. Thus will England touch the sister island north and south. Belfast and Glasgow will be united at one end of the chain, London and Dublin at the other. By these means Ireland is connected materially—we were about to say spiritually—with the whole of continental Europe.

The visitor to the Cork Exhibition will scarcely fail to stumble on the morals of the scene and of the country. In the streets, by the quays and bridges, at the doorways of the temporary structure in which the works of Irish genius are collected, he will see thousands of men, women, and children in the most abject state of poverty, basking in the sun or crouching in the rain like the lazzaroni of Naples—a race to which steady labour is entirely unknown. In the suburbs he will find a soil unsurpassed in fertility, an atmosphere humid, but not unhealthy to man, and particularly favourable to vegetation. Within the walls he will notice evidence of a remarkable capacity for handwork. Capital and guiding intellect are wanted to complete the series of productive agents. But with these added—these outer, and, so to speak, foreign elements—the industrial resources of Ireland might be developed to an indefinite extent. The Saxon may easily bring these into the island.

As the Vice-Regal court rode through the town on Wednesday, in all the pomp and circumstance of majesty, with waving banners, prancing horses, peals of artillery, and multitudinous shouts, we noticed, under the shadow of the Cork Industrial Palace, and moored to the pier of the bridge over which the gorgeous procession passed, an emigrant ship bound for New York. It was crowded with hale and adult labourers and their families. These poor people were compelled to leave their native land. They had been cottiers—evicted to clear ground,—workhouse children—and the lazzaroni of Irish towns. They were leaving a country in which there were thousands of acres of uncultivated ground. They were advertised to sail next day,—and while the Lord Lieutenant was listening in the Exhibition to addresses which assured him that a new prosperity is about to dawn on Ireland, the emigrant ship unmoored, and began to drop down the river in search of new homes for its occupants. What a contrast between the crowds on the bridge and the crowds on deck! Rightly scanned, the whole moral of the Irish Industrial Exhibition may be found in the tale of that departing ship.

EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A LEARNED ANTIQUARY.

Professor Stark is a most estimable man, and very learned in antiquities. You have no doubt read, or at least heard, of his erudite works on the ancients; but, possibly, you may not be acquainted with him personally. Besides the many artistic and historical antiquities, Etrurian washhand-basins, or Ethiopian pocket-handkerchiefs, which Professor Stark possesses—among the many venerable curiosities which ornament his house, the learned gentleman includes an old housekeeper, who is a perfect Megaera, in an anti-classical sense, and, in accordance with her destiny, makes his life miserable, and boils his coffee for him early every morning. We must not forget to mention that the worthy Professor is now engaged in giving a series of lectures on the "line of beauty in the Greek ideal." This housekeeper and an owl, which the professor calls "Minerva," and regards as the symbol of classic wisdom and æsthetic science—probably because it is unable to bear the daylight of common sense—are the only living beings who, during the absence of the Professor, are permitted to intrude upon his *sanctum*—that is to say his study; the former however, not, as might be supposed, to clean the room, but for the purpose of feeding the "symbol of wisdom." For, although the Professor is of such a gentle disposition, that, as the saying runs, he could not "offend an infant," yet, in spite of this lamb-like nature, he would turn into a roaring lion if he only suspected that Brigitta had moved his paper or brushed the dust from his "vases." A short time ago, however, this is said to have changed As I have heard the rumour, it runs thus:—

One day—so I have been told—the unfortunate Brigitta, who, like all women, has a natural inclination for dusting and scouring,—one day, therefore, as Brigitta, giving way to temptation, was occupied in removing half an inch of dust from a piece of potteryware, which the learned Professor has christened "fragment of an Etrurian urn," he entered his study, and caught her in the very act. Terrified at the consequences of her deed, she let the "fragment" fall from her trembling hands, and the next moment the "Etrurian urn" lay broken into a dozen pieces on the floor.

Rage and despair paralysed the Professor's tongue. His lips moved, but no sound was heard to issue from them. Silently he pointed towards the door, and Brigitta, understanding the pantomime, did not require a second admonition.

For four whole weeks Brigitta did not dare to show herself to the Professor. The owl was only fed when he was giving his lectures, and its master's coffee was always on the table before he came down in the morning. This state of affairs was in no wise agreeable, and Brigitta at length determined to alter it. No sooner was the idea adopted than she set to work to carry it out.

One morning the neighbours saw the Professor's housekeeper leave the house in a mysterious manner, and provided with a covered basket. It was several hours before she returned, without even stopping a moment to gossip at a house close by with a "dear friend." No one could say where she had been, or what business she could have had in the town, as it was not market-day. Brigitta herself preserved a mysterious, and, for her, most unusual silence. The next morning, when the Professor descended from his bedroom to his study, he was extremely surprised to see two unmistakably-ancient, though tolerably-preserved vases, which did not belong to his collection, standing on the table by his coffee. He could scarcely believe his eyes,—looked again, examined, admired, and at length, after an hour of silent ecstasy, only broken by a few exclamations of astonishment, arrived at the conclusion that the said vases were "Celtic drinking-cups," which he had long but hitherto unsuccessfully desired to possess. When he arrived at this result, he remembered the mysterious manner in which he had found these "precious relics of a lost civilisation" on his table. Could they be a present from a learned friend at a distance? In that case there must be some letters, or a commentary. Some one—and here his brow overclouded at the thought that this "some one" could be no other than Brigitta—must have opened the package, and have drawn the "drinking-cup" from their wrappers. He trembled at the possible idea that the unhallowed hand of a "woman" should have placed these treasures in the danger of destruction.

In the mean time the coffee had become cold,—a circumstance which, in connection with his irrepressible desire to solve the riddle, gave the Professor courage to call "Brigitta" in a somewhat loud voice.

Fortunately, she happened to be in a side room, where a window in the door gave her an opportunity of watching the silent monotony which the Professor held over the "Celtic drinking-cups."

She therefore opened the door, and inquired in a careless voice, what were the Professor's orders?

"My coffee is quite cold, Brigitta," he replied, without removing his eyes from the Celtic treasures.

"I'm sure it's not my fault," replied the old housekeeper, in a sour tone, wishing, at the same time, to regain the ground she had lost.

"Yes, yes, I know that,—it's of no consequence; but—a-hem!—can you tell me how these *Celtic drinking-cups* came to be placed upon my table? Eh!"

"They are drinking-cups, are they? Well, I thought they were something else."

"And what did you believe them to be, Brigitta?" inquired the Professor, whose critical ideas were all attention.

As, however, Brigitta maintained a determined silence, the Professor asked where she had found them?

"In the garden,—down there by the potato beds," was the reply.

"So, so! hem! How deep were they under the surface?"

"Six or seven feet, or thereabout."

"I thought so," murmured the Professor, regarding the

"drinking-cups" with affection. "Tell me, my good Brigitta, what you intend doing with them? Would you—hem!—might I—"

"Well, I found them in your garden. If they please you, of course you can have them; but if you imagine that you owe me any thanks—"

"Ask anything you like," interrupted the Professor eagerly.

"Well, then," continued Brigitta, raising her voice, and throwing everything in this last card,—"I wish you would let me dust and put in order your study every Saturday evening."

The Professor started up as if a tarantula had bitten him, and then hurried up and down his room with hasty steps. At last he stood still and said,—

"Listen, Brigitta; I promised you, and, of course, will not break my word. Dust as much as you like, in the name of all that's horrid; but I promise you that, if you manage to break anything, you shall not stop an hour longer in the house. Now you may bring me my coffee."

Evil tongues will maintain that Brigitta found the "Celtic drinking-cups" among the rubbish of a potter's workshop, after having inspected hundreds of broken pots with critical eyes. At last the two "drinking-cups" were found, which appeared to include the necessary properties of antiquity. The Professor, however, gave to the world, a few months after, a very admirable and profoundly learned work, in two volumes, on "*The various Artistic Shapes observable in Celtic and Scandinarian Vases, and especially in ancient Drinking-cups of those Nations;*" a work which was received with all the more satisfaction by connoisseurs, from the fact that the title-pages presented engravings of two very rare and remarkable "Celtic drinking-cups."

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Francis Augustus, Viscount Chateaubriand, was born at Comboug, in Brittany, in 1769. At the age of seventeen he joined the regiment of Navarre, in which he remained for a considerable time. The French revolution drove him from Europe. He sailed to America, wandered to the wilds of Kentucky, and, after a residence there of two years, he crossed the wilds of Texas and New Mexico, as far as Cape Mendocino, on the Pacific coast. This long journey furnished the materials for his "Natches," a sort of poetic prose composition, in which he describes the habits of our western Indians. Returning to Europe in 1792, he resumed his military career, was wounded at the siege of Thionville, and soon after repaired to England. Here he wrote his "Historical, Political, and Moral Essay on Ancient and Modern Revolutions, considered in Relation to the French Republic. When Napoleon appeared, he discarded this work, abjured his liberal opinions, and became a warm supporter of that singular man. In 1802 he published his "Genius of Christianity," which rendered him so popular in France that he was induced to return, and, with Fontanes and La Harpe, became joint editor of the *Mercury*. In the following year he became Secretary to the Roman Legation, under Cardinal Fesch, at which time he conceived the idea of writing his "Martyrs," a religious poem not versified. He was afterwards appointed French Minister in the Valais, but soon after resigned. In 1806 he visited the East—Greece, Asia Minor, Palestine, Egypt, and Carthage, and returned through France in 1807. According to his own words, he brought back, as mementoes of his pilgrimage, a dozen pebbles from Argos, Sparta, and Corinth, a phial of water from the Jordan, another from the Dead Sea, and a handful of sedge from the banks of the Nile. On his return to France, he was deprived of his share in the *Mercury*, on account of some remarks which appear to have irritated Napoleon; and from this time his opinion of the emperor underwent a gradual though total change. Aware that he was the object of suspicion to the government, he took occasion, in his "Journey from Paris to Jerusalem," to praise the emperor's conduct and policy, especially that part of it which referred to military affairs. After the disasters consequent upon the Russian war, Chateaubriand openly announced his hostility to Napoleon, and his adherence to the house of Bourbon. These sentiments are fully embodied in his pamphlet entitled, "Of Bonaparte and the Bourbons," in which he strongly denounced the emperor, and avowed himself an ultra-royalist.

By other pamphlets in a similar style, he ingratiated himself with the old dynasty, was received at court after Napoleon's first banishment, fled with Louis XVIII. to Ghent, and again returned with him to Paris. Honours such as royalty can confer now crowded fast upon him. In August, 1815, he was made peer and minister of state; in March of the following year he became a member of the Academy. His feelings, his influence, were now decidedly royal; yet in his "Monarchy According to the Charter," he indulged himself in some reflections so offensive to the crown, that he was dismissed from the office of Secretary of State. From this time until 1820 he continued to publish various works, chiefly as a political character. It is related of him that when the Duke of Bordeaux was baptised, he presented the Duchess of Berri with a phial of water brought from the Jordan. In 1820 Chateaubriand was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Berlin; in the following year Minister of State and Member of the Privy Council. In 1822 he was appointed Extraordinary Ambassador to London, and on his return to France in the same year he succeeded the Duke of Montmorenci in the department of Foreign Affairs. On the 4th of June, 1824, he was dismissed, under symptoms of disapprobation; but on the death of Louis he again obtained the favour of the court by his "The King is Dead—Long Live the King." But, as he failed in obtaining a place in the ministry, he threw his whole influence with the opposition, and, by means of the public press, attacked the ministers with great bitterness and much success. His famous pamphlet "On the Abolition of the Censorship," in which he declared that a representative government without the liberty of the press is worthless, gained him great applause. In 1826 he advocated the cause of Greek freedom, both by his pen and in the Chamber of Peers.

Chateaubriand's health now began to fail; and though he continued to be engaged in politics and literature until very recently, yet it was with less success than formerly. His principal labour was his superintending the publication of a complete edition of his works, for which he received five hundred and fifty thousand francs. On returning from a voyage to Dieppe, in 1847, such alarming symptoms of disease manifested themselves, as left no room to doubt that his death was very near. Medical assistance was vain; and on the 4th of July, 1848, he died at his house in the Rue de Bac, at nine o'clock in the morning. The funeral service was attended by an immense concourse of the great and fashionable of Paris, and M. Patin, a member of the Academy, pronounced the oration over his body. His remains were afterwards transported to St. Malo, his native place, where they were deposited in a tomb on a high rock overlooking the sea, a fitting resting-place for the poet-politician.

FREEDOM.

Mankind have bent beneath Oppression long;
The rack and scourge have crush'd their native fire;—
Yet shall grey Error and case-harden'd wrong
Light the whole earth with their funereal pyre.

For falsehood shall not ever reign. The night
That o'er the Arctic icebergs spreads its pall,
Long as it lasts, yields to the morning light
That throws its golden radiance over all.

So shall emerge from out the fatal gloom
That hath o'ershadowed every noble thought
Freedom's inspiring form, while round her bloom
The glories which man's sufferings well have bought.
Undreamed-of blessings then will have their birth
And love and joy illume the new-created earth.

Bradford, Yorkshire. Joseph Arthur Binns.

A Railway in Difficulties.—A circumstance, perhaps unprecedented in railway annals, has within the last few days, occurred to the Preston and Longridge Railway, the result of which has been that the line has been unavoidably closed, the locomotive power, carriages, and all the rolling stock having been taken possession of and sold under a warrant of execution!

"WHEN THE WINE'S IN," &c.

THE context is familiar enough to everybody, no doubt. The engraving represents a scene by no means unusual. The passengers are evidently sailors, and all of them the worse for their cups. It is difficult to know how they keep their places, seeing they are so perfectly restless and reckless. The one sitting 'longside the driver will probably soon capsize himself, and have a broken limb or a fractured skull. Another has lost his hat, and is threatened to be deluged with the contents of the bottle which his mad brother holds over him, and will most likely be sadly wounded with its broken fragments. What a wonder it will be if they reach their destination without some serious accident! To speak to the eye and the heart is one of the great ends of painting. Garrick has well expressed it in his epitaph on Hogarth:—

"Farewell great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art,
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart."

How happy should we be if the above description so arrested the eye and engaged the attention of our readers as to make them see and feel the great evils connected with the use of strong drink. When a man or woman becomes fond of these, everything is placed in jeopardy. The recklessness of the party depicted above, is but a faint representation of the lives and conduct of the votaries of the bottle. As soon as this new appetite is created, the health, the intellect, the morals, in fact all things connected with the wellbeing of man, are endangered. To the lovers of the tankard or the bottle, nothing is safe or secure. Much has been said of the ruin occasioned by these poisons, but the thousand thousandth part has not been told. Every parish has its histories of desolation and death from drink; and almost every family its tale of woe. The world could not contain the books that might be written on this melancholy subject. Who will venture to predict the end of the mad fellows described in our picture? Who would like to be in their position, or share their destiny? Here, then, is one of the warnings of that wisdom which continually utters her voice in the streets; and if our representation and remarks should induce our readers to resolve never to touch poisons which can so thoroughly unman men, and peril their every prospect for this world and that to come, we should rejoice at the thought that one great object which THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND has kept in view,—namely, the emancipation of the people from whatever can debase or injure them, has been accomplished.

The scene chosen by the artist reminds us of an event which occurred a little distance from the house where we were staying a few years ago. The owner of a pothouse had proposed to spend the Sunday with some of his brother innkeepers about four miles from home, and to give his wife and some other friends a holiday also. These gentlemen often choose the Sunday for their recreations. Our neighbour, on the fatal occasion we are about to mention, had, like the gentry in our picture, hired a light vehicle, and at the appointed hour drove away with his party. The horse travelled rapidly along, and nothing particular happened during the journey. All were sober, and arrived with safety at the appointed rendezvous. After alighting, and the usual salutations of innkeepers with innkeepers, they sat down to the carousal, and the day was spent as jovially as the landlords, the landladies, and their associates could wish. As far as eating, drinking, jests, and polite obscenity rendered peculiarly savoury by a due proportion of oaths and profanity, could minister pleasure, they were all happy. Doubtless, as they all knew better, conscience every now and then uttered an unpleasant whisper; but then they all believed in the potency of the bowl to silence such an officious intruder, and an extra glass soon turned seriousness into laughter, and even religion, death, and eternity into a jest.

"WHEN THE WINE'S IN THE WIT'S OUT."

Pothouse theological and religious disputation not unfrequently arises from the struggle within. Conscience will go everywhere; even Lucifer has not yet been able to invent a lock which it can-

not pick, nor to forge a bolt which can exclude it even from the regions of darkness. It is as ubiquitous as ourselves, and therefore it enters the tavern; and as its voice is uppermost, and as men and women in liquor generally, like children, think aloud, religion is often upon the tapis of the beer-house kitchen or the parlour of the more polished and expensive tipplers; and nowhere is it more roughly handled. In the company referred to religion was not neglected, but then it was introduced to be condemned and scouted; for what could an assembly of swearers and drunkards say in praise of an austere judge who so severely reproved and condemned their vices.

Well, after having eaten all they could eat, and drunk all they could drink; and after exhausting every jest by uttering it several times over, and rendering every tale insipid by repetitions, the party broke up, and our neighbour, the pothouse keeper, with his wife and companions, ascended their car. It is true there were some fears when Boniface took the reins, because the horse was restive and the driver was the worse for liquor; but away they went. The wife, who was not much the worse for liquor, was alarmed, and in going down a hill persuaded her husband to alight and walk, and even suggested that a more sober man from the other car which accompanied them should take charge of the vehicle and the precious lives which it contained,—doubly precious, alas! because none of the passengers were fit for an exchange of worlds. Drunken men, however, fear nothing; and the landlord resolved to drive home without assistance. Whether from fright, from the drunkard's whip, or from some other cause, we know not, but the animal ran away, and in a few moments ran into another conveyance, precipitated the wife on the ground a lifeless corpse, and the innkeeper was prostrated by their side, perfectly stunned, in which condition he continued until the next day, when he awoke; and on inquiring for his partner, learned the sad news that she slept the sleep of death.

Comment is unnecessary. Our readers, knowing our principles, will not be surprised that we have devoted a portion of their FRIEND to a picture and article illustrative of the working man's bane—Intemperance.

THE THREE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESSES:

A MOORISH LEGEND.

THESE legendary celebrities were daughters of El Hayzari, the left-handed king. Early in his reign, Mohammed had found amongst the captives taken in one of his forays into the territories of the Christians, a damsel of transcendent beauty. The fair captive, and the old duenna who had been taken with her, were consigned to the royal harem, and in due time the former made the Moorish sovereign the proud and happy father of three lovely daughters, all born at a birth. Mohammed could have wished they had been sons, but consoled himself with the idea that three daughters at a birth were pretty well for a man somewhat stricken in years, and left-handed. As usual with all Moslem monarchs, he summoned his astrologers on this happy event. They cast the nativities of the three princesses, and shook their heads.

"Daughters, O king!" said the sages, "are always precarious property; but these will most need your watchfulness when they arrive at a manageable age; at that time gather them under your wings, and trust them to no other guardianship."

The threefold birth was the last matrimonial trophy of the monarch; his queen died soon after, bequeathing her infant daughters to his love, and to the fidelity of the discreet Kadiga,—for such was the name of the duenna.

Acting upon the advice of his astrologers, the cautious monarch sent his daughters, under the care of Kadiga, to be reared in the Castle of Salobrena. This was a sumptuous palace, surrounded by strong fortifications, and situated on the summit of a hill which overlooks the blue waters of the Mediterranean sea. Here the princesses remained, surrounded by all kinds of luxuries and amusements. They had delightful gardens for their recreation, filled with the rarest fruits and flowers, with aromatic groves and perfumed baths. On three sides the castle looked down on a rich valley, enamelled with all kinds of culture, and bounded by the lofty Alpuxarra mountains; on the other side it overlooked the broad sunny sea. In this delicious abode, in a propitious climate, and under a cloudless sky, the three princesses grew up into wondrous beauty. Years rolled on smoothly and serenely, the discreet Kadiga watching her precious charge with unremitting care. At a corner of the gardens which clothed the side of the hill on which the royal castle of Salobrena was built, was a small watch-tower fitted up as a pavilion, with latticed windows to admit the sea breeze. Here the princesses—whose names were Zayda, Zorayda, Zorahayda—used to pass the sultry hours of midday, taking their siesta, or noontide slumber. Here as the sisters were one day inhaling the healthful breezes wafted over the azure bosom of the Mediterranean, their attention was attracted by a galley which came coasting along with measured strokes of the oar. As it drew near, they observed that it was filled with armed men. The galley anchored at the foot of the tower, in which they sat, and a number of Moorish soldiers landed on the narrow beach, conducting several Christian prisoners. The fair occupants of the tower peeped cautiously through the close jalousies of the lattice, which screened them from sight, and perceived amongst the prisoners three Spanish cavaliers richly dressed. They were in the flower of youth and of noble presence; and the lofty manner in which they carried themselves, though loaded with chains, and surrounded with enemies, bespoke the grandeur of their souls. The princesses breathed with intense and breathless interest. Cooped up as they had been in this castle among female attendants, seeing nothing of the male sex but black slaves, or the rude fishermen of the sea-coast, it is not to be wondered at that the appearance of three gallant cavaliers, in the pride of youth and manly beauty, should produce in their unsophisticated bosoms sensations closely bordering upon the agreeable.

"Did ever nobler being tread the earth than that cavalier in crimson?" cried Zayda, the eldest of the sisters. "See how proudly he bears himself, as though all around him were his slaves!"

"But notice that one in green!" exclaimed Zorayda. "What grace! what elegance! what spirit!"

The gentle Zorahayda said nothing, but she secretly gave preference to the cavalier in green.

The princesses remained gazing until the prisoners were out of sight; then heaving long-drawn sighs, they turned round, looked at each other for a moment, and sat down, musing and pensive, on their ottomans. Weeks and months glided on, the fair sisters thinking only of the captive cavaliers, and becoming daily more and more under the influence of the fatal passion which the memory of them strengthened and confirmed. The progress of this dangerous and subtle disease was not unperceived by the sharp-sighted Kadiga. The discreet old woman became alarmed at the mischief which she had not the power to counteract or remove, and resolved to rid herself of her responsible charge, by intimating to Mohammed that his daughters had arrived at the marriageable age—the critical period at which the astrologers had warningly pointed. As he sat one day on a divan in one of the cool halls of the Alhambra, a slave arrived from the fortress of Salobrena, with a message from the wise Kadiga, congratulating him on the anniversary of his daughters' birthday. The slave at the same time presented a delicate little basket decorated with flowers, within which on a couch of vine and fig leaves, lay a peach, an apricot, and a nectarine, with their bloom, and down, and dewy sweetness upon them, and all in the early stage of tempting ripeness. The monarch was versed in the oriental language of fruit and flowers, and readily divined the meaning of the emblematical offering.

"The critical period has arrived," said he, "I must gather them under my wing, and trust to no other guardianship."

So saying, he ordered that a tower of the Alhambra should be prepared for their reception, and departed at the head of his guards for the fortress of Salobrena, to conduct them home in person. About three years had elapsed since Mohammed had beheld his daughters, and he could scarcely credit his eyes at the wonderful change which that small space of time had made in their appearance. During the interval, they had passed that wondrous boundary-line in female life which separates the crude, unformed, and thoughtless girl, from the blooming, blushing, meditative woman. It is like passing from the flat, bleak, uninteresting plains of La Mancha, to the voluptuous valleys and swelling hills of Andalusia.

Mohammed the left-handed, surveyed his blooming daughters with mingled pride and perplexity; for while he exulted in their charms, he bethought himself of the prediction of the astrologers. "Three daughters! three daughters!" muttered repeatedly to himself, "and all of a marriageable age! Here's tempting Hesperian fruit, that requires a dragon watch!"

He prepared for his return to Granada by sending heralds before him, commanding every one to keep out of the road by which he was to pass, and that all doors and windows should be closed at the approach of the princesses. He then set out, accompanied by his precious charge on three beautiful white palfreys, and escorted by a strong guard.

The cavalcade was drawing near to Granada, when it overtook, on the banks of the Xenil, a small body of Moorish soldiers, with a convoy of prisoners. It was too late for the soldiers to get out of the way, so they threw themselves on their faces on the earth, ordering their captives to do the same. Among the prisoners were the three identical cavaliers whom the princesses had seen from the pavilion. They either did not understand, or were too haughty to obey the order, and remained standing and gazing upon the cavalcade as it approached.

The ire of the monarch was kindled at this flagrant defiance of his orders. Drawing his scimitar and pressing forward, he was about to deal a left-handed blow that would have been fatal to at least one of the gazers, when the princesses crowded round him, and implored mercy for the offenders. Mohammed paused, with uplifted scimitar, when the captain of the guard threw himself at his feet, and exclaimed, "Let not your majesty do a deed that may cause great scandal throughout the kingdom. These are three brave and noble Spanish knights, who have been taken in battle, fighting like lions." "Enough!" said the king, "I will spare their lives, but punish their audacity: let them be taken to the Vermilion Towers, and put to hard labour." Whilst Mohammed had been making this harangue, the veils of the three princesses had been thrown back, and the radiance of their beauty revealed. Its effect upon the three cavaliers was instantaneous and complete. Quick as was this *cordial* victory, not less singular was the fact, that each of the love-vanquished cavaliers was enraptured with a several beauty. The cavalcade resumed its march, and reached the Alhambra: the Spanish captives were conducted to their allotted prison in the Vermilion Towers in the same fortress. The residence provided for the princess was one of the most dainty that fancy could devise. It was a tower somewhat apart from the main palace of the Alhambra, though connected with it by the wall which encircled the whole summit of the hill. On one side of it looked into the interior of the fortress, and had, at its foot, a small garden filled with the rarest flowers. On the other side it overlooked a deep ravine that separated the grounds of the Alhambra from those of the Generalife—the summer residence of the Moorish kings. The internal decorations of the tower were of the most gorgeous description.

But the memory of the noble cavaliers filled the fair charges of Kadiga with pensive and melancholy thoughts. In spite of all the luxury with which they were surrounded, they pined and faded; nothing could "minister to their minds diseased." The flowers yielded them no fragrance, and the song of the nightingale itself was harsh and jarring to their ears. In vain did the anxious Mohammed ransack the Zacatin of Granada for the richest silks and most precious jewels. He gave it up as a hopeless affair, and gave *carte blanche* to the discreet Kadiga, in whom his confidence was unbounded. The wise duenna was skilful in diseases of the heart, and knew the best medicine for her pining charge. The day before, she had discovered the *locale* of the Christian captives, and going privately to Hussein Baba, the big-whiskered, broad-shouldered renegado, in whose charge they were, and slipping a broad piece of gold into his itching palm, thus signified her wishes:—"My mistresses have heard of the musical talents of the three Spanish cavaliers, and are desirous of hearing a specimen of their skill. I am sure you are too kind-hearted to refuse them so innocent a gratification." The cautious Hussein was about to suggest obstacles and dangers, but they were all removed by the golden logic of Kadiga, and it was arranged that the cavaliers should be placed to work in the ravine at the bottom of the princesses' tower. The various scenes in the interesting drama which followed, need not be detailed. By the generous connivance of Hussein Baba, the lovers held converse by song and flower. Days and weeks flew by like so many hours, the mutual passion of the captives and their royal mistresses becoming strengthened by the very difficulties by which it was attended. At length there was an interruption in their telegraphic correspondence; for several days the cavaliers ceased to make their appearance in the glen. The three beautiful princesses looked out from the tower in vain. In vain they stretched out their swan-like necks from the balcony; in vain they sang like captive nightingales in their cage; nothing was to be seen of their Christian lovers; not a note responded from the groves. The discreet Kadiga was sent forth for intelligence, and soon returned with a face full of trouble. "Ah, my children!" cried the sorrowing duenna, "You may now hang up your lutes on the willows. The Spanish cavaliers are now ransomed by their families; they are down in Granada, and are preparing to return to their native country." The three beautiful princesses were in despair at the tidings. As soon as the first burst of sorrow had subsided, the faithful governess ventured to finish her communication. "Yes, my children, well may you grieve at the loss of such worthy cavaliers. Granada, alas! has not their equals. Would that they had embraced the faith of Islam, and taken service under your royal father! There might then have been hope. As it is they are in despair, and could think of only one plan that would remedy your common misfortune." "What was it, good Kadiga?" exclaimed the anxious princesses in a breath—"What was it? that we may lose none of their parting words."

In the excess of their affection, they endeavoured to persuade me to urge you to fly with them to Cordova, and become their wives!"

The three princesses turned alternately pale and red, and trembled, and looked down, and cast shy looks at each other, but said nothing.

The scene that followed need not be described, nor need the reader be told that doubts and fears were all silenced and removed by the potent arguments of love. The following night was the one appointed for their escape. Towards midnight, when the Alhambra was buried in sleep, the discreet Kadiga listened from the balcony of a window that looked into the garden. Hussein Baba, who was to accompany the cavaliers in their flight, was already below, and gave the appointed signal. The duenna fastened the end of a ladder of ropes to the balcony, lowered it into the garden, and descended. The two eldest princesses followed her with beating hearts; but when it came to the turn of the youngest princess, Zorahayda, she hesitated, and trembled. Every moment increased the danger of discovery. A distant tramp was heard.

"The patrols are walking the rounds," cried the renegado; "if we linger, we perish. Princess, descend instantly, or we leave you."

Zorahayda was for a moment in fearful agitation; then loosening the ladder of ropes, with desperate resolution, she flung it from the balcony.

"It is decided!" she cried; "flight is now out of my power. Allah guide and bless you, my sisters! Farewell!"

The two eldest princesses would fain have lingered, but the furious renegado hurried them away. A dark subterraneous passage soon brought them to the outside of the fortress, where the cavaliers awaited them with fleet steeds. The lovers were disguised as Moorish soldiers of the guard, commanded by the renegado. The lover of Zorahayda was frantic when he heard that she had refused to leave the tower, but there was no time to waste in lamentations. The two princesses were placed behind their lovers, the Kadiga mounted behind the renegado, and all set off at a discreet round pace in the direction of the pass of Lope, which leads through the mountains to Cordova.

They had not proceeded far when they heard the noise of drums and trumpets from the battlements of the Alhambra.

"Our flight is discovered!" said the renegado.

"We have fleet steeds, the night is dark, and we may distance all pursuit," replied the cavaliers.

They put spurs to their horses, and scoured across the Vega. They had attained the mountain of Elvira, and were entering a pass, when a bale-fire sprang up into a blaze on the top of the watch-tower of the Alhambra.

"Confusion!" shouted the renegado; "that fire will put all the guards of the passes on the alert. Away! away! Spur for your lives, or they are lost!"

Away they dashed, the clattering of their horses' hoofs echoing from rock to rock, as they swept along the road that skirts the rocky mountain of Elvira.

"Forward! forward!" cried the renegado, as the watch-towers of the mountains answered the light from the Alhambra. "To the bridge—to the bridge, before the alarm has reached there!"

They doubled the promontory of the mountains, and arrived in

sight of the famous Puente del Pinos, that crosses a rushing stream, often dyed with Moorish and Christian blood. To their confusion, the tower on the bridge blazed with lights, and glittered with armed men. Followed by the cavaliers, the renegado struck off from the road, skirted the river for some distance, and dashed into its waters. They were borne for some distance down the rapid current; the surges roared round them, but the beautiful princesses clung to their Christian knights, and never uttered a complaint. The party soon gained the opposite bank in safety, and were led by the renegado, by rude and unfrequented paths and wild barrancos, through the heart of the mountains, so as to avoid all the regular passes. They succeeded in reaching the ancient city of Cordova, where the restoration of the cavaliers to their country and friends was celebrated with great rejoicings, The princesses were forthwith received into the bosom of the church, and, after being in all due form made regular Christians, were rendered happy wives.

In our hurry to make good the escape of the princesses, we forgot to mention the fate of the discreet Kadiga. When Hussein Baba plunged into the stream, she clung to him like a cat, and her terror knew no bounds.

"Grasp me not so tightly," cried Hussein Baba; "hold on by my belt, and fear nothing."

She held firmly, with both hands, by the leathern belt that girded the broad-backed renegado; but when he halted with the cavaliers, to take breath on the mountain summit, the duenna was no longer to be seen.

"What has become of Kadiga?" cried the princesses, in alarm.

Allah alone knows!" replied the renegado. "My belt became loose in the midst of the river, and Kadiga was swept with it down the stream. The will of Allah be done! but it was an embroidered belt, and of great price."

There was no time to waste in idle laments; but bitterly did the princesses bewail the loss of their discreet counsellor. After the flight of her sisters, the unhappy Zorayhada was confined still more closely, though she had no known inclination to elope. It was thought, indeed, that she secretly repented having remained behind; for now and then she would be seen leaning on the battlements of the tower, and looking mournfully towards the blue mountains of Cordova, and sometimes the notes of her lute were heard accompanying mournful ditties, in which she lamented the loss of her sisters and her lover, and bewailed her own solitary life. She died young, and, according to popular rumour, was buried in a vault beneath the tower, and her untimely fate has given rise to more than one traditionary fable.

Such is the legend of "The Three Beautiful Princesses."

THE DIVERSION OF HAWKING.

The diversion of hawking belonged to the good old time. In those days "it was thought sufficient for noblemen to wind their horn and carry their hawk fair, and to leave study and learning to the children of mean people." So that Spenser makes his gallant Sir Tristram boast,

> "Ne is there hawk which mantleth her on pearch,
> Whether high towering, or accoasting low,
> But I the measure of her flight do search,
> And all her prey, and all her diet know."

It is well sometimes to think of these things. To leave the present and live with the past—to forget our railroads and steam navigation—our straight brick houses—our well-lighted, well-paved, well-guarded thoroughfares—our manufactories, museums, libraries, cheap books and newspapers, mechanics' institutions, and the rest of it—and to glance at the things that have been, to know how men in England fared centuries agone, what they did, and how they did it, in the good old times.

Famous old times! when this good city of London was a picturesque old place, with curious gables and projecting stories, and dark, narrow streets where the plague lurked; when prentice lads woke up the echoes on a summer's eve with buckler-play in the cheap, and the stocks and the pillory were set up in every parish: when swaggerers paraded in Paul's walk with well-brushed finery, and cudgelled their brains to devise a new pourpoint; when gallant swash-bucklers emptied their pottle-pots in the pleasant ville of Southwark, and cheered and shouted when old bruin broke his chain and played havoc among the curs of the bear-garden —and traitors' heads were on the bridge gate blackening and rotting in the sun; when the outlaws of merry Sherwood indulged in plundering predictions undismayed by the smell of hemp; when gallant knights tilted at the tournaments, and very often lost their lives; when artisans were impressed by royal command to build Windsor castle, and all the hedges and fences near the king's forest were ordered to be removed, in order that his deer might have more ready access to the fields of pasture. Learned old times! when a man escaped hanging if he knew how to read; and Wickliffe says, "there were many unable curates, who could not read the ten commandments."

In was in those old times that hawking was a favourite diversion and principal amusement of the English. Then a person of rank scarcely stirred out without his hawk on his hand; and in old paintings this is the criterion of nobility. Harold, afterwards king of England, when he went on a most important embassy into Normandy, is painted embarking with a bird on his hand and a dog under his arm; and in an ancient picture of the nuptials of Henry VI., a nobleman is represented in a similar manner. Every degree had its peculiar hawk, from an emperor down to a holy-water clerk. It was the pride of the rich, and the privilege of the poor.

The falcons and hawks which were in use, are found to breed in Wales, in Scotland and its islands. The peregrine falcon inhabits the rocks of Caernarvonshire. The same species, with the gerfalcon, the gentil, and the goshawk, are found in Scotland, and the lanner, in Ireland. The Norwegian breed were, in old times, in high esteem in England, and were thought bribes worthy of a king. Thus, we learn, that one Geoffrey Fitzpierre gave two good Norway hawks to King John, to obtain the liberty of exporting a hundredweight of cheese.

The training of hawks consisted principally in the manning, luring, flying, and hooding them. An old writer tells us how to man them, "which is by watching and keeping them from sleep, by a continual carrying them upon your fist, and by a most familiar stroking and playing with them with the wing of a dead fowl, or such like, and by often gazing and looking them in the face with a loving and gentle countenance, and so making them acquainted with the man." By a peculiar whistle they were taught, when flying, to return to their owner's hand. From the very first the animal was accoutred with certain paraphernalia—its head was covered by a leathern *hood*, fitting close all round so as to shut up its eyes, but easily removed when necessary. On the top of the hood there was a tuft of feathers. Leathern straps, called *jesses*, a few inches in length, were fitted to the legs of the bird by a button slipping through a slit or loop. Close beside the loop was a small spherical *bell*, composed of silver for clearness of sound. The other end of the *jesses* were furnished each with a ring, which could be readily fitted upon the swivel, designed to connect them both with the *leash* or long, slender strap, sometimes prolonged by a *creance* or common cord, and designed as a tether by which to restrain the bird, at the same time that it should be allowed considerable room for free motion.

The training of falcons was a wearying and laborious business. The sport, we need hardly say, was founded on the natural instinct of this rapacious order of birds. But to train them was no easy matter. The falconer's was a responsible office—you notice him in his quaintly-fashioned garb in old pictures—you read of him in old romances, how he was deep in the mysteries of his art, how the falcon proper and the gerfalcon, the short-winged hawk, the sparrowhawk, the goshawk, the tiercel, the tierce-gentle, and the musket, were to him familiar things; but, perhaps, it were impossible to find a better description of the falconer than that which is furnished by John Stephens, who wrote in the days of King James I. "A falconer," he says, "is the egg of a tame pullet hatched up among hawks and spaniels. He hath in his minority conversed with kestrels and young hobbies; but growing up he begins to handle the lure and look a falcon in the face. All his learning makes him but a new linguist; for to have studied and practised the terms of Hawk's dictionary is enough to excuse his wit, manners, and humanity. He hath too many trades to thrive; and yet if he had fewer he would thrive less. Hawks be his admiration, his knowledge, his labour, his object, his all."

Vast was the expense which attended the sport. In the early part of the seventeenth century Sir Thomas Monson gave a thousand pounds for a cast of hawks. This accounts, in some degree, for the severity of the laws which were enacted for their preservation.

By an old law it was declared felony to steal a hawk, and to take its eggs even in a person's own ground was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, and a fine according to royal pleasure.

Falconry is a sport of the past, and yet it must ever remain a living thing amongst us. Our literature abounds with references to the pastime, and many of its terms are incorporated into our common language. Milton speaks of *imping* his wing to a bolder flight, and Shakspeare makes Macduff frantically inquire, when he hears that his children are slain—

"What! all my pretty ones—all
At one fell swoop?"

To "hoodwink" and to "fly at higher game" are common terms. These, and a thousand others, scattered through old books, and uttered in our daily talk, will ever keep alive the memory of falconry.

The Grand Falconer of France had the superintendence of all the king's falconers, and was a sworn officer with wages and allowances amounting to £22,200, a year. All hawk merchants, both French and foreigners, were bound under pain of confiscation of their birds, to come and present them to the Grand Falconer, for him to choose birds for the king before they were allowed to sell to any one else. In the reign of Louis XIV., if his majesty, when hawking inclined to the pleasure of letting fly a hawk, the grand falconer placed it on the king's fist; and when the prey was taken, the pricker gave the head of it to his chief, and he to the grand falconer, who presented it to the king. The Duke of St. Alban's is hereditary grand falconer of the British court.

The old books upon hawking are written with great vivacity and spirit, and abound more in gentle description and pleasant anecdote than any other treatises upon field sports. "Uncle," says Master Stephen, in *Every Man in his Humour*, "afore I go in, can you tell me if Edward have ere a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I have bought me a hawk, and a hood and bells and all, and lack nothing but a book to keep them by." And when Old Knowall angrily replies, "Oh, most ridiculous!" he rejoins, "Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle; why, you know, an' a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greek or the Latin." And so they were studied with wonderful care by all those who strove to be thought gentlemen.

It was a gallant sight to witness a hawking party ride forth to the sport, and to follow them and witness the bravery of hawk and heron—if old writers are to be believed. The noble horses gaily decorated, the picturesque costume of the time, the birds hooded and plumed, the falconers and the dogs were all worth looking at as they passed under the gnarled branches of the wide-spreading trees to the broad "hawking downs." And the sport itself was exciting. When down by the river the heron had been roused and flew upward to the sky, and the falcon unleashed, and unhooded, was whistled off, and flew as if she never would have turned head again. Higher and higher the birds rise till they seem no bigger than sparrows, each ascending in spiral gyrations, each trying to make the wind his friend, the falcon striving to gain the ascendant that with one fell swoop he may come down upon his prey. It was not uncommon to release two hawks. These circlings, then, had the curious effect of presenting the three birds as apparently flying in different directions; whereas, the real intention of the two hawks was steadily directed to one point—that of contact with the heron, whose entire efforts were to rise higher than the hawks, or to receive their swoop upon its sharp bill. Presently, the final swoop is made, heron and hawks descend together, but not with a dangerous rapidity, the action of their wings breaking their fall, and now the whole party of falconers are in quick pursuit, to the assistance of the hawks against the final struggle of the heron.

A HAWKING PARTY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

In a play first acted in 1604, the following passage occurs, highly descriptive of the sport:—

"*Sir Charles.* So; well cast off; aloft, aloft; well flown.
O now she rakes her at the sowse, and strikes her down
To the earth like a swift thunder clap—
Now she hath seized the fowl, and 'gins to plume her,
Rebeck her not, rather stand still and check her.
So: she's seized her! her jesses and her bells: away!
Sir Francis. My hawk killed two!
Sir Charles. Ay, but 'twas at the querre,*
Not at the mount like mine."

Such then was the "good old sport of falconry." During the whole of the day the gentry were given to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field; and in the evening cele-

* When a hawk went covertly under the hedges and seized a bird by the river, it was said the bird was taken unfairly, or killed at the *querre*.

brated their exploits with the most abandoned sottishness; and the labouring population of the kingdom were liable to capital punishment, to fines and imprisonments for destroying the most destructive of the feathered tribes. Those days are gone, and glad are we they are gone. If such a condition as that which we have just mentioned was the state of "Merry England" in the good old times, and all history says it was so, we rejoice that the good old times are past; for, admitting that those old times were good, we have still three degrees in comparison, in history as well as in grammar—the positive good old times, the comparative better old times, the superlative best old times—for, by the bright light resting on the future, *the best old times are coming yet!*

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

A SUBMARINE telegraph between the coasts of England and the sister isle is now an accomplished fact, and an event pregnant with interest as regards the future welfare of both countries. On the morning of the 1st of June, at four o'clock, the Britannia steamer started from Holyhead with the telegraph cable on board, preceded by Her Majesty's steamer Prospero, a vessel furnished by the Admiralty, as a pilot to the expedition. The steamers proceeded at a low rate of speed, varying from four to six miles an hour, paying out the wire with the greatest care and precision as they receded from the English coast; and at length, after a passage of little more than sixteen hours, and without the occurrence of any accidents, arrived at Howth Harbour amid the cheers of those who had assembled to witness their approach. The moment the Britannia had arrived at her destination, and communicated the fact to Holyhead that the Irish shore was reached, the final grand test was applied to the telegraphic cable by connecting the wire with one of the ship's loaded guns, and passing the word, "Fire!" to Holyhead. The answer was the immediate discharge of the gun on board the Britannia. The hour was then just half-past eight o'clock. The work had been performed in little more than eighteen hours. Messages were now rapidly interchanged, and a salute of the Britannia's guns fired from Holyhead. A letter had arrived in Dublin, directed to a gentleman who had left for Holyhead by the midday steamer, and whose presence was immediately required in London. A message was sent to seek him out. Within half an hour he was discovered, and he responded, "I am here." "You are wanted in London." "I shall start by the next train." Another hour and the cable was ashore, the connexion completed with the land wires, and the indicators at the Dublin terminus of the Drogheda Railway, were conversing with those at the terminus of the Chester and Holyhead Railway, in Holyhead. The Britannia remained outside the harbour during the night, and before these words reach the reader, the connexion of the submarine wire with that already laid down upon the Howth line will have been completed. At this moment an unbroken line of electric communication is established between London and Dublin, and from this fact arrangements will result, in a brief space of time, which will virtually—as respects the transmission of news—bring the metropolis of Ireland from four to six hours, the distance from Holyhead to Kingstown, nearer to London than it has heretofore been.

THE SHIP OF DEATH.

(From the German.)

By the shore of Time now lying,
On the inky flood beneath,
Patiently, thou soul undying,
Waits for thee the Ship of Death.

He who on that vessel starteth,
Sailing from the sons of men,
To the friends from whom he parteth
Never more returns again.

From her mast no flag is flying,
To denote from whence she came;
She is known unto the dying—
Azael is her captain's name.

Not a word was ever spoken
On that dark, unfathomed sea;
Silence there is so unbroken
She herself seems not to be.

Silence thus, in darkness lonely,
Doth the Soul put forth alone,
While the wings of angels only
Waft her to a land unknown.

EXERCISES FOR INGENUITY.

SOLUTIONS TO QUESTIONS IN No. 35, MAY 29.

1. The first woman had 50 eggs. She sold as many as she could at 7 a penny, and the remainder at 3d. each; the second had 30, and the third 10; and they all sold their eggs "after the same rate, and obtained the same amount of money." Thus,

The first woman had 50 eggs. The 49 at 7 a penny = 7d. and 1 at 3d. = 3 = 10d. The second woman had 30 eggs. She sold 28 at 7 a penny = 4d., and 2 at 3d. each = 6d. = 10d. The second woman had 10 eggs. She sold 7 for a penny = 1d., and 3 at 3d. each = 9d. = 10d.

2. If a wheel be 4½ feet high, there will be required for the tire 14·1372 feet of iron—14½ feet nearly.—M. W. M. Supposing the tire to be three inches thick, the length of it would be 14·9226 feet.—John Mather, J. R. W. L. Smith, Robert Middleton, Edward Edwards, George Smithers, F. Roberts, Bennet Lowe.

3. By the laws of geometrical proportion we have the whole sum.

Thus, $\frac{£2000 \times 2 - 5s.}{2 - 1} = £3999\ 15s.$ the whole debt.

—John Sowden, W. M. W., Edward Edwards, L. R.

4. Let the price of the hat be 1 shilling, then 1s. + 6d. + 4d. 3d. = 2s. 1d., and 4s. 7d. × 1s. ÷ 2s. 1d. = 7 shillings, the price of the hat.—7s + 3s. 6d. + 1s. 9d. + 2s. 4d. = 14s. 7d. proof.—Robert Middleton, D. R. G., Edward Edwards, Charles Peirdon, L. Francke, Mutatis, John Mather, Bennet Lowe.

5. As $\frac{20}{3} : 6 :: \frac{53}{4} : 7\ \frac{17}{40}$, the answer required.—J. Sowden; that is, as the true third of 20 is to the supposed third of 20, so is the true fourth to the supposed fourth of 33.—W. M. W.

6. This question has been answered by J. Sowden, but the figures are written so badly that we cannot make them out. J. M. W.'s solution is also open to the same objection. John Ridgway's solution is sufficiently correct; but it is wrongly stated. Joseph Timms forwards the following ingenious solution:—

Let $x =$ one of the required numbers and y the other; then by the question we have

$$x^2 - y^2 = xy \qquad (1)$$

and $$x^3 - y^3 = x^2 + y^2 \qquad (2)$$

Assuming $vx = y$, and substituting it in equation (1) we have

$$x^2 - v^2x^2 = vx^2$$

dividing by x^2 we have $1 - v^2 = v$

$$v^2 + v = 1$$

$$v^2 + v + \tfrac{1}{4} = \tfrac{5}{4}$$

$$v + \tfrac{1}{2} = \sqrt{\tfrac{5}{2}}$$

whence taking the upper sign

$$v = \frac{\sqrt{5}-1}{2}$$

By substituting this value of v in equation (2) it becomes

$$x^3 - \left(\frac{\sqrt{5}-1}{2}\right)^3 x^3 = x^2 + \left(\frac{\sqrt{5}-1}{2}\right)^2 x^2$$

$$x^3 - (\sqrt{5}-2)\,x^3 = x^2 + \frac{(3-\sqrt{5})}{2}\,x^2$$

Dividing by x^2 we get $(3 - \sqrt{5})\,x = \frac{5-\sqrt{5}}{2}$

$$\therefore x = \frac{5-\sqrt{5}}{2(3-\sqrt{5})} = \frac{(5-\sqrt{5})(3+\sqrt{5})}{2(3-\sqrt{5})(3+\sqrt{5})} = \frac{10+2\sqrt{5}}{8} = \frac{5+\sqrt{5}}{4}$$

By putting the value thus found for x in equation (1) it becomes

$$\frac{(5+\sqrt{5})^2}{4} - y^2 = \frac{(5+\sqrt{5})}{4}y$$

$$y^2 + \frac{(5+\sqrt{5})}{4}y = \frac{15+5\sqrt{5}}{8}$$

$$y^2 + \frac{5+\sqrt{5}}{4}y + \frac{(5+\sqrt{5})^2}{8} = \frac{15+5\sqrt{5}}{8} + \frac{30+10\sqrt{5}}{64}$$

$$= \frac{120+40\sqrt{5}+30+10\sqrt{5}}{64} = \frac{150+50\sqrt{5}}{64} = \left(\frac{25\,(6+2\sqrt{5})}{64}\right)$$

$$\therefore y + \frac{5+\sqrt{5}}{8} = \pm\tfrac{5}{8}\sqrt{(6+2\sqrt{5})} = \pm\tfrac{5}{8}(\sqrt{5}+1)$$

whence taking the upper sign, we have

$$y = \frac{5\sqrt{5}+5}{8} - \frac{5+\sqrt{5}}{8} = \frac{5\sqrt{5}+5-5-\sqrt{5}}{8} = \frac{4\sqrt{5}}{8} = \frac{\sqrt{5}}{2}$$

Therefore the true answer is $\frac{5+\sqrt{5}}{4}$ and $\frac{\sqrt{5}}{2}$ JOSEPH TIMMS.

Mr. BENNET LOWE, of Manchester, also sends a solution to this question, which arrived too late for insertion.

7. It seems probable (says Hallam in his "Middle Ages," vol. 2., p. 205), that the creation of parishes was not a simultaneous act, but was the gradual result of circumstances, and was not accomplishing till near the time of the conquest.—JOHN MATHER.

8. "Because it receives none of the rays of light and reflects them all."—LUPUS. "Because it reflects or throws back the rays of light and absorbs none."—JOHN MATHER.

9. Crowns were originally wreaths or chaplets of leaves or flowers. The first golden crown of which I find any mention is that worn by Mordecai, who "went out with a golden crown on his head." Esther, chap. 8, verse 15.—JOHN MATHER.

10. One sovereign, four twopenny pieces and sixteen farthings. Twenty-one pieces in all. Answered by twenty-three correspondents.

11. Fill the three quart tin and empty it into the five ditto. Fill the three quart a second time and *fill* the five quart, which will leave one quart in the three quart tin. Then empty the five quarts into the eight quart pot, and put the one quart into the five quart tin. Once more fill the three quart tin from the eight quart pot, which will leave *four quarts in the eight quart pot.*—ROBERT MIDDLETON, Aberdeen. Also by James Price. J. R. W. L. M.

12.— *Wheat* is the article much used in this nation,
On which some queer folks wish to put a taxation;
Take a letter from *wheat*, and then you have *heat;*
Take two letters from it, and then will appear,
What we all *wish to do* every day of the year.
CHARLES PEIRDON.

QUESTIONS REQUIRING ANSWERS.

1. When and by whom were the Canadas acquired by England?

2. By whom was Jamaica discovered, and in what period of English history was it acquired by the English?

3. What small island in the German ocean belongs to the English?

4. In travelling from Washington, in the United States, to the north of the island of Borneo, and thence to New Zealand, thence to California, and lastly to India, how many times would a vessel cross the equinoctial line?—LUPUS.

5.— CHARADE.

Gemmed with the dews of night,
When all the stars of heaven had shed
Their sweetest influence on its head,
Wafting its incense to the early light,
I pluck'd my FIRST from its ambrosial bed.

It graced her bridal brow,
Whom eighteen happy years before
A sweet and smiling child I bore,
To plight at holy font a Christian's vow,
And gain my SECOND, the meek name she wore.

Alas! for youth's vicissitude!
Ere she had pass'd her bridal year,
She died—and on her youthful bier,
Amidst funereal herbs my WHOLE was strewed,
Mingled with flowers and wet with many a tear.

6. A man went into a house, borrowed as much money as he had with him, spent sixpence; went into a second, borrowed as much as he had with him, and spent sixpence; went into a third, borrowed as much as he had with him, and spent sixpence, and came out with nothing. How much had he at first?—A. BELK.

7. A snail up a steeple one hour had climb'd
When the clock of the village struck nine,
And when the same clock just eleven had chimed
He had finish'd one-third of the line.
Now the hands of the clock were as two is to three,
And their points when the bell counted nine,
Were in inches apart, it is told unto me,
Just three short of twenty and nine.
So now if you'd finish this wonderful tale,
Determine the height of the tower,
The long minute finger, and pace of the snail,
If they went the same distance per hour.
JOHN RIDGWAY, Broken Cross, Macclesfield.

8. What is the meaning of the letters S.P.Q.R., used on the ancient Romans' ensigns?"—G. T.

9. A sphere of brass, whose circumference is 58·1196 inches, is drawn into a wire $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch diameter. Required the length in miles, and the cost at ¼d. per yard.

10. In a round tower, 18 feet diameter, 60 feet high, and divided into six stories, there is a leaden pipe for the conveyance of water to the building, wound round in form of a screw, so that it surrounds the tower exactly six times. The pipe is 1¼ inch diameter, and ⅛ of an inch thick. Required the cost at 3½d. per pound, allowing a cubic inch to weigh seven ounces avoirdupois.

11.— A landed man two daughters had,
And both were very fair;
He gave to each a piece of land,
One round the other square.

At twenty pounds an acre just,
Each price its value had;
The shillings that encompass each,
The price exactly paid.

If cross the shilling be an inch,
And it is very near,
How much above the circle is
The excess of the square?

12. While a leaden bullet was descending from the top of a tower, a small ball suspended by a slender thread, ten inches long from the point of suspension to the centre of the ball, made eight vibrations. What was the height of the tower?—WILLIAM MILLER.

13. Four boys met a maid with a basket of pears. The first robbed her of one-fifth of what she had, but gave her four again, the second took from her one-fourth, but returned her three, the third took one-third but returned her two, and the fourth took away one half, and returned her one. She had twelve pears left. How many pears had she at setting out?

14. Who levied the first land-tax, and what was it called?—J. M.

15. What are the two mean proportions between 4 and 108?—N. T. N.

16. What four weights are they which may be weighed from 1 to 40 lb.?—GEO. HIGGINS, jun.

17. If a body weigh 28 lb. on the surface of the earth, what will be its weight at 100 miles above it, the earth's diameter being 7,925 miles?

We congratulate our friends on their success in the Exercises for Ingenuity; but, at the same time, we must impress on them the importance of *a clear and distinct style of handwriting.* In the 5th question of No. 30 an error has occurred, to which our attention has been called, which arose from this want of distinctness; and in the present number we have been obliged to lay aside several ingenious questions from the same easily-remedied cause.

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MISCELLANEA.

"PULLING ONE WAY."—A story is told of a bridegroom who rejoiced in certain eccentricities. A day or two after his wedding, he requested his bride to accompany him into the garden. He then threw a line over the roof of their cottage. Giving his wife one end of it, he retreated to the other side, and called out, "Pull the line!" She pulled at his request as far as she could. He cried, "Pull it over!" "I can't," she replied. "Pull with all your might!" shouted the whimsical husband. But in vain were all the efforts of the bride to pull over the line, so long as the husband held on to the opposite end. But when he came round, and they both pulled at one end, it came over with great ease. "There," said he, as the line fell from the roof, "you see how hard and ineffectual was our labour when we pulled in opposition to each other; but how easy and pleasant it is when we both pull together. It will be so, my dear, through life. If we oppose each other it will be hard work; if we act together it will be pleasant to live. Let us, therefore, always pull together." In this illustration, homely as it may appear, there is sound philosophy. Husband and wife must mutually bear and concede, if they wish to make home a retreat of joy and bliss. One alone cannot make home happy. There must be a unity of action, sweetness of spirit, a great forbearance and love in both husband and wife, to secure the great end of happiness in the domestic circle.

ABSURDITY OF THE MALE COSTUME.—A philosopher has said that every man designs his clothing with the view of typifying externally what he feels to be his nature: and that seems to be a sound rationale of the true principle and the actual intent; but how near is it to the fact? The living statue, man, cannot be recognised in the living tailor's block. His vaulted head is roofed by a black chimney-pot,—though, by the way, he never uses that chimney when he lights a tobacco fire in his mouth. His limbs he thrusts into shapeless cases, too loose to display the natural form, too tight to assume any symmetrical form as drapery. His feet are put into black cases, which reduce the rounded and finely-fingered foot to a shape as nearly as possible to the model of a pianoforte pedal. His trunk is encumbered by the meeting of the several bits that make his garment—flaps lengthened here, curtailed there. The column of his neck he hides with a complicated system of swathing, bows, and flaps, called a stock, surmounted by the stiffened flaps of a white garment beneath; on grand occasions, men of refinement inclining to religious views, put a white table-napkin round their throats, "and boast themselves more lovely than before!" There is a notion that our dress is regulated by climate and convenience. They have their influence; bustling habits make us cultivate succinct forms: cold climate favours cloth; but the real regulators of costume are, first, the tailor, who knows nothing about it; and then that tasteless person, Mrs. Grundy. As to climate, a narrow-brimmed hat is not good for either sun or rain; a collar with an opening betwixt stock and coat neither for wind nor water; trousers are purveyors of mud, and an open waistcoat only another encourager of lung disease.

TRIFLES.—A gentleman having written a letter, concluded it as follows:—Give everybody's love to everybody, so that nobody may be aggrieved by anybody being forgotten by somebody.

DEMOSTHENES.—The transcendent glory which Demosthenes acquired as an orator, and which, after the admiration of more than two thousand years, is still increasing, and ever will increase, has caused his merits as a statesman and a patriot, to remain by many apparently unheeded. But nothing could be more erroneous or unjust than to suppose that Demosthenes either cultivated or valued his eloquence for its own sake, and for the fame which it might bring him as a mere rhetorician. He was emphatically a practical man; and his whole career was one of laborious and unremitting action. He bestowed the industry, which has made his name proverbial, on acquiring and perfecting the power of public speaking, because, without possessing that power it was impossible for him to acquire political influence, and exert himself effectively in his country's cause.

THE EIGHTH (AND GREATEST) WONDER OF THE WORLD.—"Amongst the many wonders of this world, there is none greater than the blindness of the writers of this and other countries to the transcendent influence of the blood and spirit of ancient Scandinavia on the English character."—The opening paragraph, of the *Literature and Romance of northern Europe*, by William and Mary Howitt.

CICERO'S WARNING AGAINST THE TRICKS OF BRITISH CABMEN.—"Tu, qui cæteris cavere didicisti, in Britanniâ ne abessedariis decipiaris, caveto."—"You, who are up to a dodge or two, beware lest the British cabmen are too quick for you

WHAT A WIFE SHOULD BE.—Burns, the poet, in one of his letters, sets forth the following as the true qualifications of a good wife:—"The scale of good wifeship I divide into ten parts; good nature, *four;* good sense, *two;* wit, *one;* personal charms, namely, a sweet face, eloquent eyes, fine limbs, graceful carriage, all these, *one*; as for the other qualities belonging to, or attending on a wife, such as fortune, connexions, education, (I mean education extraordinary), family blood, &c., divide the *two* remaining degrees among them as you please, only remember, that all these minor proportions must be expressed by *fractions*, for there is not any one of them in the aforesaid scale entitled to the dignity of an integer."

RAILWAY LANGUAGE.—The shriek of the railway engine, is Saxon for *keep off the track.*

FIRE ALARM TELEGRAPH.—The *Scientific American* says:—The people of Boston are constructing a fire-alarm telegraph. Forty-nine miles of wire have been stretched over the city, diving under the arm of the sea which separates the main portion from South and East Boston. The first of the forty cast-iron signal-boxes has been placed on the Reservoir in Hancock-street. These will be so distributed that every house in the city will be within fifty rods of one. Whenever a fire occurs, resort will be had to the nearest box, where, by turning a crank, instantaneous communication will be made to the central office, and from that—which stands related to the whole fire department of the city like the brain to the nervous system—instant knowledge will be communicated to the seven districts into which the city is divided, by so striking the alarm-bell simultaneously that the locality of the fire will be known exactly to all. This system, the perfect success of which is now certain, will stand forth as one of the finest achievements of scientific skill, and a source of just pride to Boston.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SIR,—Many thanks on my own behalf for your *Friend*, it has, I think, done me good. I wish you every success. May the working men appreciate you! When a boy (now 44) I would have given the whole of my pocket-money for such a work—the only book (part of one) in our house, excepting the bible and prayer-book, when I was a boy, was a tattered copy of the "Guardian," over this I pored during the unoccupied hours of Sunday, and thought myself fortunate in possessing such a treasure. How ought the youth of the present day to value the opportunities they possess! Without wishing to flatter—your works, which an errand-boy might make himself possessor of, if read, marked, and inwardly digested, would be the means of communicating a vast fund of useful and ornamental knowledge. I have been *a working boy and man* all my years, since comparative infancy—I can truly say, I have by the labour of my hands earned my bread since five years of age. With the exception of two years at a good school, between 13 and 15 years of age, the whole of my learning has been acquired behind the counter, after 9 o'clock at night. I only mention this to show that where there is a will there is a way. I have been amply repaid for my efforts, and am only sorry I did not apply myself to study more diligently. My father came to London as a porter to a retail cheesemonger, about the year 1790 or 92—the only learning he had when a boy was a fortnight at Midsummer, and also at Christmas, when the schoolmaster paid a visit to the village where my father was born, during the vacation of his, the schoolmaster's, school. When a young man in London, the only reading he could get, was the waste paper out of the cheesemonger's shop; the time for reading was the Sunday afternoon—the place, Kensington Gardens, under a tree. Still he contrived to acquire no mean fund of useful knowledge—was frequently consulted by his neighbours and friends in matters of moment—lived to purchase the land he had laboured upon in Yorkshire when a boy, was highly esteemed by the gentry of the neighbourhood of his estate, was an esteemed officer of the parish in London in which he resided many years, and I may add, left his neighbourhood better than he found it. Now let me add, the secret of all this was—temperance, *early* habits, industry, hard work, no false notions of appearances, prudence, and strict integrity in all his dealings, with the reputation of "his word being as good as his bond." I mention this as an encouragement for boys and young men to "go and do likewise." Excuse my style, and believe me, yours respectfully, W. BURTON.

[We insert the above because, without knowing the writer, we believe there is sincerity and energy enough in it to render it useful to our youthful readers.—ED.]

S. N. (York). We hardly know what directions to give you for "stengthening your memory." Memory depends materially on the constitution of the body, and also on its particular physical conditions at certain times and seasons; for that which is forgotten at one time, or under one condition, will be present, in its most minute particulars, at other times and under other conditions. You ask, if "memory and recollection are not the same thing?" Not exactly; Locke calls *memory* "the storehouse of the mind, the storehouse of our ideas;" its business is to furnish to the mind, when occasion requires, ideas that had been dormant. *Recollection* is the power of recalling, or bringing out from the storehouse of the brain, impressions which it had received before, but which had been laid by and forgotten for a time. Generally speaking, our recollection of ideas or events will be strong in proportion to the impression they first made upon our minds.

A WASHERWOMAN.—Your question was answered in one of the early Nos. of the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND; but as you may not be able to obtain that, we repeat the answer. To "desiccate" is to dry up; and a "desiccating laundress" is one who dries clothes by a new process—namely, the introduction of a strong current of hot air into the room where the wet clothes are hung. This plan is adopted in most of the public "washing-houses."

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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SPAIN AND ITS PEOPLE.—II.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF SPAIN.

ROYAL PROCESSION IN MADRID.

HAVING in our last article given a short account of the general physical character of Spain, we shall now attempt a brief *resumé* of its history. And here we must repeat that our "Glimpses of the Peoples of all Nations" must be considered simply *as* glimpses, and not as histories or even substantive accounts. The office of the FRIEND is to introduce his readers

to good company, and not to monopolise their entire attention; thus, it is his hope that none will be satisfied with his notices of China, Hungary, Egypt, or any other country, but that all will endeavour to profit by the little glimpse afforded, by reading for themselves in more enduring and important volumes.

Spain was probably known to the Phœnicians about 1,000 years before the Christian era, though it seems to have been disregarded by the Greeks, at that time the most refined people of Europe—till after the time of Herodotus, in whose history we find the first reliable accounts of this country. It is thought by many authors that Spain was the Tarshish of the Scriptures, from which the Phœnicians—the great traders of that period—imported gold, silver, and precious stones into Judea; it is certain, however, that the precious metals have been found here in considerable quantities in the early ages; and from that fact we may, not unfairly, infer the great love of gold and riches which has ever distinguished the people of the peninsula. The original population of Spain appears to have been Celtic—the first inhabitants having probably been a tribe who passed from over the mountains from Gaul and settled in the fair country beyond. From a very early period, however, the Spaniards mixed with the Moors; and it would appear, that from the moment when the first African leaped on the Spanish shore at Gibraltar, the fate of the Spaniard would be bound up with that of the Moor.

About 800 years before Christ, the Greeks established a colony at Marseilles—now a flourishing French port on the Mediterranean—and thus became acquainted with Spain. They probably left a few of their countrymen in the northern part of the peninsula, to which they gave the names of Iberia and Celtiberia; but whether the then inhabitants took their appellation from the place, or the place from the inhabitants, it is impossible to decide. They also called a part of the country, now known as Spain, Hesperia, from its situation at the western extremity of the then known world. Its present name Hispania is probably derived from the Romans, though at what precise period is unknown. The etymology of the word is also uncertain.

Early Spanish history, like that of all other countries, is full of vague tradition and poetical fable; but before the first Punic war between the Carthaginians and the Romans, little is known as to its authentic history. It was probably inhabited by a wandering warlike people; for we find, in the middle of the third century before Christ, that the Romans, under Hamilcar Barcas, with difficulty possessed themselves of Catalonia, where they founded the city of Barceur, the modern Barcelona.

Previous, however, to the Roman conquest, Spain had been famous for its gold and silver, its fisheries, its dye-stuffs—their taste for finery they had probably learnt from the Phœnicians—and its timber. Aristotle assures us, that when the Phœnicians first arrived in Spain, they exchanged their naval commodities for gold and silver, which they obtained in such immense quantities that they actually used it as ballast, and made it into anchors! A country so rich in gold was not likely to remain long unknown to the world; and thus we find it successively fought for, half conquered, colonised, visited and coveted by the Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, and Romans. To the already full hand of the latter it fell; but instead of finding the natives a peaceable and easily-conquered people, ready to fight on the side of their conquerors, and willing to adopt their laws and customs, the Romans were necessitated to dispute their passage into the peninsula step by step with a hardy nation, whose love of liberty was equal to their valour, and whose strength and activity the whole power of the empire was scarcely sufficient to subdue. To this day the Spaniard is proud to name as his ancestors the brave Asturians, and Numantines, and Cantabrians, who battled with the Romans in the forests and plains of their fatherland.

But notwithstanding the desperate efforts made by the half savage natives, the Romans overcame them at last, and took possession of their country. In assisting the Romans to drive out the Carthaginians, the poor Spaniards were but forging fetters for themselves; and so, in the course of a few years, the Peninsula came to be a Roman province. But for more than two centuries afterwards, the inhabitants of Gallicia, Asturias and Biscay, owned no allegiance to the conqueror. Protected by the natural barriers which existed in their mountains and forests, they defied the invaders of their country; and it was not till Augustus Cæsar opposed them in person, with the whole strength of the Roman arms, that they gave signs of yielding.

It would occupy too much space to detail the means by which Rome acquired authority in Spain; but, once conquered, the Spanish people were found to be easy of rule, and willing to be taught; and thus, in process of time, civilisation completed what war had begun, and the Spaniards, as a people, assumed the dress, and manners, and language of their conquerors. Years passed away, and so completely identified at last were the Spaniards with the Romans, that they not only accepted, under Vespasian, all the privileges of the Italian people, but had the honour of furnishing the empire with several royal masters. Under the emperors, Spain was rich and flourishing. She was the granary of the Empire, and the nursery of its armies.

If the Romans were an aggressive people, they were also most noble conquerors, for wherever they carried their arms, there also they carried the arts of civilisation and refinement. In Spain the Romans built numerous cities, the names of some of which exist to this day; they erected bridges and aqueducts, and opened roads and causeways from one end of the country to the other; they adorned their cities with temples and statues, and introduced the Grecian style of architecture into a country which they had found a comparative wilderness; they gave prizes for public games, and caused amphitheatres to appear where waste places only had been; they taught the people the use of various implements, and set on foot many manufactories; they patronised the arts of painting and household decoration; and thus industry gave rise to wealth, and wealth to luxury.

Another cycle in the history of nations—another turn of the phantasmagorial glass of time. Rome is about to fall by her own greatness, and the provinces are left to the care of governors, or are abandoned, and advised to take care of themselves. Remote from the commotions which shook all Italy, Spain is yet in the enjoyment of perfect liberty. Not, however, but that it has suffered something in the civil wars of Marius and Scylla, when Sertorius availed himself of the troubled state of the republic to erect Spain into an independent state. And still later, when Pompey and Cæsar contended for universal dominion, the momentous struggle was once more maintained in the battle-field of the peninsula. Yet, for the most part, Spain continued during all the vicissitudes of the metropolis to enjoy peace.

In the fifth century, however, when the Roman empire, after twelve hundred years of greatness, ceased to exist, Spain became likewise a prey to the savage hordes which swarmed from the north and east of Europe. These, having overrun Italy and France, crossed the Pyrenees, and swooped down on this favoured land. Centuries of peace and prosperity had deprived the Spaniards of their warlike character, and thus rendered them an easy prey to the savage valour of the barbarian. Everything gave way before them. They rushed over this devoted country with the fury of a deluge, and their traces were marked with equal desolation. The Goths seemed to take pleasure in destruction rather than victory or even enjoyment. Towns were demolished, plantations laid waste, vineyards rooted up, and the face of nature destroyed and brutalised. A famine followed, and then a plague, and Spain became a howling wilderness.

But the barbarians warred not only with the Romans and the Spaniards; they quarrelled amongst themselves, and the horrors of unnatural war were added to those of famine and death. The Suevi, who had settled in Gallicia, were able to maintain possession of that inaccessible province; but the Vandals, who had passed the Sierra Morena, and converted the blooming garden of Bœtica into a desert, were either annihilated, forced to yield, or driven from Spain to struggle with the Romans for a foothold in Africa. The kingdom of the Visigoths, with the exception of Gallicia, included all Spain and Narbonne Gaul.

The feudal system now came to increase the horrors of this devoted land. The new kingdom was split into counties, to reward those captains who, by virtue of superior ferocity, had been raised in rank, while the meaner soldiers assumed the estate of the Romans and Spaniards, and degraded their pro-

prietors into the condition of slaves. "What contrast," exclaims an eloquent writer, "can be more pitiable than is offered by the late flourishing but now blighted and famished condition of unhappy Spain. Where peace, and plenty, and refinement, and luxury once dwelt, devastated cities, and smoking ruins, and desolated fields, alone remain!"

But a day of retribution was at hand. A new power had risen in the East, the birthplace of so many religions; and urged by the impulse of a novel and popular faith, had overrun a part of Asia and Africa, and stripped the Romans, Vandals, and Goths of their possessions in that part of Africa now known as Algeria. Nor did a warlike people like the Saracens pause and rest satisfied at the northern extremity of the African continent, when so narrow a strip of water alone divided them from beautiful Spain.

Excuses for landing in Europe soon presented themselves to a people wishful of power and enterprise. The disputed succession between King Roderick and the sons of Witiga, his successor; the destruction of the strong places in the kingdom, which till the last they had occupied to prevent a rebellion; the degeneracy of the Goths, whose sensual habits had reduced them to a state of shameful effeminacy; the earnest invitation of the oppressed Jews, whose ancestors had come to Spain when Jerusalem was taken by Nebuchadnezzar, and in still greater numbers when the holy city was destroyed by Titus, and who now possessed all the wealth and learning of the land; but, above all, the abject condition of the Spaniards themselves, who, weary of slavery were willing to submit to any change which should promise them relief;—all these were reasons, if any were needed, why the Saracens should make good their footing in Spain. And so in the year of our Lord 711, Musa, the lieutenant of the caliph in Africa, sent over Taric and his soldiers to try their fortunes in the fair land of Spain.

The success of this venture was more than complete. Taric crossed into Spain and was victorious, and recrossed to Africa for more troops and further supplies. The battle of Xeres was fought and won; the power and spirit of the Goths was broken; none remained to be overcome but the poor degraded Spaniards, who still preserved the dress and language of the Roman without any of the Roman valour and perseverance.

The Spaniards, indeed, were no less astonished than pleased at the conduct of their new conquerors; instead of destroying everything as the Goths had done, they sought rather to preserve the country inviolate; and instead of murdering the people, they allowed them to move away whithersoever they would, or to remain in the possession of their houses and lands upon the condition of paying a slight tax.

The Goths and some of the Spanish clergy took refuge in the mountains of the north; hence it is, that even in the present day more than two-thirds of the Spanish nobility are found in the provinces of Leon, Gallicia, and Asturias; and that priests abound in those parts. The abandonment of the conquered country was, however, by no means general among the clergy. They remained undisturbed for centuries, until the inroads of the barbarous and fanatic Moors towards the close of the Mohammedan dynasty. The Christian bishops continued to exercise their functions and even to hold councils, and the people practised the faith of their ancestors;—but many, won by the apparent ease and indifference of the Saracens, embraced a faith at once so soft and enticing as that of Mahomet.

A new language was now introduced into Spain; and her rivers, mountains, cities, and provinces—nay even the peninsula itself—received new names, conformable to the policy or caprice of the conquerors. Thus the general name of Hispania, which had been given the country by the Romans, was changed for that of Andaluz, from the province of Andalusia, the first the Saracens overcame; and many of these Saracenic names remain to this day.

The dominion of the Saracens, established over the largest and fairest portion of the peninsula, continued to own allegiance for more than half a century to the caliph of Damascus, in whose name the conquest of Spain had been made. But the remoteness of the province from the capital of the conqueror's country, and the ambition of rival chiefs, gave rise to numerous dissensions, until some of the most enlightened and patriotic Arabians determined, as the only means of securing their conquest, to erect Spain into an independent kingdom. Fortunately, there still remained a single prince of the unhappy race of Omar, escaped from the cruel massacre of his family, and now wandering, a houseless exile, in the wilds of Africa. This exile was Abdoulrahman. He was discovered and invited to Spain, to place himself at the head of the empire of the west. Obeying the summons, he landed at once in Andalusia, attended by a trusty band of those brave Zenotes who had lent him shelter and hospitality in his adversity. Though young, this prince was brave and experienced; and he had not long been in the land of his birth before he was joined by the generous and enlightened, and by their aid he succeeded in driving out the lieutenant and those who owned allegiance to the caliph, and was thus the means of erecting Spain once more into a kingdom.

The genius of the people, and the rare qualities of a brilliant succession of kings, combined to carry the new empire to the height of development.

The Saracens had now established a kingdom in Spain; but from this period its history is so confused, that we must necessarily erect a few landmarks, as it were. In the following table the chronology of the contemporary kings of Spain is carried from Abdoulrahman the First to Philip the Third, when the various separate kingdoms were united under one head:—

Year	Asturias and Leon.	Castile.	Arragon.	Navarre.	Saracens.
755	.....	.....	.....	.....	Abdoulrah-
758	Froila I.				[man I.
768	Aurelio				
774	Silo				
783	Mauregat	.....	.....	.....	Hissem
788	Bermudo				
791	Alphonso II.				
795	.....	.....	.....	.....	Hachem
822	.....	.....	.....	.....	Abdoulrah-
815	Ramiro I.				[man II.
851	Ordogno I.				
853	.....	.....	.....	Garcias and	Mahomet
862	Alphonso III.			[Ximenes	
880	.....	.....	.....	Fortunio I.	
886	.....	.....	.....	.....	Alrumedar
888	.....	.....	.....	.....	Abdallah
905	.....	.....	.....	Sancho I.	
910	Garcias	.....	.....	.....	Abdoulrah-
912					[man III.
913	Ordogno II.				
923	Froila II.				
924	Alphonso IV.				
926	.....	.....	.....	Garcias II.	
927	Ramiro II.				
950	Ordogno III.				
956	Sancho				
961					
967	Ramiro III.				
976	.....	.....	.....	.....	Alhacan
978	.....	.....	.....	.....	Hissem
982	Bermudo II.	.....	.....	Sancho II.	
994	.....	.....	.....	Garcias III.	
999	Alphonso V.				
1000	.....	.....	.....	Sancho III.	
1014	.....	.....	.....	.....	Cordova
1027	Bermudo III.				[overthrown
1035	.....	.....	Ramiro I.	Garcias IV.	
	Sancho I.				
1037	Ferdinand I of Castile	Ferdinand I.			
1054	.....	.....	.....	Sancho IV.	
1063	.....	.....	Sancho		
1067	Sancho II.	Sancho I.			
1073	Alphonso VI.	Alphonso I.			
1076	.....	.....	.....	Sancho V.	
1094	.....	.....	Pedro I.	Pedro I.	
1104	.....	.....	Alphonso I.	Alphonso I.	
1109	Urraca				
1112	Alphonso VII.				
1126	Alphonso VIII	Alphonso III.			
1134	.....	.....	Ramiro II.	Garcias V.	
1137	.....	.....	Petronilla		
1150	.....	.....	.....	Sancho VI.	
1157	Ferdinand II.	Sancho II.			
1158	.....	Alphonso IV.			
1162	.....	.....	Alphonso II.		
1188	Alphonso IX.				
1194	.....	.....	.....	Sancho VII.	
1196	.....	.....	Pedro II.		

Year	Asturias and Leon.	Castile.	Arragon.	Navarre.	Saracens.
1213	.....	.....	James I.		
1214	.....	Henry			
1217	.....	Berenger Fer-			
1231	.....	[dinand I.	.....	Thibant I.	
1236	.....	.....	.....	.....	Mahomet
1252	.....	Alphonso V.			
1253	.....	.....	.....	Thibant II.	
1270	.....	.....	.....	Henry	
1273	.....	.....	.....	.....	Muley
1274	.....	.....	.....	Joanna	
1276	.....	.....	Pedro III.		
1284	.....	Sancho III.			
1285	.....	.....	Alphonso III		
1291	.....	.....	James II.		
1295	.....	Ferdinand II.			
1303	.....	.....	.....	.....	Mahomet II.
1304	.....	.....	.....	Lewis	
1310	.....	.....	.....	.....	Nazu
1312	.....	Alphonso VI.			
1315	.....	.....	.....	.....	Ismael
1316	.....	.....	.....	Philip	
1322	.....	.....	.....	Charles	
1326	.....	.....	.....	.....	MahometIII
1327	.....	.....	Alphonso IV		
1328	.....	.....	.....	Joanna II.	
1333	.....	.....	.....	....	Jusaf I.
1336	.....	....	Pedro IV.		
1349	.....	.....	.....	Charles II.	
1350	.....	Pedro			
1354	.....	.....	....	.....	Lago I.
1369	.....	Henry II.			
1374	.....	.....	.....	.....	Mahomet IV
1379	.....	John	.....	.....	Mahomet V.
1387	.....	.....	.....	Charles III.	
1390	.....	Henry III.			
1392	.....	.....	.....	.....	Jusaf II.
1395	.....	.....	Martin		
1396	.....	.....	.....	.....	Balba
1401	.....	John II.			
1408	.....	.....	.....	.....	Jusaf III.
1412	.....	.....	Ferdinand I.		
1416	.....	.....	Alphonso V.		
1423	.....	.....	.....	.....	Elaziri
1425	.....	.....	.....	Blanche	
1427	.....	.....	.....	.....	Zagair
1432	.....	.....	.....	.....	Juzaf IV.
1441	.....	.....	.....	John	
1445	.....	.....	.....	.....	Ben Osmin
1450	.....	Henry IV.			
1453	.....	....	....	.....	Ismael
1458	.....	.....	John II.		
1459	.....	.....	FerdinandII		
1474	.....	Ferdinand and			
1475	.....	[Isabella	.....	Eleanora	Osilhussan
1479	.....	.....	.....	Francis	
1483	.....	.....	.....	Catherine	
1485	.....	.....	.....	John	Abouabdalla
1504	.....	Joan			
1506	.....	Philip I.			
1516	.....	Charles I.....	.....	Henry	
1553	.....	....	.....	Joanna III.	
1556	.....	Philip II.	.....	Anthony	
1572	.....	.....	.....	Henry	
1598	.....	Philip III.			

From this period the crown of Spain is no longer divided, but one monarch rules the whole peninsula. In 1516 the House of Austria sat upon the throne, and till 1665 numbered five kings,—viz., Charles I., Philip II., Philip III., Philip IV., and Charles II. In 1700 the House of Bourbon began to reign.

We have thus traced the history of Spain from the earliest times to its subjugation by the Saracens in the eighth century. Under the rule of the Arabian strangers, the Spaniards rose, as a people, to a height they had never before attained. The arts of life were carried to a point of refinement hitherto unknown in the peninsula, and for more than seven hundred years the rule of the Arabian was easy, and the yoke on the neck of the Spaniard was too light to be felt. In fact, as has been stated, and as may be seen by the somewhat dry tabular matter above, there were in Spain during this period five separate kingdoms. Our space would not allow us to trace or even to hint at the doings in these states during the long series of years we have indicated. Suffice it that under the Saracen the arts and sciences flourished; music, architecture, poetry, and literature were the pastimes of the learned, while among the people sports and games of all kinds were practised and encouraged. Spain during these years was comparatively at peace, her people were happy, her soil was well cultivated, and her cities well built. But a change was at hand—a change which has been commemorated in verse, and prose, and classic association, and which we shall speak of in our next number.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

BY PARSON FRANK.

From this series of papers on the British poets of the eighteenth century, it would be hardly fair to exclude Samuel Johnson. We must direct our glasses a while to this starry sign in the literary heavens, this Ursa Major, this Great Bear of Lichfield. True, he is little consulted as a poetical oracle by the present generation; few are they who tread the antiquated streets of *his* "London; a satire," or sigh with him over the "Vanity of Human Wishes," or listen to the tragic tones and are riveted by the five acts of "Irene." Nor, in fact, are his prose writings in any particular request; the world beginning to incline to the opinion that nowhere is the doctor so great, so original, so interesting, and so instructive as in Boswell's incomparable biography. But he is too much of the poet, after all, to be overlooked with impunity in these our sketches; and where he but half the poet he really is, so sincere is our liking for the man, if not our admiration for the writer, that we should be tempted to drag in the Herculean LL.D., by hook or by crook.

If there was ever an Englishman in the last century, Johnson was one: a huge, burley, stout-hearted, clear-headed, often wrong-headed, independent, upright, straightforward, positive, dogmatical, litigious, prejudiced, high-principled, sound-sensed, rough and ready John Bull. Englishmen at large—not merely English tories, look you, but English whigs and radicals to boot—are proud of the fine old fellow, and, while they laugh at his weak points delight to do him honour for his genius and manly character. As Macaulay says, "Johnson grown old, Johnson in the fulness of his fame and in the enjoyment of a competent fortune is better known to us than any other man in history. Everything about him, his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates, old Mr. Levett and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge and the negro Frank, all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood."* Every one traces with curiosity the up-hill course of this brave "Working Man," his pride and poverty at Oxford, which he had to leave without a degree,—his experience as an usher at Market Bosworth,—his marriage with the widow Porter, twice as old as himself,—his speculation as a private schoolmaster at Edial, ending with his migration to London in company with one of his three pupils, David Garrick,—his laborious daily work as a literary hack, when the sweat of his brain only procured him a hard crust, but during which trying and protracted period he manfully strove on, bore up against the blast, cringed to no patron, pandered to no unrighteousness, and at length came out more than conqueror, having—we say it with reverence—"fought a good fight, and kept the faith" which so many of his brethren were tempted, by distress or by flattery, to deny. In the autumn of his days he could well decide how far true is the doctrine Goethe has put into the mouth of Antonio, in reference to the moody, solitary Tasso:—

"The toil of life
Alone can tutor us life's gifts to prize.
The smiles of fortune have too soon been his,
For him to relish aught in quietness.

* Critical Essays, vol. i. p. 380, fourth edition.

Oh that he [Tasso] were compelled to *earn* the blessings
Which now with liberal hand are thrust upon him!
Then would he brace his nerves with manly courage,
And at each onward step feel new content."*

"Seven years, my lord," wrote Johnson to Chesterfield, when about to publish his Dictionary, "seven years have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before."† Justly may Carlyle ask whether there is not more pathos in "brave old Samuel's" manful eking out of his income, his paying visits on "clean shirt days," and so on, than in a whole circulating library of Giaours and Harolds. His diseased frame and constitutional melancholy enhance the effect of the portrait. His body was "inert, unsightly"—his vision defective. But all his "singularities, eccentricities, addresses, strangenesses, uncouthnesses, brutalities, weaknesses, prejudices, bigotries, and superstitions," as Professor Wilson sums them up,‡ could not prevent him from loving, or from being loved, "for he had a most tender, and a most generous, and a most noble heart." His melancholy we have called constitutional; and certainly there does seem to have been what John Sterling calls a sad unrest and entire absence of peace in Johnson's whole life.§ Mr. De Quincey holds that it is good to be of a melancholic temperament, as all the ancient physiologists also held; *but only if* the melancholy is balanced by fiery aspiring qualities, not when it gravitates essentially to the earth. Hence, he argues, the drooping, desponding character of Johnson's estimate of life, who viewed mankind as "miserable, scrofulous wretches," taking himself as exemplar of the current species:—"and but for his piety," De Quincey characteristically remarks,‖ "which was the best indication of some greatness latent within him, he would have suggested to all mankind a nobler use for garters than any which regarded knees. In fact, I believe, that but for his piety, he would not only have counselled hanging in general, but hanged himself in particular." Nothing, however, could be farther from truth than to call Johnson a misanthrope. His breast was full of the milk of human kindness. Companions wondered and laughed at his matronly helpmate and her unprepossessing aspect, but Johnson's "deathless affection for his Tetty," was, as Carlyle observes, always "venerable and noble." Visitors wondered and laughed at his home circle,—blind, peevish, old Mrs. Williams, Betsey, the maid servant, to whom he desires in his correspondence to be "remembered kindly,"¶ Francis, the blackamoor, whom he would not order to go out and buy oysters for the cat Hodge, lest the trouble should make puss unpopular in the kitchen,** and that obscure practitioner, Robert Levet, strange and grotesque in appearance, stiff and formal in manner, and speechless before company;†† but Johnson was impervious to ridicule wherever he felt that mercy and righteousness were met together. "Generous old man! Worldly possession he has little," says Carlyle, treating of his middle life, "yet of this little he gives freely, from his own hard-earned shilling, the halfpence for the poor, that 'waited his coming out.'"‡‡ Not mere halfpence either; for Dr. Maxwell, the temple preacher, tells us that he frequently gave all the *silver* in his pocket to the poor, who watched him, between his house and the tavern where he dined. If he was hot and hasty, he was also placable and conciliatory on reflection. His very prejudices, strong and irrational as they sometimes were, do not offend us as they would in another man; even Hazlitt says, "I do not hate but love him for them." These prejudices were of an anomalous kind, under the influence of which his mind seemed to dwindle away, in Macaulay's words, "from gigantic elevation to dwarfish littleness." But we feel with Hazlitt that his were not time-serving, heartless, hypocritical prejudices, but deep and inwoven,—not to be rooted out but with life and hope,—prejudices which he found from old habit to be necessary to his own peace of mind, and which he thence inferred were necessary to the peace of mankind at large. His hatred of the Scotch, his belief in witches, and similar convictions, were, as Carlyle has said, only the beliefs of ordinary well-meaning Englishmen of that day—hallowed, some of them at least, by fondest sacred recollections, and to part with which was parting with his heart's blood.

As a writer, his day of glory is in its twilight decline. His reputation both in verse and prose is past its prime, and fallen somewhat into the sere, the yellow leaf. That ponderous, stately, elephantine style of his which once had every young Englishman for pupil and imitator—just as Chalmers was ambitiously copied some years ago by all the licentiates in theology throughout broad Scotland, or as Carlyle and Tennyson have their mocking-birds at the present time—is now considered fit theme for a jest in every mouth, a sarcasm in every magazine. His bloated diction was of ill service to the progress of the English language. It is true that he denounced those who inflated it with irregular and foreign words—but he was partaker in their sins, and himself did that which he approved not, thus becoming worthy of stripes. Not as an able contributor to the "North British Review" observes, that Johnson introduced many Greek and Latin words, but that he mainly employed those we already had, and starved what should have been kept up, and pampered what should have been kept down, till our language became like himself, little sinew and much fat.* There is too much of solidity and ballast in Johnson's thought to allow us to consider his expressions hollow and merely artificial, as we necessarily do in the instance of his copyists, who plagiarised his weakness and omitted that which made it tolerable; but how desirable were a less affected diction in so genuine a man! Mr. Landor says, that magnificent words, and the pomp and procession of stately sentences, may accompany genius, but are not always nor frequently called out by it:—"the voice ought not to be perpetually nor much elevated in the ethic and didactic, nor to roll sonorously, as if it issued from a mask in the theatre.'† A German author of the seventeenth century amusingly illustrates the very characteristics of the Johnsonian composition, in his description of a certain Hessian official, who, when he wanted a knife, would say to his boy, "Page, convey to me the bread-dissecting implement;" or, when he wished to tell his wife that it was nine o'clock, and therefore bedtime, would say, "Help of my soul! desire of mine eyes! my superior self! the metallic hollow has resounded to thrice three inflictions! Rise therefore, on the columns intended to support thy frame, and repair to the couch plethoric with feathers." Archdeacon Hare compares the Johnsonian sentences to the hoops worn by ladies in those days, as being equally successful in disguising and disfiguring the form, as well as keeping you at a distance from it.‡ There is truth as well as wit in Peter Pindar's§ lines:—

"I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile,
Casts of manure a waggon-load around,
To raise a simple daisy from the ground;
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?
To crush a butterfly, or brain a gnat;
Creates a whirlwind from the earth, to draw
A goose's feather or exalt a straw;
Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter,
To force up one poor nipperkin of water;

* Goethe's "Torquato Tasso," Act V. Scene 1. (Swanwick's translation.)

† Boswell's "Life of Johnson." Jones's University Edition, p. 68.

‡ In his review of "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries."—*Blackwood*, vol. xxiii. p. 363.

§ "Not refreshings were his, but witherings, from the face of God." See *Sterling's Essays*, &c. vol. ii.

‖ See his essay on "Conversation," in *Tait's Magazine*, 1847.

¶ Boswell's "Life," p. 315.

** Ibid. p. 490.

†† Johnson's acquaintance with Levet commenced about the year 1746:—"and such was Johnson's predilection for him, and fanciful estimation of his moderate abilities, that I have heard him say he should not be satisfied, though attended by all the College of Physicians, unless he had Mr. Levet with him."—*Boswell*, p. 63.

‡‡ Critical Miscellanies, vol. iii.

* See *North British Review*, No. XXVI. August, 1850.

† Walter Savage Lander's Works, vol. ii. p. 25, 26.

‡ Mr. Hare, who by the way, is generally disposed to depreciate Johnson, further compares his STYLE to the sails of a mill, which roll round, ponderously and monotonously, yet seldom grinding any corn, as though in truth it were constructed for the purpose of going round a thing, and round it, and round it, without ever getting to it.—See *Guesses at Truth*, 2nd Series, 259.

§ Dr. Walcot, who delighted to burlesque Johnson and Boswell: as in his *Bozzy and Piozzi, or the British Biographers.*

Bids ocean labour with tremendous roar,
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore;
Alike in every theme his pompous art,
Heaven's awful thunder or a rumbling cart!"

Tautology is another sin laid to the charge of his composition; and one, if proven, unworthy of an accurate weigher of words and meanings,—of the "great pedagogue," as Robert Fergusson in caricaturing spirit calls him,—

"Whose literarian lore,
With syllable on syllable conjoin'd,
To transmutate and varify, had learn'd
The whole revolving scientific names
That in the alphabetic columns lie."*

Sentences which might have been expressed as simple ones, are expanded (according to Archbishop Whately) in Johnson's writings, into complex ones by the addition of classes which add little or nothing to the sense; and which have been compared to the false handles and keyholes with which furniture is decorated, that serve no other purpose than to correspond to the real ones.† De Quincey pronounces Johnson the most faulty writer in this kind of insanity that ever had played tricks with language—and illustrates this opinion by citing the opening lines of Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes,"—

"Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru."

Which couplet has been paraphrased as follows:—"*Let observation, with extensive observation, observe mankind extensively;*"‡ a neat specimen, unquestionably, of desperate tautology. The distinction between Johnson's natural manner in conversation, and his stilted manner in composition, is palpable. When he talked, as Macaulay says, he clothed his wit and his sense in forcible and natural expressions; but as soon as he took his pen in hand to write for the public, his style became systematically vicious. "All his books are written in a learned language; in a language which nobody hears from his mother or his nurse; in a language in which nobody ever quarrels, or drives bargains, or makes love; in a language which nobody ever thinks."§ Nothing can be better than Goldsmith's retort about the "Animated Nature," when he said, "Doctor, if *you* were to write a fable about little fishes, you would make the little fishes talk like whales." Oliver could, on occasion, say sharp things, as well as do kind ones.

The poetry of Johnson has merits which are, of course, not a little qualified by the mannerisms to which we have directed attention. But merits it has, of a *calibre* and a vitality which show to singular advantage, if compared with the namby-pamby effusions and sickly sentimentalisms and canting mysticisms so rife among ourselves. His verses are usually vigorous, always clear and manly, often impressive in their sonorous cadence, apt in their illustrations, epigrammatic, and even pathetic. The "Vanity of Human Wishes" has been eulogised by Sir Walter Scott as a satire, the deep and pathetic morality of which has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over pages professedly sentimental. His other Juvenalian satire, "London," is called by Wilson a noble poem, although his great moral genius was cramped by the requisite imitation of his Roman prototype, with whom he had to move parallel; but then "to have shown so much genius and so much ingenuity at one and the same time, to have been so original even in imitation, places Johnson in the highest order of minds." Complaints there are, that the censure is freely bestowed by the satirist of "London" coarse and exaggerated, and that the satire ranks rather as a party than as a moral poem. But where is the satire to which complaints of that kind have not been attached? and how few are the satires which contain such forcible painting as this! Englishmen at once recognise a worthy countryman and an able teacher in the assailant of those

"——— Whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white,"

and of those supple tribes who, for "bribery and corruption," are ready to "repress their patriot throats,"

"And ask no questions but the price of votes;
Whose wish is full to riot and to rail,
With weekly libels and septennial ale."

The historical illustrations in "The Vanity of Human Wishes" come in with great effect—more especially to those who are familiar with Juvenal's tenth satire. Wolsey, seen standing in full-blown dignity, directing by his nod the stream of honour, and then frowned on by Henry, scorned "by those his former bounty fed," oppressed with age, cares, and sickness, and hieing to the refuge of the cloister; Villiers and Harley, Hyde and Strafford, all the victims of

"——Their wish indulged in courts to shine,
And power too great to keep or to resign."

How stirring, too, the allusions to Charles the Twelfth, that frame of adamant, that soul of fire, pushing on with his Gothic standards to the walls of Moscow; but, after all his achievements, dying in a petty fortress, and by a dubious hand, and leaving a name

"——— At which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

Frequent quotation has attested the graphic significance of the melancholy couplet,

"From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show.

And this, again, on the "fatal gift of beauty:"

"Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,
And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king."

In these poems we see qualities of the author's genius that are dimly, if at all, revealed in the pages of Boswell, notwithstanding the common assertion that Johnson is in every sense greater in the "Life" than in his own writings. We incline rather to Mr. Gilfillan's opinion,* that although Boswell's book does justice to Johnson's wit, readiness, and fertility, we most consult the poems and prose of the doctor if we would see the full force of his fancy, the full energy of his invective, and his full sensibility to, and command over, the moral sublime. And most justly does Christopher North† ascribe to him noble faculties and noble feelings—a hate high as heaven of wickedness, a scorn as high of all that was base and mean; wide knowledge of the world, of London, of life; severe judgment, and imagination not very various, perhaps, but very vivid in its own sphere of action. That his ear was defective, according to our standard of harmony, seems evident from his remarks on the metre of Milton,‡ and the "*improvements* made by Dryden" (whose proposal to turn "Paradise Lost" into rhyme met with this rebuff from the *more* "glorious John:" "Ay, Mr. Dryden, you may *tag* my verses if you will"). If Wordsworth could have lived and written during the middle of the last century, Johnson, we venture to say, would have been one of the severest, as well as most formidable and intelligent of his adversaries. The doctor's cast of mind and taste was wholly in another direction; when he ventured on things pastoral, he was unhappy, and thought of, and sighed for, Fleet-street. His bucolic muse, it has been said,§ seems to have taken her ideas of the "rural kingdom" from Lincoln's-inn-fields, or perhaps wandered, in her fine enthusiasm for "vocal groves" to the utmost verge of Birdcage-walk. Cowper was willing to "lay sixpence" that had Johnson lived in the days of Milton, and by an accident have met with his "Paradise Lost," he would neither have directed the attention of others to it, nor have much admired it himself. His position, on the whole, in the temple of the Muses

* See *Fergusson's Poems*, p. 45 (1840). The Scotchman's travestie is rather a heavy affair, and the fun of it not very exuberant. His spite against the doctor is, however, natural enough, on the ground of national jealousy. It was a bad day for Johnson's popularity north of the Tweed when he turned

"From Thames's banks to Scoticanian shores,
Where Lochlomondian liquids undulate."

† Whately's Elements of Rhetoric.
‡ See *Blackwood's Magazine*, Dec 1828, p. 906.
§ Macaulay's Critical Essays, vol. i. p. 401.

* See his papers on Macaulay, in the second series of *Literary Portraits*.
† In his splendid review of "The Man of Ton," in *Blackwood*, vol. xxiii.
‡ Cowper remarks on this point, in a letter to Unwin, "Was there ever anything so delightful as the music of the "Paradise Lost?" It is like that of a fine organ; has the fullest and the deepest tones of majesty, with all the softness and elegance of the Dorian flute. Yet the doctor [Johnson] has little or nothing to say upon this copious theme, but talks something about the unfitness of the English language for blank verse, &c."—*Hayley's Life of Cowper*.
§ See a lively and sagacious essay on "The Regeneration of our National Poetry," in the *Athenæum*, 1839, p. 821, &c.

might be summed up worse than in Cowper's* words: "Good sense, in short, and strength of intellect, seem to me, rather than a fine taste, to have been his distinguished characteristics."

We must add a word or two on Johnson's achievements in criticism, original prose composition, and conversation. In criticising the poets, he is shrewd, pointed, and positive, but so narrow in his sympathies, that many of them get scant justice, just as others get superfluous attention, at his hands. Mr. Hare contends that he only looked into a book to contemplate his own image in it, and that when anything came across that image he turned to another volume.† The judgments he passed on books were "superstitiously venerated" by his contemporaries; but our own age generally‡ assents to the comment of Mr. Macaulay,§ that they are the judgments of a strong but enslaved understanding, which was hedged round by an uninterrupted fence of prejudices and superstitions, though within his narrow limits he displayed a vigour and activity which ought to have enabled him to clear the barrier that confined him. His most celebrated production in prose, "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," which he wrote in the spare hours of the week to defray the charges of his mother's funeral, was called by the poet Young a "mass of sense," and still counts its admirers, though they are now a feeble folk, compared with their ancestors. All the characters talk like the great lexicographer. Like him they are tainted with despondency. Hence "Rasselas" has been called, by Hazlitt, the most melancholy and debilitating moral speculation that ever was put forth. As to the characters and plot, Sir Bulwer Lytton‖ describes them as a dim succession of shadowy images, without life or identity—mere machines for the grinding of morals, and the nice location of sonorous phraseology. On the other hand—nothing personal to the accomplished baronet—Wilson cordially protests, "No prig shall ever persuade me that 'Rasselas' is not a noble performance—in design and in execution." And elsewhere¶ the eloquent professor rapturously pronounces it an "*as yet unsurpassed story*," where, on the wings of fancy and feeling, you are wafted along over the earth, yet never lose sight of its flesh-and-blood inhabitants, working and weeping, yet not unhappy still in their toils and their tears, and dying but to live again in no cold, glittering, poetic heaven. Between these two verdicts it is not for *us* to decide. The professor has the greater genius, and is the finer critic; but the baronet is cleverer at constructing and sustaining the interest of a story, and certainly has public taste with him in his estimate (grant it, however, a little too smartly contemptuous) of the merits of "Rasselas."

But when Johnson's conversational powers are the theme, there can be but one judgment in kind, differ as it may in degree. Coleridge, who could see nothing like reality and consecutiveness in his writings,—who declared his antithesis to be almost always verbal only, and many sentences in the "Rambler" to have no assignable definite meaning whatever,—Coleridge** speculated on the philosophy of his conversational prowess, and, to account for it, supposed it was stimulated by the excitement of company. Surrounded by his intimates, within sight of the "spectacles of Burke, and the tall, thin form of Langton, the courtly sneer of Beauclerk, and the beaming smile of Garrick, Gibbon tapping his snuff-box, and Sir Joshua with his trumpet in his ear,"†† the doctor got off his stilts, unbuckled his heavy armour, and "came down upon" them with irresistible sallies of witty good sense, and "homely wisdom." He was then natural, hearty, vivacious. "His colloquial style was as blunt and direct as his style of studied composition was involved and circuitous."* Of course his prejudices came out in full development, magnified by the irritation of opposition and the heat of personal collision—for he was too accustomed to despotic monarchy in society to bear patiently with plain-speaking from those republican spirits who would not or could not "flatter Neptune for his trident, or Jove for his power to thunder."† He often seemed fighting rather for victory than for truth; yet Carlyle apologises, very reasonably for this, as representing the ebulliences of a careless hour, and on merely superficial debateable questions—the effect of which was harmless, and possibly beneficial, in taming noisy mediocrity, and showing it another side of a debateable topic. Compared with the conversation of Coleridge, Johnson's wants philosophy and depth, however superior it may seem in lucid and hearty English sense. Johnson does not, as Hazlitt pointed out, set us thinking for the first time; his reflections present themselves like reminiscences, and do not disturb the ordinary march of our thoughts; we seldom meet with anything to give us pause. And when Johnson *did* tackle a question, the "gyration of his flight upon it" was exceedingly brief. There was no process—as the most distinguished of Coleridge's immediate disciples, M. de Quincey, has observed—no evolution, no movements of self-conflict or preparation; a word, a distinction, a pointed antithesis, and, above all, a new abstraction of the logic involved in some popular fallacy or prejudice, formed the utmost of his efforts. Upon David Hartley, Hume, Voltaire, Rousseau, the true or false philosophy of his own times, he "had nothing to say, and said nothing," unless, indeed, a perpetual sneer is saying something.

But here, inasmuch as the entire space of the magazine is not at our disposal, we must (to use a most *un*-Johnsonian idiom) pull up. Hazlitt was wrong when he said Johnson "never makes us pause." The doctor has made *us* do so, most abruptly, in the present instance, and must be held responsible for whatever discourteous hurry there may be in our leave-taking.

* Hayley's "Life of Cowper," p. 414 (1835).

† His reading is said to have been always very desultory; so that one of his biographers thinks it questionable whether he ever read any book entirely through, except the Bible. If this was, indeed, the fact, it would form the best intellectual apology for his criticisms.—*Guesses at Truth*, Second Series, p. 258.

‡ It is only fair to cite a passage, *per contra*, from the dicta of Christopher North, at one of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* (No. XLII.):—"Show me the critique that beats his on Pope, and on Dryden, nay even on Milton; and hang me if you may not read his essay on Shakspeare, after having read Charles Lamb, or heard Coleridge, with increased admiration of the powers of all three, and of their insight through different avenues, and, as it might seem, almost with different bodily and mental organs, into Shakspeare's old exhausted and his new imagined worlds."

§ Critical Essays, vol. i. p. 396. ‖ In "The Student."

¶ *Blackwood*, June, 1828. ** See his "Table Talk." †† Macaulay.

* Hazlitt.

† Shakspeare. "Coriolanus," Cowper says, in a letter (1789) to Mr. Rose, "I fancy Johnson made coxcombs of all his friends, and they, in return, made him a coxcomb; for, with reverence be it spoken, such he certainly was, and, flattered as he was, sure to be so."—*Hayley's Life*, p. 375.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

The following curious prediction—sufficiently remarkable in the present state of affairs in France—is translated from a work entitled, "Nostradamus;" a history of private prophecy, published in Paris, in 1840, by M. Eugene Bareste, at which period the man who now governs France was of small importance in the eyes of political seers, though certainly he appears to be the individual alluded to in the latter part of the extract. In the original, the particulars respecting the discovery of the MS. are detailed very minutely and circumstantially.

"One evening Napoleon was at Malmaison. He was extremely fond of discussing subjects that bordered on the marvellous, especially with Josephine, whom he knew to be very superstitious. This evening, then, he had been speaking of his gigantic projects for some time, when he concluded by placing in the hands of the empress an old parchment-covered manuscript book in duodecimo, dated 1542. "Hold," said the emperor, opening the volume, "read this." Josephine read aloud:—"The Predictions of Master Noel Olivarius."—"Well?" asked she. "They say this relates to me," said the emperor. "How, in a book published in 1542?" "Read it." The empress tried; but as it was written in old French, and the characters indifferently formed, she paused for some minutes to glance over the chapter pointed out to her; then, in a confident voice, she began thus:—

"Italie Gaul shall see born far from her bosom a supernatural being; this being will rise out of the sea while very young, will come to learn the tongue and manners of the Celti-Gauls, will open for himself, still young, through a thousand obstacles, a road among the soldiers, and will become their chief. This winding path will cause him great troubles; (he) will come to make war near his natal soil for a lustre and

more. Beyond seas (he) shall be seen warring with great glory and valour, and shall war anew (for) * the Roman world. Shall give laws to the Germans, shall quell the troubles and terrors of the Celti-Gauls, and shall then be named, not king, but afterwards called *imperator*, with great popular enthusiasm. He shall fight everywhere through the empire—shall drive out lords, and princes, and kings, for two lustres and more. He shall raise new princes and lords to life, and, speaking on his path, will cry—*O sidera! O sacra!* He shall be seen with a strong army of forty-nine times 20,000 men, armed foot soldiers, who will bear arms and headpieces of iron. He will have seven times 7,000 horses, ridden by men who will bear more than the first, (a) great sword or lance, with bodies of brass. He will have seven times seven times 2,000 men who will work terrible machines, vomiting sulphur, and fire, and death. The whole amount of his army will be forty-nine times 20,000 men. He will bear in his right hand an eagle, omen of victory to the warrior. He will give many territories to the nations, and to each one peace. He shall come to the great city, planning very great things; buildings, bridges, harbours, water-courses; doing of himself, with vast riches, as much as a Roman, and all within the dominion of the Gauls. He shall have two wives."

Josephine stopped. "Go on," said the Emperor, who did not like interruptions.

"And one only son. He shall go to make war where the lines of longitude and latitude cross, fifty-five months. There his enemies will burn with fire the great city, and he will enter and leave it with his people amidst ashes (and) great ruins: his people not having either bread or water, in great and decimal † cold, will be so unfortunate that the two-thirds of his army will perish, and more, by one half the other, he being no longer within his dominions. Then, the great man abandoned, betrayed by his own friends, pursued, in his turn, with great loss, even to his very city, by (a) great European population. In the place of him shall be put the kings of the old blood of the Capet.‡ He, forced into exile in the sea from which he came so young, and near his native place, will remain there for eleven moons with some of his (people) true friends and soldiers, not more than seven times, seven times, seven times two in number. As soon as the eleven moons are accomplished, he and his take ship and come to set foot on Celti-Galic ground. And he will advance towards the great city where the king of the old blood of the Cape had seated himself, who rises, takes flight, carrying away with him royal ornaments; settles things in his former dominion; gives to the people very admirable laws. Then driven out again by (a) trinity of European peoples, after three moons, and a third of a moon, he is replaced by the king of the old blood of the Cape, and he believed to be dead by his soldier-people, who in that time shall keep to their household gods against their will.

"The Celts and the Gauls, like tigers and wolves, shall devour each other. The blood of the old king of the Capet shall be the subject of black treasons. Some unhappy (persons) shall be misled; and by fire and sword shall be cut off—the lily maintained; but the last branches of the old blood shall be still menaced. Then (they) shall be warring among themselves. Then a young warrior will advance towards the great city. He will bear the lion and the cock upon his armour. Then his lance will be given him by a great prince in the East. He shall be marvellously aided by (the) warrior people of Belgic Gaul, who will join with the men of Paris to put an end to troubles, to assemble soldiers, and to cover them all with branches of olive. (He shall be) warring again with so much glory seven times seven moons that (a) trinity (of) European populations, with great fear, and cries, and tears, (will) offer their sons as hostages, (and) submit to laws wholesome, just, and beloved by all. Then peace during twenty-five moons. In Lutetia,‖ the Seine reddened with blood, by reason of deadly struggles, shall extend its bed with ruin and mortality. New seditions of the unhappy Maillotins. Then (they) shall be driven from the palaces of the kings of the valiant man; and thereafter, the wast Gauls (shall be) declared by all the nations (a) great and mother nation. And he, saving the remnant (that) escaped of the old blood of the Capet, rules the destinies of the world, * makes himself Sovereign Consul of every nation and of all people, lays the foundation of benefits without end, and dies."

Josephine, surprised at what she had read, shut the book and questioned Napoleon about this strange prediction. The emperor, not wishing to attach much importance to the sayings of Master Olivarius, contented himself with answering:—"Prophecies always tell whatever one wishes to make them tell; nevertheless, I own that this one has considerably surprised me," and then turned the conversation to another subject.

On his return from Elba, the emperor recollected this prediction, and spoke thus of it to Colonel Abd:—"I have never been one who would believe everything, but here I acknowledge fairly that there are things beyond the capacity of man, and which even his rare intelligence can never fathom—witness that singular prophecy found in the Benedictine Library during the revolution, and which I myself have seen. To whom does it allude? Am I, indeed, the subject of it? In truth, we must refer always, in those matters, to the Ruler of the universe, and profit as we may by the sparks of light vouchsafed to some privileged beings, to enlighten us as to the road we should follow, and to warn us of the shoals that lie in our way."

The author of the above curious prediction then goes on to relate the history of the original MS. It was discovered, he tells us, by Francis de Metz, Secretary to the Municipality of Paris, in June, 1793, when the frantic excesses of the Montagnards were at their height, among the heaps of books and manuscripts plundered from every library in the country. This had come from the library of the Benedictines, with a number of volumes on the occult sciences, and, perceiving it to be authentic, he copied it, though without understanding its application, and finally placed the original in the library of the Hotel de Ville, where it remained until Napoleon ascended the throne, when some persons having mentioned the then fulfilled prophecy the emperor had the volume brought to him, and from that time the original has been lost sight of. However, as the prediction had created some sensation, many persons had been allowed to copy it, and M. Bareste asserts that he himself found the first copy among the papers of Francis de Metz, written, signed, and dated 1793 by his own hand. On this point, therefore, there can be no doubt. It was printed in 1815, inserted in the *Memoirs of Josephine* (editions of 1820 and 1827), and again published by Edward Bricon, bookseller, in his *Recueils de Prophéties*. We give the concluding remarks and conjectures of M. Bareste in his own words, as an additional proof of its authenticity, since we find him evidently seeking to apply it to the favourite of the day, the late Duke of Orleans:—

"Now, if we attentively examine this prophecy, we shall find it very extraordinary. All that it predicted touching the rise and reign of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons, has been fully and exactly accomplished. The troubles of 1827, the plots of the liberals, and even the very revolution of 1830, is to be found in it. But it goes further still! Who is this young warrior who will bear on his armour a lion and a cock, emblems of strength and foresight? (It is worth remarking, as rather singular, that the architects of the column of July should have chosen the lion and the cock for the symbolic ornaments of that monument.) What mean those words: The lance shall be given him by a great prince of the East, and he shall be wonderfully aided by a warrior people, who will join with the men of Paris to put a stop to disturbances and revolutions? And those unhappy *Maillotins* who are once more to redden the Seine with blood, who are they? And who is this man who will make France universally respected, who will control the destinies of the world, and who will lay the basis of a new state of society? Let time reply!"

* Or "with."
† "Decime froidure." Perhaps alluding to the centigrade scale.—Tr.
‡ Capet.—Tr.
‖ Paris.

* Obscure—"Se fait conseil souverain detoute nation," &c., may also mean, "Makes (to) himself (a) sovereign council from (the) whole nation."

BELLS.

THREE hundred years ago, Paul Neutzner, a German traveller who visited England, informed his countrymen that one of the great peculiarities of Englishmen was their vast fondness for great noises, such as the firing of cannon, beating of drums, ringing of bells, and so forth. "It is common," he says, "for a number of them (who have got a glass in their heads) to get up into some church belfry, and ring the bells for an hour together."

Paul Neutzner was not far wrong. There is something in the volley of sound—in the roaring brazen clang, thundering from quivering bell metal—that we all love, more or less, although we may not believe, with Charles Lamb, that it is the music nighest bordering on heaven. The music of the bells is associated with some of our happiest hours. We have listened to its rattling merriment, and heard the bells tell the world that it was Christmas-eve, or that the old year had gone, and that the new year, full of hope and promise, had come in its stead. When we listen to the flood of harmony, high up in ancient belfries, and hear the sound caught up and echoed back from every tower and steeple near, we are not ashamed to own that we have a fondness for "such great noises."

Bells are old-fashioned music. When the ceremonial law was given to Moses, and the dresses of the priests were appointed, one remarkable characteristic of those habiliments was the golden bells which adorned them. Beneath the hem of the ephod which Aaron wore, pomegranates of blue, and purple, and scarlet were placed, and bells of gold between them round about; so that as the priest entered the holy-place, and a worshipping assembly awaited his outcoming, the melody of the bells upon his garment might be heard, assuring the host that all was well.

And it was not only the Jews who were accustomed to use bells in their religious services. At Athens, the bell from the Temple of Proserpine assembled the people at the hour of sacrifice; and so, also, in Persia the practice was observed, and on his robe of state the shah wore golden bells. Prefixed to a manuscript copy of the Psalms, of the fourteenth century, is a representation of King David, playing upon five bells, which are arranged before him, and which he is supposed to be striking with two small hammers which he holds in his hands.

THE GREAT BELL AT MOSCOW, RUSSIA.

But bells were used for other than religious purposes. For *commercial pursuits*—as, for instance, in the Greek Islands—a bell was used to announce the opening of the markets; for *military discipline*, as when the warlike Greek went the nightly rounds in camp or garrison, and at every spot where a soldier was placed sounded his bell, in order to see that the man was

awake and watchful; for purposes of *triumph*, as when some mighty hero returned, and in his decorated chariot, hung with bells, was received with the plaudits of his countrymen; for something far different than triumph, when the criminal, with bells suspended round his neck, was led away to death, or when the solemn bell of the "Cedononhorus" sounded as he preceded the corpse to the tomb.

It is doubtful at what time bells began to be used in Christian churches. In the early times, the Christians were glad enough to meet in silence, and when it became safe, perhaps requisite, that the hour for worship should be made known in some public way, a wooden hammer was sounded upon a wooden board, and in some places, say old writers, a trumpet was sounded.

People generally suppose that Paulinus, bishop of Nola, first introduced church bell-ringing, in the year 400, and this is most likely the fact.

Ingulphus mentions that the Abbot of Croyland (870) gave a great bell to the church of that abbey, which he called Guthlac; he afterwards added to it six others,—viz., Bartholomew and Bethelin, Turketal and Tatwin, Pega and Bega. For in those old days it was customary to bestow names upon the bells, and to consecrate them to the purposes for which they were designed.

In the little sanctuary at Westminster, King Edward III. erected a clocker or bell-tower, and placed therein several bells, one of which bore the following inscription :—

"King Edward made mee thirty thousand weight and three;
Take me down and weigh mee, and more you shall find mee."

Whether for the purpose thus suggested, is unknown; but, sure enough, King Henry VIII. took down the bells, and chalked up by some waggish hand appeared the words,

"But Harry the Eighth
Will bait me of my weight."

And this was by no means unlikely, as the same king, Henry VIII., wagered the Jesus bells of Paul's, and lost them by a throw of dice to Sir Miles Partridge, by whom they were taken down and sold.

To deprive a town of its bells was considered a great disgrace and public calamity. Henry V. took away the bells of Calais, and bestowed them on his native place of Monmouth. In eastern lands the Moslems have seized upon the bells, and melted down the sanctified metal for baser purposes, so that in the east their sound is hushed, and no harmony of bells

"Bids the sons of mirth be glad,
And tells of sorrow to the sad—
Reflection to the wise."

A sad, sad loss, if we are to credit the testimony of Wynkyn de Worde, who, in his "Golden Legend," say, "Evil spirits that are in the regions of the air fear much when they hear the bells ring; and this is the cause why the bells are rung when it thunders, and when great storms, and tempests, and outrages of weather happen; to the end that fiends and wicked spirits should be abashed, and flee away, and cease from working tempests." From this old credulity arose the practice of ringing the passing-bell.

China was once wonderfully celebrated for its bells, its high pagodas, and quaintly-fashioned towers were all adorned with bells. At Nankin, in the middle of the sixteenth century, four great bells were erected, the largest of which was twelve English feet in diameter, and weighed 50,000 lb. These bells brought down the tower in which they were put up.

One of our most celebrated bells is the Great Tom of Oxford —it weighs 17,000 lb., and is 7 feet 1 inch in diameter at the brim, and 5 feet 9 inches high; its thickness at the striking part is 6 inches. The great bell of St. Paul's weighs between 11,000 and 12,000 lb., and measures 9 feet in diameter. But we cannot boast any very large bells, the country of great bells is, without dispute, Russia. There the great bell may be heard in full vigour, not

"Swinging slow with sullen roar"—

for the Russian bells are too large to be swung, but incessantly tolling, and booming and deafening all ears but those of Russians, who almost worship their bells. The largest of them has been called by Adam Clark "a mountain of metal," and is termed by the Russians the "Tsai Kolokol," or king of bells, from the metal of which at least thirty-six bells might be cast, each as large as the great bell of St. Paul's. The king of bells weighs 400,000 lb. or nearly 200 tons, is 20 feet high, and 21½ in diameter. The enormous bell is now exhibited close by the Ivan Veleki, or Great Ivan, which is a tower belonging to the Cathedral at Moscow. An inscription on the bell states that it is made of the metal of a former one, which was cast in the year 1654, first rung in 1658, and greatly damaged by a fire on the 19th of June, 1701. The inscription goes on to state that, the empress Ann added 72,000 lb. of metal to the 288,000 lb. which the old bell contained, and that the new bell was cast in the year 1734. People from all parts, during the operation of casting, contributed their gold and silver plate to add to its weight and glory. This bell was never suspended in a bell tower; by a disastrous fire, a piece was broken out of the side; but in the year 1836 a French architect, M. de Montferrand, succeeded in placing the bell upon an octagon granite pedestal at the foot of the Tower of Ivan Veleki, and is one of the curiosities of the Kremlin, at Moscow.

The great bell at Montreal, which was cast in 1847, is eight feet seven inches in diameter at the mouth, eight feet one inch high to the top of the crown, and weighs 30,000 lb.

The constituent parts of a bell are the body or barrel, the clapper in the inside, and the ear or cannon on which it hangs to a large beam of wood. The metal of which it is made is a composition of tin and copper, or pewter and copper; the proportion one to the other is about twenty pounds of pewter, or twenty-three pounds of tin to one hundred pounds of copper. The usual thickness is one fifteenth of the diameter, and a twelfth of the height.

It is a curious and interesting sight to watch the casting of a bell; and to look at the inner mould built up of brickwork, having an open space left in the centre for the fire. "The face of this mould or core is covered with a composition of clay and other materials, and moulded into the shape of the inside of the bell. It is then baked by means of the fire in the hollow, and when hard, is coated with another composition, which is made to take the exact shape of the outside of the bell, and is also hardened by the fire; after which the inscription, or any desired ornament are placed upon it in relief;—over this the outer mould or cope is formed, and the whole having been burnt the cope is taken off, and the inner thickness of composition, representing the bell, is removed; so that when the cope is again put over the core, there is, of course, a space between the two of the shape and thickness of the bell, and into this the metal is allowed to run. One necessary precaution is to leave a hole in the cap of the mould, beside the orifice through which the metal runs, to allow the air to escape; the omission of this would be fatal to the process. For large bells the formation of the mould takes place in a pit dug in the ground near the furnace, but the moulds of smaller size are formed in the workshops and placed afterwards in holes dug for the purpose. When in the pit the earth is crammed firmly round it leaving nothing exposed but the holes in the cap, and from these a channel technically called a 'gutter' is cut to the mouth of the furnace." When the metal is admitted and is seen to bubble up through the air-holes the "fiery waves" are stopped. Twenty-four hours is sufficient to cool an ordinary bell, the mould is then broken off and it is removed to the workshops to be tuned at the turning machine.

In the furnace the dry branches crackle, the crucible shines as with gold,
As they carry the hot flaming metal, in haste from the fire to the mould;
Loud roar the bellows, and louder the flames as they shricking escape.
And loud is the song of the workmen who watch o'er the fast filling shape;
To and fro in the red glaring chamber, the proud master anxiously moves,
And the quick and the skilful he praiseth, and the dull and the laggard reproves;
And the heart in his bosom expandeth as the thick bubbling meta upswells,
For like to the birth of his children he watcheth the birth of the bells.

There are a number of curious customs connected with bell-ringing. At Barton, Lincolnshire, a bell is rung every night

or the guidance of travellers. The tradition is that a worthy old dame of bygone times, being accidentally benighted in the wolds, was directed on her course by the sound of the evening-bell, and, out of gratitude, gave a piece of land to the parish-clerk, "on condition that he should ring one of the church-bells from seven to eight every evening, except Sundays, commencing on the day of the carrying the first load of barley in every year, till Shrovetide inclusive."

At Great Catworth, Hants, a bell is rung every Saturday at twelve, because (so runs the legend) a farmer once went to plough on Sunday, and urged, in excuse, that he did not know it was Sunday. To prevent the recurrence of the circumstance, some one left a piece of land to maintain the ringing of a noon-bell every Saturday, in order that every person in the parish might know that the next day was Sunday, and so abstain from labour.

At many of our city churches bells are rung at an early hour every Sunday morning, the only remaining trace of the early services which once were held. At St. Mary's, Ely, a bell is tolled at 4 a.m. all the year round; at St. Neot's the parish-bell is sounded at one o'clock, and called the dinner-bell. Endless are the variety of circumstances which have originated these practices, perhaps all more or less attributable to the tolling of the curfew in the days of Norman sway.

At some churches special evenings are devoted to the ringing of the bells, and short touches, and bob-triples, and bob-majors, or grandsire bob-cators, awaken the neighbourhood with their noisy glee, and making many a surly man, becoming impatient of their banging and clashing, dancing and whirling, give vent to some such sentiment respecting their ringers as Mr. Gatty has translated from a French verse:—

"Disturbers of the human race,
Your bells are always ringing;
I wish the ropes were round your necks,
And you upon them swinging."

But far different is the sentiment which Longfellow puts into the mouth of his Friar at Strasburg, who ceases his discourse when the bells begin to chime:—

"For the bells themselves are the best of preachers,
Their brazen lips are learned teachers,
From their pulpits of stone, in the upper air,
Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,
Shriller than trumpets under the law,
Now a sermon and now a prayer.
The clamorous hammer is the tongue,
This way, that way, beaten and swung,
From mouth of brass, as from mouth of gold,
May be taught the Testaments, New and Old,
And above it the great cross-beam of wood,
Representeth the Holy Rood,
Upon which, like the bell, our hopes are hung.
And the wheel wherewith it is swayed and rung
Is the mind of man, that round and round
Sways and maketh the tongue to sound!
And the rope, with its twisted cordage three,
Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity
Of morals, and symbols, and history;
And the upward and downward motions show
That we touch upon matters high and low."

Again we plead guilty to the allegation of our German traveller, and own we love "great noises." We cannot listen to the bells without pleasurable emotion. The bells of Bow, we love to think, had a voice for Whittington, and bid the outcast, friendless boy come back to teeming London, there to win glory and renown. And the bells have voices for us; when ropes are jerking, and bells swinging, and a rattling chorus pealing aloft, they shout out joy and gladness. When, solemnly, one bell—one iron-tongued bell—a muffled monotone—tells us that somewhere near at hand there are sad hearts and tearful eyes, and one lies cold and dead, they teach a solemn lesson to the throbbingheart.

Wonderfully well as an American writer rung the changes of the bells—the silver bells that tinkle on the sledges—the golden bells that, in their harmony, foretel a world of happiness—the brazen bells that scream out their terror in a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire—the iron bells that seem to feel a glory in rolling a stone upon the human heart—all this is sounded forth wonderfully well—so well, that with one of his lusty peals—one merry, cheerful peal—we stop the ringing for the present:—

"Hear the mellow wedding-bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretels!
Through the balmy air of night,
How they ring out their delight;
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh! from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the Bells!"

PEOPLE'S COLLEGES.

Whoever undertakes to write the history of this generation, will note—if he do his work in a philosophic spirit—something more than the marvellous events which have transpired or the mighty men who have acted in its lifetime. Wars and revolutions, the destruction of one dynasty and the restoration of another, the extinction of an ancient kingdom and the episodical revival of a far more ancient republic, the extension of old and the birth of new empires, will not be the only, nor even the chief topics of narrative and reflection. They will be, to him, surpassed in importance, if not in interest, by the development and operation—silent, perhaps, and almost imperceptible—of influences, slow-working but powerful;—just as, to the geologist, the fissured rock, the submerged mountain, the rifted continent, or upheaved island—the memorials of elemental warfare and subterranean convulsion—are less inviting objects of study than the hollowed channel, the regular strata, or coral reef, monuments of the ceaseless industry of nature in building up this earth, myriads of ages, perhaps, before its present habitants were brought into being.

Among the most obvious and potent elements at work upon society in this country, is that of voluntary literary association. The founder of Mechanics' institutions could scarcely have reckoned—far-seeing as he was—on the extent to which his example would be followed. We can most of us recollect the establishment of the first of those institutions—but few of us are aware of their present number and condition. There is not a city or town but has its Athenæum, its Literary and Mechanics' Institution—scarcely a village but has its Mutual Instruction Society. But their efficiency has not kept pace with their numerical increase. They consist, usually, of a library, lectures, and classes. The library is made up, in many cases, chiefly of cheap novels and cast-off religious books—the lecturers are generally gratuitous, and therefore cannot be expected to be eminent in their vocation—and the classes are, it is to be feared, popular only in proportion as showy "accomplishments" are preferred to solid acquirements. The designation "Mechanics' Institution" is, moreover, with many of the associations that bear it, a complete misnomer,—the rate of subscription being so high as to exclude all mechanics, except a very frugal few; and such are likely to choose more substantial aliment for their money. With a still larger number, "Association for Mutual Amusement" would be a fairly descriptive title. Superficiality is their general characteristic and reproach. They have done much to excite a desire for information, to raise the common estimate of intellect, and to impart an air of refinement. That is something to have done—but unless they can be made to do much more, they must be superseded, as no longer fair exponents of one of the tendencies of our age, nor adequate ministers to the intellectual wants of our youthful and adult population.

The model of a new form of educational effort is not want-

ing. Some ten or twelve years ago, the Rev. R. S. Bayley—an Independent minister of Sheffield, widely known for his graphic, sometimes grotesque, eloquence as a preacher, and his strong democratic sympathies—to whom the education of the masses had long been *the* question of the age, the great duty alike of the Christian and the patriot—opened an institution which he called "The People's College." He offered there to instruct the young men and women of Sheffield in all that he could teach them, as much as they could learn—from the rudiments of English up to the intricacies of Hebrew, from the vulgar rule of arithmetic up to the sublimities of the exact sciences. Unaided by the respectability or wealth of the town, the meanness of his school-house contrasted strikingly with the loftiness of its title, and the poverty of his means with the largeness of his purpose. But Mr. Bayley is an enthusiast; he persevered—he outlived the coldness or the scorn of the higher, and overcame the apathy of the lower orders. The hard-handed workers in iron and steel gathered round him night and morning, and repaid him by their progress in learning, their attachment to his person, and their submission to his authority—for the true teacher is always a despot, though never a tyrant—for the unwearied labour which he bestowed upon them. After one of their public examinations, a gentleman addressed him, saying, "Sir, we must have a People's College in Nottingham," By the munificence of that gentleman—Mr. Gill, if we recollect rightly—a structure more worthy of the name, and materials more adequate to the object, were provided. In the course of last year, Mr. Bayley removed, in his ministerial capacity to London. Shortly before, an article in the *Westminster Review*, on "National Education," detailed these facts. It was read by a gentleman at Florence—Mr. Lombe, the proprietor of large estates in the county of Norfolk. He, mindful of the duties of property whilst enjoying its privileges, wrote to Mr. Bayley, requesting to be informed of the expense of establishing in Norwich an institution similar to that in Nottingham. The reply was—that to erect or fit up suitable buildings, to engage competent masters, to purchase library and apparatus, would require an outlay of fifteen hundred pounds, extending over three years, when the institution would become self-supporting; the student's fees, as at Sheffield and Nottingham, ranging from 2d. to 1s. per week each. With magnificent liberality, Mr. Lombe immediately placed at Mr. Bayley's command the sum named. The opening of a People's College in Norwich, under his superintendence, was the result. So well is the princely gift appreciated by the people of the ancient city, that enlarged accommodation has already had to be provided for the students in attendance or applying for admission.

Mr. Bayley has returned to his pastoral charge; but not to content himself with discharging the ordinary duties, or enjoying the leisure of his position. In premises adjoining the chapel, a People's College, on a small scale, is conducted. He perceives, however,—as does every one who mingles freely with the working classes,—that so far from being won to the Church by the influence of the school, they will not even use the school if they suspect it of subservience to the Church; and he is desirous that everywhere they should be dis-sociated—that education should pioneer the way for Christianity only by fitting the minds of the people to appreciate its evidences and receive it doctrines. It is proposed, we understand, to establish in the east of London one or two of these admirable institutions, on a scale proportioned to the number of those who would, it is certain, eagerly avail themselves of the proffered teaching. Nothing, surely, need be said to commend such a project to the adoption of the friends of education in a district where they are numerous and powerful. To see several hundred young men and women elevated alike above the drudgeries and the frivolities of life—their minds at once both developed and disciplined by the study of mathematics and logic—their faculties greatly multiplied by the acquisition of more than their mother tongue—the nature and relations of the great world around, and the greater world within them, made reverently familiar by the revelations of material and moral science — the scroll of history unrolled to their intelligent perusal—the treasures of literature unlocked for their appropriation—habits of application and order built up by individual resolve under the exercise of wise and vigilant authority—to witness this, in steady operation, would amply repay any expenditure of personal or pecuniary aid. The founder of People's Colleges must not be left to work in obscurity and difficulty. We differ from him in thinking that Government has the right, or on it devolves the duty, to help on, by direct contribution, the great work to which he seems to have devoted his life; but we heartily agree in urging the heavy responsibilities, the impending perils, of suffering the youth of our nation to run to waste, or to fester into mischief. And we believe, that were every Christian minister animated with his spirit—were but few of our men of wealth as conscientious as Mr. Lombe—Government might close its hand, yea, prepare to vacate its throne; for a self-educated would speedily become a self-governing people.

DEATH BY THE WAY-SIDE:

A SKETCH.—BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

"Never before had the forests of America witnessed such a sight! Never again was there such a pilgrimage from the sea-side 'to the delightful banks of the Connecticut!'"—*Bancroft.*

SUCH is the language of the eloquent historian, with reference to the journey of that band of pilgrims who, in the pleasant spring time of 1636, turned their backs upon such vestiges of comfort and civilisation as the infant settlements of Massachusetts Bay afforded, and headed by their beloved pastor, the Rev. Thomas Hooker, made their way through perils innumerable, across swamps and streams, over rough and rocky highlands, and through tangled woods and deep green valleys, with no guide but a compass, and no shelter but the heavens, until, like the Israelites of old, they crossed the "goodlie river," and upon its western bank raised their altars, and laid the foundation of the pleasant city of Hartford.

And he is right. More than two hundred years have elapsed, and "companies by fifties and by hundreds," of New England's sons, with their wives and their little ones, have gone forth from her rugged hills and sheltered valleys, to seek a richer reward for their labour amid the fertile prairies of the West, or by the golden-bedded streams of California; yet, in character and influence, in that true courage which lifts the soul above fear—a courage, thank God! not dependent on thews and sinews, but growing out of a firm adherence to God and the Right, and which inspires the heart of the feeblest woman as well as the strongest man—in all that goes to make up true moral grandeur, none can compare with this.

It is not without significance that the old writers speak of this company, as consisting of "about one hundred *souls*." They were not mere *bodies*, seeking a new field for the gratification of animal appetites and pleasures, but *souls*, with ends and aims that took hold on eternity, and who faced famine and death, not for worldly gain, but that they might obtain liberty to give an external development to those truths which had already made them free in spirit. In proof of this we need only adduce the fact that, in all succeeding emigration of their descendants, the seeds of whatever they have carried with them that is truest, best, most ennobling—that which gives *vitality* to their institutions—may be traced back to our early fathers; and even now they move us with a sway mightier than any living influence.

No. The world even counts few pilgrimages like that! That there will yet arise prophets and disciples dowered with a fuller and clearer knowledge of the truth, we earnestly trust and believe; yet these men shall not die; or, rather, like Abel, being dead, they shall yet speak, and their voices vibrate along the chain of existence until time is no more.

It was toward the close of a rare day in June, that the pilgrims from a ridge of wooded highlands caught their first faint glimpse of the beautiful river. Many a hill and valley, swamp and morass, lay between; but then it was like a narrow silver thread on a ground of green, and, after a moment of almost breathless silence, there arose an irrepressible shout—a clear old English shout, that woke the sleeping echoes for miles around.

These had scarcely died away, when, in tones deep and clear as a bell, Mr. Hooker gave voice to the sentiment of the whole company, in the eloquent words of King David,—

"Oh give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever."

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;

"They wandered in the wilderness, in a solitary way;" "they found no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them."

"Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses."

"And He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation."

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

At the foot of that wooded range of hills lay a beautiful valley, and there they halted for the night. It was a striking scene, that halt between the hills, and one well worthy of the artist's pencil.

The wild, luxuriant beauty of the landscape, over which neither scythe nor sickle, plough nor axe, had as yet passed, the flush of life that trembled along the hills, and throbbed and thrilled in everything around them, the hum of the myriad insect tribe, the strange birds sitting still on the boughs, and pouring out their evening songs of rare and wondrous melody, the occasional cries of wild beasts that their coming had aroused from their lairs, mingled with the unwonted lowing of one hundred and sixty head of cattle which the pilgrims had driven before them, and upon whose milk they had chiefly subsisted during the journey, now greedily satisfying their hunger upon the fresh green grass of the valley, while the milkers went among them, filling their pails, preparatory to the evening meal. Here, a party of men, some of whom but a short time before had been the pride of England's oldest university, stood, axe in hand, cutting down branches of the fragrant birch, or thick-leaved maple, while another arranged them into huts and couches for the shelter and comfort of the women and children. There, a group were busy unloading the few pack-horses that carried their extra stores, while, like a second Prometheus, the accomplished owner of Capford Hall and Ex-Governor of Massachusetts, John Haynes, might be seen with tinder-box, steel, and flint in hand, kindling the fires so necessary to protect them from wild beasts, as well as cook their hasty-pudding, and parch their quota of Indian corn. Two crotched sticks, supporting a good stout pole, from which swung an iron pot, answered all the purposes of a fireplace; and around these clustered the busy-handed matrons, not a few of them the cherished daughters of wealth and ease, watching the seething, bubbling contents of the vessels, or tended their infants in the shade, while rosy-cheeked maidens brought water in wooden dippers or gourd-shells from a crystal spring that bubbled up beneath the roots of a wide-spreading birch, near which stood the reverend pastor himself, that "light of the western churches," whose eloquence had drawn people from all parts of the county of Essex to hear him, ere he was silenced for nonconformity, folding the broad leaves of the hickory into drinking-cups for the fair-haired, blue-eyed lambs of his flock, that had gathered round him to slake their thirst, while in the background rose the dark-wooded hills, and above them the arched deep, unclouded sky of June.

Not far from the spring, under the shade of a magnificent oak, were two huts, built of branches like the rest, but constructed with far more care, for it seemed as if every one of the company had been anxious to do something towards perfecting their arrangement. One was occupied by Madame Hooker and her family, and near the opening of the other reclined a fragile-looking girl, with hair like a floating cloud at sunset, and eyes, deep, serene, and clear, as the cloudless sky above her. This was Maude, the young wife of Geoffrey Winstanley, whose youth, gentleness, and failing health, made her an object of peculiar interest to every heart.

She had scarcely recovered from the effects of her sea-voyage, when they started on their pilgrimage; and it had been too much for her, "poor thing," the matrons said; "but the quiet and comfort of the settlement would soon set her up again;" and her husband listened to them eagerly, and repeated their words to himself, as if by so doing he could silence the terrible misgivings that haunted him.

Now the little children brought bunches of luscious strawberries, to tempt the appetite of their favourite, and win from her one of those sweet smiles which they had learned to prize higher than words; and their elders, as they passed, paused to congratulate her on their nearness to their journey's end—alas! they little knew how true it was in her case!—and to speak words of hope and comfort; but some there were who, as they gazed upon her face, and noted that clear, transparent look, that gave it such a peculiar beauty, turned away with a silent prayer for her and her husband, for they knew, like all the highest beauty of earth, it was but a reflex from that unseen land towards which she was hastening.

"Ripening for eternity!" said Mr. Hooker, when, after evening prayers, he turned from the side of the young invalid, with a fervent blessing, and sought the presence of his wife. "Our gentle Maude is almost done with the things of earth!"

"And Geoffrey—poor Geoffrey!" murmured his wife. "How will he ever bear it? Even but now he hath spoken to me of renewed hope."

Mr. Hooker did not answer; but as he stood watching the noble, manly figure of Geoffrey Winstanley, as he bent over his young wife, now arranging the bear-skins on which she reclined, with a tenderness and anxiety that seemed never satisfied—now pulling back the rich waves of hair that fell too heavily over her cheek, and thought of the dread trial that awaited—all the human stirred within him, and he, too, murmured, "Poor Geoffrey!"

There had been a time when he and many others had heard, with surprise and regret, that Geoffrey Winstanley, with his strong will, clear intellect, and sincerely religious heart, had become the thrall of a young beauty of sixteen, the favourite niece of the haughty rector of Swindon, and that he lingered in England, in the hope of making her his wife. They felt ready to say to him, in the words of Manoah to Samson, "Is there no woman among the daughters of thy brethren, nor among all thy people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines."

But when she stood among them as his wife, and they heard how, for the sake of the proscribed puritan, she had braved the anger and persecution of her relatives—when they saw the tenderness, meekness, and reverence with which she looked up to all her husband's friends, the heart of the most rigid warmed towards her; and with Mr. Hooker's family she soon became "our gentle Maude." As the good man thought of all this, and of her gentle yet earnest faith, and the many times within the past few weeks when he had visited her in his capacity of teacher, and came away a learner, his heart smote him for his injustice.

He was indeed right. Under the combined teaching of love and death, Maude Winstanley was ripening for eternity. Once she had resolutely shut her heart against even the thought of the latter, it seemed so impossible that death could reach her, shielded by Geoffrey's love, and sheltered in his arms. But as the weeks went on, deepening the symptoms of that fatal disease that steals upon its victims silently as autumn steals upon the hills, and robes them with a beauty which is not of this world, her heart awoke to a deeper insight of spiritual truth; the high doctrines so often discussed between her husband and her pastor grew clearer to her understanding, and bore fruit for eternity.

Still the human was strong within her; and there came moments, especially when she felt the deep eyes of her husband looking down upon her with such an expression of unutterable love and sorrow, and his strong frame shook with agony if she did but breathe of what awaited them, when her lips trembled, and her heart shrunk shudderingly from the thought of the grave and the winding-sheet—when earth with him seemed better than heaven without him.

Do not blame her too severely, thou of stronger faith; but remember she was but a gentle, loving girl, and wisdom and faith grow but slowly in this sphere of ours. If you have met a trial like this with more unwavering faith, thank God for it; or, if as yet the bitter cup has not been presented to your lips, still thank God, for it is of his mercy alone; but blame her not.

God did not, but gave to her heart that assurance without which immortality itself would be but a cheat—the blessed assurance that affection dies not with the breath; that in a little while, a few brief days at most, that love, freed from the stains and impurities of earth, should again beam on her from those beloved eyes, and those arms once more fold her in their pure, holy embrace.

And Geoffrey Winstanley, while he gazed into her spiritual eyes, and listened to her low, earnest tones, as she poured forth for his comfort those blessed intuitions, the gnawing pain at his heart grew still, but only to return with tenfold power when they ceased, and he found himself alone.

That was no boyish fancy that had led him to linger behind his friends in England, and meet their looks of grave reproof, for the sake of Maude Edgerton. He had left the first flush of youth some years behind, when she stole in upon the unsunned side of his heart, and gave to life a new, and, to him, undreamed-of beauty and significance.

He had been an orphan from childhood, and the influences under which he had grown to manhood had not failed, while they strengthened and developed to the utmost his mental and moral energies, to deepen the natural reserve of his character, until even those who knew him best had little conception of the earnest enthusiasm, the boundless capacity for affection, that lay concealed beneath his calm, grave, almost stern, exterior. Earnest, truthful, noble, and sincerely religious, he yet lacked that feminine influence so necessary to man's highest development—to temper justice with mercy, energy with softness, inflexibility with grace, and render his whole character symmetrical and in harmony with the Divine Ideal.

This had been Maude's mission; and could he part with her now, when life first seemed blossoming to completeness—when each hour brought some new, delicious joy, of which his solitary youth had been defrauded? Could he lay that head down in the grave, whose every golden tress was dearer to him than life, and, looking calmly up, say, "Thy will be done?"

Not without a struggle, the bitterness of which few even dreamed, for his was not a nature that manifested its emotions in those wild paroxysms which pass with most people for evidences

of profound feeling; it was rather like the ocean, when the fury of the tempest has beaten the waves to an apparent calm, and none can judge of the wild commotion below, save those who have felt its power. It is strange how we misjudge the hearts of men in this world, and call that coldness and indifference which is simply the tranquillity resulting from intense power.

"It is written, 'Thou shalt not make unto thyself idols,'" Mr. Hooker had said, half seriously and half playfully, one day, to Geoffrey, as he marked the peculiar expression with which he watched the movements of his young wife; and he had been startled at the intense feeling that trembled in his voice as, pointing to where she sat, soothing the feverish fretfulness of the minister's youngest child, he replied, "It hath also been said, beware lest ye 'entertain angels unawares.'"

The sight of the beautiful river, which had spread such joy through the land, had not failed to stir the deep enthusiasm of Geoffrey Winstanley's nature; and as that clear June day deepened into twilight, he sat by the side of Maude in that sylvan tent, and spoke, with the heart of a poet and the eye of a prophet, of their future home, and the mighty destiny that should yet await on their humble efforts.

Maude listened long, and in silence; then, summoning all her God-given strength, she spoke to him of the home that awaited her, not with him on the banks of the beautiful Connecticut, but by the river of life whose stream makes glad the city of God.

She did not need to look up in his face; for the trembling of the arm that encircled her, and the large burning tear-drop that fell on her forehead, spoke plainly of the agony her words had awoke within him. They seemed to have changed natures—that high-hearted, calm, grave man, and the yielding, fragile maiden; but, as she kept on, there was something so serene in her faith, so holy in the calm resignation with which she spoke of death, so exalting in her views of the life beyond, that he was lifted above himself; and, leaning his head on those golden locks, he poured out all his selfish struggles, and told how for weeks past he had been ready to struggle with God to retain her still on earth.

"Earth! what is earth, my husband?" she replied, "but a few short years of troubled joy at best; and what is this compared to that rest which remaineth for the children of God? That rest will soon be mine; and there I shall wait you. You will not fail to meet me there, beloved?"

"God aiding me, I will not. In this hope, and with this aim, I shall live and die," he replied fervently.

For a few moments there was silence between them, while the grateful evening breeze stirred the leafy covering of their hut, and let in the soft June moonlight, that fell like a halo of glory over the golden locks of the invalid. A smile fluttered round her mouth; then a strange tremour for a brief second shook her whole frame, and struck an icy chill to her husband's heart; for, with that passing moonbeam, the spirit of Maude Winstanley swept upward from the earth.

Oh death! death! death! thou masked angel, whom our tear-dimmed eyes cannot unveil; thou fearful void, which reason cannot fathom; thou icy silence, which love cannot break; thou dread pause, which no earthly power can fill—blessed, thrice blessed, is he who can hear through the darkness and desolation, the sorrow and the anguish that wait upon thy footsteps, the voice of Him, who, by that fresh grave in Bethany, erst sanctified human grief, whispering, "Lo! it is I—be not afraid!"

Not there—oh, not there, with that beloved form stiffening in his arms, and that heavy, benumbing sense of sorrow weighing down upon his heart—not when, with kiss after kiss upon that cold brow, he resigned her to the care of the weeping women who had gathered round, and rushed out into the night—not when the hand of Mr. Hooker grasped his in true and silent sympathy, could Geoffrey Winstanley hear *that* voice. But when, in the deep watches of the night, he knelt alone by the side of his dead, then it fell upon his heart like an echo of *her* voice, only far sweeter and more heavenly, and that icy silence grew tremulous, as with the slow beat of an angel's wings. * * * *

They buried her "by the way," as Jacob buried Rachel; but they set up no pillar upon her grave." Her initials, cut in the smooth bark of a young birch that overhung her grave, were the only memorial that marked the spot were slept all that was mortal of Maude Winstanley.

A Truthful Reply.—An Irishman, having been arraigned and convicted upon full and unmistakable evidence of some flagrant misdemeanor, being asked by the judge if he had anything to say for himself, replied, with the characteristic humour of his country, "Never a single word, yer honour; and it's my raal opinion there's been a grate daal too much said as it is."

THE COUNTRYMAN'S REPLY TO THE EXECUTIVE OF THE MILITIA BILL.

So, ye want to catch me, do ye?
Nae! I doant much think ye wool,
Though your scarlet coat and feathers
Look so bright and butiful;
Though ye tell sich famous stories
Of the fortuns to be won,
Fightin' in the distant Ingies,
Underneath the burnin' sun.

'Spose I am a tight young feller,
Sound o' limb and all that 'ere,
I can't see that that's a reason
Why the scarlet I should wear;
Fustian coat and corded trousers
Seem to suit me quite as well;
'Think I doant look badly in 'em,
Ax my Meary, she can tell!

Sartin*ly* I'd rather keep 'em—
These same limbs you talk about,
Cover'd up in cord and fustian,
Than I'd try to do without:
There's Bill Muggins left our village
Jest as sound a man as I;
Now he goes about on crutches,
With a single arm and eye.

To be sure he's got *a medal*,
And some *twenty pounds a year;*
For his health, and strength, and sarvice,
Guver'ment can't call that dear;
Not to reckon one leg shatter'd,
Two ribs broken, one eye lost;
'Fore I went on such a ventur,
I should stop and count the cost.

"Lots o' glory?" lots o' gammon;
Ax Bill Muggins about *that;*
He'll tell ye 'taint by no means
Sort o' stuff to make ye fat.
If it was, the private so'ger
Gets of it but precious little,
Why, it's jest like bees a ketchin'
With the sound of a brass kittle.

"Lots o' gold and quick promotion?"
Phew! jest look at William Green;
He's been *fourteen years* a fightin',
As they call it, for the Queen;
Now he comes home invalided,
With a sergeant's rank and pay;
But that he is made a captin,
Or is rich I arnt heerd say.

"Lots o' fun, and pleasant quarters,
And a so'ger's merry life;
All the tradesmen's, farmers' daughters
Wantin' to become my wife?"
Well, I think I'll take the shillin';
Put the ribbons in my hat!—
Stop! I'm but a country bumpkin.
Yet not quite so green as *that.*

"*Fun?*" a knockin' fellow-creturs
Down like ninepins, and that ere;
Stickin' bag'nets through and through 'em,
Burnin', slayin', everywhere,
"*Pleasant quarters?*"—werry pleasant!
Sleepin' on the field o' battle,
Or in hospital or barricks,
Cramm'd together jest like cattle.

Strut away, then, master sergeant;
Tell your lies as on ye go;
Make your drummers rattle louder,
And your fifers harder blow.
I shan't be a "son o' glory,"
But an honest workin' man,
With the strength that God has guv me
Doin' all the good I can.

Unexpected.—"Wife," said a man, looking for his bootjack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours."

INSTINCT AND REASON.

Animal instinct is distinguished from human intellect by the uniformity of its action, the unerring methods which it employs to accomplish purposes that do not extend beyond what is necessary for the preservation of the individual or the propagation of its kind. And this is done without the aids of instruction or experience. But reason is a comparing, examining, deliberative, and improvable faculty, and to the advancement of which experience is of infinite service. It is a faculty which resulted from the fall of man, and came into existence after that catastrophe. It was provided in the separation of the will from the understanding, which was miraculously effected by Divine wisdom, to preserve in man the means for his instruction in spiritual things after his perception had been closed. Reason always implies a state of obscurity, and we experiment with it in order to rescue what we are in search of from a condition of mysteriousness. It is liable to err in this pursuit from many causes, and it frequently does so. But this is not the case with instinct. It possesses at once all the light which it is capable of enjoying; it goes to work with a matured power, and all its actions are perfect in their kind; it never mistakes its aim; it never errs in the means taken for its accomplishment.

The reason of this is, because every beast, bird, fish, reptile, and insect has been created with its own peculiar and distinctive natural love, and this love constitutes their living principle. In this love, from their first creation, they have continued to be born; for nearly as soon as they drop from the womb, or are excluded from the egg, they see, hear, walk, know their food, and follow their affections only; and every species of animals is by those affections carried straight forward to the particular use which they are designed to promote in the economy of creation. The habitation of this love is the brain within the head; by means of their distinctive organisation, influx from the world of causes, which is the spiritual world, flows into their corporeal senses, and thereby at once determines their actions and preserves their uniformity. This, also, is the reason why some have bodily senses so much more exquisite than those of men. It is this influx, received by an organism which has no structural forms for the exercise of thought, which constitutes instinct, and all its varieties depend on the differences in the organism which receives the influx.

If the actions of beasts partook in any degree of what is properly understood by reason, we might fairly expect to see some alteration take place in their habits and pursuits. Reason does not allow its possessor to remain in a stationary condition of knowledge: if it is active he improves, if it be dormant he degenerates. These are no characteristics of the animal kingdom. Beasts make no improvement in the choice of their pursuits. They continue in the order in which they were created. Their habits and instinct are the same to-day as they were six thousand years ago. The same species maintain inviolate what is common to their being: no intercourse between them improves their condition, no separation diminishes the powers which belong to their nature. Numbers do not enlighten by their association, and individuals lose nothing by isolation. The beaver erects his hut with the same intelligence, the bee collects her honey with the like industry, and the birds build their nests with the same attention, as did their ancestors when they first began to work.

How different is the case with man! How changeful has been his condition, and how diversified his existence! He improves by association with his fellows, but degenerates by separation. His habits of life are different, not only in every country, but almost in every house. These circumstances are solely referable to that thinking faculty by which he is distinguished, and which the brutes have not.

But here a new phenomenon in our subject presents itself for consideration. Man is born into the world the most helpless and destitute of all animated nature; a mere organisation, with but a faint perception of life from the external senses, having no connate ideas, nor any disposition even to seek his sustenance from the bosom of his parent.

The case is entirely different with the beasts: they are born with everything proper to their natural life, and in a very short time their faculties break forth into all the perfection of which they are capable. They know, without instruction, what is nutritious and proper for their food, and avoid with remarkable sagacity what is offensive and unwholesome. With equal acuteness do they distinguish their friends from their foes; and some possess a delicacy of sense which man has never attained. Indeed it is evident that beasts are born at once into their respective states, and that their perfection is developed in a very short period after their existence. Whereas man is born into nothing. He at first is ignorant and helpless. He acquires nothing but by instruction, and his arrival at perfection, or the filling up the measure of his capabilities, remains to be accomplished. We cannot say to the human mind, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." It is a perpetually expansive principle, and no limits can be set to its attainments, because it is designed to live and so to improve for ever. It is only the capacities of brutes which have their limits: these can be gauged and measured: we can mark their boundaries and see their end.

Beasts may be compared to a piece of ground that will bear nothing but its own indigenous plant, and which no labour or cultivation will fit for the growth of an exotic: but man may be likened to another plot of land rude and untilled, but possessing all the materials of soil, and capabilities for bringing forth every seed that may be sown therein to maturity and fruitfulness.

A HOME SONG FOR THE POOR.

Oh! let us not murmur, though clouds should arise,
To darken our way 'neath these fair summer skies,
By-and-by they will pass far away from our sight,
And leave the blue heavens more brilliantly bright.
Just so will our pathway be chequered through life—
Now gladness and sunshine, now sorrow and strife;
Still let us not doubt, 'midst affliction and pain,
The deep strings of hope in our breasts will remain.
Should the hearts we have cherished prove faithless and cold,
Be our murmurs repress'd, our vexation untold;
Though the sun of our joy by their falsehood is set,
Let us kindly forgive them, *and strive to forget.*
Then away with repining, let our hearts be the shrine,
Around which love and chastity closely intwine;
Let the dove of content from our breasts never roam,
But gladden and cheer both our path and our home.

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MISCELLANEA.

IRISH AND SCOTCH.—When George IV. went to Ireland, one of the "pisantry," delighted with his affability to the crowd on landing, said to the toll-keeper, as the king passed through, "Och, now! and his majesty, God bless him, never paid the turnpike; an' how's that?" "Oh! kings never does," was the answer; "we let's 'em go free." "Then there's the dirty money for ye," says Pat; "it shall never be said that the king came here, and found nobody to pay the turnpike for him." Moore told this story to Walter Scott. "Ay, Mr. Moore," remarked Scott, "there ye have just the advantage of us; there was no want of enthusiasm in Edinburgh; the Scotch folk would have paid anything in the world for his majesty but—pay the turnpike."

FLOWERS AND THE FAIR SEX.—Flowers are prettily said to be "terrestrial stars, that bring down heaven to earth, and carry up our thoughts from earth to heaven." Woman, lovely woman, has been still more prettily defined as "something between a flower and an angel." Having *both* these "gifts" to gladden us, what happy, merry fellows we men ought to be.

NATURAL AFFINITY.—An outside passenger by a coach had his hat blown over a bridge, and carried away by the stream. "Is it not very singular," said he to a gentleman who was seated beside him, "that my hat took that direction?" "Not at all," replied the latter; "it is natural that a *beaver* should take to the water."

When the merchants of Breslau once applied to Frederick the Great for protection against the ruinous competition of Jewish dealers, the monarch asked how the Jews managed to draw business into their hands? The answer was that they were up early and late, always travelling about, lived very economically, and were contented with small gains on rapid returns. "Very well," said the enlightened monarch, "go and be Jews, too, in the conduct of your business."

CLIMATE.—The institutions of a country depend, in a great measure, on the nature of its soil and situation. Many of the wants of man are awakened or supplied by these circumstances. To these wants, manners, laws, and religion must shape and accommodate themselves. The division of land, and the rights attached to it, alter with the soil; the laws relating to its produce, with its fertility. The manners of its inhabitants are, in various ways, modified by its position. The religion of a miner is not the same as the faith of a shepherd, nor is the character of the ploughman so warlike as that of the hunter. The observant legislator follows the direction of all these various circumstances. The knowledge of the natural advantages or defects of a country thus forms an essential part of political science and history.

DO IT AND BE DONE WITH IT.—There is a very sensible German custom—concentrating the coughing and nose-blowing during the service-time at church. The clergyman stops at different periods of his discourse, stands back from the pulpit, and stands and blows his nose. The entire congregation imitate his example, and disturb the service at no other time.

A BUTT AND A STAVE.—A young gentleman being pressed very hard in company to sing, even after he had solemnly assured them he could not, observed they intended to make a *butt* of him. "No, my good sir," said Colman, "we only want to get a *stave* out of you."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN ENGRAVER.—The bituminous substance called "Asphaltum," is brought from the Dead Sea, from the island of Trinidad, and from some parts of Europe. You will have some difficulty in obtaining genuine asphaltum. What is sold under that name is, in most cases, "pitch bottoms," the sediments of melted pitch. You should apply to a first-rate drysalter, or druggist. We will endeavour, in an early number, to furnish you with a receipt for a hard etching ground which will render the use of asphaltum unnecessary.

L. B.—The best "substitute for potatoes" that we know of is haricot beans, the *white* sort. Put one quart into a gallon of cold *soft* water, with two ounces of butter, and let them simmer slowly for three hours; by that time they will have absorbed a large portion of the water, and will be found mealy and palatable. If you wish for a more savoury dish, proceed as follows:—Boil the beans as above, drain, and put them into a stewpan, with a little salt and pepper, two ounces of butter, some parsley chopped fine, and the juice of a lemon. Place them on the fire for about ten minutes, stirring them well; then serve them up. Some persons prefer mixing with them a small quantity of onion chopped very fine.

A FISHERMAN.—Your prints must be prepared for varnishing by having two coats of size laid on them, made of isinglass or parchment cuttings boiled in water. If the paper on which the engravings are printed be tolerably hard, one coat may suffice. The best varnish is that called "*crystal varnish*," which is made thus:—Genuine pale Canada balsam and rectified oil of turpentine, equal parts, mixed, and placed in a bottle in warm water; shaken well, and set aside in a moderately warm place for a week, and then poured off clear; or the "*soft brilliant varnish*," made thus:—Gum sandarac, 6 oz.; genuine elemi, 4 oz.; anime, 1 oz.; camphor, ½ oz.; rectified spirit, 1 quart; made as above.

S. R. (Aberdeen).—The *first* volume of the "Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine" is just completed, and it is a paragon of beauty and cheapness. As to your question, "How many volumes there will be of it?" we answer, it will continue to be published so long as there are works of art to exhibit, or persons to appreciate them.

J. BRENT.—The Manor of Strathfeldsay,—the country seat of the Duke of Wellington,—is situated in the north of Hampshire, about three miles and a-half east of Silchester. It was purchased for him by a parliamentary grant, as a token of gratitude for his services in several successful campaigns.

J. WELLS.—Nineveh was the seat of an Assyrian kingdom, till the year before Christ, 625, when it was taken by Nabopolassar of Babylon, and Cyaxares, king of the Medes, which led to the destruction of the Assyrian kingdom. Nineveh flourished no more, and Strabo, who lived in the reigns of the first two Roman emperors, represents it as lying waste. In the second century of the Christian era there was not a single monument of it remaining.

T. W. (Exeter).—What is called "the Phosphorus disease," is, we believe, peculiar to persons engaged in the manufacture of lucifer matches. The disease generally begins with pains in the teeth, then follows a decaying of the jaw-bone, pieces of which either work themselves out, or are extracted by a surgeon; if neglected, life is endangered. In manufactories where there is plenty of space and of good air, cases of this disease occur very rarely.

LIEGE.—If you can prove, as you say, that your dog died in August, 1850, you cannot, certainly, be liable to the dog-tax for the year ending April, 1852.

R. I. K. (Waterford).—We do not wonder that you searched Johnson and Walker in vain for the word "*phonothetically*." We suppose that the advertiser meant that he would teach the Irish language according to its true sounds; it would have appeared less pedantic had he said *phonetically*.

R. THOMPSON (Berwick).—A good knowledge of arithmetic would be required in the Government situation to which you refer. As to the routine duties of the office, you would acquire the knowledge of them by degrees.

BONUS PUER.—The compound term "Electro Biology," is formed from three Greek words—*electron*, electricity, *bia*, force, and *logos*, the theory; it means, the science of electrical forces, as shown in mesmerism.

J. YATES.—We have no influence in the Army-office; but if you have, as you state, applied for your brother's discharge, and have received for answer, that "discharges by purchase are suspended," it will be in vain for you or your friends to make further applicatiom at present.

CHAMPETRE.—It is not necessary that you should be "asked in church;" all you have to do is to give due notice to the registrar. As to your other question, an apprentice cannot honourably "leave his master before the term of apprenticeship has expired," even though there may be "no legal indenture or written agreement."

R. B.—We recommend you to study English grammar first: this is the most natural process, and a good knowledge of your own language will greatly assist you, should you wish to learn French. As to your penmanship, it wants freedom, which constant practice will give you.

A TEETOTALER.—The processes required for preserving the juices of vegetables are somewhat delicate and difficult. Two processes may be specified:—1. Vegetable juices may be preserved in alcohol, thus:—Bruise the leaves in a marble mortar, and then press them in a powerful press. Allow the juice to remain twenty-four hours in a cool place, then decant the clear portion from the dregs, add one-fourth part by measure of rectified spirit, shake well, and in twenty-four hours again decant the clear, and filter it through white blotting-paper. If, as a teetotaler, you object to this mode; then, 2. Put the juices into strong glass bottles, with necks of a proper size, corked with great care, and luted with a mixture of lime and soft cheese, spread on rags, and the whole bound down with wires across it. Place the bottles in an oven, the temperature of which is cautiously raised to 212 degrees; or enclose them separately in canvass bags, and put them into a copper of water, which is gradually heated till it boils, and thus keep them for several minutes: the whole must then be left to cool, and the bottles taken out and carefully examined before they are laid by, lest they should have cracked, or the luting have given way. For many purposes the end would be answered by drying the leaves when in their full maturity, and reducing them to powder, and preserving them carefully in well corked bottles. If boiled in water when wanted, a strong taste would be infused.

T. B.—Sir John Franklin started on his last voyage in 1846.

W. WATKINS.—We believe that the excise duty on the paper used by the *Times* newspaper amounts to £16,000 a year, and the stamp duty to about 70,000 annually. Your inquiry about "the probable profits realised by the *Times*" had better be put to the proprietor himself!—William Caxton was born in Kent, in 1410, and his first English work, "The Book of the Chess," was issued in 1474.

A MASON.—You will not find "Pitt's Bridge" named in any recently published description of London. That name was originally given to what is now called "Blackfriars Bridge," in honour of William Pitt, the renowned Earl of Chatham. The bridge was the work of Robert Mylne, a Scotch architect, and the first stone was laid October 31, 1760.

"YOUNG JACK."—The "deepest sounding" of which we have read was that made in November 1849, about 300 miles to the eastward of Bermuda. The sounding was 5,700 fathoms, or six miles and a half, and even at that depth no bottom was found. The time occupied by this length of wire in running out was one hour and a half; in winding it up, the whole length parted at the surface and was lost.

W. B. A. (Wolverhampton).—The "Olympiad," was the space of four years, by which the Greeks reckoned their time. That epoch was so named from the games celebrated every fourth year in honour of Jupiter Olympus.

INQUIRER.—The word "*prevent*" has two significations which seem opposed to each other. In many old books it means, to go before, or, to guide; its more modern acceptation is, to obstruct, to hinder. The first of these senses is the most critically correct, as the word is derived from the Latin, *prævenio*, to come before, to prevent, to anticipate; the latter, however, is almost the only sense in which it is now used.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

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SPAIN AND ITS PEOPLE.—III.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF SPAIN.—THE MOORISH DYNASTY.

A SPANISH DANCE AT A FESTIVAL.

WE have seen how the Goths, having driven the Romans out of Spain, remained possessors of the fair land for more than 130 years, till they were themselves overcome by those Saracens, Arabs, and Africans, who have since become known under the one general title of Moors. In our last number, we gave a table of the kings of Spain, from Abdoulrahman, the first of the independent Moorish monarchs, to the time when the crown of Spain became merged in one individual. We must

now retrace our steps a little, and show briefly how a people professing a creed whose principal dogma declares that "there is no god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet," held possession of the peninsula for more than eight centuries,—merely premising, as our previous remarks will have made apparent, that the history of Spain at this period is the history of an antagonism between two victorious races, that of the German Visigoths from the north, and the Saracens and Arabs from the east and south; the first a half-christianised people, and the last a warm, enthusiastic tribe of wandering warriors, eager to propagate the religion of Mahomet. When the Arabs crossed the Mediterranean at Gibraltar, in the year 711, they aimed at no less than the subjugation of Europe, and Spain was selected as the theatre of their first triumphs. It was one of the doctrines of their faith to spread their religion by the sword; and, though not ultimately successful, the Moors were made the instruments, in the hands of Providence, of carrying forward a civilisation and refinement, at once broad, vast, and irresistible.

We have seen how the Moorish kingdom in Spain was established; how the Arab strangers, with a moderation at once graceful and active, became tolerant of the religion of the Roman Goths; how the faith of the usurper became acknowledged, if not established, among a whole people; how various influences led to the subjugation of Spain by an alien race, whose victory over that country was far more complete than that of William the Conqueror in England, or even of that of the Spaniards in Peru; how, under the Saracenic rule, the nation advanced to a high state of civilisation and refinement; and how at last the Moors came to consider themselves as fairly established in Europe. We must now speak of the causes which led to the decline of a power so great and a sway so complete.

Although the Moorish rule in Spain was moderate to a proverb, the spirit of her ancient people was not yet entirely subdued, the hope of ultimate liberation from a foreign yoke was not yet quite lost; the religious antagonism of the Crescent and the Cross was not yet altogether extinct. There still existed in the northern part of Spain two Christian kingdoms, Leon and Castile, in which the principles of liberty were alive and active. For three centuries the Moors had held almost supreme power in Spain; but, about the year 1013, a great revolution took place, and Hissem III., the last of the Omeyade caliphs was deposed, and in him the caliphate of Cordova was overthrown. "A perfect crop of kings sprung up at this juncture, struggling with each other for the sovereignty of Moorish Spain, and failing that, for the possession of some little bit which they could erect each into a snug kingdom for himself. Not to mention smaller territories, Almeria, Denia, Valencia, Saragossa, Huesca, Toledo, Lerida, Seville, Malaga, Granada, Algesiras, Tuledo, and Badajoz had all their separate kings. Every day one or other of these multitudinous sovereigns was getting killed by a stronger neighbour, and the smaller kingdoms were soon amalgamated with the larger; still, even at the end of the eleventh century, there were at least four different Moorish sovereigns in Spain,—the Caliph of Seville, the Caliph of Toledo, the Caliph of Saragossa, and the Caliph of Badajoz and part of Portugal."

From this period, then, the power of the Moors in Spain may be said to be on the decline. The spirit of conquest had died out from among them, and the ancient love of liberty arose again in Christian breasts with more than former power and independence. For two centuries a continual struggle went on between the Christian and the Moslem; and a long series of battles took place, which, with various success, went to the widening the breach already existing. Many were the exciting stories told of individual bravery and heroic sacrifice about this period; many a ballad records the daring of the combatants, and many a high and chivalrous deed was performed, of which no record remains.

Under the conduct of the kings of Arragon and Castile, the Christians of Spain determined to reconquer their beloved country. Of the kings of Castile, one of the most distinguished for his successes against the Moors was Alfonso I., who, already in possession of Leon, was crowned king of Castile in 1073. This sovereign is known indiscriminately as Alfonso I. of Castile, or Alfonso VI. of Leon. In his reign flourished the most renowned of all the Spanish heroes, Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar, surnamed the *Cid*, from the Moorish term *el Seid*, or the lord. The monarch and his subject gained many victories over the Moorish sovereigns, against whom they directed their enterprises. In 1085 Alfonso took, after a desperate siege of three years, the city of Toledo, the ancient capital of the Gothic monarchy, and with it the whole Moorish kingdom of New Castile was recovered from the Moslems. No sooner was this conquest won, than Alfonso prepared to attack the kingdom of Seville and Cordova—the most powerful of the sovereignties with which the caliphate of Cordova had been split. To assist him in this formidable invasion, Mohammed, king of Seville, after deliberating with his allies, the smaller Moorish kings, invited over from Africa a new Moorish tribe, called the Almoravides, founded by one of those Mohammedan enthusiasts, imitators of the prophet, who were so frequently springing up in various parts of the Mussulman empire. These Almoravides—men devoted to the service of God—had overrun and conquered the whole of northern Africa. The old spirit of conquest seemed to be revived in them; and in inviting them over to fight against the Christians, the Moorish sovereign of Seville was apparently adopting the only measure that could save his kingdom. Yusef, the leader of the Almoravides, eagerly accepted his proposal; and, crossing the strait with a large army, he united his forces with those of the king of Seville. Alfonso, finding himself too weak to conduct an invasion against such a coalition, obtained succours from his brother monarchs, the kings of Arragon and Navarre. A great pitched battle took place between the two armies in the month of October, 1086, at Zalaca, near Badajoz. The enthusiasm of the Almoravides gained the day for their allies, and the Christians were totally defeated. This defeat proved a temporary check to the progress of the Christian armies.

The king of Seville, however, had reason to repent having invited such formidable guests as the Almoravides into his dominions; for, tempted by the prospect of possessing such a fine country in perpetuity, they refused to return to Africa when their services were no longer required. To such extremities was Mohammed reduced by his visitor Yusef, that at last he was obliged to solicit the assistance of his enemy Alfonso, that he might not be deprived of his kingdom. The Almoravides, however, triumphed. Mohammed was deposed and sent over to Africa, and Yusef mounted the throne in his stead. The condition of affairs in Spain now assumed a strange aspect; other petty Moorish sovereigns, alarmed by the fate of the kings of Seville, and fearful of sharing it, united amongst themselves, and also with Alfonso of Castile, against Yusef; and for many years there might be seen the spectacle of Christian knights and Moorish warriors fighting side by side in the same battle, or exchanging chivalrous courtesies in the same camp:—

> "Different are the creeds we swear by;
> But in breast of knight or dame,
> Be they Saracen or Christian,
> Flows not Adam's blood the same?"

Not even the valour of the Cid, however, could prevent the Moorish princes from falling under the yoke of the conquering Yusef; and in the year 1094, the whole of Moorish Spain was again united under one dynasty. During the life of Yusef, neither Alfonso nor the sovereigns of Navarre and Arragon could gain any very decided success against the Moors; and again, for a while at least, the Moorish power in the peninsula seemed to be on the ascendant.

Yusef died in 1107, leaving his son Ali his successor; and for twenty years the hereditary struggle of Christian against Moor was carried on between Ali and Alfonso, king of Arragon and Navarre, who, having married Urraca, the daughter and heiress of Alfonso of Castile, might be considered as the general Christian monarch of the Spanish part of the peninsula. By his successes during these twenty years, Alfonso earned for himself the warlike surname of *El Batallador*—The Battle Giver. In nine-and-twenty successive battles he defeated the Moorish hosts; and over all Europe he was celebrated as the champion of the Christian faith against the infidels of Spain. Tuleda, Saragossa, Tarragona, and Daroca, were all conquered by him. He trebled the size of Arragon; and he carried his banners farther south of the Ebro than any Christian prince had done before him. In 1133,

however, he sustained a defeat from the Mussulmans, and shortly afterwards died. On his death, as he left no family, the Christian territories of Spain were again disunited. Leon and Castile were inherited, or rather had for some time been possessed, by Alfonso Raymond, the son of his wife Urraca, known indiscriminately as Alfonso II. of Castile, or Alfonso VIII. of Leon, and also by the name of Alfonso the emperor. Navarre chose for its sovereign Garcia Ramirez, or Garcia IV., grandnephew of Sancho IV., Alfonso's predecessor. Arragon elected Ramiro II., brother of the deceased Alfonso, who, being a monk, obtained the pope's permission to marry; but had no sooner begotten a daughter to succeed him, than he resigned the throne, and again retired to his monastery, leaving his infant heir, Petronilla, queen of Arragon, under the guardianship of Raymond V., count of Barcelona, to whom he had affianced her—an alliance which had the effect of incorporating the hitherto French province of Catalonia with the Spanish kingdom of Arragon. It is necessary now to add a word or two respecting Portugal. This country had no separate existence earlier than the beginning of the twelfth century. That part of it which lies between the Minho and the Douro had been recovered from the Moors by the kings of Galicia, the successors of Pelayo, and consequently it formed a mere province of the territories of Leon and Castile. When, however, by the victories of Alfonso I. of Leon and Castile, Portugal, as far south as the Tagus, had been wrested from the Moors, it became necessary to appoint a distinct officer or viceroy to guard this important part of the peninsula against the incursions of the Almoravides, then newly arrived in Spain. For this office Alfonso chose his son-in-law, Henry of Besançon, who, after extending his territory by further conquests, bequeathed it, in 1112, with the title of Count of Portugal, under the Castilian king, to his infant son, Alfonso Henriques. This Alfonso, on growing up, proved a formidable enemy to the Moors; and, disdaining any longer to be a mere viceroy to the Castilian kings, threw off his allegiance to Alfonso the emperor, and proclaimed himself independent king of Portugal in 1139.*

We pass on a hundred years, during which the several kingdoms of the peninsula had been alternately at war with each other and with the Moors, and come to the grand breaking up of the Mohammed power in Spain. That power, so long on the decline, fell at last before the victorious arms of Ferdinand and Isabella. Of the various Moorish princes there remained in the year 1248 only one, Mahomet Ibn Alahmar, who had assumed the title of king of Granada, and who was obliged, in order to retain even this diminished sovereignty, to acknowledge himself the vassal of Ferdinand, the Christian king of Castile. At this epoch,—the epoch of the erection of the Moorish kingdom of Granada out of the ruins of the once potent sovereignty of Cordova, we may pause ere we resume the history of this famous land. In our next chapter we shall have to speak of the siege of Granada, and the expulsion of the Moors from Spain.

"This renowned kingdom," we are told by Washington Irving, in his admirable account of its siege, "in the southern part of Spain, bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, and defended on the land-side by lofty and rugged mountains, locking up within their embraces deep, rich, and verdant valleys, where the sterility of the surrounding heights was repaid by prodigal fertility. The city of Granada lay in the centre of the kingdom, sheltered, as it were, in the lap of the Sierra Nevada, or chain of snowy mountains. It covered two lofty hills, and a deep valley that divides them, through which flows the river Douro. One of these hills was crowned by the royal palace and fortress of the Alhambra, capable of containing forty thousand men within its walls and towers. Never was there an edifice accomplished in a superior style of barbaric magnificence; and the stranger who, even at the present day, wanders among its silent and deserted courts and ruined halls, gazes with astonishment at its gilded and fretted domes and luxurious decorations, still retaining their brilliancy and beauty in defiance of the ravages of time. Opposite to the hill on which stood the Alhambra was its rival hill; on the summit of which was a spacious plain, covered with houses, and crowded with inhabitants. The declivities and skirts of the two hills were covered with houses to the number of seventy thousand, separated by narrow streets and small squares, according to the custom of Moorish cities. The houses had interior courts and gardens, refreshed by fountains and running streams, and set out with oranges, citrons, and pomegranates; so that, as the edifices of the city rose above each other on the sides of the hill, they presented a mingled appearance of city and grove delightful to the eye. The whole was surrounded by high walls, three leagues in circuit, with twelve gates, and fortified by a thousand and thirty towers. The elevation of the city, and the neighbourhood of the Sierra Nevada, crowned with perpetual snows, tempered the fervid rays of the summer; and thus, while other cities were panting with the sultry and stifling heat of the dog-days, the most salubrious breezes played through the marble halls of Granada. The glory of the city, however, was its vega or plain, which spread out to a circumference of thirty-seven leagues, surrounded by lofty mountains. It was a vast garden of delight, refreshed by numerous fountains, and by the silver windings of the Xenil. The labour and ingenuity of the Moors had diverted the waters of this river into thousands of rills and streams, and diffused them over the whole surface of the plain. Indeed they had wrought up this happy region to a degree of wonderful prosperity, and took a pride in decorating it, as if it had been a favourite mistress. The hills were clothed with orchards and vineyards, the valleys embroided with gardens, and the wide plains covered with waving grain. Here were seen in profusion the orange, the citron, the fig, and the pomegranate, with large plantations of mulberry-trees, from which was produced the finest of silk. The vine clambered from tree to tree, the grapes hung in rich clusters about the peasants' cottages, and the groves were rejoiced by the perpetual song of the nightingale. In a word, so beautiful was the earth, so pure the air, and so serene the sky of this delicious region, that the Moors imagined the paradise of their prophet was in the heavens which hung over Granada.

But in this place we may consistently consider the influence of the Saracens upon European civilisation. It had doubtless been the aim of this hot-blooded and aggressive people to subjugate the whole of Europe—so large was their ambition and so high their hope. Finding themselves masters of the fair land of Spain, they had even tried to push their way across the Pyrenees into the country of the Gaul. But they were stopped on the field of Poictiers by Charles Martel, the father of the Carlovingian dynasty in France. Although the tawny Moor was king over the white Christian; although the Arabian conqueror was enabled to lord it in a land of vines and honey; although the Romano-German submitted, as we have seen, to the Syrian; although the mosque and minaret rose side by side in the blue sky with the Christian steeple; although the language of the Saracen seemed destined to become that of western Europe; although the royal legion seemed to be firmly planted in Cordova,—there yet remained in the conquered country a spirit of rebellion and a love of liberty; and the seeds of disunion and revolt were found to exist even among the conquerors themselves.

Nevertheless, the influence of the Moor in Spain was a good influence. Wild and fiery, and impulsive and energetic as was the Saracenic character, it was also a highly teachable one. No sooner was the conquest of Spain complete than the arts of peace were studied and practised. Europe owes much to the Moor; for his genius was capable of mastering the whole circle of human knowledge, and that, too, in an incredibly short space of time. Through the Arab's power, Spain became, as it were, the vehicle of intercommunication between the learning of the past and the rude military spirit of the middle ages. Arabic art and Arabic splendour exist even in the present day in a thousand well-known forms: to their abstinence from the use of human and animal forms in their architecture we owe the beautiful style of ornamentation known as the *arabesque*. Music, literature, science, history, criticism, fiction, and the higher branches of speculative science, as well as astronomy and mathematics, found, good, able, and enthusiastic conservators in the Moors; chemistry, agriculture, horticulture, and the Gothic style of architecture owe much to their inventive faculties; in the processes of dyeing, tanning, and the preparation of drugs, nearly all that we know we have derived from them; and the Alhambra, or palace of the Moorish kings,

* The Moors in Spain.—*Chambers's Miscellany.*

remains to this day a wonderful evidence of magnificent conception and brilliant workmanship.

"In Spain Arabian learning shone with a brighter lustre," says Dr. Crichton, "and continued to flourish to a later period than in the schools of the east. Cordova, Seville, and Granada, rivalled each other in the magnificence of their academies, colleges, and libraries. Casiri has enumerated the names and writings of nearly 170 eminent men, natives of Cordova alone. Hakem founded here a college, and a royal library containing 400,000 volumes: he had carefully examined every work, and with his own hand wrote in each the genealogy, birth, and death of its respective author. The academy of Granada was long under the direction of Shamseddin of Murcia, so famous among the Arabs for his skill in polite literature. Casiri has recorded the names and works of 120 authors—theologians, civilians, historians, philosophers, and other professors—whose talents conferred dignity and fame on the university of Granada. Toledo, Malaga, Murcia, and Valencia, were all furnished with splendid literary apparatus. In the cities of Andalusia alone, seventy libraries were open for the instruction of the public. Middeldorpf has enumerated seventeen distinguished colleges and academies which flourished under the patronage of the Saracens in Spain, and has given lists of the eminent professors and authors who taught and studied in them. While little attention, comparatively, was bestowed by the Moors on the exterior of their mansions, on the furniture and accommodation within everything was lavished that could promote luxurious ease and personal comfort. Their rooms were so contrived that no reverberation of sound was heard. The light was generally admitted in such a manner as, by excluding external prospects, to confine the admiration of the spectator chiefly to the ornaments and beauties of the interior. Their arrangements for ventilation were admirable; and by means of caleducts, or tubes of baked earth, warm air was admitted, so as to preserve a uniform temperature. The utmost labour and skill were expended in embellishing the walls and ceilings. The tiles had a blue glazing over them. Their paving bricks were made of different colours—blue, white, black, or yellow, which, when properly contrasted, had a very agreeable effect. Nothing is more astonishing than the durability of the Moorish edifices. The stucco composition on their walls became hard as stone; and even in the present century, specimens are found without a crack or flaw on their whole surface. Their woodwork also still remains in a state of wonderful preservation. The floors and ceilings of the Alhambra have withstood the neglect and dilapidation of nearly 700 years: the pine-wood continues perfectly sound, without exhibiting the slightest mark of dry rot, worm, or insect. The coat of white paint retains its colour so bright and rich, that it may be mistaken for mother-of-pearl."

The Moors "gave us astronomy, our system of numeral notation, and algebra; they gave us our first notions of Aristotle's philosophy, and a new style of architecture; they gave us a system of national police; they gave us the notion of public libraries; they gave us the telegraph; some say also gunpowder, paper-making, the pendulum, and the mariner's compass; they gave us morocco leather; they gave us the principle of rhyme in verse, which did not exist among the ancients; and lastly, to conclude a list which might be extended to much greater length, they gave us that spirit of chivalrous devotion to the fair sex which, although, since the time of the Crusades, it has attained such strength as to be regarded as innate in European society, is yet in reality an importation from the East, and had only a very modified existence among the Greeks and Romans of antiquity. The conquest of Spain by the Moors was the opening of the door for all these influences. As soon as they had fairly entered, the door was shut; or, in other words, the Moors were expelled from Europe."

THE STREETS OF MADRID ON A FETE DAY.

Authority and Submission.—One very common error misleads the opinion of mankind, that, universally, authority is pleasant, submission painful. In the general course of human affairs, the very reverse of this is nearer to the truth. Command is anxiety; obedience, ease.—*Paley.*

THE LAST REVOLUTION IN LONDON.

"Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare."
(Not to elicit smoke from splendour, but splendour from smoke.)

Our country friends will no doubt open their eyes at this announcement; and with their minds filled with ideas of death and slaughter, picture to themselves this huge metropolis in the hands of a rude mob, who, like their brethren over the water, are prepared for all extremes of violence, from turning the queen out of the palace, and demolishing the marble arch, to setting free the prisoners in Newgate, and declaring the Charter on Tower-hill. But to set at ease the minds of all and several, our timid country friends aforesaid, we beg to assure them that the revolution of which we have to speak has hitherto been attended with no such direful consequences; and although streets have been blockaded, pavements torn up, houses entered, barricades erected, and other mob and military movements accomplished; although London from Temple Bar to Mile End, and from Mile End to Bromley, has been in the possession of a strong and numerous body of workmen; although camp fires have been lighted nightly, at which hundreds have bivouacked; and, although, as in other popular movements, there has been a vast expenditure of big words, which in one instance, as is also common in like cases, actually led to blows; and although on that occasion, which was no less an occasion than the storming and valiant defence of Bow Common Bridge (a name in future history second only to Arcola), a considerable quantity of blood was spilled—from the noses of the combatants—and a whole detachment of the metropolitan police were called into requisition, in the untoward absence of the military,—the trade of the metropolis went on as usual; and at the moment we are writing, there are no visible indications anywhere of the extreme discomfort and alarm to which its inhabitants have been lately subjected.

And what, pray, has been the cause of all this commotion? asks some innocent country cousin of ours,—what led to the occupation of the town by the people and the police? what reason was there for breaking up the streets, tearing up the paving-stones, lighting the fires and bivouacking at night beside them? Why, my dear creature, they could not very well do what was done without all these manœuvres; and the reason for them may be easily explained—the Great Central Gas Company were laying down their pipes!

And that we may allay entirely any natural apprehensions in the bosoms of our friends—for a revolution in London is not a *very* common occurrence—it is our intention to give them a short history of that very remarkable phenomenon, the triumph of common sense over monopoly and prescriptive right, in the name and person of the agitation for artificial illumination, at once pure and cheap, but lately brought to a successful conclusion in the city of London.

Some forty years ago, soon after the invention of gas, it was decided to light the city of London by means of the new illuminating medium, and power was given by the authorities to two companies to lay down their mains within the city and its liberties; and in 1823 they, instead of competing with each other, wisely determined to divide the debatable ground between them, and from that period to the present they have so effectually contrived to hold a close monopoly, that the entrance of all other competitors for the honour and profit of lighting the city has been entirely and successfully barred. In those days, scientific knowledge, as far as the article gas was concerned, was at a low ebb, and various since-proved errors were held to be undeniable truths. For instance, the explosive nature of gas was so little understood, that it was deemed highly dangerous to allow more than six thousand cubic feet of the article to be confined in one gas-holder, and, with something of old superstition, it was held improper for two gas-pipes to cross each other at right angles, or even to lay side by side, it being absurdly supposed that in the event of a fracture of one of the pipes, a general explosion of the whole would be the inevitable consequence. The last cause of alarm, however, was effectually set at rest a few years since, by an experiment performed by Mr. Samuel Clegg, the veteran gas engineer; who, taking a pickaxe in his hand, deliberately fractured a socket-joint in a gas-pipe situated in the midst of others equally charged with the explosive air. To the astonishment and alarm of the bystanders, he then applied a lighted candle to the orifice, and instead of a general explosion, as was anticipated, a huge dull flame was the only result—for it was not then generally known that until gas became incorporated in certain proportions with the atmosphere, it will neither explode nor ignite.

The city companies having it all their own way, of course made a tolerable profitable business of it, and charged their consumers a pretty considerable sum for their privilege—gas being sold at that time at about fifteen shillings per thousand feet. With regard to the other notion, that also exploded instead of the gas; and when the subject was brought before the consideration of a parliamentary committee, to whom various reports from Sir William Congreve and the Royal Society had been submitted, it was declared, after hearing evidence, that "the danger likely to arise from gasholders and gas works is not so great as has been supposed, and that, therefore, the necessity of interference by legislative enactment does not press at the present period." And gasometers are now being made to hold upwards of half-a-million instead of six thousand cubic feet of gas.

Well, the monopoly went on as such things do go on, the companies making occasional slight reductions in their prices as the districts beyond the city came to partake of the benefits of gaslight, and they were forced to supply gas at something like the rate charged by their neighbours; and the shareholders getting swinging dividends every half year, it was, of course, quite a comfortable and family sort of compact, in which all parties, except the consumers, were equally well pleased, and equally determined to oppose a rival, being unanimously of opinion that competition was an excellent thing in every business but gas-making.

But this state of things was too good to last, and from time to time murmurs of discontent were heard in the city. Mr. Charles Pearson, the city solicitor, and late M.P. for Lambeth, being bold enough on several occasions to advise the Commissioners of Sewers, with whom the power lay, to purchase the pipes of the old company and take the manufacture of gas into their own hands, confidently promising them a reduction of thirty per cent. on their outlay. This, however, was not to be, so long as the public lamps were supplied at the cost price of the article—and for fifteen years the city solicitor went on urging the adoption of a better system without effect, the commissioners regularly advertising for parties to supply the public lamps, and being as regularly answered and supplied by the one company who possessed the mains, and consequently the power to comply with their demand; the other company, the Chartered, having their pipes laid without the boundaries of the city, or rather within its liberties.

As there is always a man for the occasion, be the occasion what it may, so it happened that in course of time there arose an opponent of the monopoly in the person of Mr. Angus Croll, a gas engineer of ten years standing, who had been employed by one of the city companies, the Chartered, for six years, and who, besides being a well read experimental and manufacturing chemist, was what is called "a self-made man." Fortunately for the interests of the public, Mr. Croll and the original agitator, Mr. Charles Pearson, were introduced to each other, and from that moment the doom of the gas monopoly in the city was sealed. The city solicitor, whose continual agitation for cheap gas had come to be considered somewhat of a hobby by his friends and the Commissioners of Sewers, was, we may be certain, by no means displeased to find himself in company with a man who not only held opinions similar to his own, but actually contemplated carrying those opinions into practice.

"Two or three years ago," says Mr. Pearson, in his evidence before a parliamentary committee assembled to consider the propriety of bringing a new gas company into the city, "I accidentally became acquainted with Mr. Croll. I entered a room where they were talking about gas, when one of the company exclaimed, 'Here, Mr. Pearson, is a gentleman who can tell you something about gas.' I was then introduced, and soon found that Mr. Croll knew more about the subject than I did, and from a talker I was soon transformed into a listener. I was informed by that gentleman that he had a project for supplying the city with gas, and that he proposed the laying down of pipes by the corporation. I immediately challenged

Mr. Croll with taking my invention out of my hands," continues the solicitor, "and invited him to my office to see a printed statement I had issued some years before. He accepted the invitation, examined my plans, and finding our opinions agree, from that moment we became friends."

Thus, by "a strange concatenation of unforeseen circumstances," to use the hackneyed schoolboy phrase, these two cheap gas agitators, instead of quarrelling about priority of idea, united their forces and determined to bring about a reform in that much overcharged and almost indispensable article of commerce. Mr. Croll was at that time engaged at Coventry, having taken a lease of the works there; and so greatly had he improved the property, that he was enabled by his plan of operations, not only to lower the price of the commodity to the consumer, but actually to pay a large dividend to the shareholders, in the place of a hitherto annual loss. He was now advised to relinquish the Coventry gas-works and turn his attention to the new project, and exercise his talents in a larger sphere of action; but other less sanguine friends counselled him to "bide his time," and not venture his savings in what might possibly prove an unlucky speculation. This occurred about three years since; and capitalists, having only just then passed through the ordeal of the railway mania, were by no means willing to look with favour on a project promising merely a dividend of ten per cent. But undismayed by apparent want of support, the engineer went on maturing his plans, and in the summer of 1849—the feeling against the old companies being then very strong, and the energy of the city solicitor being no way weakened—he was called before the commissioners of sewers to explain his plans; but as Mr. Croll was then, and is now, a partner in an extensive manufactory for dry gas-metres, whose chief customers were the different gas companies, it was not thought advisable to make his name public just then. At that meeting Mr. Croll explained to the commissioners that he was willing to supply the corporation with a pure and brilliant gas at 2s. 6d. per thousand feet,—the price then charged to the public by the old companies being six shillings! the half-crown per thousand not being the gross price, but the net price to the consumer—not 2s. 6d. from the gasometer, but from the burner—the corporation undertaking to erect the necessary works.

Well, after considerable agitation, much talking, fierce opposition from the old companies, a vast deal of decrying from various interested parties, a company was eventually formed, and in December, 1849, provisionally registered under the Joint Stock Companies' Act, by which it was proposed to erect works and supply the public in the city at 4s. per thousand cubic feet, with an article whose minimum illuminating power should be, for every five feet of gas equal to twelve mould candles, six to the pound—the average of the present supply in the metropolis being equal to not more than nine-and-a-half.

It was then determined to apply to Parliament for a bill to enable them to carry their project into effect; and, after an examination of various witnesses for nine days—including, amongst others, Sir James Duke, lord mayor of London, Mr. S. Clegg, Mr. Charles Pearson, and Mr. Croll himself—it was unanimously resolved that the preamble of the bill was proved. But although the company were successful thus far, it must not be supposed that they encountered no opposition; for in truth the old companies employed eminent counsel to argue against them, and they were, during the course of the examination, obliged to amend their bill in consequence of a technical error,—so ready are the lawyers to take advantage of the least real or apparent flaw in the case of their opponents. Nothing now remained, therefore, but to obtain the sanction of the Lords, which, strange to say, was, after reading the bill a second time and referred to a committee which for three days examined witnesses in its support, most unaccountably refused.

This was a blow the company had been by no means led to anticipate; but, after having obtained nine thousand eight hundred and sixty-five signatures to their petition,—which petition emanated from bankers, merchants, and large consumers, resident in the city,—they were of course unwilling to abandon their project; and in this dilemma they determined to act upon the permission of the Commissioners of Sewers, and the authorities of trusts through which their mains must necessarily pass, and go on with their works. In this they have been so successful, that at the moment we write six thousand consumers are enjoying the fruits of this peaceful revolution over monopoly, and public lamps are being lit with the improved commodity.

On a late visit to the manufactory at Bow Common, we were there initiated into the secret of the present company's success; and when we came to consider the promises made to the shareholders and consumers—which promises they are bound both in law and honour to keep—that gas shall be supplied to the consumer, of superior brilliancy and purity, at a maximum charge of four shillings per thousand feet; that the article shall be tested from time to time by an eminent professor of chemistry; that the metres supplied free to the consumers shall be under the superintendence of an officer appointed by the corporation of the city; that ten per cent. dividend shall be paid to the shareholders, and that all profits in excess of that rate shall go towards decreasing the price of the article; that no more than that rate of profit shall ever be divided among the shareholders, and that a public auditor appointed by the corporation, or the Board of Trade, shall examine the accounts of the company at stated periods,—it was with no small degree of admiration that we followed the chief engineer, and listened to his explanations. The secret of their promised success, then, consists simply in the use of the most improved systems of gas-making, and in the observance of the most rigid economy in the distribution of their funds. To compass the first, a new plan of retorts has been adopted, which, by the union of clay and iron receptacles for the coal to be distilled, effects the object intended with a much smaller expenditure of fuel than has been hitherto considered necessary in the production of gas; a branch railway will be built, so that the coal may be brought direct from the pit's mouth to the works; a new plan of purification has been invented by Mr. Croll, which, by the union of chloride of manganese with wet lime, effects a great saving in the production of the raw material, gas; two are being built, one is finished. Three immense telescope gas-holders have been built, capable of containing nearly half a million cubic feet of gas each; mains of sufficient size and power to carry fifty per cent. more gas than is at present used in the city have been laid, and the whole manufactory is upon a scale sufficiently large to allow of almost indefinite extension. Besides all these advantages, the present company, instead of having their works in the city, where the land is of course excessively dear, have purchased property in a neighbourhood where it is not only comparatively cheap, but sufficiently far removed from human habitations ever to become a nuisance—no small advantage in these days of sanitary reform; the best talent consistent with economy, is employed, and every improvement in science is brought to bear to the profit of the shareholders and the benefit of the public.

It is not within the compass of our space, or intention, to allude further to the means adopted by the new company to ensure themselves success; but we may just mention that the use of the dry metre invented by their engineer is likely to prove advantageous to both the public and themselves, as by its construction it is self-detective, so that the fair consumer pays for no more gas than he actually uses, and the fraudulent customer is at once found out. By the old water-metre it was in the power of a dishonest consumer to cheat the company to almost any extent he pleased; and from the defective working of the machine itself, it frequently happened that more gas was registered than was actually consumed—both these disagreeable contingencies are now avoided.

To conclude, as soon as the company found there was no hope of success in the Lords, they being pledged to supply gas to their consumers by the 29th of September, immediately set to work, and by the help of seventeen hundred navvies, nine hundred and fifty paviers — the revolutionists aforesaid — besides about five hundred men employed in the works and the streets, as plumbers, carpenters, bricklayers, masons, blacksmiths, &c., they contrived, being ably assisted by Messrs. Rigby, the contractors, to open the roads and streets, lay their main and service pipes, carry an electric wire throughout the mains from the office in the city to the works, and complete the building of their factory in the short space of ten

weeks! And this, too, without a single accident of any kind. Cheapside was opened, the pipes laid down, the connexions made, and the street repaved and made straight as if nothing had happened, in a single night. And with equal celerity was the whole of the work in the city accomplished, no main thoroughfare having been stopped in the daytime, and business never having been suspended, or pedestrians inconvenienced. And when we come to consider that within the area of the city, less than a square mile, upwards of seventy miles of main and service pipes have been laid without inconvenience or obstruction, our surprise at this peaceful revolution may be well expressed.

But another phase of the affair must yet be mentioned. Before the new company began their operations, deputations from the rate-payers waited on the magnates of the existing city gas company, and requested them to lower their prices to four shillings per thousand feet; promising to continue to take their gas, should they comply. This proposition the old company peremptorily refused to accede to; and if a larger unremunerative sum of money has been expended in this contest than is altogether consistent with political economy, the monopolists, and not the reformers, have themselves alone to blame, as they have fanned the flame of what may prove to their shareholders a ruinous competition. To supply the public at the price charged by their rivals is of no avail now, the time for making concession having been allowed to pass away.

And so, in acquainting our dear country friends with the particulars of this movement, we trust we have altogether allayed their fears with regard to the last London revolution; assuring them that, in the opinion of not a few thinking people, the opening the streets to enable a gas company to lay their mains in the earth beneath, is at least as profitable, though not half so exciting, as tearing up the flag-stones to erect a barricade. G. F. P.

THE MAGISTRATE SMUGGLER.

A LESSON FOR WIVES.

A GENTLEMAN holding a high official position in the courts of law in Paris, during the long vacation, went, in company with his wife, on a tour of pleasure in Belgium. After having travelled through this interesting country, they were returning home by the railway, the husband with his mind quite at rest, like a man blessed with an untroubled conscience, while the lady felt that uncomfortable sensation which arises from the recollection of some imprudence, or a dread of some approaching danger. When they were near the frontier, the lady could no longer restrain her uneasiness. Leaning towards her husband, she whispered to him:—

"I have lace in my portmanteau—take it and conceal it, that it may not be seized."

"What! as a smuggler!" exclaimed the husband, with a voice between astonishment and affright.

"It is beautiful Malines lace, and has cost a great deal," replied the lady. "We are now quite near the custom-house; hasten and conceal it."

"It is impossible; I cannot do it," said the gentleman.

"On the contrary, it is very easy," was the reply. "The lace would fit in the bottom of your hat."

"But do you recollect," rejoined the gentleman, "the position I occupy?"

"But recollect," said the wife, "that there is not an instant to be lost, and this lace has cost me 1,500 francs."

During the conversation, the train rapidly approached the dreaded station. Imagine the consternation of the worthy magistrate, who had been always in the habit of considering things with calm and slow deliberation, thus unexpectedly placed in a position so embarrassing and so critical. Overcome and perplexed by his difficulties, and losing all presence of mind, he allowed his wife to put the lace into his hat, and, having placed it on his head, he forced it down almost to his ears, and resigned himself to his fate.

At the station the travellers were invited to come out of the carriage, and to walk into the room where the custom-house agents were assembled. The gentleman concealed his uneasiness as best he could, and handed his passport with an air of assumed indifference.

When his position as a judge became known, the officials of the custom-house immediately hastened to tender their respects, and declared they considered it quite unnecessary to examine the luggage labelled with the name of one who occupied such a high and important situation in the state.

Never had the magistrate more sincerely valued the respect attached to his position; and if a secret remorse for a moment disturbed his mind, at least he breathed more freely when he recollected the danger was passed, and that the violation of the revenue laws he had committed would escape discovery.

With this comfortable assurance, and while a severe examination was passing on the property of the other passengers, the head of the custom-house and the commander of the local gendarmerie, having heard of the arrival of so distinguished a person, came to offer him their respects. Nothing could be more gracious than their manner. To their profound salutation the judge responded by immediately raising his hat with the utmost politeness. Could he do less? But, alas! in this polite obeisance, so rapid and so involuntary, he had forgotten the contents of his hat. He had scarcely raised it from his head when a cloud of lace rushed out, covering him, from head to foot, as with a large marriage-veil.

What language can describe the confusion of the detected smuggler—the despair of his wife—the amusement of the spectators—or the astonishment of the custom-house officers, at this scene? The offence was too public to be overlooked.

With many expressions of regret on the part of the authorities, the magistrate was detained till the matter should be investigated. After a short delay, he was allowed to resume his journey to Paris, and we can easily believe that the adventure formed a subject for much gossip and amusement in that gay capital.

THE SKULL.

(*From the Russian of Prince E. Baratinsky.*)

SLEEPING brother, who hath sought thee
And profaned thy silent dust?
From the halls of death I brought thee,
Dark, thy skull, with age and rust!
One slight lock of hair was clinging
Round the emblem of decay—
Thoughts of sad reflection bringing,
Of a being past away!

Comrades, young and happy hearted,
Gamboll'd round me near thy tomb;
Had thy voice, oh! long departed,
Spoken to them through the gloom—
Telling how stern Time was pressing
Youth, and hope, and joy beneath,
Thou hadst proved, perchance, a blessing
Warning them to think of death.

Could the skull I now am holding
Whisper secrets of the grave;
Fate mysterious, dark, unfolding,
Many a sinful heart to save:
On the brink we should, recoiling,
Place our trust in yonder skies;
And the tempter's meshes foiling,
Look to love that never dies!

But, I err—since Heav'n ordain'd thee
Thus, in silence, to repose;
Dews of mercy once sustain'd thee,
Ev'n to thine ev'ning's close!
Thus, while through life's road we wander,
Let us cheerful hail the light,
Not ungrateful, ever ponder,
On the shadows and the night.

Onward—while the sun is dawning—
Onward—while the step is free—
Onward—while the summer morning
Wakes the soul to ecstasy!
Grateful for the glories round us,
Scatter'd plenteous on the way;
Thankful for the comforts found us,
And renew'd from day to day!

Then, without weak fears or trembling,
We can sleep, like thee, below,
Gentle, loyal, undissembling,
Such can never sink in woe!
Skull, may none again molest thee!
Sacred be thy haunt from strife!
In the gloomy charnel, rest thee,
While we taste the sweets of life!

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

CERTAIN great names occur as landmarks in the world's history—the names of men who have made themselves conspicuous by noble daring, indomitable perseverance, unerring faith in their own peculiar powers, and a patient waiting upon Providence. Such are those, among a host, of Cæsar, Napoleon, Cromwell, and Washington. Each had a mission, and, to the best of his ability, each fulfilled it. To Englishmen, the name of George Washington is one of peculiar interest. Old England may well be proud of such a son. Nor need she blush when, as each year passes into the tomb of time, she remembers that the fourth day of July is the anniversary of the declaration of American independence. No other instance occurs in history of one nation springing out of another, and each remaining great and glorious contemporaries. As year follows year, and event succeeds event, the prophecy of Anglo-Saxon power and greatness seems to be nearer and nearer its fulfilment. In Europe, the English name and language stand first among the nations; in Asia, the English rule a whole people; in Africa, the English are spreading themselves rapidly; in America, a great nation sprung from out of England, but, when the time came, declared itself free; and in that vast new world millions yet own our mild paternal sway, and love to speak of these islands as the "old country" and their "home." We have no quarrel with the Americans of the United States. It is true that our fathers and their fathers fought hand to hand, and battled inch by inch for "rights" acknowledged since; but do we love them a whit the less because they had the spirit and determination to be free? Oh, no; we look on the great nation in North America as a younger brother in liberty, destined one day to be the greatest on the earth. And so, also, with the people waxing numerous in the islands of the South Pacific ocean. The day *must* come when, having grown to man's estate, the now infant colony will feel its strength and declare itself no longer dependent upon English rule. And when the time *does* come, let us hope that our sons will be wiser in their generations than their ancestors, and that they will give gracefully that which, if wrested from them, must be yielded *dis*gracefully.

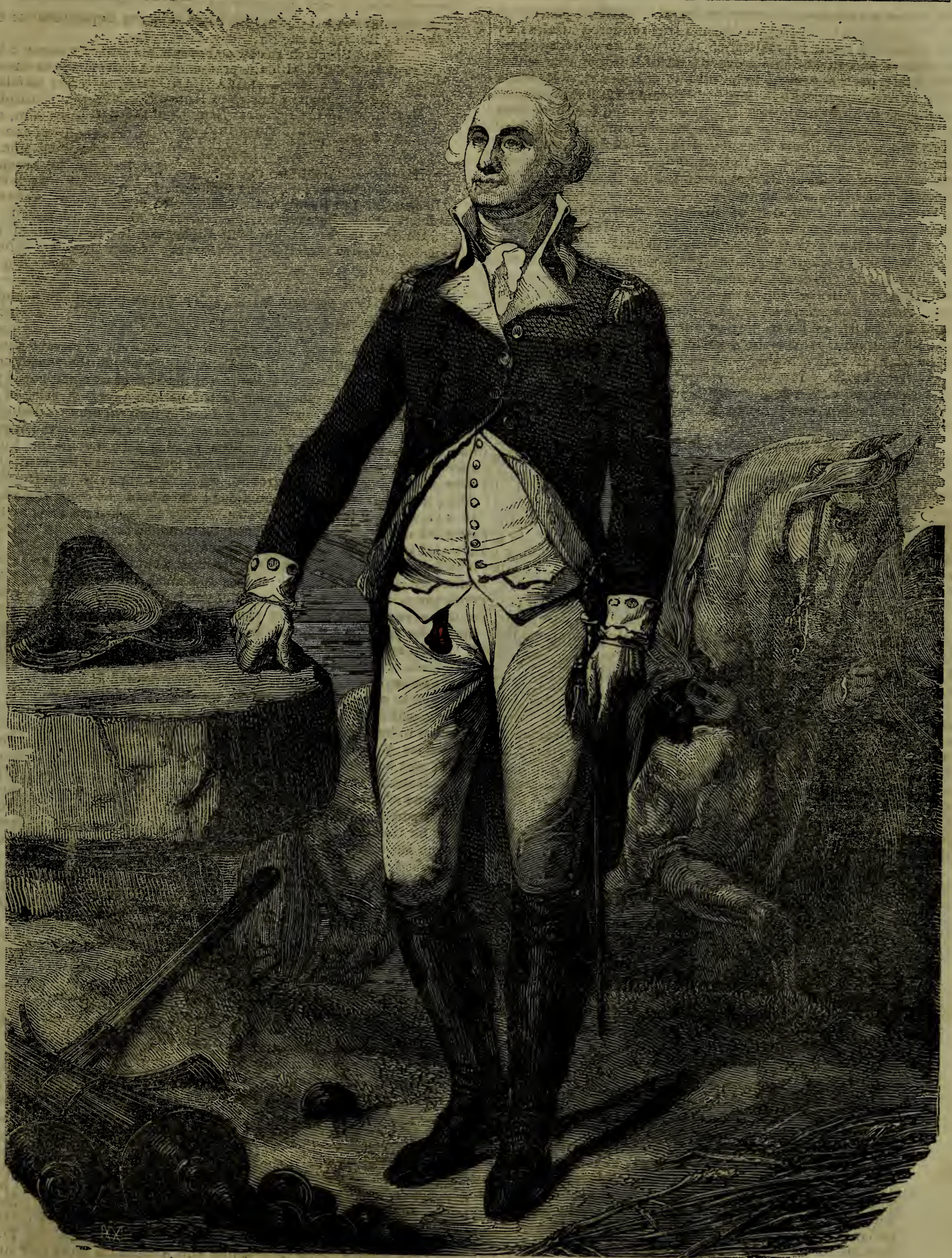
The name of Washington is connected indissolubly with that of American independence. When the American revolution broke out, in 1773, George Washington was in his forty-second year,—about the age of Cromwell at the commencement of the great rebellion. Although living, however, at this time on his estate as a country gentleman, he had already not only served in a military capacity, but had distinguished himself as a brave and skilful officer. From the beginning of the quarrel with the mother-country, he had taken the patriotic side; and immediately after the sword was first drawn, in 1775, he was, by an unanimous vote of the general congress (of which he was a member), appointed commander-in-chief of the forces of the thirteen provinces.

At the moment when he was placed in this conspicuous station, the cause which had been committed to him was in circumstances which demanded all his exertions, all his vigilance, and all his moral courage. The congress had found a general; to the general himself was left the task of organising an army. Between 14,000 and 15,000 men were indeed enlisted, and bound to serve for a short period: but the force thus collected could only be said to constitute so much rude material, which might help in the formation of an army. An effective army consists not of soldiers only, but of many other things equally essential. The soldiers must be officered, and disciplined, and armed, and clothed; there must be a commissariat to supply them with provisions, and financial arrangements to secure them regular pay. Of all these indispensable requisites the American troops were either entirely or nearly destitute when Washington took the command of them. In the state in which the country was, with scarcely an established government, and the whole social edifice violently shaken, the difficulties with which he had to contend were necessarily of the most formidable and trying nature; but his patience and perseverance gradually overcame them. The caution of the congress, and the jealousies and competing claims of individuals in the camp, gave way before the influence of his character, and the manifest disinterestedness of his whole conduct; and in no long time he had the satisfaction of seeing order established in every department of the service.

We cannot here follow him through his military career; but we may remark that the greatness of his character was shown, not so much in a series of splendid victories as in the unfaltering courage with which he bore up against the multiplied embarrassments which long continued to press upon him, and in that dauntless spirit and reliance on the eventual success of his cause which no temporary reverse was ever able to shake. His situation only a few months after he accepted the command is strikingly described in one of his own letters to the Congress. "It gives me great distress," he writes on the 21st of September, 1775, "to be obliged to solicit the attention of the Honourable Congress to the state of this army in terms which imply the slightest apprehension of being neglected. But my situation is inexpressibly distressing;—to see the winter fast approaching upon a naked army,—the time of their service within a few weeks of expiring,—and no provision yet made for such important events. Added to these, the military chest is totally exhausted;—the paymaster has not a single dollar in hand;—the commissary-general assures me that he has strained his credit, for the subsistence of the army, to the utmost;—the quartermaster-general is precisely in the same situation;—and the greater part of the troops are in a state not far from mutiny upon the deduction from their stated allowance." Thus left without the support necessary to render his exertions of any avail, had the American commander-in-chief been an ordinary man he would have thrown up his commission. But nothing could move Washington. In the circumstances in which he was placed, he could not even venture upon the chance of offensive operations, and was obliged to suffer in silence all the strictures that were passed upon an inactivity to which he was constrained by embarrassments, the extent of which was known only to himself, and which it was of the utmost importance to conceal from the public. These complaints and clamours were heard not only throughout the country, but even in the camp itself; and the disgust with the service which was thus produced became so general, that full a third of the men, after their original term of six months had expired, refused to enlist again, and returned to their homes.

A new army, however, having at length been raised by great exertions on the part of Dr. Franklin and other commissioners appointed by Congress, Washington, at length, on the 17th of March, 1776, made an attack upon the British garrison in Boston, the result of which was their expulsion from the town. But a succession of disasters speedily followed this success. In the following August the American general was driven from Long Island (which he had fortified), in the neighbourhood of New York; and, soon afterwards, that important town itself, in spite of his best endeavours to save it, fell into the hands of the enemy. From this point Washington was gradually driven, first to the opposite bank of the Hudson, and then across the whole province of Jersey to the Delaware. By this time, also, through losses and desertions, the number of his troops had fallen to about 3,000 men. The Congress had fled from Philadelphia to Baltimore; and, dismayed by the victorious progress of the enemy, the spirit of the country was quite broken.

Washington, however, neither lost heart nor relaxed his watchfulness for an opportunity to strike a blow which might yet save his country; and this opportunity he at length found. He had now crossed the Delaware, and his pursuers were only waiting for the setting in of the frost to follow him, when on the evening of Christmas-day he suddenly recrossed the river, and, falling upon a division of the British army which lay at Trenton, took nearly the whole of them prisoners. "This successful expedition," says an American writer, "first gave a favourable turn to our affairs, which, after this, seemed to brighten through the whole course of the war." Following up his success, Washington, on the 28th, attacked another detachment of the British at Princeton, which he also completely dispersed, killing 60 men and taking 300 prisoners. The importance of these exploits, however, is to be measured, as we have said, by their moral effect in dispelling for ever the despondency into which the Americans were fast sinking, and rousing them to new hopes and new exertions. The advance of the British troops was not permanently checked,



GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

for within a year Lord Cornwallis found himself in possession of Philadelphia; but the acquisition was rendered useless by the energetic spirit of resistance that was now everywhere awakened and in action in every part of the country which had lately been supposed to be all but conquered. Recruits were now easily raised in large numbers, both for the forces commanded by Washington in the south, and for those sent under General Gales to oppose Burgoyne in the north. Lord Cornwallis found himself shut up in Philadelphia, without the power of moving from the ground he occupied; and the expedition of General Burgoyne ended in the surrender of himself and his whole army.

The history of the rest of the war—down to the annihilation of the army of Lord Cornwallis by Washington, at New York, on the 19th of October, 1781, with which it may be said to have terminated—would, if we had room to detail it, illustrate in the same manner in its whole course the rare and noble qualities of the American commander. Few military leaders, however, had such a complication of difficulties to struggle with as beset him to the very end of his career; and in triumphing over them as he did, he showed himself to be rich in many higher endowments than mere military sagacity and skill. It was therefore with great fitness that, after having saved his country by his sword, he was chosen to direct her in her entry as an independent nation upon the path of peace.

Washington was unanimously elected the first president of the United States in March, 1789. In this high office he displayed the same wisdom and firmness, which had distinguished his previous services; and in circumstances of considerable difficulty through which, not without opposition from various quarters, he had to guide the young republic, proved himself born to attain and hold ascendancy not less in civil affairs than in arms. His grateful and admiring country again recognised him as her first citizen, by continuing him at her head for a second term of four years after the expiration of his first appointment; and he might have been a third time elected if he had not found it necessary to decline further public service from his advancing years and declining health. His last act in office, however, was one of the most useful of his useful and glorious life; we allude to the address in which he took leave of his countrymen as a public character, and in which he left them as admirable a legacy of political wisdom as was ever bequeathed by any patriot of any nation. This address, if his country and the world owed him nothing else, would be enough to immortalise the name of Washington. But the life, of which this was the last act, was throughout crowded with eminent services, and its whole course was such as to entitle his memory to be held in everlasting remembrance by all the reverers either of public greatness or private worth. Seldom have the two been exhibited in the same character in such beautiful and perfect combination.

Washington did not long survive his retirement from office to the quiet of domestic life. He died on Wednesday, the 18th of December, 1799—less than three years after he quitted public life. He was buried in the family vault at Mount Vernon, and the following Monumental Inscription was intended to be placed on his tomb:—

WASHINGTON,
The Defender of his Country, the Founder of Liberty,
The Friend of Man.
History and Tradition are explored in vain
For a Parallel to his Character.
In the Annals of modern Greatness,
He stands alone;
And the noblest names of Antiquity
Lose their Lustre in his Presence.
Born the Benefactor of Mankind,
He united all the Qualities necessary
To an Illustrious Career.
Nature made him Great,
He made himself Virtuous.
Called by his Country to the Defence of her Liberties,
He triumphantly vindicated the Rights of Humanity,
And on the Pillars of National Independence,
Laid the Foundations of a Great Republic.
Twice invested with Supreme Magistracy
By the Unanimous Voice of a Free People,
He surpassed in the Cabinet
The Glories of the Field,
And, voluntarily resigning the Sceptre and the Sword,
Retired to the Shades of Private Life.
A Spectacle so new and so sublime
Was contemplated with the profoundest Admiration;
And the Name of WASHINGTON,
Adding new Lustre to Humanity
Resounded to the remotest Regions of the Earth.
Magnanimous in Youth,
Glorious through Life,
Great in Death,
His highest Ambition, the happiness of Mankind;
His noblest Victory, the conquest of Himself.
Bequeathing to Posterity the Inheritance of his Fame,
And building his Monument in the Hearts of his Countrymen,
He lived the Ornament of the Eighteenth Century,
He died regretted by a mourning World.

TWO WAYS OF VISITING THE POOR.

(*From "Bleak House," by* CHARLES DICKENS.)

MRS. PARDIGGLE, leading the way with a great show of moral determination, and talking with much volubility about the untidy habits of the people (though I doubted if the best of us could have been tidy in such a place), conducted us into a cottage at the farthest corner, the ground-floor room of which we nearly filled. Besides ourselves there were in this damp offensive room a woman with a black eye nursing a poor little gasping baby by the fire; a man all stained with clay and mud, and looking very dissipated, lying at full length on the ground, smoking a pipe; a powerful young man fastening a collar on a dog; and a bold girl doing some kind of washing in very dirty water. They all looked up at us as we came in, and the woman seemed to turn her face towards the fire as if to hide her bruised eye; nobody gave us any welcome.

"Well, my friends," said Mrs. Pardiggle; but her voice had not a friendly sound I thought; it was too much business-like and systematic. "How do you do all of you? I am here again. I told you you couldn't tire me, you know. I enjoy hard work; and the harder you make mine the better I like it."

"Then make it easy for her!" growled the man upon the floor. "I wants it done and over. I wants a end of these liberties took with my place. I wants a end of being drawed like a badger. Now you're a going to poll-pry and question according to custom; I know what you're going to be up to. Well you haven't got no occasion to be up to it; I'll save you the trouble. Is my daughter a washin? Yes, she *is* a washin. Look at the water. Smell it! That's wot we drinks. How do you like it, and what do you think of gin instead? An't my place dirty? Yes it is dirty—it's nat'rally dirty, and it's nat'rally unwholesome; and we've had five dirty and unwholesome children, as is all dead infants, and so much the better for them, and for us besides. Have I read the little book wot you left? No, I an't read the little book wot you left. There an't nobody here as knows how to read it; and if there wos it wouldn't be suitable to me. It's a book fit for a babby, and I'm not a babby. If you wos to leave me a doll I shouldn't nuss it. How have I been conducting myself? Why, I've been drunk for three days; and I'd a been drunk four if I'd a had the money. Don't I never mean for to go church? No, I don't never mean for to go to church. I shouldn't be expected there if I did; the beadle's too gen-teel for me. And how did my wife get that black eye? Why, I guv it her; and if she says I didn't she's a lie!"

He had pulled his pipe out of his mouth to say all this, and he now turned over on his other side and smoked again. Mrs. Pardiggle, who had been regarding him through her spectacles with a forcible composure, calculated, I could not help thinking, to increase his antagonism, pulled out a good book, as if it were a constable's staff, and took the whole family into custody. I mean into religious custody of course; but she really did it as if she were an inexorable moral policeman carrying them all off to a station-house.

Ada and I were very uncomfortable. We both felt intrusive and out of place; and we both thought that Mrs. Pardiggle would have got on infinitely better if she had not had such a mechanical way of taking possession of people. The children sulked and stared; the family took no notice of us whatever, except when the young man made the dog bark, which he usually did when Mrs. Pardiggle was most emphatic. We both felt painfully sensible that between us and these people there was an iron barrier, which could not be

removed by our new friend. By whom or how it could be removed we did not know; but we knew that even what she read and said seemed to us to be ill chosen for such auditors, if it had been imparted ever so modestly and with ever so much tact. As to the little book to which the man on the floor had referred we acquired a knowledge of it afterwards; and Mr. Jarndyce said he doubted if Robinson Crusoe could have read it though he had had no other on his desolate island.

We were much deceived under these circumstances, when Mrs. Pardiggle left off. The man on the floor then turning his head round again said morosely,

"Well! You've done, have you?"

"For to-day, I have, my friend. But I am never fatigued. I shall come to you again, in your regular order," returned Mrs. Pardiggle with demonstrative cheerfulness.

"So long as you goes now," said he, folding his arms and shutting his eyes with an oath, "you may do wot you like!"

Mrs. Pardiggle accordingly rose, made a little vortex in the confined room from which the pipe itself very narrowly escaped. Taking one of her young family in each hand, and telling the others to follow closely, and expressing her hope that the brickmaker and all his house would be improved when she saw them next, she then proceeded to another cottage. I hope it is not unkind in me to say that she certainly did make in this, as in everything else, a show that was not conciliatory of doing charity by wholesale, and of dealing in it to a large extent.

She supposed that we were following her; but as soon as the space was left clear, we approached the woman sitting by the fire to ask if the baby were ill.

She only looked as it lay on her lap. We had observed before that when she looked at it she covered her discoloured eye with her hand, as though she wished to separate any association with noise, and violence, and ill-treatment, from the poor little child.

Ada, whose gentle heart was moved by its appearance, bent down to touch its little face. As she did so, I saw what happened and drew her back. The child died.

"O Esther!" cried Ada, sinking on her knees beside it. "Look here! O Esther, my love, the little thing! The suffering, quiet, pretty little thing! I am so sorry for it. I am so sorry for the mother. I never saw a sight so pitiful as this before! O baby, baby!"

Such compassion, such gentleness, as that with which she bent down weeping, and put her hand upon the mother's, might have softened any mother's heart that ever beat. The woman at first gazed at her in astonishment, and then burst into tears.

Presently I took the light burden from her lap; did what I could to make the baby's rest the prettier and gentler; laid it on a shelf and covered it with my own handkerchief. We tried to comfort the mother, and we whispered to her what our Saviour said of children. She answered nothing, but sat weeping—weeping very much.

When I turned, I found that the young man had taken out the dog, and was standing at the door looking in upon us, with dry eyes, but quiet. The girl was quiet too, and sat in a corner looking on the ground. The man had risen. He still smoked his pipe with an air of defiance, but he was silent.

An ugly woman, very poorly clothed, hurried in while I was glancing at them, and coming straight up to the mother, said "Jenny! Jenny!" The mother rose on being so addressed, and fell upon the woman's neck.

She also had upon her face and arms the marks of ill usage. She had no kind of grace about her but the grace of sympathy; but when she condoled with the woman, and her own tears fell, she wanted no beauty. I say condoled, but her only words were "Jenny! Jenny!" All the rest was in the tone in which she said them.

I thought it very touching to see these two women, coarse and shabby and beaten, so united; to see what they could be to one another; to see how they felt for one another; how the heart of each to each was softened by the hard trials of their lives. I think the best side of such people is almost hidden from us. What the poor are to the poor is little known, excepting to themselves and God.

UNDIVIDED ATTENTION ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS.—Almost all useful discoveries have been made, not by the brilliancy of genius, but by the diligent direction of the mind to one object. In all trades, in all professions, in all undertakings, success can be expected only from undivided attention.

THE CELT AND THE SAXON.

A CONSIDERATION of the differences of races, and the causes on which those differences depend, has engaged the attention of the learned for ages. In a lecture lately delivered by Mr. Macintosh at the Birmingham Polytechnic Institution, the diversity in the physiological peculiarities of the people of Great Britain was ably treated. After speaking of the permanence of national character, the fluctuations of language, the analogy between the progress of inductive ethnology and geology, and the limitation of British emigration to certain ethnographical areas, the lecturer proceeded to notice the provisional classification of the varieties of the great Caucasian tribe from which the English people are principally descended.

Many learned men (said he) are of opinion that the great Mongolian wave of population, which, at a very early period, swept over Europe, must have reached as far as England—that the real aboriginal population of this country must have been Tartars, Kalmucks, or Finns—and that thus the remarkable prevalence of concave noses, retreating eyes, angular cheek-bones, prominent mouths, and other Mongolian characteristics among the operatives of many parts of England, may be explained. But it is possible that these peculiarities may have been indirectly derived at a later period, through the medium of the Belgæ, whom the Saxons enslaved, or directly through the invasions of Finnian Scandinavians; so that there is no necessity for supposing that any race existed in England previous to the Celtic, which must have been driven westward by a great Suevian or Germanic wave many centuries before Christ. The Suevians, or High Germans, described by Tacitus as having large bodies, ruddy hair, and sparkling eyes, must have colonised Sweden and Norway previously to the great Gothic (or mixed Tartar and Suevian) invasion, as these are the only countries where the Suevian characteristics now prevail to any great extent. Regarding the derivation of the third pure Caucasian variety, whose descendants are found in England,—namely, the Saxon—nothing is positively known.

After a few observations on the classification of ancient tribes, the lecturer went on to describe the Celtic variety, which he divided into Iberians, Cimbrians, and Gauls. These varieties he treated in the following manner:—

Physical Peculiarities of the Celts.—1. Iberians. It is probable that the inhabitants of a considerable part of South Wales and the neighbourhood, a part of Cornwall and Lancashire, are of Iberian descent. At all events, mony remnants of a race with the following characteristics are there to be met with:—Jet black hair, stern and staid dark eyes, rather marked and angular features, prominent chins, narrow though high shoulders, and small chests; among the women, flat breasts, small long waists, and wide lateral hips—the gloomy mien being enhanced by the dark dresses in which they generally appear. Temperament, *bilious-sanguine.*—2. Cimbrians. Black or very dark hair and eyes—the latter frequently half closed; face wide, with the under part an obtuse angle; shoulders high and broad; figure, that of an inverted pyramid; generally under middle height. Temperament, *bilious.* (This variety forms the basis of the Welsh.)—3. Gauls or proper Celts. Black hair; skull rather narrow, and elongated from front to back; dark sparkling eyes; rather long oval face; skin of a brownish-white colour, often pale, but never clear; shoulders high; tendency to stoop forwards; waist sunken in front, particularly among the women; breasts placed high, and frequently pigeon-shaped; body short; legs long, small, and placed comparatively forward; narrow loins, small ankles, feet, and hands; gait unstable, accompanied by a tendency to lateral oscillation, arising from the weakness of the lower part of the trunk. Temperament, *nervous-bilious.* In comparative dimensions, the average width of the Celtic shoulders is 16¼ inches among the men, and 15¼ among the women; loins, 11 inches; while the shoulders of the male Teutone measure 16 inches; those of the female, 14 inches loins, 13½ inches.

Mental Character of Gaulish Celts.—General tendency to "boldness, fickleness, and levity;" quickness in perceiving things individually apart from their general relationship; remarkable power of concentrating the mind on occupations requiring little foresight or reflection, such as pin-making and other monotonous mechanical pursuits; tendency to morbid sentimentalism; liability to extremes; disposition to subordinate everything to amusement; sexual gallantry, and great external politeness, without a corre-

sponding degree of inward sympathy; tendency to make noisy demonstrations occupy the place of real improvements; excitability of temper; fondness for sensational novelty; brilliancy in contradistinction to depth of imagination; humorous and witty; expertness in repartee; "national pride; not forgetful of injuries; disposition for foundling hospitals; bad seamen and colonisers; general want of moral and mental stability.

Social Condition.—It is generally admitted that the social condition of the Celts does not admit of a very favourable comparison with that of the Teutonic communities. We see this in the low state of the dark or Celtic, compared with the fair or Teutonic population of Ireland. We likewise see the difference in the vast superiority of the inhabitants of Saxony to those of Bohemia. Among Celts in general there is naturally a great deficiency in that cleanliness for which Teutons are celebrated, and a tendency to conceal filth with finery. Among the operative Celtic population there is a great want of providence, and an absence of that manliness which spurns being burdensome to others. Those of the ancient Britons who were of Gallic origin were spoken of by Roman historians as living in a state of the most unmitigated communism—the law of marriage being unknown to them, and the parents not knowing the children, nor the children their parents. The same state of society existed among the Gallic peasantry under the Normans in France. This is consistent with the all-absorbing tendency of the Celtic mind to have everything in common, and to place all mankind on a level. It has been well said that the Celts live in and for society, and not in and for himself. His great defect consists in a forgetfulness of personal identity. Immersed in the gaieties of social life, he loses his individuality, and with its loss the power of self-government.

But the character of the Celt will be best understood by contrasting it with the extreme Teutonic character, as manifested in the Saxon. In the business of life the Celt is quick and uncertain—the Saxon slow and sure. The Celt can succeed well on a level plane, and still better downhill; but the Saxon shines most in working up an acclivity. In such an undertaking as damming back the sea, the Celt would erect a spacious embankment, and celebrate its completion by a public demonstration; but after the first downbreak his perseverance would fail, and the ocean would soon be left in possession of its former domain. Thus the Celt is often the sport of the elements, while the Teuton generally makes the elements his sport. The Celt is perhaps more dexterous than the Saxon in erecting social fabrics, but what he builds he delights to pull down; whereas the Saxon continues to build on. Herein consists the great fundamental difference between the Celt and the Saxon. There can be no progression without change; but the change may return to the point whence it set out, or it may go on receding from that point. The one is progression in a circle—the other is progression in a straight line. The Celt, in his fondness for the circular mode of progression, builds up to-day, and demolishes to-morrow, that he may have materials and space for a fresh erection. The Saxon builds slower, and is more particular about his foundation, knowing that it will have to sustain a superstructure which will never be levelled with the ground, but which will continually go on increasing in height. In the literature and science of the Celtic race, the same want of slow, steady, and onward progress is apparent. The philosophy of the ancient Greeks and Romans (who were fundamentally Celtic) was wanting in the element of actual progression; it consisted to a great extent of verbal quibbling; it disowned the labour of collecting facts, and thereby *widening* the field of positive investigation; and it altogether exhibited a mental tendency quite different from that *slowly accumulative* tendency which characterises English Saxon philosophers.

In speaking of the religion of the Celts, Mr. Mackintosh remarked that the Cimbrian Celts (Welsh, &c.) were generally Calvinists, frequently Antinomians. Gallic Celts (and probably Iberian) are, almost without exception—that is, in at least 99 cases out of 100—Roman Catholics, as Dr. Kombst has lately shown. In Ireland, it is well known, Roman Catholicism is the religion of the dark or Celtic, and Protestantism the religion of the fair or Teutonic inhabitants. It is the same in Belgium, and in the Highlands of Scotland. Roman Catholicism is fitted to the Celtic mind, and the Celtic mind to that religion; and this fact ought to modify the enthusiasm which has lately characterised the controversies between Protestants and Romanists.

The lecturer concluded by expressing his confident hope that civilisation and refinement will progress with the amalgamation of the races, till, in the end, the good points of the Celtic character will be added to those of the Saxon, and the weight and vigour of the Saxon mental conformation will correct the too vivid imagination of the Celtic mind.

DESCRIPTION OF AN ENGLISH FOG.

BY AN AMERICAN VISITOR.

Reader, have you ever travelled in a fog—a true English fog—a real unadulterated penetrator that chills a man to the heart's core if he happens to be exposed to it for half an hour? If you have not, then may you never be obliged to endure a ride of twenty-odd miles through one so dense as to prevent your seeing ten feet ahead of the four horses attached to the stage-coach. To look at the bleared sun through the misty veil, from a cheerful parlour window does very well, and you may derive an inward delight in trying to trace from such a point of sight the dim outline of the houses on the opposite side of the street, or the phantom-like figures of the almost invisible creatures who pass before you; but to grope your way or ride through it is enduring and not alone seeing.

The walk is not so bad as the ride, for in that you navigate yourself, and roll along like a ship in a veil of mist at sea, and when a fellow-mortal heaves in sight and you trace his outline through the vapour you shape your course to steer clear of him, and in nautical phrase "give him a wide berth." You see a gaslight occasionally to cheer you, its dull rays glimmering like a beacon on a dreary cliff to guide the lonely mariner and if you choose you can come to anchor alongside a shop window or the door of a chop-house, where you can recruit your energies—make observations—get your latitude and longitude, and renew your journey with a prospect of completing it satisfactorily.

But the ride is a different thing—muffled up on a stage-coach and enveloped by fog—you soon become chilled and cheerless. You look at your neighbours and see their hair and whiskers white with accumulating frost—each one is as cold and comfortless as yourself, and the keen air cuts your face with its damp breath as you move through it. The houses are moving phantoms—there's no sky—no road—no sun—no fence—no houses—no fields—no nothing but fog—thick and impenetrable. When you come to a hill the driver tells you to hold on and not be alarmed, for the stage may escape being upset by a special Providence, but the chances are in favour of going over. You are going, but where to is the question. To upset? Yes, just as likely as not. But you escape that, and thump your feet on the foot-board to get them warmer, and put your blood in circulation, until you are tired; and then you probably will try to see the beauties of the charming country through which you are passing so agreeably. Yes! magnificent landscape it is too! All fog-banks—all so beautifully misty—so admirably obscured—so dreamy—so like Melville Island, Spitzbergen, or some other equally splendid northern land of fairies and fogs! You enjoy it so, and if blest with a happy imagination, you can build such airy castles, and have so much material to form them of, all ready to your mind. The cottages—the parks—the mansions are all before you, and all totally beyond your vision—but still before you—and decorate them to your own satisfaction, in such colours as your fancy may supply.

But while you are thinking of these things, something goes wrong, and a reality surely enough rouses you to cold matter-of-fact things. What's up now? Oh, only run into the fence—soon we'll all be right. You don't like the idea of backing out while on the coach, and descend until the horses are extricated.—They are soon put into the road—you mount again, and start, but do not get far on your journey before the driver "believes that the horses have been turned completely round, and we are going back again." Here's a pretty mess, indeed! Don't know where you are. The whip swears—the passengers don't pray—but the stage does stand still, and "What's to be done?" comes from every mouth. Go back and see whether the coach really was turned, you can tell by the marks of the wheels in the road. Away goes the driver, and with him a passenger, to learn the truth. They soon return out of breath, declare we are wrong, turn the horses and pursue the journey. After considerable trouble, a good deal of grumbling and a thorough chilling, you at last reach your destination, fully satisfied with your ride in the fog, and pretty sure you won't readily forget it.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

"Coeval with the sky-crown'd mountain's self,
Spread wide their giant arms." MASON.

THERE is peculiar fascination in all subjects connected with the east. The hot sands of the desert, the stately palms, the strips of verdure on the mountain-side—the wide-spreading inland seas, the deep blue sky overhead—are a very romance in themselves; the narrow streets, the gay bazaars, the solemn mosques, the alcoves, the fountains, the piazzas, the public walks, are full of interest; the fair Circassian, the dark Egyptian, the unfamiliar visages, the flowing beards, the turbaned heads, the graceful robes, suggest a thousand fancies.

Amid our historical recollections the record of the East stands prominent. Our thoughts revert to Mahomet, with his sagacious honest face, his brown florid complexion, his deep black eyes, and the horse-shoe vein like Scott's Redgauntlet—to the hosts of the Christian army, made up of Europe's chivalry, that in the old time fought and died to win the Holy Land from Moslem sway—but holier thoughts connected with a holier history recur to our mind as we think of the East.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Ararat, Sinai, Carmel, Tabor, Olivet, Calvary, are suggestive words. In the East the history of the world begins; there after the flood the history begins again—when the new world has become the sepulchre of the old. Journeying in the Holy Land, we travel on the ground angelic feet have pressed, and every scene wakes up old memories deep and tender.

Lebanon is one of the highest, and most celebrated, of a chain of mountains separating Syria from Palestine. This chain is almost in the form of a horse shoe, beginning above Smyrna, at three or four leagues from the Mediterranean, and going from north to south towards Sidon, thence bending east towards Damascus, and at last returning from south to north. The west part of this chain of mountains is properly Libanus; the other which is opposite to it to the east, and extends from south to north is called Antilibanus. None of the summits of Libanus or Antilibanus have been measured. De la Roque thinks that Lebanon is higher than the Alps or Pyrenees. By comparing the accounts of different travellers as to the continuance of snow upon the higher summits, and adjusting them with reference to the point of perpetual congelation in that latitude, a rough estimate may be made, that the average height of the Libanus mountains from the top of which the snow disappears in summer, must be below 11,000 feet above the level of the sea; the highest point from which the snow never disappears must be considerably above that measurement. The Arabs call the principal eminence Jebel el Sich, and the snow, beneath the burning beams of an eastern sun completely cover the upper part of it, not lying in patches, as in the summer-time it may be seen upon Ben Nevis, but investing all the higher part with that perfect white and smooth velvet-like appearance which snow only exhibits when it is very deep; "a striking spectacle," says Dr. Clarke, "in such a climate, where the beholder, seeking protection from a burning sun, almost considers the firmament on fire."

The mountains of Lebanon are of limestone-rock, generally of a whitish hue, and from the aspect of which it derives its name, Lebanon, which signifies white. Looking on their vast rugged masses of naked rock, traversed by deep wild ravines, running down precipitously to the plain, no one would suspect, among the existence of a multitude of thrifty villages, and a population of hardy, industrious mountaineers. Here among the crags of the rocks are to be seen the remains of the renowned cedars, mention of which is so frequently in the figurative language of the Bible.

The cedar of Lebanon is a widely-spreading tree, varying from fifty to eighty feet in height; and when standing alone, covering a space with its branches, the diameter of which is much greater than its height. The wood is of a reddish-white colour, of a flagrant smell, and fine grain; it is almost incorruptible by reason of its bitterness, which renders it distasteful to worms or insects. Maundrell mentions one which, on measuring, he found twelve yards in circumference, and yet sound. Its branches spread to a compass of thirty-seven yards. The horizontal branches, when the tree is exposed on all sides, are very large, and disposed in distinct layers or stages, the distance to which they extend diminishing as they approach the top, where they form a pyramidical head, broad in proportion to its height. The leaves, produced in tufts, are straight, about one inch long, slender, tapering to a point, and on short stalks. When the tree is grown on mountains, the annual layers of wood are much narrower, and the fibre much finer than when it is grown on the plain. The cones when they approach maturity, become from 2½ inches to 5 inches long. Every part of the cone abounds with resin, which sometimes exudes from between the scales.

Modern naturalists have denied the superiority of the cedars of Lebanon to other forest trees. Mr. Loudon, in his *Arboretum*,

describes it as light and spongy, easily worked, but very apt to shrink and warp, and by no means durable. Dr. Parisel, in 1829, had a piece of cedar which he had brought from Lebanon, made into an article of furniture, when it presented a surface agreeably veined, and variously shaded, and which, on the whole, might be considered handsome. But Dr. Pococke says, that with regard to a piece of one of the large cedars which had been blown down by the wind, it did not differ in appearance from white deal, and did not appear to be harder; the testimony of Sir Joseph Banks is similar in effect.

Very different from this was the opinion of Evelyn, who in his *Sylva* sums up the cedar's merits in the following words:—"It resists putrefaction, destroys noxious insects, continues a thousand or two years sound, yields an oil famous for preserving books and writings, purifies the air by its effluvia, *inspires worshippers with a solemn awe when used in wainscoted churches.*"

There is an air of grandeur and strength in the cedar, when full-grown, which renders it far superior in appearance to any other of the cone-bearing tribes. Its mantling foliage is its greatest beauty; this, from the peculiar sweeping horizontal growth of its branches, forms a graceful covering of foliage, impervious to the heat and rays of the sun, thus producing a depth of shadow that greatly increases the majestic effect. In the old time it was considered the emblem of greatness, strength, and prosperity; thus the righteous were to spread abroad like the cedar of Lebanon, and thus Assyrian power was set forth—"Behold the Assyrian was a cedar of Lebanon, with fair branches and with a shadowy shroud, and of an high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs, his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long. The fir-trees were not like his boughs, nor the chestnut-trees like his branches, nor any tree in the garden of God like unto him in heart."

The wood of the cedar-tree was used for a variety of purposes. When Moses dictated the cleansing of the leper, he bid him take an offering of two sparrows, *cedar wood*, wool dyed in scarlet and hyssop; when Moses and Aaron were commanded to sacrifice, the priest was to take *cedar wood*, and hyssop and scarlet. At a later period we are informed of the negotiations with Hiram king of Tyre for the supply of cedar-trees out of Lebanon, and of the uses to which the timber was applied in the construction of that glorious temple, when

> "No workman's axe, no ponderous hammer rung—
> Like some tall palm the graceful fabric sprung."

But the glory of Lebanon has departed, says Lamartine,—"These trees diminish in every succeeding age. Travellers formerly counted thirty or forty; more recently seventeen; more recently still only twelve. There are now but seven. These, however, from their size and general appearance, may be fairly presumed to have existed in biblical times. Around these ancient witnesses of ages long since past, there still remains a little grove of yellow cedars, appearing to me to form a group of from 400 to 500 trees or shrubs. Every year, in the month of June, the inhabitants of Beschierai, of Eden, of Kandbin, and the other neighbouring valleys and villages, climb up to these cedars, and celebrate mass at their feet. How many prayers have resounded under their branches, and what more beautiful canopy for worship can exist?"

A PEEP INTO THE MYSTERIES OF PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

The business of the day begins at nine o'clock, or in some houses a little earlier. Punctuality of attendance is so essential that, in houses where many assistants are kept, it is customary to have a book in which they sign their names as they arrive. This book is (I can answer for one firm at least) removed into the private counting-house as the last stroke of nine vibrates, and the unlucky arrivals after that instant have to proceed thither to sign their names in red ink, and sometimes with a pen handed to them with studious politeness, by one of the heads of the establishment. This contrivance is generally successful in enforcing punctuality, and punctuality is necessary, for "the post is in."

The medium post of a first-rate house is from 100 to 150 letters, but often the number will run as high as 300, and these almost all contain orders for books, nearly the whole of which will be packed and sent off the same night, though each letter may require twenty different places to be visited to collect the various works required.

The letters are first received by the head porter, who is a very superior man to the porters generally employed. He cuts them open, and takes them into the counting-house, where they are inspected by one of the principals, or by a party appointed for that purpose. Their contents if remittances are handed to one party; if orders, to a second; if other business, to a third. Each department is complete in itself; and, from constant practice, there is no difficulty in assigning every communication to one or other of them. As the execution of the orders is the most laborious part of the business, I follow a clerk with a bundle of open letters in his hand into the "country department." The arrangements of this important branch are admirably adapted for executing the numerous and complicated orders from the country quickly and accurately. The portion of the house allotted to this part of the business is divided into compartments, each fitted with desks and benches and all necessary conveniences. Each compartment is called a "division" and each division takes entire charge of so many letters of the alphabet as are allotted to it. All customers whose names begin with those letters are of course the property of that particular division, and to those whose names it attends and to none other. These compartments are each as distinct and complete in all their arrangements as so many separate houses of business. Each one consists of a "head" or manager, a "second" or assisting clerk, two or three collectors, a packer, and frequently there are several "extras" or assistants. These divisions are from two or three to six in number, according to the size of the house. Round each division are several wooden compartments, to receive the books ordered as they are collected; the orders are placed with them, that the goods may be called over with the letter previous to packing. Each head of a division finds sundry signs affixed to the letters he receives for his special instruction. Thus those orders which the firm may not wish to execute, from the correspondent's account being overdue or doubtful, or from any other cause, is marked with a round O, signifying that the order is to be read as nought; books on which no commission is to be charged for the trouble of getting are marked with an X; and there are marks for other matters requiring attention.

Seated at his desk, the head of each division receives the letters handed to him by a clerk from the counting-house of the principal. First, the name and address of each correspondent is entered in a diary, and opposite each is put certain cabalistic signs to denote by what conveyance the parcel is to be sent off. Then the letter is handed to one of those under his direction, to be "looked out." I am allowed the privilege of seeing how this is done, and am attached to a "collector," who, for some reason unknown to me, rejoices in the cognomen of "Shiney." The stock of books kept by a large house is immense. The "London Catalogue" of modern publications contains the titles of 46,000 distinct works, and it will be easily understood that without careful and exact arrangement it would be impossible to pick out particular books from a vast collection as soon as wanted. All the walls of every room are covered with shelves, and on these the books are ranged in piles in alphabetical order. There are usually twenty alphabets of books—one for quarto, cloth; another for quarto, sewed; one for imperial octavo, cloth; another for imperial octavo, sewed; and so on, according to the size of the book, from quarto, a sheet folding into four leaves, down to 32mo, a sheet folding into thirty-two leaves; and sometimes there is a folio, and a miniature alphabet, for sizes above and below these.

Every book has a label stuck in its side, with its name and price clearly written on it, and when the last copy of a book is taken out of the alphabet, the label is what is called "thrown up,"—that is, put into a box kept for the purpose. The stock-clerk visits these boxes every day, and clears them, and the alphabets are replenished with such books as are kept tied up in large quantities. Those that cannot be thus replaced are kept in a book called the "Out-of-book," and the labels are arranged alphabetically in a drawer or cupboard until wanted again.

Following Shiney in his "looking-out" expedition, I go upstairs and down-stairs, through what seems to me endless rooms and passages, passing by miles of books, sometimes stooping to the floor, sometimes mounting ladders to the ceiling—occasionally getting glimpses of heaven's light, but most often pursuing the search by aid of candles. Shiney is one of those who reads as he runs; his practised eye catches the titles of books far off, almost before I can discern the label. He is not sorry to have a companion in his labour, for his hands soon get full, and he asks me "just to hold the light," and "just to hold the ladder," and "just to hold a pile of books," until his letter is "looked," and we return to the division to which Shiney is attached.

This process is repeated with each letter of orders until the whole of them are "looked;" or, in other words, until all the books ordered in them that are contained in the stock are procured. But as a large proportion of the works ordered are not "kept in stock," it is necessary to despatch messengers to purchase such books from their various publishers. This is the next business of the collectors. They carry with them a blue bag, and a book containing the orders they have to execute. By one o'clock it is expected that the work of "looking out" from the stock is finished. The head then goes through each letter, and marks thes book not found in stock with an X or O, according as the books wanted are published east or west of the Row. The

letters are then passed through the hands of the east and west collectors, for each to extract the orders which belong to him. This done, the collectors' books are carefully read over by a person who has the most extensive knowledge of literature and publishers, and whose business it is to check every order, and see that nothing is purchased which is contained in stock, and that the collectors thoroughly understand the books wanted. The parties who thus watch over the stock and the collectors are remarkable for their capacious memories, and one or two of them are perfect living catalogues. The late Mr. Taylor, of Simpkin and Marshall's house, had most marvellous powers of recollection in this way. His knowledge of the titles of books would have called forth an emphatic "prodigious!" from Dominie Sampson himself, and his memory was as ready as it was retentive.

The process of "taking down" in the memorandum-books being completed, I take my departure with Shiney, who is a West End collector, to commence the second part of his pay's labours. I accompany him through the great arteries of London, where the life-blood of the metropolis rushes in a continuous torrent, up Fleet-street, the Strand, Pall-mall, Piccadilly, in and out various side-turnings, then into Regent-street and its tributaries, down Oxford-street, through Holborn, to the Row again; and, during all his journey, Shiney has been diving under horses' heads, dashing over perilous crossings, never stopping for the rain which has come down unexpectedly; shouldering loungers aside—for there is no time for politeness—darting into dozens of shops, and making inquiries of the shopmen, who instantly bring forth the article they sell; paying in a hurry; scarcely counting the change; tired and jaded, and with his burdensome bag growing continually heavier as he moves onward. It is six o'clock, and we have been walking three or four hours at the top of our speed; and while we have been west another collector has been east, and thus every petty country bookseller has had the books he requires collected for him over a surface of many miles, and from scores of publishers.

Still every order is not executed: some books are "out of print;" some being printed in the country, and the London agent being out of them, are described as "none in town;" others are binding, and said to be "none done up," and others again cannot be met with at all, and are set down in the invoice as "can't find." While the collectors are out the heads and seconds of the divisions are entering up the day-books and preparing the invoices, and until the collectors return at five or six o'clock the houses are very quiet. As they come in the parcels are "called," which consists in calling over each item and carefully examining the books "looked out" or "collected." The invoices are then completed, the prices are filled in from the collectors' books, and the parcels are handed over to the packers, and, lastly, despatched to the booking-offices for conveyance to their destinations. The invoices are usually sent off by post that evening.

This is the general routine of each day's business of the wholesale houses; and when we consider the magnitude of the publishing trade, and the number of new books continually issued, it is surprising to what perfection the system is carried, and how correctly it works.

But "magazine-day" is the time to see the Row, or as a punster, in reference to the excitement which then prevails, would write it, the *row* in its glory. Think what it must be, in addition to the ordinary business, for the trade to have to deal with two millions and a half of periodicals. The number of parcels (many of very large size) sent out by one house alone is stated at between five and six hundred. On the night preceding the last day of the month, at about nine o'clock, the divisions begin to "call." Shiney informs me that it is sometimes one o'clock in the morning before the business on such occasions is disposed of. And the extra work is almost as great at "almanac time" or "school-book time." Some persons of feeble constitutions dread these periods; but Shiney is brave: he knows the public must be served, and he buckles cheerfully to his work.

[This graphic sketch is taken from the British Journal, a new monthly contemporary of considerable talent.]

The Formation of an Iceberg.—The glacier is composed of fresh water. Its elements are modified more or less by the character of its base. The fracture and disruption is caused by wave action, by gravitation and temperature. The iceberg is a liberated glacier. I know not how to describe it. In colour, its whiteness is opaque, like frosted silver. Its base is cobalt blue, and its edges flash and sparkle. Its shape depends on the influence around it. You find all landscape forms and features upon it. Mingled with these pleasing associations are higher feelings of grandeur. I have measured them, and have found them to be 300 feet, and the entire height of one such is, therefore, 2,100 feet. Millions of tons are embraced in it, and it moves sometimes three miles an hour. There is something infinitely imposing in its march through the ice-fields.

A Self-made Man.—Mr. Lindsay, the gentleman whose name may be known to our readers in connexion with the proceedings at the late election for Monmouth, is at present a candidate for the representation of Dartmouth, and in a speech to the electors, delivered lately, he defended himself against the attacks of a Tory agent, and gave the following interesting account of his fortunes:—"He should be the last to mention a word about himself had he not been taunted with falsehood. He was told he was a mere commonplace shipbroker. God knew he was commonplace enough once; he was the architect of his own fame, and he hoped no one would despise him on that account. He was but a young man now, and at the age of fourteen he was left an orphan boy to push his way in the world. He left Glasgow to find his way to Liverpool, with 4s. 6d. only in his pocket, and so poor was he that the captain of a steamer had pity on him, and told him that he would give him a passage if he would trim the coals in the coal-hole of the steamer. He did so, and thus worked his passage. He remembered that the fireman gave him a part of his homely dinner, and never had he ate a dinner with such relish, for he felt that he had wrought for it and earned it; and he wished the young to listen to this statement, he had derived a lesson from that voyage which he had never forgot. At Liverpool he remained for seven weeks before he could get employment; he abode in sheds, and 4s. 6d. a week maintained him, until at last he found shelter in a West Indiaman; he entered as a boy, and before he was nineteen he had risen to the command of an Indiaman. At twenty-three he retired from the sea, his friends, who, when he wanted assistance, had given him none, having left him that which they could no longer keep. He settled on shore—his career had been rapid, he had acquired prosperity by close industry, by constant work, and by keeping ever in view that great principle of doing to others as you would be done by. And now, instead of being a commonplace shipbroker, he would tell them at thirty-five—for he was no older—what was the amount of business which the firm he had established, and was at the head of and acting partner in, transacted. During the last year alone their charters executed amounted to upwards of 700, and this year it bade fair to be larger. The amount of their insurances was £3,000,000 sterling; they had shipped, as contractors, upwards of 100,000 tons of coal, and upwards of 150,000 tons of iron. They had imported in the famine year, as brokers, 1,500,000 quarters of corn. Then, as to the next charge, that he was no shipowner, and did not own a ton of shipping. In consequence of this statement he had been induced to copy out a list of the ships in which he owned a proportionate rate, and was managing owner of all, a large and high class of British-built ships. He then read a list of eighteen vessels, besides steamers and others, ranging from 860 to 310 tons burden, the total tonnage being 21,002—the largest portion of which he owned himself, and was manager for the whole."

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art.—The First Volume of this splendidly embellished work, handsomely bound, price 6s. 6d., or extra cloth gilt edges, 7s. 6d., is now ready, and contains upwards of Two Hundred principal Engravings and an equal number of minor Engravings, Diagrams, &c.

History of Hungary, with upwards of Eighty Illustrations.—The First Volume of the New Series of The Working Man's Friend, neatly bound in cloth, price 3s. 6d., contains the completest History of Hungary ever published; also a History of China and the Chinese, with Forty-six Illustrations of the Manners, Customs, Public Buildings, Domestic Scenes, &c., of this most remarkable people; together with numerous instructive Tales and Narratives; Biographies, with Portraits; Scientific and Miscellaneous Articles, &c.

Cassell's Emigrants' Handbook, a Guide to the various Fields of Emigration in all Parts of the Globe, Second Edition, with considerable Additions, and a Map of Australia, with the Gold Regions clearly marked, is now ready, price 9d.

The Pathway, a Monthly Religious Magazine, is published on the 1st of every month, price twopence—32 pages enclosed in a neat wrapper. Vols. I. and II., neatly bound in cloth and lettered price, 2s. 3d. each, are now ready.

Cassell's Shilling Edition of Euclid.—The Elements of Geometry, containing the First Six, and the Eleventh and Twelfth Books of Euclid, from the text of Robert Simson, M.D., Emeritus Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow; with Corrections, Annotations, and Exercises, by Robert Wallace, A.M., of the same university, and Collegiate Tutor of the University of London, will be ready with the Magazines for August, price 1s. in stiff covers, or 1s. 6d. neat cloth.

Scripture Library for the Young, in Shilling Volumes.—The first two volumes of this instructive series of works, "The Life of Joseph," illustrated with sixteen choice engravings and maps, and "The Tabernacle, its Priests, and Services," with twelve engravings, are now ready. "The Life of Moses" is in the press.

MISCELLANEA.

A YANKEE IN ITALY.—A correspondent of the *Boston* (U.S.) *Transcript*, writing from Naples, thus describes an amusing interview with a live Yankee:—"The other day, on reaching the top of Vesuvius, I descried a man sitting astride on a block of lava, I don't know why, but I marked him at once for one of my countrymen. As I advanced towards him I could not help noticing the cool manner in which he and Vesuvius were taking a smoke together. His long nine was run out like a bowsprit, and he took the whole affair as calmly as one could look at a kitchen fire at home. As soon as I came up with him, he bawled out, 'Hallo, stranger! pretty considerable lot of lavy around here! Any news from down below? You haint tuckered out yet, be ye?' On asking him if he had looked in the crater, he replied, 'Yass! but I burnt the legs of my trousers though, I tell *yew*.' He turned out to be a man from New England, who came up from Marseilles to see the volcano."

A SAFE OFFER.—Mr. Barnum, in a recent temperance address, said that he would give more for a drunkard who succeeded in business, as a public curiosity, than for anything he ever exhibited.

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.—A lady who lately visited an infant school was treated to the following exhibition:—Schoolmistress (unfolding her umbrella)—"What is this, my dear?" Pupil—"An umbrella, ma'am." "How many kingdoms does it contain?" "Three."—"What are they?" "Animal, mineral, and vegetable."—"Name the animal?" "Whalebone."—"The mineral?" "The brass."—"The vegetable?" "The cotton."

TO MAKE WATER COLD IN SUMMER.—The following is a simple mode of rendering water almost as cold as ice:—Let the jar, pitcher, or vessel used for water, be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly wet. The evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside, and reduce it to a freezing point. In India, and other tropical climes, where ice cannot be procured, this is common. Let every mechanic and labourer have at his place of employment two pitchers thus provided, and with lids or covers, one to contain water for drinking, the other for evaporation, and he can always have a supply of cold water in warm weather. Any person can test this by dipping a finger in water and holding it in the air on a warm day; after doing this three or four times he will find his finger uncomfortably cold.

A MONSTER.—The bones of an enormous animal have recently been found twelve feet below the surface of the ground at Hampton, near Evesham, including a tusk four feet long, and a molar tooth weighing 9¼ lb.

LOOK OUT!—A Frenchman thinks the English language is very odd. "Dare is 'look out,'" he says, "which is to put out your head and see; and 'look out,' which is to haul in your head not for to see—just contraire."

PROTECTIONISM is said to be like putting a turnpike gate on the throat of Great Britain.

TOO TRUE.—An Irishman being asked why he left his country for America, replied,—"It wasn't for want. I had plenty of that at home."

THINK OF THIS.—"What would I give," said Charles Lamb, "to call my mother back to earth, for one day, to ask her pardon upon my knees for all those acts by which I gave her gentle spirit pain!"

GALLOWAY SUPERSTITIONS.—Good signs of a happy year:—To be sitting when you see the first swallow of the season. Also, if the first foal of the season which you see is standing before its dam, or if the first lamb you see is looking at you.

SCOTCH MARRIAGES.—In a recent case at the Westminster Police-court, involving the validity of a Scotch marriage, a Mr. James Law, said he was acquainted with the Scotch practice, and gave it as his opinion that the marriage was legal; that a man in Scotland was often married without knowing it; that a sweep or an applewoman might perform the ceremony, and it would still be a legal marriage, if the two persons declared themselves man and wife; and that it would be equally legal if the bride and groom were drunk, provided they could say "Yes," and "No."

POLITENESS AND PIETY.—A lady who was a strict observer of etiquette, being unable to go to church one Sunday, sent her card.

ANGER, says Clarendon, is the most impotent passion that influences the mind of man; it effects nothing it undertakes, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than the object against which it is directed.

NEGRO POETRY.—The *New York Mirror*, in an article on negro minstrels, says, "There is something in 'Uncle Ned' (who loses his wool, but ultimately goes 'where the good niggers go') like Ossian's music of memory, pleasant and mournful to the soul." "Dearest May" has become classic,—a sort of Venus Africanus, with

> "Her eyes so bright they shine at night,
> When the moon is gone away."

And as for "Poor Lucy Neal," the "whole world is redolent of the sweet and plaintive air in which her charms are chanted; and the beauty of her shining form often comes over us like a pleasant shadow from an angel's wing!"

WORTH KNOWING.—A veterinary surgeon writes to the papers warning cowkeepers against allowing their animals to eat the plant known as the Water Breeder (*Phelararium Aquaticum*), which is highly poisonous to cattle.

WALKING LIKE A FLY, HEAD DOWNWARDS.—We learn from the *Scientific American*, published in New York, that a Mr. M'Cormick has been rather astonishing some of the natives lately by walking on a marble slab head downwards, in one of the amphitheatres. It is somewhat frightful to see a fellow-mortal perched up in mid-air, with his head to the ground, but a long way above it, and his feet to the roof. It is the first feat of the kind ever performed, so far as we are aware, and Mr. M'Cormick has been dubbed with the title of professor for his scientific performance. The feat is performed upon well-known principles of science, by using air-pumps, and working them step by step, to extract all the air under appendages on his feet, so that the outward pressure on one foot will exceed his whole weight. If he is 150 lb. weight, it requires 10 square inches of atmospheric pressure to balance that, for the atmospheric pressure is fifteen pounds on every square inch of the earth's surface. This pressure must be on one foot, while the other is being moved forwards. The courage required to perform the feat is not small, and the labour is very severe and tedious. It is needless to say that, although the polished marble-slab is the greatest wonder to some, he could not perform the feat on rough, porous boards.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A COUNTRYMAN.—Good black ink in draught may now be bought cheap at most general shops or stationers; but if you wish to make it yourself, the following receipt has been well recommended. Bruised Aleppo nut-galls (the best blue sort) 1 lb.; logwood in their chips, ½ lb.; sulphate of iron, ½ lb.; gum-arabic, 6 oz.; sulphate of copper, 1 oz.; sugar-candy, 1 oz. Boil the galls and logwood in 2½ gallons of water for one hour, or until reduced to one half; strain, add the other ingredients and stir well till all are dissolved; when clear, pour off and preserve in stone bottles well corked. This will make a full coloured ink. If wanted chiefly for *steel pens*, use less gum. A few drops of creosote will prevent ink from turning mouldy.

JUNIOR.—Microscopes may be had from 10s. to £10. We think one at 20s. or 30s. would answer your purpose.

A YOUNG MECHANIC.—We cannot now give you our opinion as to the "influence of strikes" on the condition of mechanics and labourers; but we can state, upon competent authority, that upwards of *thirty thousand pounds* weekly have been lost in wages during the fifteen weeks' strike by 20,000 skilled operatives; or *four hundred and fifty thousand pounds* in all! A moderate calculation places the loss of profit and the fixed expenses of employers at the same amount; so that nearly a *million sterling* has been deducted from the fund for the payment of wages, by the agency of those whose great aim was artificially to raise wages.

G. EDWARDS.—We believe a "Total Abstinence Benefit Society," such as you wish to join, will be found at "the Good Samaritan Temperance Hall," Little Saffron Hill, Clerkenwell. The publication you inquire about will, most likely, extend to many volumes.

PHILOMATH.—The process of preparing "patent yeast" is kept a secret by the proprietor; but we have by us the following formula, which may answer your purpose:—Bean flour, ¾ lb.; water six quarts; boil for half an hour; pour the decoction into any suitable vessel, and add wheat flour 3½ lb.; stir well together, and when the temperature reaches 55 degrees, add beer yeast 2 quarts; mix well, and keep the mixture in a situation where it will not be chilled. In twenty-four hours after the commencement of the fermentation add barley or bean-flour 7 lb.; make a uniform dough by thorough kneading, roll it out as thin as a crown-piece, and cut it with a wine-glass into small cakes, which must be placed on sieves or laths, and dried in the sun, and then preserved in a dry situation. *For use*, one of these cakes is to be broken in pieces, laid in warm water, and set in a warm place during twelve hours, when the soft mass will serve the purpose of beer yeast. Of course, a smaller quantity can be made, observing the above proportions.

AN INQUIRER.—We cannot undertake to prescribe for you. "Fatness" is a diseased condition. If the assimilating vessels supply new matter faster than the absorbents take away the old,—that is, faster than there is need,—obesity, or fatness, is the consequence. This diseased condition should be judiciously treated by a competent medical practitioner.

METALLAD.—Glass and silk are non-conductors; either of these will probably suit your purpose.

H. Y.—The account of the *Cicada Septendecim*, which appeared in No. 56 of the old series of the "Working Man's Friend," was taken from Latrobe's travels in North America. Its existence and periodical appearance has been noticed by other writers; but we have not heard whether it visited Maryland or Virginia in 1851, as predicted.

S. L. and S.—Above we have furnished a receipt for making *black* ink. A superb liquid *blue* ink is made thus:—Pure Prussian-blue, powdered, 1 oz.; concentrated muriatic acid, 1½ oz. to 2 oz. Mix in a glass bottle, or matrass, and after thirty hours dilute with sufficient quantity of water. Add a little clear gum-arabic. For a very fine *red* ink:—powdered cochineal, 1 oz.; hot water, ½ pint; digest, and when *quite cold*, add spirit of hartshorn, ¼ pint, diluted with 3 or 4 oz. of water; macerate for a few days, then decant the clear.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE

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SPAIN AND ITS PEOPLE.—IV.

THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA AND EXPULSION OF THE MOORS.

UPWARDS of eight hundred years were passed and gone, says Washington Irving, since the Arabian invaders sealed the perdition of Spain, by the defeat of Don Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings. From the period of that disastrous event, kingdom after kingdom had been gradually recovered by the Christian princes, until the single but powerful territory of Granada alone remained under the domination of the Moors.

At the period of which we are now speaking, Ferdinand and Isabella sat on the throne of the united kingdom of Arragon, Leon, and Castile, and Muley Aben Hassan was the lord of Granada. This Moorish monarch was the descendant of a direct line of conquering kings, and had succeeded his father Ismael in 1465, while Henry the Fourth, the brother and immediate predecessor of Queen Isabella, was king of Leon and Castile. The Moorish power in Spain had been for years declining, and the Christian princes had even gone so far as to exact tribute-money and captives from the king of Granada. This kind of submission had been observed by Ismael, but when Aben Hassan came to the throne he contemptuously refused to acknowledge the right of the Spaniards; and when, in 1748, Don Juan De Vera arrived at the gates of Granada, to demand tribute in the names of Ferdinand and Isabella, he was received with a cold, haughty, and proud denial. "Tell your sovereigns," said the Moor, "that the kings of Granada who used to pay tribute to the Castilian crown are dead. Our mint at present coins nothing but blades of scimitars and heads of lances." This bold defiance was speedily carried by the ambassador back to Ferdinand, who saw in it sufficient excuse for immediate action. "I will pick the seeds from out this pomegranate one by one," said he playing upon the word which is Spanish for Granada; and, as we shall see, he was as good as his word.

A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

During the stay of the ambassador and his retinue in the Moor's chief city, they had cast their eyes about them, and noted well the strength and situation of Aben Hassan's warriors. They saw at once that they had a noble foe to contend with—fierce, implacable, and ready for hostilities, come from what quarter they might. They saw that the Moor was well prepared. His walls and towers were of vast strength, in complete repair, and mounted with lombards and other heavy ordnance. His magazines were well stored with all the munitions of war; he had a mighty host of foot-soldiers, together with squadrons of cavalry, ready to scour the country, and to carry on either offensive or defensive warfare. The Christian warriors noted these things without dismay, their hearts rather glowed with emulation at the thought of encountering so worthy a foe. As they slowly paraded through the streets of Granada, on their departure, they looked around with eagerness on its stately palaces and sumptuous mosques; on its âlcayceria or bazaar, crowded with silks and cloth of silver and gold, with jewels and precious stones, and other rich merchandise, the luxuries of every clime; and they longed for the time when all this wealth should be spoil of the soldiers of the Faith, and when each tramp of their steeds might be fetlock deep in the blood and carnage of the infidels.*

Here was an opportunity to pick the first stone from the pomegranate; but before preparations could be made by Ferdinand, the first blow was struck by the Moor. Aware of the intentions of the Spanish king, Aben Hassan made a hasty descent upon the fortress of Zahara, a frontier town, situated on a rocky mountain between Roda and Medina Sidonia, and hitherto considered impregnable. Ferdinand being engaged in a war with Portugal at that moment could not prevent this taking place; but he determined to be revenged in kind. Repressing his indignation, he sought counsel among his friends; and hearing that Alhama, the "key of the kingdom of Granada" was but poorly guarded, it was determined to make a descent upon that fortress when the Moors should least expect them. The expedition was conducted by Don Roderigo Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz, a champion, whose fame in Spanish history almost equals that of the Cid. It was so entirely successful, that before the Moors could well recover from the surprise of the first attack, Alhama was in the hands of the Christians. It had been foretold by a Moorish prophet that the Christians should conquer; and when, at last, the news reached Granada that the cavaliers of Ferdinand had actually obtained possession of the town and fortress of Alhama, nothing was heard in the streets but terror and lamentation. "Alhama is fallen! Alhama is fallen!" exclaimed the terror-stricken inhabitants. "The Christians garrison its walls; the key of Granada is in the hands of the enemy!" The fall of this celebrated city is still commemorated in plaintive verse, and the grief of the people of Granada was vented in one mournful cry—"Ay de mi, Alhama." Lord Byron's translation has rendered the Moorish romance of "Woe is me, Alhama," familiar to English ears.

But Muley Aben Hassan was not the man to sit coolly down and see his enemies in possession of one of his strongholds without an effort. On the contrary, he immediately laid siege to Alhama; and to such straits were the Christians reduced, that it became very questionable whether they could hold out till succour arrived. A reinforcement, however, under the command of the Duke of Medonia, the hereditary enemy of the marquis, came at last, and the Moorish monarch was compelled to raise the siege.

The question now arose as to whether it would be most prudent to retain or abandon their new possession. A council of war was therefore held at Cordova to consider this subject. Various were the opinions of the counsellors; but in the midst of the debate the queen arrived. On hearing the subject of their discourse, she was highly indignant. "What!" she exclaimed, "shall we destroy the first fruits of our victory—shall we abandon the first town we have wrested from the Moor? You talk of the expense of maintaining Alhama! Did we not know when we undertook the war, that it would be one of infinite cost, labour, and bloodshed? And shall we shrink from the task, the moment a victory is obtained, and the question is merely to guard or abandon its glorious trophy? Let us hear no more about the destruction of Alhama; let us maintain its walls sacred, as a stronghold granted us by Heaven in the centre of this hostile country; and let our only consideration be, how we may extend our territory on all sides, till we shall have driven the infidel out of the land." These words of the brave Isabella silenced the warriors, and Alhama was forthwith fortified and garrisoned by the Spaniards.

Following the course of the events which took place in the peninsula, we must glance at the Moorish king in his capital of Granada.

Muley Aben Hassan had of course, like most of his race, a number of wives. Of these, two were sultanas, or wives-in-chief—Ayxa, a Moor; and Fatima, a Christian, called, for her beauty, Zoroya, or the Light of Dawn. Ayxa had borne a son to him, named Mohammed Abdalla, or, more frequently in the Christian chronicles, Boabdil el Chico, or the Younger; and, in the natural course of things, Boabdil would succeed to the sovereignty on his father's death. It had been prophesied, however, by the astrologers on Boabdil's birth, that although he should sit on the throne of Granada, the downfall of the kingdom would take place in his reign. Influenced partly by this prophecy, partly by natural ferocity of temper, and partly by the blandishments of his young wife Fatima—who hated the son of her rival Ayxa, and who was anxious to exclude him from the throne, that one of her own children might obtain it—the old king had contracted such a dislike to Boabdil, that he at last gave orders to put him to death. His mother Ayxa, however, contrived to secure his escape; and taking refuge in the city of Guadix, Boabdil gained the adherence of a large party, and set his father at defiance. Thus, at the time of the breaking out of the war between the Christians and the Moors, Granada was torn asunder by the discord of two hostile factions—at the head of one of which was the old king, Muley Hassan; at the head of the other his son, Boabdil el Chico.

The Moors at first had the fortune of war on their side; and, as a natural effect of this, the subjects of Muley Hassan, who had at first blamed his rashness in beginning a war with the Castilian sovereigns, now hailed him as a successful man is usually hailed by the multitude. As the interests of the old king advanced, those of his son Boabdil declined: and the young chief found it necessary, if he would retain any hold upon the affection of the Moors, to do some brave deed against the Christians, which might eclipse, or at least equal, his father's successes. Accordingly, accompanied by his father-in-law, Ali Atar, Boabdil invaded the Christian territory at the head of 9,000 foot and 700 horse. They had not gone a day's march across the border, when they were met by the Count de Cabra, who had hastily armed a handful of retainers, to signalise himself by a deed worthy of the fame of a Castilian knight. A desperate battle ensued, in which the Moors were totally defeated: twenty-two Moorish banners were taken, old Ali Atar had his skull cloven by the sword of a Spanish cavalier, and the young king Boabdil el Chico, was taken prisoner. When the news of this defeat reached Granada, there was great mourning, especially among the partisans of El Chico. Queen Ayxa, his mother, and Morayma, his sultana, gave themselves up to lamentations; and the minstrels whom they summoned to cheer them, tuned their instruments to strains of sorrow. "Beautiful Granada," they said, "how is thy glory faded! The vivarrambla no longer echoes to the tramp of steed and the sound of trumpet; no longer is it crowded with thy youthful nobles, eager to display their prowess in tourney and the festive tilt of reeds. Alas! the flower of thy chivalry lies low in a foreign land. The soft note of the lute is no longer heard in thy mournful streets; the lively castanet is silent upon thy hills; and the graceful dance of the zambra is no more seen beneath thy bowers. Behold, the Alhambra is forlorn and desolate! In vain do the orange and myrtle breathe their perfumes into its silken chambers; in vain does the nightingale sing within its groves; in vain are its marble halls refreshed by the sound of fountains and the gush of limpid rills. Alas! the countenance of the king no longer shines within these walls; the light of the Alhambra is set for ever!"

The captivity of his son Boabdil left Muley Hassan in undisturbed possession of the sovereign power; and the partisans of the young sovereign—"Young Granada," as we might now term them—were obliged for the time to yield pretended alle-

* Washington Irving's "Conquest of Granada."

giance to the tiger-tempered old king, who, it is said, entered into communication with Ferdinand, with a view to get possession of his son's person. Ferdinand, however, saw the policy of keeping up the internal dissensions of the Moors. Accordingly, after some months, he set Boabdil at liberty, loaded him with kindness, and sent him home to Granada, after having obtained from him an acknowledgment of perpetual vassalage to the Castilian crown. This measure was well-judged. No sooner had Boabdil reappeared in Granada, than the struggle for sovereignty broke out again between him and his father; half of the kingdom declaring for the one, and half for the other.

The war still continued between the Christians and the Moors who acknowledged Muley Hassan for their king. "It possessed," says a writer in the Quarterly Review, "extraordinary materials of interest, in the striking contrast presented by the combatants of Oriental and European creeds, costumes, and manners; and in the hardy and harebrained enterprises, the romantic adventures, the picturesque forages through mountain regions, the daring assaults and surprisals of cliff-built castles and cragged fortresses, which succeeded each other with a variety and brilliancy beyond the scope of mere invention. The time of the contest also contributed to heighten the interest. It was not long after the invention of gunpowder, when fire-arms and artillery mingled the flash, smoke, and thunder of modern warfare with the steely splendour of ancient chivalry, and gave an awful magnificence and terrible sublimity to battle; and when the old Moorish towers and castles, that for ages had frowned defiance to the battering-rams and catapults of classic tactics, were toppled down by the lombards of the Spanish engineers." In this protracted struggle the Spaniards were almost continually victorious; and by the end of the year 1485, the Moorish power had been greatly weakened, and many places of strength had fallen into the hands of the Christians.

Meanwhile the Moorish king, Muley Hassan, having become infirm through age, had retired to the little city of Almunecar, on the Mediterranean coast, to spend the remainder of his life in repose, leaving the administration of the government in the hands of his younger brother, Abdallah el Zagal. His death shortly afterwards left Abdallah in the possession of the entire regal power—the acknowledged chief of the patriotic party in the kingdom. Between the uncle and nephew the same struggle continued as had been carried on between the father and son; but for the time, El Zagal had the the popular suffrages on his side, and Boabdil's interests waned. Occupying Velez el Blanco, a strong town near the Spanish frontier, Boabdil watched the progress of the war between Ferdinand and Abdallah, ready to render assistance to the former, and to avail himself of his success to become sovereign of Granada. Collecting a large army, which was recruited from all parts of Europe, Ferdinand carried on the war with great energy. Town after town was taken, and battle after battle fought; and at last, in the year 1489, the Spaniards laid siege to the city of Baza, the key to all the remaining possessions of El Zagal in Granada. The war of the Christians with the Moors of Granada had by this time become the theme of the whole world; and all Christendom looked on with admiration at the part which the Spaniards were performing. After a resistance of nearly seven months, Baza surrendered on the 4th of December, 1489. With the surrender of Baza all hope failed El Zagal and the patriotic portion of the Moors. They yielded to their fate. El Zagal abdicated his crown for a stipulated revenue; and Boabdil el Chico became the vassal-king of Granada under Ferdinand and Isabella.

Boabdil el Chico, however, had served his purpose; and now that there was no longer occasion for his assistance, Ferdinand resolved to be rid of him. Accordingly, upon various pretexts, which it was easy to form, the vassal-king was required to surrender the city and crown of Granada. On this the Moors prepared for a last effort against their conquerors; and Ferdinand, assembling an army of fifty thousand men, laid siege to Granada, "the last seed of the pomegranate." The siege of the Moorish capital lasted eight months—eight months more thickly crowded with bold actions and romantic exploits than almost any other equal period in Spanish history. On the 25th of November, 1491, however, the city capitulated on the following conditions:—"All Christian captives were to be liberated without ransom; Boabdil and his principal cavaliers were to take an oath of fealty to the Castilian crown, and certain valuable territories in the Alpuxares mountains were to be assigned to the Moorish monarch for his maintenance; the Moors of Granada were to become subjects of the Spanish sovereigns, retaining their possessions, their arms, their horses, and yielding up nothing but their artillery; they were to be protected in the exercise of their religion, and governed by their own laws, administered by cadis of their own faith, under governors appointed by the sovereigns; they were to be exempted from tribute for three years, after which term the pay was to be the same as they had been accustomed to render to their native monarchs; those who chose to depart for Africa within three years, were to be provided with a passage for themselves and their effects, free of charge, from whatever port they should prefer."

In January, 1492, the Spanish sovereigns made their entry into the Moorish capital, while the fallen monarch quitted it. The following is Mr. Irving's fine description of this remarkable event:—

"The sun had scarcely begun to shed his beams upon the summits of the snowy mountains which rise above Granada, when the Christian camp was in motion. A detachment of horse and foot, led by distinguished cavaliers, and accompanied by Hernando de Talavera, bishop of Avila, proceeded to take possession of the Alhambra and the towers. It had been stipulated in the capitulation that the detachment sent for this purpose should not enter by the streets of the city. A road had therefore been opened outside of the walls, leading by the Puerta de los Molinos (or the Gate of the Mills) to the summit of the Hill of Martyrs, and across the hill to a postern gate of the Alhambra.

"When the detachment arrived at the summit of the hill, the Moorish king came forth from the gate, attended by a handful of cavaliers, leaving his vizier, Jusef Aben Comixa, to deliver up the palace. 'Go, senior,' said he to the commander of the detachment, 'go, and take possession of those fortresses, which Allah has bestowed upon your powerful lord in punishment of the sins of the Moors!' He said no more, but passed mournfully on, along the same road by which the Spanish cavaliers had come, descending to the vega to meet the Catholic sovereigns. The troops entered the Alhambra, the gates of which were wide open, and all its splendid courts and halls silent and deserted.

"The sovereigns waited here with impatience, their eyes fixed on the lofty tower of the Alhambra, watching for the appointed signal of possession. The time that had elapsed since the departure of the detachment seemed to them more than necessary for the purpose, and the anxious mind of Ferdinand began to entertain doubts of some commotion in the city. At length they saw the silver cross, the great standard of this crusade, elevated on the Torre de la Vela, or great watch-tower, and sparkling in the sunbeams; and a great shout of 'Santiago! Santiago!' rose throughout the army. Lastly was reared the royal standard by the king of arms: with the shout of 'Castile! Castile! For King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella!' The words were echoed by the whole army, with acclamations that resounded across the vega. At sight of these signals of possession, the sovereigns fell upon their knees, giving thanks to God for this great triumph. The whole assembled host followed their example; and the choristers of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of *Te Deum laudamus!*

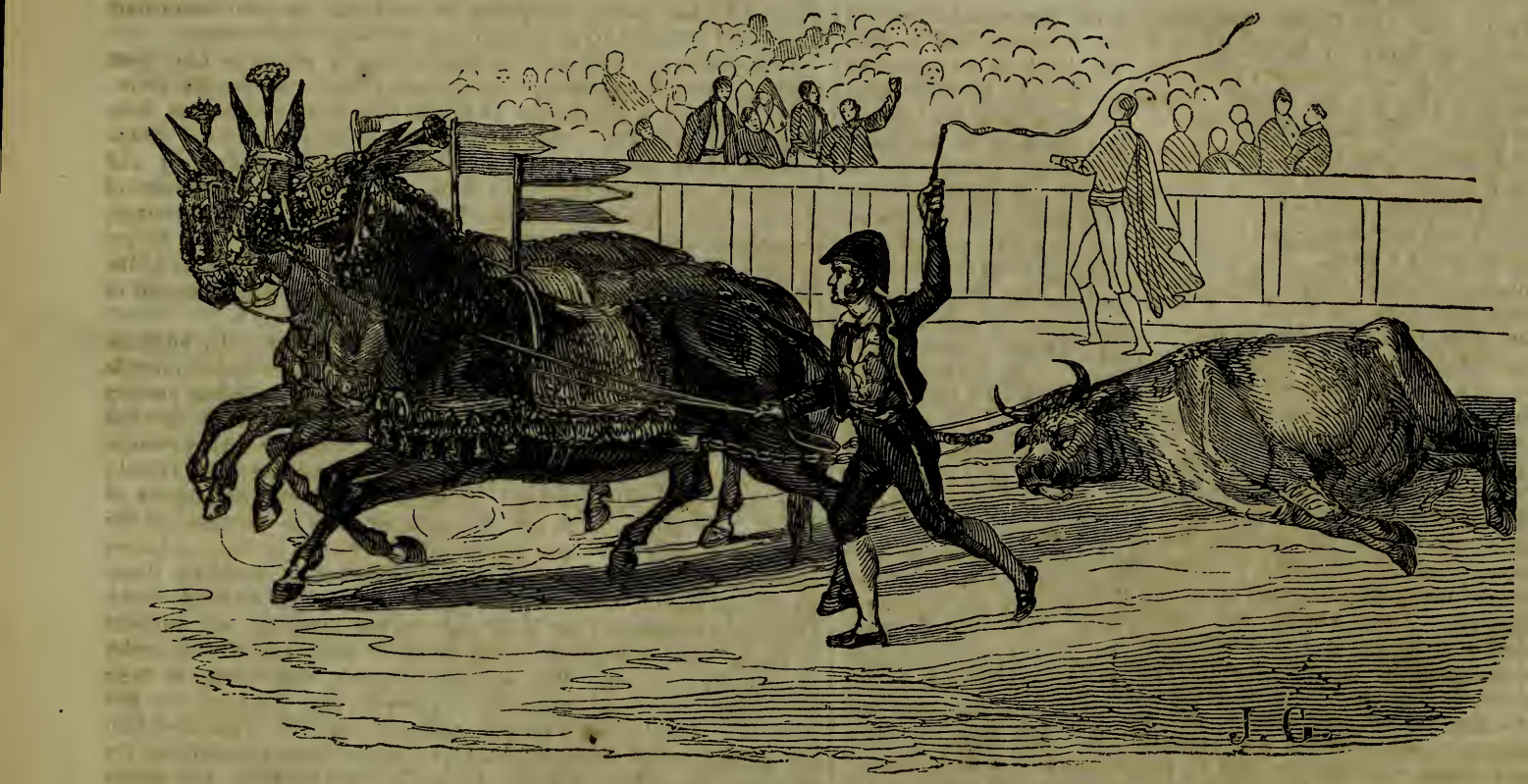
"The procession now resumed its march with joyful alacrity, to the sound of triumphant music, until they came to a small mosque, near the banks of the Xenil, and not far from the foot of the Hill of Martyrs, which edifice remains to the present day, consecrated as the hermitage of St. Sebastian. Here the sovereigns were met by the unfortunate Boabdil, accompanied by about fifty cavaliers and domestics.

"He delivered the keys of the city to King Ferdinand, with an air of mingled melancholy and resignation.

"Having surrendered the last symbol of power, the unfortunate Boabdil continued on towards the Alpuxares, that he might not behold the entrance of the Christians into his capital. His devoted band of cavaliers followed him in gloomy silence; but heavy sighs burst from their bosoms as shouts of joy and strains of triumphant music were borne on

the breeze from the victorious army. Having rejoined his family, Boabdil set forward with a heavy heart for his allotted residence, in the valley of Porchena. At two leagues' distance, the cavalcade, winding into the skirts of the Alpuxares, ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada. As they arrived at this spot, the Moors paused involuntarily, to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut from their sight for ever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lighted up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra; while the vega spread its enamelled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenil. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost for ever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes, and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself. 'Allah achbar!' (God is great!) said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears. His mother, the intrepid Sultana Ayxa la Horra, was indignant at his weakness. 'You do well,' said she, 'to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man!' The vizier, Aben Comixa, endeavoured to console his royal master. 'Consider, sire,' said he, 'that the most signal misfortunes often render men as renowned as the most prosperous achievements, provided they sustain them with magnanimity.' The unhappy monarch, however, was not to be consoled. His tears continued to flow. 'Allah achbar!' exclaimed he; 'when did misfortunes ever equal mine?' From this circumstance the hill, which is not far from Padul, took the name of Feg Allah Achbar; but the point of view commanding the last prospect of Granada is known among Spaniards by the name of *El ultimo suspiro del Moro*, or, 'The last sigh of the Moor.'"

It was not in accordance with the spirit of the age, above all, with the spirit of such a devotedly Catholic country as Spain, that a portion of the subjects of a kingdom, however peaceable and useful, should be allowed to remain undisturbed in the exercise of a religion different from that of the majority. Accordingly, within ten years of the conquest of Granada, the system of forced conversions was employed. Thousands of Moors and Jews, to save their lives, allowed themselves to be baptised; and thousands more left the peninsula for Africa and the east. In the reigns of the successors of Ferdinand and Isabella, the same policy was continued. The bigoted Philip II. especially distinguished himself by his persecuting zeal against the Moors; insomuch that, during his reign, Granada was often in a state of revolt. To crush the Moorish spirit more effectually, and secure their conversion to Christianity, Philip removed them from their original seats on the sea-coast, and distributed them through the interior of Spain. Crushed and conquered as they had been, these sons of Arabia still retained much of their ancient superiority of temperament; and wherever they went, it was remarked that they monopolised all places of wealth and commercial consequence, so that a Moor thrived where a Spaniard would have starved. This, co-operating with the hereditary dislike—which no intermixture or studied conformity on the part of the Moors could extinguish—at last determined the Spanish government to adopt the atrocious policy of expelling the Moors from Spain. The expulsion was finally carried into effect in the reign of Philip III., at the beginning of the seventeenth century. By a decree of that monarch, upwards of a million of his most industrious subjects were expelled from the country in the course of a few months, because they were of Moorish blood. It is calculated that two millions had, in the course of the previous century, voluntarily left Spain. By the edict of Philip III., six Moorish families out of every hundred were to be allowed, or rather forced, to remain for a time in Spain, to teach the Spaniards certain arts and manufactures for which the Moors were celebrated. This was a miserable device to save the country from the effects of the expulsion of her best subjects; and it proved so; for the decline of Spain, as a commercial country, dates from this disastrous event. The fate of the poor outcasts themselves we need not trace. Such of them as survived the sufferings which attended the act of their expulsion, took root in other countries, principally Mohammedan, and there lived in peace.*



REMOVING THE DEAD BULLOCK FROM THE CIRCUS.

The anniversary of the surrender of Granada to the arms of Isabella and Ferdinand is still celebrated throughout the peninsula, with gay festivities and grotesque dances, a kind of pleasure the Spaniards seem to have a genius for; but the glory of the land had departed, and its light was hushed in darkness when the Moors left Spain. In what remains of them we still discover the marks of a great and intelligent people.

* *Chambers's Miscellanies.*

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES:

HOW CAN THEY BE MADE TO BENEFIT WORKING MEN?

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

All human institutions are imperfect—they are an admixture of good and evil. Regarded as means to an end, they possess parts; they are both necessary and unnecessary—parts that aid, and parts that retard. Those organisations going under the appellation of Friendly Societies, and designed to aid the working man in laying up for a "stormy day," though primarily good, are, and have been, characterised by so much that is wrong, that it is a question whether their influence has not been for evil instead of good. But because their career has been thus dubious, shall we give them over as unsafe and impracticable? Shall we refrain from labouring to obtain a *certain* help and advantage, because from former efforts it is *questionable* whether evil instead of good has flowed? Oh, no! We think the matter of too much importance either to be discarded or neglected. With this conviction we propose, in this paper to review the claims of the several kinds of Working Men's Friendly Societies now in operation, and to propound, or rather to make more public a plan which, if carried out, will secure more fully the desired end.

First: The Old Clubs—designated more particularly Benefit, Friendly, or Brotherly Societies. Sick-pay, medicine, and medical attendance; and reversionary interest on the death of a member or member's wife, are the objects generally aimed at by these confederations. We deny not but that these clubs have done good. To a greater or less extent they have stayed the flood of sorrow—have kept want out of doors—have enabled the member to do without parochial relief—have caused sickness and suffering to be attended and alleviated—and have spared the heart of the widow or widower many a pang. But while in these points they have done good, in how many others have they done harm? How often has it been that when the fund of a club has attained to a tolerable round sum, that some few members—two, three, or half-a-dozen desperate characters—feeling the sharpness of the circumstances their own sins have entailed upon them, have, to rescue themselves, artfully and unjustly commenced and persevered in agitating the society until they have succeeded in breaking it up and dividing its capital. This course, which has been gone through over and over again, has made multitudes to mourn the loss of the source of their expectations and reliance, and caused them unwillingly to occupy the seat of the reckless and improvident. Again, very many, perhaps the majority of these clubs have commenced with a scale of contributions which are quite inadequate to the liabilities they incur. Those who do not calculate and think are captivated by the trifling outlay and large returns—they become members, and repose on the unfounded assumption that for sickness, old age, and death, they are secure of relief—and the spell is broken only when the day of trial comes, and the society is insolvent and cannot give the promised and expected aid. And then the meetings of these societies are held at public-houses—a fixed amount of liquor-money must be paid by each member—all are forced to contribute to and engage in the pageantry of Whitsuntide. All the members, young and old, pay alike for the same amount of sick-pay and the same reversionary interest on death; and those who are single are forced to contribute for the special benefit of the married. On these and other grounds into which we cannot here enter, we conclude that in many respects the principles of these societies are unjust; that though they do some good, they furthermore, either directly or indirectly, do more harm; that they do not deserve the support, and are unworthy of the confidence, of the working classes.

Secondly: Odd Fellows, Foresters, Old Friends, &c. These are to the mechanic and artisan what the clubs are to the labourer and the unskilled workman. The Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows, the most numerous of this class of societies, have of late taken steps to put their payments on a safe footing. This was wise of them, not only for the purpose of averting bankruptcy, but also to remove from the body the obloquy resting on it for inspiring hopes which could not be realised, in their scheme for supporting the widows and orphans of deceased members. This fact, which is also true of others of these fraternities, exonerates them from a serious charge. But these associations are objectionable in that they mostly meet at public-houses; it is optional with the member whether he purchase liquor, the society paying a rent for the room they use, yet their meetings are very frequent, and visits to an inn are inseparable from temptation—and that temptation assumes an attractive guise in the Odd Fellows' Lodge and Foresters' Court. Doubtless thousands of young men have acquired habits of a most pernicious kind through stated visits to their society. The husband and parent is also too often overcome by the allurements which beset him here—neglected homes, sorrowing wives, and downcast children are sad and certain proofs of this. The objections to the old clubs before instanced, in some particulars apply with greater force to the societies now before us. They do not adopt a scale of contributions graduated to the age of the assurer, they therefore tax the young for the old. The paraphernalia and parade so extravagantly indulged in, and which absorbs so much capital, shows only the egregious folly of its promoters, and when coupled with philanthropy and benevolence is sinfully absurd. The "secret" character of these societies, which government scarcely tolerates, much more sanctions, is also hurtful; and the very doubtful advantages arising from a large number of societies being united are points, with others we could name, which lead us to look upon these associations with no great degree of favour. We are not insensible to the good these bodies have done; we deny not but that in very many cases they have answered the ends for which they were instituted; but the objections given above are, to our minds, fatal; and notwithstanding the intelligence, number, and wealth of these bodies, we are convinced that they do more hurt than good; therefore, we cannot give our sanction to them.

It is to be regretted that the institutions of which we have been speaking, which sprang up spontaneously from the people themselves, and the management of which they have retained in their own hands (all as it should be), should have so frequently disappointed those who trusted in them, and done, indirectly and ultimately, so much that cannot be approved. The existence of County and District Friendly Societies, under the patronage, presidency, and guidance of the upper classes, indicates the failure of the societies just viewed; for it was the faults and failings of the people's institutions that furnished a plea for the establishment of these. Let us look then, at,

Thirdly: County and District Friendly Societies. In addition to sick-pay and reversionary interest on death, these bodies provide for old age by means of annuities, and encourage provident parents to pay in for the endowment of their children. So much care has been taken in the establishment of these societies, that they cannot be charged with disappointing the expectations they had raised; they have generally, perhaps uniformly, attained the objects at which they aimed. Some of the most odious features of the people's societies are not observable in these; in fact, as before stated, they were formed for the very purpose of avoiding them. Truth and justice demand these admissions, which we freely yield. It therefore appears that their claim to the attention and support of young men, is superior to the claims of any other existing order of friendly societies. But we must remark, that though in their wider field their performances are creditable, yet they are not popular. They go on a serious radical error. It is assumed that the people *cannot* do for themselves; hence these associations are founded, supported, and in the main controlled by the upper classes. We freely, yet sorrowingly, admit that the people in these matters *have* acted most injudiciously, but we deny that they *cannot* do differently. We firmly believe that they *can*, that they *must*, and that they ultimately *will* do all they require. We could adduce many arguments against these societies, constituted as they are; as a *permanent* help to the working man, it will suffice to say that these charities have a degrading and pauperising tendency, and that it is morally impossible for a people to be elevated or truly benefited from *without*—it is and must be their *own* work; hence, those who need and compose benefit societies must support and control them. When this is carefully done, the most unmixed good will be derived. This is the consummation we devoutly desire. In closing our remarks on these societies, we unhesitatingly pronounce them as more worthy of support than those before noticed; but, at the same time, we believe that the self-dependent provident spirit of the English people, rightly directed, could create associations infinitely more honourable to themselves, and much more worthy their confidence and support; and this we say while we give to the promoters and patrons of County and District Societies full credit for sincere and philanthropic motives.

The three orders of Benefit Societies we have reviewed, it is presumed, will embrace the whole body. Of these associations we have spoken freely, plainly, and, we believe, fairly; and now, to

turn our reflections to account, let us see, as we do not think either kind of society free from serious objections, how the evil can be avoided and the good be retained and increased. But before we proceed further, we remark that all these societies are alike, in that they are to the working man inadequate and unfit. First, as to their inadequacy. A *multitude* of contingencies are liable to arise out of man's being which he *can* prepare himself to meet, and yet all of these federations together contemplate providing for not more than *half-a-dozen* of them! We need not dilate here in enumerating points; the reader will readily perceive that our charge is not unfounded. These societies should tend to foster and conserve provident habits. They should stimulate the individual to lay up in days of prosperity so that he may be prepared for the numerous and varied ills to which he is exposed. Here existing societies are almost powerless. They incite only to the fulfilment of the contract between the member and the society—the payment of the one or two shillings per month; and if the member is fortunate enough to be able to do this, then he may rest, for aught the society teaches, and fancy himself secure from the ills of life; then he may recklessly squander the remainder of his, it may be, ample means. Then as to *unfitness*. A society should be so constituted, that an individual's membership should not depend on his regular contribution. Thousands of persons, when sickness and death have come upon them, have been deprived even of the advantages accruing from the present societies, in consequence of a temporary embarrassment which has prevented them paying their contribution, and have thus lost all claim on the institution. The uncertainty of a working man's income, &c. &c., and the enrolment book of any friendly society of standing, will testify to the unfitness of these associations in this very important point.

Societies to stimulate and aid working men in providing against the uncertainties connected with *their* lives is what we want. We believe that these objects may be realised, as near as may be, by the adoption of a plan which has been worked out by a benevolent clergyman of Wilts. We subjoin a sketch of this scheme, extracted from the "Report of the Secretaries of the Wilts Friendly Society," which body has added the scheme to their other modes of assurance. This will explain the manner in which they speak of it.

"The principle of mutual assurance is combined with that of deposits. According to this plan, the account of each member is kept separate, and a general fund is raised for sick allowances by a rate on each member's deposit fund, according to the amount of sick-pay to which he is entitled. Upon admission into the society in this class, each member fixes upon the amount of sick-pay which he desires to receive, and for every shilling to which he thus has a claim a sum of 1d. is taken as his contribution towards the sick-fund, whenever a rate is required to keep that fund in an efficient state. When a member becomes sick, a proportion, say half, of his allowance is drawn first from his own fund, the other half from the sick-fund. The fund of each member is his own, and he may withdraw any part of it at any time, provided he does not reduce it below a certain minimum permanent balance, which we may call his Rest; but his power of drawing an allowance in sickness will depend on the amount of his deposits being sufficient to supply his proportion of the sick-pay, and is suspended when that is exhausted; but it may be renewed, and he does not cease to belong to the society so long as he continues to pay 1d. weekly for the steward's and surgeon's salary, and to keep his Rest at the amount which may be appointed by the rules." The advantages of this plan are thus enumerated:—

"1. Those who are at present excluded from our society, by the high premium required for advanced life, in this way may be admitted.

"2. Those whose means may diminish after their admission, need not therefore cease their connexion with the society.

"3. Tables and nice calculations will not be wanted: each person will put in his money as it suits his convenience.

"4. All fear of imposition or unfairly drawing on the funds will be removed, since it will be the direct interest of the sick member to spare the fund, lest he should drain his own deposit.

"5. Infirm persons, who could not in justice be admitted for benefit insurances payable out of a common fund, may be admitted in this deposit class, on such terms as the surgeon may determine; as for instance, that two-thirds or three-fourths of their sick-pay should be drawn from their own deposit.

"6. The deposit will be at the command of the member just as if it were in a savings bank: he may withdraw a part, or the whole, except the Rest, and replace it, or not; and whatever sum may stand in his name at his decease will go to his family, or as he may direct.

"7. There can be no fear of the computations on which this class is established proving insufficient or erroneous, for exactly so much will be raised for the sick-fund, each year, as may be wanted for allowances to sick members.

"It appears, to say the least, that there can be no risk or injury to any person, or to our society, in adopting this plan in addition to our present tables. . . . It may do much good, and enable us to embrace in our association many respectable and industrious persons who could not otherwise join us; and whether few or many accept it, they will in no way interfere with our other members or with the principle upon which our society was established."

Such is the scheme which we most earnestly commend to the intelligent working men of England. We beg that it may have a candid and full examination. It is our impression that it is altogether the best plan that we have yet seen. We are persuaded that it may be made a source of comfort, happiness, and independence to many of England's horny-handed sons of toil. But to realise this in any great degree, it must be done apart from the public house, and quite distinct from the drinking usages of society, which in their nature and operation tend to an opposite course. The more than 10,000 enrolled friendly societies of our kingdom speaks volumes for the energetic self-relying spirit of the people who themselves have founded and supported by far the greater portion of them. This glorious fact more than warrants our conviction, that friendly societies should be self-supporting; that those who *need* and *compose* them should *support* and *control* them. In asking the attention of working men to this "Deposit" scheme, we implore them to consider it in the spirit of our paper, and more particularly in connexion with the few plain hints which we have just thrown out.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

(*From the Swedish of* Frederika Bremer.)

It was a most glorious afternoon! The air was delightful. The sun shone with the softest splendour upon the green cultivated meadow-land, divided into square fields, each enclosed with its quickset fence; and within these, small farm-houses and cottages with their gardens and vine-covered walls. It was altogether a cheerful and lovely scene. Westward, in the far distance, raised themselves the mist-covered Welsh mountains. For the rest, the whole adjacent country resembled that which I had hitherto seen in England, softly undulating prairie. There will come a time when the prairies of North America will resemble this country, and the work has already begun there in the square allotments, although on a larger scale than here; the living fences, the well-to-do, farm-houses, they already look like birds'-nests on the green billows; for already waves the grass there with its glorious masses of flowers, over immeasurable, untilled fields, and the sunflowers nod and beckon in the breeze as if they said, "Come,—come, ye children of men! The board is spread for many!"

The glorious flower-spread table, which can accommodate two hundred and fifty millions of guests! May it with its beauty one day unite more true happiness than at this time the beautiful landscape of England! For it is universally acknowledged, that the agricultural districts of England are at this time in a much more dubious condition than the manufacturing districts, principally from the fact of the large landed proprietors having, as it were, swallowed up the small ones; and of the landed possession being amassed in but few hands, who thus cannot look after it excepting through paid stewards, and this imperfectly. I heard of ten large landed proprietors in a single family of but few individuals: hence the number of small farmers who do not themselves possess land, and who manage it badly, as well as the congregating of labourers in houses and cottages. The laws also for the possession of land are so involved, and so full of difficulty, that they throw impediments in the way of those who would hold and cultivate it in much smaller lots.

The young barrister, Joseph Kay, has treated this subject explicitly and fully, in his lately published work "On the Social Condition and Education of the People."

I, however, knew but little of this canker-worm at the vitals of this beautiful portion of England, at the time when I thus saw it, and therefore I enjoyed my journey with undivided pleasure.

In the evening, before sunset, I stood before Shakspeare's house. "It matters little being born in a poultry-yard, if one only is hatched from a swan's egg!" thought I, in the words of Hans Christian Andersen, in his story of "The Ugly Duckling," when I beheld the little, unsightly, half-timbered house in which Shakspeare was born; and went through the low small rooms, up the

narrow wooden stairs, which were all that was left of the interior. It was empty and poor, except in memory; the excellent little old woman who showed the house, was the only living thing there. I provided myself with some small engravings having reference to Shakspeare's history, which she had to sell, and after that set forth on a solitary journey of discovery to the banks of the Avon; and before long, was pursuing a solitary footpath which wound by the side of this beautiful little river. To be all at once removed from the thickly populated, noisy manufacturing towns into that most lovely, most idyllic life, was in itself something enchanting. Add to this the infinite deliciousness of the evening; the pleasure of wandering thus freely and alone in this neighbourhood, with all its rich memories; the deep calm that lay over all, broken only by the twittering of the birds in the bushes, and the cheerful voices of children at a distance; the beautiful masses of trees, cattle grazing in the meadows; the view of the proud Warwick Castle, and near at hand the little town, the birthplace of Shakspeare, and his grave, and above all, the romantic stream, the bright Avon, which in its calm winding course seemed, like its poet-swan—the great Skald—to have no other object than faithfully to reflect every object which mirrored itself in its depths; castles, towns, churches, cottages, woods, meadows, flowers, men, animals. This evening and this river, and this solitary, beautiful ramble shall I never forget, never! I spent no evening more beautiful whilst in England.

It was not until twilight settled down over the landscape that I left the river-side. When I again entered the little town, I was struck by its antique character as well in the people as in the houses; it seemed to me that the whole physiognomy of the place belonged to the age of Shakspeare. Old men with knee-breeches, old women in old-fashioned caps, who with inquisitive and historical countenances, furrowed by hundreds of wrinkles, now gazed forth from their old projecting doorways; thus must they have stood, thus must they have gazed when Shakspeare wandered here; and he, the black-garmented, hump-backed old man who looked so kind, so original and so learned, just like an ancient chronicle, and who saluted me, the stranger, as people are not in the habit of doing nowadays—he must certainly be some old rector magnificus who has returned to earth from the sixteenth century. Whilst I was thus dreaming myself back again into the times of old, a sight met my eyes which transported me five thousand miles across the ocean, to the poetical wilderness of the new world. This was a full-blown magnolia-flower, just like a magnolia grandiflora, and here blossomed on the walls of an elegant little house, the whole of whose front was adorned by the branches and leaves of a magnolia reptans, a species with which I was not yet acquainted. I hailed with joy the beautiful flower which I had not seen since I had wandered in the magnolia groves of Florida, on the banks of the Welaka (St. John), and drank the morning dew as solitary as now.

Everything in that little town was, for the rest, *à la Shakspeare*. One saw on all sides little statues of Shakspeare, some white, others gilt—half-length figures—and very much resembling idol images. One saw Shakspeare-books, Shakspeare-music, Shakspeare-engravings, Shakspeare articles of all kinds. In one place I even saw *Shakspeare-sauce* announced; but that did not take my fancy, as I feared it might be too strong for my palate. True, one saw at the same place an announcement of *Jenny Lind-drops*, and that did take my fancy very much; for as a Swede, I was well pleased to see the beautiful fame of the Swedish singer recognised in Shakspeare's town, and having a place by the side of his.

Arrived at my inn, close to Shakspeare's house: I drank tea; was waited upon by an agreeable girl, Lucy, and passed a good night in a chamber which bore the superscription, "Richard the Third." I should have preferred as a bedroom "The Midsummer Night's Dream," a room within my chamber, only that it was not so good, and Richard the Third did me no harm.

I wandered again on the banks of the Avon on the following morning, and from a height beheld that cheerful neighbourhood beneath the light of the morning sun. After this I visited the church in which were interred Shakspeare and his daughter Susanna. A young bridal couple were just coming out of church after having been married, the bride dressed in white and veiled, so that I could not see her features distinctly.

The epitaph on Shakspeare's grave, composed by himself, is universally known, with its strong concluding lines—

"Blessed be the man that spares these stones,
And cursed be he that moves my bones."

Less generally known is the inscription on the tomb of his daughter Susanna, which highly praises her virtues and her uncommon wit, and which seems to regard Shakspeare as happy for having such a daughter. I thought that Susanna Shakspeare ought to have been proud of her father. I have known young girls to be proud of their fathers—the most beautiful pride which I can conceive, because it is full of humble love. And how well it became them!

For the rest, it was not as a fanatical worshipper of Shakspeare that I wandered through the scene of his birth and his grave. I owe much to this great dramatist; he has done much for me, but—not in the highest degree. I know of nobler grouping, loftier characters and scenes, in especial a greater drama of life than any which he has represented, and particularly a higher degree of harmony than he has given: and as I wandered on the banks of the Avon, I seemed to perceive the approach of a new Shakspeare, the new poet of the age, to the boards of the world's stage; the poet who shall comprehend within the range of his vision all parts of the earth, all races of men, all regions of nature—the palms of the tropics, the crystal palaces of the polar circle—and present them all in a new drama in the large expression and the illuminating light of a vast human intelligence.

Shakspeare, great as he is, to me, nevertheless, only a Titanic greatness, an intellectual giant-nature, who stands amid inexplicable dissonance. He drowns Ophelia, and puts out the eyes of the noble Kent, and leaves them and us to our darkness. That which I long for, that which I hope for, is a poet who will rise above dissonances, an harmonious nature who will regard the drama of the world with the eye of Deity; in a word, a Shakspeare who will resemble a—Beethoven.

On my way from Stratford to Leamington I stopped at Warwick Castle, one of the few old castles of the middle ages in England which still remain well preserved, and which are still inhabited by the old hereditary families. The old Earl of Warwick resides now quite alone in his splendid castle, his wife having been dead about six months. Two days in the week he allows his castle to be thrown open for a few hours for the gratification of the curiosity of strangers. It is in truth a magnificent castle, with its fortress-tower and its lofty gray stone walls, surrounded by a beautiful park, and gloriously situated on the banks of the Avon—magnificent, and romantically beautiful at the same time.

In the rooms prevailed princely splendour, and there were a number of good pictures, those of Vandyke in particular. I remarked several portraits of Charles the First, with his cold gloomy features; several also of the lovely but weak Henrietta Maria; one of Cromwell, a strong countenance, but without nobility; one of Alba, with an expression harder than flint-stone—a petrified nature; and one of Shakspeare, as Shakspeare might have appeared, with an eye full of intense thought, a broad forehead, a countenance elaborated and tempered in the fires of strong emotion; not in the least resembling that fat jolly, aldermanic head usually represented as Shakspeare's.

The rooms contained many works of art, and from the windows what glorious views! In truth, thought I, it is pardonable if the proprietor of such a castle, inherited from brave forefathers, and living in the midst of scenes rich in great memories, with which the history of his family is connected,—it is pardonable if such a man is proud.

"There he goes!—the Earl!" said the man who was showing me through the rooms; and, looking through a window into the castle-court, I saw a tall, very thin figure, with white hair, and dressed in black, walking slowly, with head bent forward, across the grass-plot in the middle of the court. That was the possessor of this proud mansion, the old Earl of Warwick!

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

FORGIVE and forget—it is better
To fling every feeling aside
Than allow the deep cankering fetter
Of revenge in thy breast to abide;
For thy step through life's path shall be lighter,
When the load from thy bosom is cast,
And the sky that's above thee be brighter
When the cloud of displeasure has pass'd.

Though thy spirit swell high with emotion
To give back an injustice again,
Let it sink in oblivion's ocean,
For remembrance increases the pain.
And why should we linger in sorrow,
When its shadow is passing away?
Or seek to encounter to-morrow
The blast that o'erswept us to-day?

Oh, memory's a varying river,
And though it may placidly glide
When the sunbeams of joy o'er it quiver,
It foams when the storm meets its tide.
Then stir not its current to madness,
For its wrath thou wilt ever regret;
Though the morning beams break on thy sadness,
Ere the sunset forgive and forget.

ILION.

BRONZES:

HOW THEY ARE MADE.

In a former article (pp. 40—43) we spoke of the process of producing a marble statue: we now propose to speak of bronzes.

Bronze is essentially a compound of copper and tin, which metals appear to have been among the earliest known. Copper is not unfrequently found in its metallic state, and fit for immediate use; and tin, though not so met with, often occurs near the surface, and its ore is easily reduced. These metals, though neither of them possesses the hardness requisite for making instruments either for domestic or warlike purposes, appear to have been early found capable of hardening each other by combination; the bronze, which is the result of this

STATUETTE OF AN ANGEL IN BRONZE.

combination, consisting of different proportions of them, according to the purposes to which it is to be applied.

Bronze is always harder and more fusible than copper; it is highly malleable when it contains 85 to 90 per cent. of copper; tempering increases its malleability; it oxidises very slowly even in moist air, and hence its application to so many purposes. The density of bronze is always greater than that of the mean of the metals which compose it: for example, an alloy of 100 parts of copper and 12 parts of tin is of specific gravity 8·80, whereas by calculation it would be only 8·63.

The green hue that distinguishes ancient bronzes is acquired by oxidation and the combination with carbonic acid; and the moderns, to imitate the effect of the finer antique works, sometimes advance that process by artificial means, usually by washing the surface with an acid. Vasari alludes to this practice among the artists of his time, and to the means they adopted to produce a brown, a black, or a green colour in their bronze.

Bronze was well known to the ancients. Among the remains of bronze works of art found in Egypt none are of large dimensions. Many specimens of bronze works found in India are doubtless very ancient. In the time of Homer, arms, offensive and defensive, are always described as being made of bronze, or perhaps copper alone, which it is possible they had some means of tempering and hardening. The art of casting statues seems to have been first practised in Asia Minor, Greece, properly so called, being then probably too uncivilised to undertake such works. The first and most simple process, among the Greeks, appears to have been *hammer-work*, in

BOY AND SQUIRREL,—A STATUETTE IN BRONZE.

which lumps of the material were beaten into the proposed form; and when the work was too large to be made of one piece, several were shaped, and the different parts fitted and fastened together by means of pins or keys.

The art of metal-casting in regular moulds was undoubtedly known very early, though its adoption in European Greece is probably of a comparatively late date. Its progress was evidently marked by three distinct stages. The first was beating out the metal, either as solid hammer-work or in plates. The next was casting it into a mould or form, the statue being of

course made solid. The last stage was casting it into a mould, with a centre or core to limit the thickness of the metal. Bronze-casting seems to have reached its perfection in Greece about the time of Alexander the Great. The ancient statuaries seem to have been extremely choice in their selection and composition of bronze; and they seem also to have had a method of running or welding various metals together, by which they were enabled to produce more or less the effect of natural colour. Some works are described that were remarkable for the success which attended this curious and, to us, unattainable process. They also tinted or painted their bronze with the same view of more closely imitating nature. Pliny states that there were three sorts of the Corinthian bronze; the first, called candidum, received its name from the effect of silver which was mixed with the copper; the second had a greater proportion of gold; the third was composed of equal quantities of the different metals.

The Romans never attained any great eminence in the arts of design. Their earliest statues were executed for them by Etruscan artists. Rome, however, was afterwards filled with a prodigious number of works of the best schools of Greece; and artists of that country, unable to meet with employment at home, settled at Rome. Zenodorus executed some magnificent works in the time of Nero. But Pliny, who lived in the reign of Vespasian, laments the decline of the art, and the want of skill of the artists, in his time The practice of gilding bronze statues does not seem to have prevailed till taste had much deteriorated. The practice of art among the Romans declining rapidly, and with but few interruptions, ceases to interest us about A.D. 200. In the beginning of the thirteenth century, at the taking of Constantinople, we read that some of the finest works of the ancient masters were destroyed for the mere value of the metal. Among the few works saved are the celebrated bronze horses which now decorate the exterior of the church of St. Mark at Venice.

BOY AND BUTTERFLY, A GROUP IN BRONZE.

Passing over the intermediate age of barbarism, we arrive at the epoch of the revival of art in Italy, under the Pisani and others, about the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The celebrated bronze gates of the Baptistery at Florence, by Ghiberti, which M. Angelo said were fit to be the gates of Paradise, are among the more remarkable works of the time. In the succeeding century we find Guglielmo della Porta practising the art with great success; and he is distinguished by Vasari for adopting a mode of casting that was considered quite original, in executing his colossal statue of Paul III. The metal when run from the furnace, was carried downwards by a duct, and then admitted to the under side or bottom of the mould, and thus, acted upon by a superior pressure, as in a common fountain, was forced upwards till the mould was entirely filled. It is necessary in this process that the mould should be kept in a state of great heat, in order that the metal may not cool before the whole is run. But among the artists who are celebrated for their skill in bronze-casting, Benvenuto Cellini holds a distinguished rank: there are few collections that cannot boast some specimens of his smaller productions, while the larger works that remain, particularly at Florence, prove that his high reputation was not undeserved. In his process the metal was allowed to flow at once from the furnace into the channels or ducts of the moulds.

The modern practice of the English, French, Italian, and German artists does not differ materially in its principle from that of the earlier Italians.

Before any article can be cast in metal it is necessary that a *model* of it be prepared. The models must be made of various substances; clay or wax, or sand with clay, are those usually employed; but they may also be made of wood, stone, or any other material. Upon those models *moulds* must be made. These are commonly composed of plaster of Paris, mixed with brickdust, sometimes sand, or sand with a mixture of cow-hair. For moulds for iron and brass work a yellowish sharp sand is preferred, which is prepared by mixing it with water and then rolling it on a flat board till it is well kneaded and fit for use. If the article is cylindrical, or of a form that admits of it, it is moulded and cast in two pieces; these two parts are then carefully joined together, and the edges or seams carefully cleaned. For the smaller class of works, instead of running the metal at once from a large furnace, earthen crucibles are used, into which the metal is thrown in small pieces: the crucible is placed in a strong heat in a close stove, and as the metal is melted and sinks, more is added till the vessel is full. It is then lifted out by means of iron instruments adapted to the purpose, and the metal is poured from it into the moulds, in which channels or ducts for receiving it have been previously made.

In noticing the different ways of casting, mention has been made of one in which a core is used. The *core*, as its name

denotes, is a part or portion situated within the body of the cast; and its purpose is to form a centre to the work by which the thickness or substance of the metal may be regulated. In coring, the mould is first made complete; into this, clay or wax, or any other fit substance or material, is then squeezed or pressed in a layer of uniform thickness; in large works it is usually from half an inch to an inch thick. This layer represents the metal. The mould, if in parts, is then put together, the above-mentioned layer being left within it, and into the open space in the centre a composition (usually of plaster of Paris with other substances mixed with it) is introduced, and made to adhere to the clay or wax, or rather is filled up to it. This is the core, and it is often made to occupy the whole interior of the mould. When this is *set*, or dry, the mould is taken to pieces, and the material which has been made to represent the metal removed. The mould is then again put carefully together round its core or nucleus, the two portions being secured from contact by stops and keys properly arranged for that purpose. The mould and core are dried to dissipate moisture; and large moulds are strengthened with iron hoops. Channels or ducts are made for the entrance of the melted metal; and others are also made for allowing the air to escape as the melted metal enters the mould; these are called vents. With respect to placing the mould, it is only important to secure a sufficient inclination of plane from the mouth of the furnace to the mould that the metal may run easily and uninterruptedly, and not have time to grow cool and therefore sluggish. The usual method in bronze works of large size is to bury the mould in a pit a little below the level of the furnace, and by ramming sand firmly round it to ensure its not being affected by any sudden or violent shock, or by the weight of the metal running into it. When everything is ready, and the metal found to be in a state fit for running, the orifice or mouth of the furnace (which is usually plugged with clay and sand) is opened, when the metal descends, and in a few minutes the mould is filled. The metal is allowed to run till it overflows the mouths of the channels into the mould. The work is then left to cool, after which the mould is scraped or knocked off, and the cast undergoes the necessary processes (such as cleaning, chasing, &c.) to render it fit for the purpose designed.

Large bells and statues are cast in the way first described. Brass ordnance is always cast solid. The model is made round a nucleus of wood called a spindle, and the mould of loam and sand made over it. When this is perfectly dry, the model and spindle within are removed, and the mould is well dried or baked. When ready for casting, it is placed upright in the pit, and the metal is allowed to run into it till filled. What is called a dead head is left at the upper and smaller or mouth end of the gun, which presses the metal down, and prevents its becoming porous as it settles and cools. After a few days the mould is knocked off, and the gun is ready for finishing. The dead head is turned off, and the boring, which is an operation requiring great care, is effected.

After the founding, the metal cast is often finished by chasing, burnishing, lacquering, plating, or gilding.

One of the largest cylinders, cast and bored in iron, is that employed at the Mostyn colliery in Flintshire. It was made at the Haigh Foundry at Wigan, in 1848. It is 17 feet long, by 8 feet 4 inches in diameter; it weighs 22 tons; and the quantity of metal brought to a liquid state for the purpose of casting was 30 tons.

A silver statue was cast at Paris in 1850. In the preceding year M. Pradier exhibited at the Luxembourg a bronze statue of Sappho, which was much admired for its beauty; and a silver copy of this statue was prepared in 1850, as a prize for a sort of Art Union lottery. The founding was intrusted to M. Simonet, who has produced many beautiful specimens in this department of art. The weight of silver used was about four thousand ounces.

The largest cast statue of recent times is the allegorical figure of *Bavaria*, placed in front of the Rühmeshalle on the Theresien meadow near Munich. The figure is 63 feet high, and stands on a granite base 30 feet high; so that the wreath held in the uplifted hand of the figure is nearly 100 feet from the ground. A winding staircase leads entirely up the interior of the statue. It is said that no fewer than 26 musicians were placed within the head of the statue, on the occasion of the inauguration. The length of the forefinger, 38 inches, will give an idea of the size of the statue. The statue was modelled by the great sculptor Schwanthaler, who hastened his death by his intense application to it. The founding or casting was intrusted to Stiglmayer; but as he also died, the work was carried out to a successful completion by his pupil Ferdinand Miller. The statue was cast in many pieces, one of which required 380 cwt. of molten bronze!

A new method of casting has been lately adopted for statuary. It is thus described by a writer in the *Athenæum*:—"On the 26th of June, we spent some hours at the foundry of Mr. Robinson, in Pimlico, for the purpose of being witnesses to the new process of casting in bronze by which works of great size and importance are moulded entire, instead of piecemeal as of old. Every multiplication of the acts by which a work of Art is to be transferred from its original Art-language into another increases, it will be obvious, the risk of some sacrifice of the author's intentions or proportions:—so that, Mr. Robinson's new method, by which a single act of translation is made to suffice, is at once a simplification and a most valuable improvement. Our readers may remember that the first experiment on a large scale was made with Mr. Behnes's Peel statue for the town of Leeds,—and the success was such as to establish the process for future great works. In the present case, the subject was the fine statue, upwards of ten feet in height, which Mr. Baily has modelled for Sir Robert's native town, Bury, in Lancashire. Of old, the casting of large pieces, even when such works were divided, took place in pits dug to contain the mould,—and the legs and trunk would have received the burning stream which was to harden to immortality within them in upright posture. On the present occasion, a huge iron case, strongly bound and rivetted, had been built on the surface of the floor, of dimensions to receive the full-length figure in a horizontal position. Close at hand glowed and roared the huge furnace in which the fusion of metals was, under the compelling fire of a heat intensified into almost invisibility, for hours going on. When this process of fusion was accomplished, the mixed metal, to the weight of more than two tons, was receiv d into an iron caldron, and swung by machinery to the case which enshrined the mould. In the black sand that formed the roof of this case and of the mould there was one great vortex for the reception of the flaming material,—and from this, channels running in all directions to convey it horizontally to every part of the figure at once. Here, the liquid flame was skimmed:—and after a few minutes of breathless pause—under the influence of some strong excitement to ourselves, and of deep anxiety no doubt to those more immediately concerned—the final signal was given. The caldron was turned over at the mouth of the vortex by the machinery from which it swung,—and in thirty seconds by a stop-watch, the Bury 'Peel' was cast! The thing was like the creation of an enchantment. The workmen at once proceeded to the task of knocking away and uncovering;—and the result is, a cast of surpassing beauty—almost perfect from the mould itself—and scarcely needing the chaser's hand.—We understand, Mr. Robinson will set up the statue and exhibit it in his gallery before it takes its departure for its final abode in the town of Bury.

[The illustrations introduced in this article represent figures, the work of German artists, which were shown at the Crystal Palace, in 1851.]

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The faithful minister (says Thomas Fuller) is as hospitable as his estate will permit, and makes every alms two by his cheerful giving it.

Church music (says Atterbury) makes our duty a pleasure, and enables us, by that means, to perform it with the utmost vigour and cheerfulness.

Anger (says Clarendon) is the most impotent passion that influences the mind of man. It effects nothing it undertakes, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than the object against which it is directed.

I tell you honestly (says Abernethy) what is the cause of the complicated maladies of the human race. It is their gormandizing and stuffing, and stimulating the digestive to excess, and thereby producing nervous disorders and irritations.

ANDRE WOLSKI.

The province of Cracow is one of the few Polish provinces traversed by a branch of the Carpathian mountains, and in a sweet little valley at the foot of one of these mountains, and but a few miles distant from the source of the river Nida, which flows through its midst, is situated the beautiful and romantic village of Goldstadt. Surrounded on every hand by the landscaped magnificence of nature, embosomed amid the lofty trees that stretch far up the mountain-side, and washed by the gentle stream that wends slowly through the vale; it seems to the traveller as he approaches it to be the very impersonation of repose, of happiness and peace, yet whilst

"Distance lends enchantment to the view,"

a closer inspection and more intimate acquaintance does not seriously alter the preconceived notions of the beauty of this secluded spot. Its inhabitants are honest, industrious, and brave, earning their livelihood by agricultural pursuits or by employment in the neighbouring mines. But at the time of our tale there were none more industrious, none were happier than was the family of John Wolski, who lived in the neat little cottage at the lower end of the village. The small but fertile tract of land that lay near his home, and bordered on the banks of the river, had been tenanted by the Wolski's for generations. His father had there brought up his family; it was there, when weak and infirm with age that he had blessed his three noble sons as they left their homes to rally round the standard of Polish liberty that Kosciusko unfurled in 1794. But one only returned from the bloody fight of Maciejovice that concluded this short but brilliant campaign, and crushed for the time the hopes of his country, and he it was who now occupied the paternal dwelling.

His own family were growing up around him. His two sons, Andre and John, were in the full vigour of youth, robust, strong, and active; and Marie, the orphan daughter of an only sister whom he had adopted as his own child was fast merging into the loveliness of womanhood. Wolski and his wife were true Poles at heart, and they had imbued their family with their own feelings and their own patriotism. Their country, it was true, groaned beneath the yoke of Russia, Austria, and Prussia; but, in common with their countrymen, they entertained the hope that the blow might yet be struck for freedom and for liberty. The success of the French arms against Prussia in 1806, and the erection into a sovereign state of the duchy of Warsaw by Napoleon, reanimated the hopes of the Poles to see their country restored, and they turned with all their national enthusiasm to the man who dexterously used their gratitude for his own aggrandisement. The new state was obliged to maintain an army which was at the disposal of Napoleon, and it was speedily raised; the youth of Poland flocked to the standard of the emperor, and none more readily, none more enthusiastically than the two sons of John Wolski.

It was a bright morning in Autumn when they took leave of their home; the love of country is strong, yet the love of home will assert its power, and it was not without a struggle that they prepared to say farewell to the home of their childhood, it might be for years, perhaps for ever. Their mother blessed them with a full heart, and her feelings well-nigh overcame her as she bade them remember their God and their country; their father lifted up his eyes to heaven, and prayed that the God of battles would watch over his brave sons; Marie wept aloud as John bade her farewell, and when Andre took her hand she trembled with emotion, and she felt that if she loved John as a brother she loved Andre as something more; their emotion was mutual, gradually had their affections been intwining around each other, and it was only at the hour of parting that they learned the strength of those ties that united them. Andre drew her gently aside, and in a few hurried words they exchanged vows of unalterable constancy and love; she threw a little crucifix around his neck, he strained her to his bosom, and imprinting a kiss upon her lips, he tore himself away. He and his brother went on their way in silence. They were soon, however, joined by many of their companions bound on the same errand as themselves; but it was not until the distance between them and their native village was considerably increased that their natural gaiety began gradually to return. They soon reached their destination, when they were enrolled under the banner of France. Napoleon invited Kosciusko, then in Switzerland, to join him, but that wise patriot saw through the ambitious projects of "the child of destiny," whilst thousands of his countrymen swelled the ranks of the French army, in the vain hope that thus they were serving their country. The lancer regiment, to which the brothers were attached, was speedily organised and accoutred; every day added to their efficiency; in a short time they were marched into France, and little more than twelve months elapsed before they were on the way to the scene of operations in the peninsula.

In the height of his ambition, Napoleon placed his brother Joseph upon the throne of Spain, and the army of Murat established him in the palace at Madrid. The French arms seemed everywhere triumphant; the Spanish troops made but a feeble resistance, and the intervention of England had hitherto been ineffectual. Moore was obliged to retire before the French marshals; he had executed his masterly retreat to Corunna, where "he nobly fighting fell," and although

"Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried,"

the generous-minded Soult erected a marble monument over the remains of his noble and courageous opponent. But a mightier spirit was rising upon the scene, that was to wreath still brighter laurels around the brow of Albion, and check the insatiable ambition of the man whose arms bid fair to conquer Europe; and the spring of 1809 saw Sir Arthur Wellesley at the head of the British forces in the peninsula. Soult was speedily driven out of Portugal, and the victories of Vimiero and Talavera taught Napoleon that British valour was a match for French chivalry; and in the spring of 1810 he gathered together in Spain the immense force of 86,000 men, with 22,000 more, as a reserve under Drouet at Valladolid; the whole was placed under the command of Massena the hero of Aspern, who as "lieutenant of the Emperor" was ordered to "drive the English leopards into the sea."

The Polish regiments, on entering Spain, formed part of the force concentrated around Burgos, and whilst they as yet saw no active service, they were met on every hand by the fiercest and most inveterate hatred, on the part of the guerilla bands, who lost no opportunity in wreaking their vengeance upon any bodies of French troops that came within their reach; convoys were cut off in all directions, and in the conflicts which were of such frequent occurrence, Andre Wolski distinguished himself by his bravery and steadiness, and was soon raised to the rank of corporal, and in a few months more to that of sergeant. Napoleon was determined to drive the British out of the peninsula, and the Poles received orders to join the main army under Massena, who immediately commenced operations. The fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida yielded to this imposing force, and the British retired slowly down the valley of Mondego, closely followed by the French cavalry; but on the junction of Hill and Wellington a temporary suspension of the pursuit ensued, as a general engagement seemed inevitable. It was at this time that an event took place that materially affects the interest of our narrative. The Polish regiments, under the command of Count Von Golstein, occupied a small village at the foot of a range of hills called the Serria de Murcella, that separated them from the main body of the troops. This separation, though somewhat hazardous, was rendered imperative by the scarcity of forage and provisions, and the immense consumption of such a vast body of men; whilst the Spaniards laid waste and destroyed everything that seemed likely to support their invaders. But whilst the numbers of the Poles made them confident of safety from attack, every precaution was taken to guard against surprise. Their arrival in the village had been unexpected, and a most welcome prize was made in a large quantity of grain that fell into their hands. As this was rather a scarce article in the French army, Von Golstein determined to communicate the intelligence to head quarters that they might avail themselves of it. The morning sun was shading his early beams over the "purpling east," when Andre Wolski was in the saddle and on his way through the mountains. He journeyed on at an easy pace, his mind filled with thoughts of home, of happiness, and Marie; and it was not until he arrived at an abrupt turn in the road which

narrowed into a defile, and where a ravine was crossed by a rude bridge, that he roused himself from his revery; cautiously eyeing every portion of the road, he pushed his charger into a quicker pace, and in a few minutes he emerged into opener ground, when he again slackened his speed and gave way to his thoughts.

In due time he reached the quarters of the commanding officer, to whom he communicated the welcome intelligence of the prize they had obtained. Two trains of mules were ordered to be in readiness for the following morning, to convey the grain to the magazine in the rear, and two officers of commissariat were to return with Andre to take charge of it, and prepare it for removal. Andre retired to partake of some refreshment, and to rest his horse; and it was late in the afternoon before he prepared to return to the village. His companions were both middle-aged men, one a German and the other from the south of France. They chatted away very pleasantly, talking of the war, inquiring after the village, and as to the probable quantity of grain, and made shrewd guesses as to its intended destination by the Spaniards. The three journeyed on, and the daylight was just beginning to decline, and heavy clouds were gathering overhead, as they came within sight of the ravine that had somewhat disturbed the reveries of Andre in the morning. He related to his companions his fears on the former part of the day as to this part of the road, and urged them to mend their pace; and, although his fears were still strong, he offered to lead the way through the pass. He put his charger into a smart trot, and proceeded rapidly onward, closely followed by the German, the Frenchman bringing up the rear. They sped on without exchanging a word, and the hoofs of their well-shod horses re-echoed through the defile. Andre had crossed the bridge, and the German was upon it, when the sharp report of half a dozen rifles reverberated through the air. The Frenchman fell from his saddle; the German's horse was struck, and rising on his hind legs he sprang with his rider over the low parapet of the bridge, and both were dashed to pieces in the torrent below. The firmness of Andre did not forsake him, and he at once saw his deperate situation. He pushed his horse on at the top of its speed, whilst a storm of bullets whistled around him, and gained the abrupt turn in the road. But here a new obstacle met his view; the few trees that stood by the wayside in the morning were now cut down and laid across it. His mind was made up on the instant; to turn was certain death, and to try the daring leap was his only chance. He knew the qualities of his gallant steed, and firmly gathered it together for the attempt. But at that moment a ball entered the breast of the noble animal, and with a neigh of agony he sprang forward and rolled in the dust. Andre was thrown, his head struck against one of the prostrate trees, and for a few minutes he remained insensible. On recovering, he found himself surrounded by a motley group of about twenty fierce-looking guerillas, who scowled savagely upon him. They were all dressed in the fantastic style of their country, and armed with all manner of weapons, whilst each one carried a long deadly rifle. They were evidently a detached party stationed for some particular service, and at the command of a tall powerful-looking man. Six of the guerillas prepared to move off with their prisoners; they bound Andre's hands behind his back, but the Frenchman was so severely wounded that they were obliged to carry him. They proceeded a short way along the road leading to the village, when turning abruptly to the right, they entered a narrow gorge which they followed until they were challenged by a man who was perched upon a high rock which commanded a view of the way they had come. After exchanging a few words with the guerillas, the man gave a signal which was answered at no great distance, and they were soon joined by two men in the garb of goatherds, who proceeded to conduct them onward, as it was now almost dark. They passed over a rude bridge made of two planks thrown across the bed of a mountain stream, and struck into a narrow and tortuous path which the darkness rendered more dangerous, but in a short time they arrived at what appeared to be their destination for the time. Here a scene presented itself to the eyes of Wolski, which, whilst it excited his fears to the utmost, showed him at once the nature of the enterprise in which the guerillas were engaged, and left but little doubt as to the drama about to be enacted. The extremity of the pathway on which they had halted for a few minutes opened into a long narrow valley in the side of the mountain, which rose precipitously on one side, while on the other, after rising to a ridge of a few feet which formed this miniature valley, it sloped gently down into the plain beneath, as if the huge mass had been moved from its primitive unity by some superhuman power, and sliding gently down to its present position had left this fissure between; and from the volcanic character of Spain such features as these are often to be met with among the mountains of the peninsula.

The moon had just risen amid dark and heavy clouds, but the piled arms and glittering bayonets that stretched far up this mountain-hollow reflected brightly the straggling rays that fell upon them and on the dusky figures that were gathered around them; there might be about five hundred assembled together in that secluded spot, yet all was quiet and still. Andre felt confident, from this stillness, that the village where his friends were posted was close at hand; for the faint notes of a bugle, borne on the still midnight air, struck upon his ear. He felt at once that it was immediately in the plain beneath that his troop was encamped. That the object of the band now assembled was to surprise the village during the night, his experience in guerilla warfare left him in but little doubt; and his soul burned within him to think that he was not able to give his companions a warning of the dangerous enemy that lay crouched and concealed so near to them. He was soon, however, disturbed in his meditations, and ordered forward towards a large stone building into which he was hurried by his captors. His hands were already bound behind his back, and his feet were now tied together, and he was left lying on the ground with the wounded Frenchman. This poor fellow was fast sinking under his wound; the ball had entered near the groin, and, notwithstanding the rough bandage that had been tied around him, he had bled profusely, and he was now on the point of death: he cried faintly for "water! water!" but, alas! no helping hand was near to soothe the couch of agony, and his fellow-prisoner was as helpless as himself; and, with a fervent prayer that God would watch over his widowed wife and fatherless children, the spirit of the prisoner left its tenement of clay.

All was now still within the building, and the solemn silence was only broken by the deep breathing of Andre, as he lay helpless by the side of his dead companion. Death stared him in the face. It is hard to die in the prime of life and manly vigour, and it is hard, under such circumstances, to reconcile the mind to the dread alternative. Andre's thoughts wandered back involuntarily from the present to the home of his childhood: he thought of his aged father and his loving mother, who might soon be childless; he thought of his only brother, the companion of his youth; he thought of Marie, but, oh! the thought was distraction; his dreams of bliss, his bright visions of happiness, were about to be annihilated for ever. He groaned and writhed in his bonds; and, struggling fearfully with a convulsive effort, he raised himself upon his knees, and lifted up his soul to the great Father. He clasped his hands in the anguish of his spirit; and, as if in answer to the voice of his supplication, a bright ray of hope beamed into his soul. His fingers came in contact with the long polished rowels of his cavalry spurs, and with anxious excitement he proceeded to apply their sharp extremities to sever the cords that bound his wrists; and in a few minutes they began to slacken, and soon dropped from his hands. He now commenced to undo the cords from his ankles, which was a matter of no great difficulty now that his hands were free; and he presently stood up freed from the shackles that held him powerless, and silent but heartfelt ejaculations of thankfulness rose to his lips. The building in which he was still a prisoner was of considerable size. It was built of large rough pieces of stone, and had originally been of two stories, the goatherds living in the upper part, whilst the ground-floor afforded a shelter for their flocks; but the roof had long since fallen in, whilst the walls were still strong and firm. All means of egress had been carefully walled up, excepting the door by which they had entered, and the only means of escape appeared to be from the roof, which at the farthest end from the door had been severely injured by the wind, and the heavy rains pouring in had considerably enlarged an opening, through which Andre could perceive two or three stars faintly shining. But it was such a

height from the ground that his heart failed him, and he turned away to the door to see if any chance could be met with there; but he found it strongly fastened from without, and on listening attentively he heard the measured tread of the sentinel, as he kept his silent watch. Convinced that there was no hope in that quarter, he turned back to the opening in the roof; and, as he groped his way in the darkness, his hand encountered the upright post which is so commonly to be met with in the centre of all Spanish rustic buildings, and which, extending to the roof, forms a support to the beams and rafters. There was now a chance that he might climb to the roof, and escape through the opening. He turned to the dead Frenchman, who was now cold as the ground upon which he lay, and laying his own elegant but ponderous shako beside his more unfortunate companion, and placing the light foraging cap of the commissariat officer upon his head, he proceeded to the upright post. He clasped his arms around it, and soon rose from the ground. He had often climbed the bare trunks of the lofty pines that grew on the sides of the Carpathians, and this was an easy task to him. Carefully swinging himself along the rafters, he approached the verge of the opening. He listened, and there was still that ominous silence; and cautiously raising his head above the roof, he saw again that line of piled arms and glittering bayonets and dusky figures. The night was darker, the clouds were heavier; it wanted but a short time of midnight, and in less than an hour the moon would go down; Andre knew too well that this would be the time when the attack would be made. There was yet time, if he could escape unseen over the ridge, to give the alarm to the village; and his heart swelled with anxiety as he cautiously drew himself through the opening and lowered himself down by the rough projecting stones upon the soft turf. The moon was then between two clouds, and shone out brightly; and, oh! how anxiously did he watch till it should again be obscured behind the big dark cloud that was bearing down upon it! Andre stood under the shadow of the building, and the sentinel paced in the moonlight within a few yards of him, and during this interval was softly accosted by one of his companions:—

"Wilt thou not join the wine-skin to night, Gomez?"

"We must attend to duty before enjoyment," replied the sentinel.

"If I were Mina I would not encumber my soldiers with prisoners."

"Yes; but while we are under him we must obey his orders, and not forget the fate of Pedro who allowed the French officer to escape."

"Bueno, you will soon be relieved when our captain shall have arrived."

"Yes, and a halter will soon relieve this gay young Monsieur from all further interest in the affairs of our country, and the other poor devil is too badly wounded to require our assistance to the other world."

The guerilla laughed, and said, "In half an hour we shall be on our way down the mountain, and Mina must soon be here."

"Hark!" cried the sentinel, "if I mistake not that is the sound of his horse ascending the stony path to the right. Adieu."

The guerilla fell into his place, and the sentinel kept his watch before the building. Andre listened to the conversation in terrible suspense, he was now aware how nearly he was in the power of the cruel and relentless Mina; but the lives of others as well as his own still depended upon his exertions, and every minute was valuable. The building was at the farthest end of the little valley, and behind it the ridge rose higher, sheltering it from the wind, and over this barrier was the only chance of escape for Andre. The edge of the cloud touched upon the moon and as it drew on gradually, became more opaque, and darkness covered the face of the sky. Then cautiously, but with a firm step, he mounted the ridge and sank with excitement on the other side. He speedily recovered himself, the moon was again shining forth, and he was enabled to see the village in the plain beneath. He began to descend with extreme caution until he was at some distance, when he quickened his pace and made directly for a grassy slope between gray and rugged rocks that led directly into the plain; as he drew near he heard the distant jingling of acoutrements, and soon a merry laugh struck upon his ear; he threw himself upon the ground and listened, and as he did so the bright gleam of a musket-barrel standing against a rock but a few yards in advance of him caught his eye, and he soon discovered the dark form of a guerilla in the shadow peering earnestly from his concealment upon a small body of horsemen passing within a hundred yards of him. Andre knew at once as they passed so merrily, that this was the patrol; but this was no time for inaction; and, taking advantage of the intentness of the guerilla sentinel he struck into the brushwood on the left; and, carefully wending his way amongst the rocks, soon came upon a pathway that led directly into the village. Along this he journeyed as fast as he could, and stopped only when he was challenged by the guard. But he instantly gave the watchword "Poland," and immediately found himself surrounded by a body of his companions. His non-appearance had excited some little alarm; but, without waiting to answer the inquiries that were showered upon him, he hurried to the quarters of the general. Von Golstein had not retired, and Andre speedily informed him of the vicinity of Mina's band, of his own escape, and the probability of an immediate attack. Von Golstein was an able officer, and he saw at once the dangers of his position. He issued his orders instantly, and in less than fifteen minutes his men were assembled and in the saddle. The shrill voice of a bugle sounding the recall rose from the plain, and the patrols came galloping into the village. In a few words all were apprised of their danger. Nothing had been seen to excite alarm, yet Von Golstein had too much confidence in Wolski, and was too well experienced in Spanish character, not to be aware that on the suddenness of the attack would its success depend; and he was determined to be prepared at all points. He placed a chain of sentinels around the village, and also strong guards at various points, more particularly those facing the mountains from which the attack was most likely to be made. The low brushwood on the plain would scarcely afford concealment to the advancing foe, but a little stream that descended from the hills and washed the northern side of the village, and whose banks were fringed with low but thickly growing shrubs and trees, was regarded with some suspicion, and a strong picket of dismounted lancers was stationed at the point of its junction with the village; the remainder were drawn up in the centre, ready to move to any point where danger might threaten. General Von Golstein after seeing every man to his post, advanced to Andre, who was relating to his brother his adventurous escape, and after listening attentively to the circumstances and asking a few questions, he explained that on the non-appearance of Andre he conjectured that some movement was going on in front, or that he was detained to accompany the mule trains in the morning. After shaking him warmly by the hand, the general thanked him for his timely warning, and assured him that if they survived the night his gallant conduct would not be forgotten.

All were now on the alert within the village. The moon had gone down and silence reigned throughout the plain. Half an hour passed away yet no signs of an attack. Both parties shrouded their movements in silence. One of the advanced sentinels placed at a bend in the stream was the first to give the alarm; he was stationed beneath a clump of trees, and, fully aware of the importance of his post, remained silent and immovable, listening eagerly to catch the faintest sound of approaching danger. The wind as it sighed along the mountain-side sometimes aroused him to a more earnest watchfulness, but as it died away in the distance he sunk again into a position of motionless but steady attention. The stream flowed on with a sullen gurgle at his feet, yet he could scarce suppress an involuntary start as a slight splash struck upon his ear. The darkness rendered objects at any distance almost invisible; and almost before he was aware, a dark human form rose from the bed of the rivulet, a little ahead of him, and within a few feet of where he was standing. He remained motionless, partly from surprise, and because his presence was unseen. The figure mounted the bank upon its knees; raised its cap, and bending forward, listened eagerly for any sounds that might come from the village. It then made a movement as if to rise, but at that moment the butt of the soldier's musket descended heavily upon its unprotected head, and the guerilla spy was stretched lifeless upon the ground. The Pole now

listened again and easily distinguished above the gurgling murmur of the stream, the sounds of a body of men advancing stealthily up the shallow bed of the rivulet. He hastily retired upon the picket, and announced the approach of the guerillas. The officer in command immediately communicated the intelligence to the general. They were reinforced by another body of their comrades, and firmly and steadily awaited the attack of the Spaniards. The sound of the approaching party, cautiously disguised, could now be heard, and as they approached nearer, the dark mass could be discerned as it moved on, noiselessly to all but to the ears of the awaiting Poles. They still approached, but, at a given signal, a hundred muskets found their deadly fire upon them. They recoiled beneath it for a moment; and, with a wild shout of revenge and rage, rushed forward with furious impetuosity. But everywhere they were met by the long sharp lances of the Poles, whilst volleys of musketry poured into the moving mass. Their efforts were unavailing, and they began to retire. Two squadrons of cavalry were now on the plain on either side of the rivulet, but the guerillas retreated as they had come by the bed of the stream; and, sheltered as they were by its banks and favoured by the darkness of the night, they escaped with trifling loss to the mountains, where the lancers were unable to follow them.

The morning was breaking when the Poles returned to the village after the pursuit, and in a short time the sun rose brightly above the Serria de Mureilla. But before any definite arrangements could be made, to establish communications with head quarters, and if possible secure the grain for the French army, an orderly officer was seen galloping along the road which led directly to the village from the south. He brought orders for an immediate junction with the main body, which had moved forward at early dawn as the British and allied army had retired upon Busaco. In an hour more Golstein's lancers were all in the saddle, and having set fire to the granaries they marched southward leaving the mountains on the left and joined the French army after midday. That night they lay at the foot of the heights upon which the allied army had taken position. On the next day the 21st of September, the battle of Busaco was fought, and from the repulse the French then suffered, resulted the permanent retreat of Massena from Portugal. The French marshal having exhausted all his resources before the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras which the British occupied, commenced a retreat by the line of the Mondego, and Wellington slowly followed him. But from the premptory orders Massena received from the emperor, he concentrated his forces and attempting the relief of Almeida, he attacked the British forces at Fuentes d'Onore. This was one of the fiercest and bloodiest contests that took place during the protracted struggle of the peninsular war. The village, from which the battle has its name, was forced by the French, and afterwards retaken by the British, and held by the Highland regiments during the remainder of the day. The French charged in overpowering numbers into the village; the cuirassiers and lancers were hurled upon them in a continuous stream; but nought could move the stern array of the kilted warriors. Andre's regiment was fearfully cut up, and he himself was struck by a ball which broke his sword arm, and, falling into the arms of his brother, he was borne from the fatal fight.

When the night fell, the British troops held their position, and, leaving Almeida to its fate, the French army continued its retreat to Salamanca.

The hospitals were crammed to excess, but Andre's arm was soon set, and in the way of recovery. He had now ample time for reflection, and his heart yearned to revisit his home, and again to behold all that was dear to him on earth. In a few months he was declared convalescent and unfit for further military service. He received his discharge, and prepared to return to his native land. His brother wished to accompany him; but the iron power that dragged the conscript from his home, bound the soldier sternly to the ranks; and, after an affectionate parting, Andre set out for his home.

It was a long, weary journey, but time and patience conquered many obstacles; and one evening in Autumn, after a long day's march, he found himself within a short distance of his native village. He walked joyously on, and pausing as he came to a turn of the road, the valley of Goldstadt lay before him. The sun was setting in the western heavens, and its refulgent beams shed a radiant glow over the landscape, as, gathering his golden mantle around him, he sank majestically beneath its folds. Andre gazed long and earnestly; five years had almost passed away, yet every portion of the scene was to him as the old familiar face of a friend, and fraught with some dear and cherished associations. The shades of evening gathered around him, as with a quick step and a full heart he entered the village. In a few minutes he entered the paternal dwelling. He found his father and mother still there, and Marie was now a beautiful and lovely woman; but what pen would attempt to describe their joy when they discovered in the dusky twilight that the tall, noble-looking soldier who stood upon the threshold was Andre Wolski.

Their joy was unbounded that this one of the wanderers had returned; and but few weeks elapsed before Andre and Marie were united in the bonds of marriage; and, turning his sword into a ploughshare and his spear into a pruning-hook, our hero experienced to the full those social endearments and sanctified pleasures that are only to be found, and can only prosper, beneath the overshadowing wings of Peace.

All that was now wanted to complete their happiness, was the return of John. His regiment had been ordered into France; and when Napoleon designed that crowning act of his folly, the invasion of Russia, they were speedily recruited in the duchy of Berg, and incorporated with the grand army. He was permitted to pay a hurried visit to his parents; and he left them again in high spirits, telling them, "We are going to Moscow, and shall soon return." He distinguished himself nobly in the various encounters with the Russians; and before entering Moscow the captain's epaulets glittered on his shoulders. In the disastrous retreat that followed, his regiment formed part of the rear-guard under Ney. The men were sacrificed by thousands, and the Poles were almost cut to pieces. Wolski was the senior officer of what remained of his regiment; but at the fearful passage of the Beresina, they were wholly annihilated, and he fell covered with wounds beneath the overwhelming attacks of the cossacks.

The news of this fearful route reached Goldstadt, and the Wolskis mourned with many the loss of their friends. Their sad experience taught them, when too late, the delusiveness of the hope, that Napoleon would re-establish their country. The sons of Poland enthusiastically, but unadvisedly, struggled to roll onward the tide of victory that crushed nations and peoples beneath the heel of an ambitious despot; and had that same power been employed in its more legitimate and proper channel, their country might still have had a name and a place amongst the nations of Europe.

HOW THE "FIRST-CLASS" MONEY-LENDER HELPS THE ARISTOCRACY TO "RAISE THE WIND."

Mr. Wellington Tadpole is an ensign in the 152nd foot—a highly-distinguished regiment of "heavies." Mr. Tadpole's pay is £98 per annum; his father, who is a country clergyman, with a living of £800, and a family of six children, allows him £150 a year in addition; so that the gallant ensign's income is in round numbers £240. The 152nd are "fast" men—at least many of them are. Tilburies and tandems, drags and dog-carts, are much affectioned by them—not to mention champagne picnics, and a little occasional trifling with *écarte* and blind hookey. Mr. Wellington Tadpole soon finds himself very "hard-up;" he writes a pathetic note to his mother for a little extra supply of cash—details the numerous expenses thrust upon him in first joining his regiment (omitting, however, those alluded to), and receives in return a £50 note, with many cautions to avoid extravagances, and a strong intimation that his father will never be induced to assist him in such a manner again.

A very few weeks suffice to dissipate the remittance, and Mr. Wellington Tadpole's finances are again at the very lowest ebb. Feeling assured that the "governor wouldn't bleed" any more, he confides his misery to his bosom friend, Lieutenant Keensight. The lieutenant smiles a smile of ineffable pity for the ensign's "verdancy," when he hears that his whole debts amount only to £100, and that he is merely in want of a little

"ready cash." "My dear fellow," he says, "you are an exceedingly lucky dog; lucky in owing nothing (for what's a trumpery hundred?); lucky in having a governor to draw on; lucky in being quartered at Chatham when Amos pays us a visit every three weeks; and lucky in coming to me the very day before that worthy gentleman is expected." "Who is Amos?" asked the ensign. "*Who* is Amos?" repeats the lieutenant in amaze; "my good friend, if you had asked 'who is the duke?' 'who is Prince Albert?' 'who is Jenny Lind?' or any such person, I should have respected your ignorance more than I do now; but not to know Amos, the prince of money-lenders, the Jew of Jews, the banker of the improvident, the friend of the distressed,—not to know Amos 'argues yourself unknown.'" "Well," replies Mr. Wellington Tadpole, "then if Amos is a money-lender, I suppose he will let me have £50 at good interest." "No, he won't; but he'll let you have £500, £400, £300, or £200. Anything less than that sum is 'low,' and Amos would scorn so seedy a transaction." The ensign looked surprised; but, fearing to display further ignorance, he asks no more questions, mentally resolving, however, to see Mr. Amos to-morrow.

The next morning, as Ensign Wellington Tadpole sits smoking the morning cigar, his servant announces "Mr. Amos." He is desired to admit him. Thereupon, a stout-built and carefully "got-up" gentleman walks into the room and makes his bow. Mr. Amos has decidedly Hebrew features; nevertheless he is a good-looking man, with very white teeth, which he always shows whenever he smiles. His hair is worthy a place in Truefitt's window; his shirt is a miracle of elaborate embroidery; his waistcoat is of the newest and gayest pattern; so are his nether garments! while his fingers display a perfect blaze of diamonds, and across his ample chest is trained the most massive and astounding of watch-chains. "Beg pardon, Mr. Tadpole, for intruding so early; but heard from Mr. Keensight that you wanted some of my commodity—eh?—ha—ha—ha—ha!" and as though unconsciously the money-lender scatters a heap of bright sovereigns and crisp bank-notes on the table. What a bait to a man who has changed his last sovereign! The ensign stammers out that he *does* require cash; but vainly tries to look as if he were indifferent about the matter. "How much?" asks Amos pleasantly. "Well, suppose we say £200," replies Mr. Tadpole. "Be it so; whom do you draw on?" "Dear me, I really couldn't ask any one such a favour," says the ensign hastily. The money-lender looks rather grave for a moment; protests that he never does business without two names; but as that is Mr. Tadpole's first transaction, and as he understands that his liabilities are so very small, he will venture to take his promissory note alone. "How will you take it?" he asks. The ensign, who has been asked that question before at a banker's, answers innocently, "Say two 'fifties' and the rest 'long.'" A smile, which he with difficulty restrains from emerging into a roar of laughter, passes over the money-lender's face. At length he explains. "My dear sir, I see you don't quite understand me—the matter will stand thus. The discount for three months on £200 is £30—leaving £170 for you to receive. Of this £170 you can have £100 in cash, and the other £70 in wine or jewellery. "I never say 'pictures;' because I think it is a great imposition. Young gentlemen never want pictures; but wine and jewels are of course necessaries of life." The ensign is in a horrible fright at the recklessness of the action he is about to commit, but the money-lender has already tossed over to him £100 cash which looks so tempting; and in five minutes more he has signed his "promise to pay," and confided to Mr. Amos, leaving that worthy gentleman to send him £70 of jewellery, according to his own taste in that commodity.

Three months have passed away, and so has all the £100 received by Ensign Tadpole, and the £25 for which he is only too happy to sell the "£70 worth" of jewellery. The bill is due, and there are no funds in hand to meet it. Mr. Amos—blandest, kindest, and most accommodating of men—will take the joint note of the ensign, and one of his brother officers for £250 at three months more, instead of cash. Tadpole's feelings of shame having been growing blunter every day; he asks Ensign Spooney to join him; the latter does so, and three months later they have to go through the same process again to the tone of £320. At length Mr. Amos begins to get troublesome; Tadpole writes home and confesses all; his father is indignant and refuses to help him; Amos presses still closer; Tadpole sells his commission and pays the bill to save himself and Spooney from a gaol; and the money-lender pockets £320 for the advance of £100 cash and £30 worth of jewels for nine or ten months, which is at the rate of nearly £200 per cent. per annum. Such is the "first class" money-lender, who does business only with the army of the peerage, and such is the nature of his ordinary transactions.

SUMMER VOICES.

BENEATH the shining trembling leaves that drape the bowers of June,
I sit and list, with raptured ear, to sweetly varied tune
Of Nature's thousand melodies, above, below, around,
Sweet sights, sweet scents, but sweeter far the mingling charms of sound.

The silvery lapse of tinkling streams; the river's rushing voice;
The lucent waves that lap the shore, in murmuring tones rejoice;
The fitful cadence of the breeze, that skims with silken wings
O'er bending waves of odorous, hay, and through the woodland sings.

The tell-tale voice beloved of spring; the wail of forest dove;
The thousand swelling warbling throats, that sing of bliss and love;
The voice of woods in soft commune with twilight's dewy airs,
Where parent thrush, on darkling bough, beguiles his brooding cares:—

The shadows fall, O gentle bird, thy liquid voice is mute!
But hark! that sweetly thrilling strain, breathed from the plaintive flute;
No eye but thine, soft star of Love, the rapt musician sees,
Slow wandering by the lonely lake, beneath the sleeping trees.

Now, Scotia, pour thy native airs, so wildly, simply sweet;
For this the hour, and this the scene, when rustic maidens meet
By cottage door, by village spring, o'erhung with wilding rose;
Hark! from their lips the Doric lay in gushing music flows.

Sweet Summer sounds! I love ye all; but dearest, holiest, best,
The song of praise from cottage hearth that hails the Sabbath rest.
The birds, the streams, the breeze, the song, to *earthly* sounds are given,
This mounts the wings of summer morn, and singing flies to HEAVEN!

Longlone, near Coalbridge, N.B. JANET HAMILTON.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EXTRAORDINARY.—THE POPULAR EDUCATOR.—AN EXTRA EDITION of this work, on fine paper, at 1½d. per Number, or in Monthly Parts, in a neat wrapper, at 7d., or when Five Numbers, 8½d., is now published, which is issued without the weekly headings. Persons wishing for this edition must be careful to order the "*Extra* Edition." The whole of the Numbers may now be obtained, or the first Three Parts.—Part I., 7d.; Part II., 8½d.; Part III., 7d. The Common Edition, at One Penny per Number; Monthly Parts, 5d., or 6d., is regularly issued.

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THE PATHWAY, a Monthly Religious Magazine, is published on the 1st of every month, price twopence—32 pages enclosed in a neat wrapper. Vols. I. and II., neatly bound in cloth and lettered, price 2s. 3d. each, are now ready.

CASSELL'S SHILLING EDITION OF EUCLID.—This work will be ready with the Magazines for August, price 1s. in a neat wrapper, or 1s. 6d. in cloth boards.

MISCELLANEA.

SELF-TAXATION. — The taxes are, indeed, heavy; and if those laid on by government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them;—but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing any abatement.—*Franklin.*

CONTENTIOUS SOULS. — I never loved those salamanders, that are never well but when they are in the fire of contention. I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than *offer* one: I will suffer a hundred rather than *return* one: I will suffer many ere I will *complain* of one, and endeavour to right it by contending. I have ever found, that to strive with my superior is furious; with my equal, doubtful; with my inferior, sordid and base; with any, full of unquietness.—*Bishop Hall.*

WRONG ENDS OF KNOWLEDGE.—It is not the pleasure of curiosity, nor the quiet of resolution, nor the raising of the spirit, nor victory of wit, nor faculty of speech, nor lucre of profession, nor ambition of honour or fame, nor enablement for business, that are the true ends of knowledge. —*Lord Bacon.*

HUMAN HELPLESSNESS. — Animals go rightly, according to the ends of their creation, when they are left to themselves; they follow their instinct and are safe. But it is otherwise with man: the ways of life are a labyrinth for him. His infancy does not stand more in need of a mother's care, than his moral and intellectual faculties require to be nursed and fostered: and where these are left to starve for want of nutriment, how infinitely more deplorable is his condition than that of the beasts who perish!—*Southey.*

THE EDUCATION OF THE FEELINGS.—Bad temper is more frequently the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organisation; it frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling, and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs than a dull passive child; and, if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil, by changing passion into sulkiness. A cheerful good-tempered tone of your own, a sympathy with his trouble, whenever the trouble has arisen from no ill conduct on his part, are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent beforehand all sources of annoyance. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow — the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heartblood circulate healthily and freely; unhappiness is the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence, and, worst of all, "the mind's green and yellow sickness—ill temper."

ACT ON PLAN.—The formation and steady pursuit of some particular plan of life, has justly been considered as one of the most permanent sources of happiness. —*Malthus.*

TALKATIVENESS.—It is a secret known to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.—*Addison.*

SUAVITER IN MODO.—There is not any benefit so glorious in itself, but it may yet be exceedingly sweetened and improved by the manner of conferring it. The virtue, I know, rests in the *intent;* the profit in the judicious application of the *matter;* but the beauty and ornament of obligation lies in the *manner* of it.—*Seneca.*

HUMAN LIFE.—As the rose-tree is composed of the sweetest flowers and the sharpest thorns; as the heavens are sometimes fair and overcast, alternately tempestuous and serene; so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, with pleasures and with pains. —*Burton.*

USEFULNESS.—How barren a tree is he that lives, and spreads, and cumbers the ground, yet leaves not one seed, not one good work to generate after him. I know all cannot leave alike; yet all may leave something, answering their proportion, their kinds.—*Owen Feltham.*

DANGEROUS PLEASURES.--I have sat upon the sea-shore and waited for its gradual approaches, and have seen its dancing waves and white surf, and admired that He who measured it with his hand had given to it such life and motion; and I have lingered till its gentle waters grew into mighty billows, and had wellnigh swept me from my firmest footing. So have I seen a heedless youth gazing with a too curious spirit upon the sweet motions and gentle approaches of an inviting pleasure, till it has detained his eye and imprisoned his feet, and swelled upon his soul, and swept him to a swift destruction.—*Basil Montague.*

POWERFUL REASONING.—At a young men's debating society in Indiana, United States, the question for discussion a few weeks since, was—"Which is the greatest evil, a scolding wife or a smoky chimney?" After the appointed disputants had concluded the debate, a spectator rose, and begged the privilege of "making a few remarks on the occasion." Permission being granted, he spoke as follows:—"Mr. President, I've been almost mad a-listening to the debate of these 'ere youngsters. They don't know nothing at all about the subject. What do they know about the evils of a scolding wife? Wait till they have had one for twenty years, and been hammered and jammed and slammed all the while—and wait till they've been scolded because the baby cried, because the fire wouldn't burn, because the oven was too hot, because the cow kicked over the milk, because it rained, because the sun shined, because the hens didn't lay, because the butter wouldn't come, because the old cat had kittens, because they came too soon for dinner, because they were one minute too late, because they sung, because they tore their trousers, because they invited a neighbour woman to call again, because they got sick, or because they did anything else, no matter whether they couldn't help it or not,—before they talk about the evils of a scolding wife; why, Mr. President, I'd rather hear the clatter of hammers and stones, and twenty tin pans and nine brass kettles, than the din, din, din, of the tongue of a scolding wife. Yes, sir-ee, I would. To my mind, Mr. President, a smoky chimney is no more to be compared to a scolding wife, than a little negro is to a dark night."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. INMAN; J. G.; C. Thora; M. Richards; and several others.—To answer all the questions put to us as to emigration, it would be necessary to have a clerk wholly devoted to that office. Mr. Cassell has collected all the information he can obtain, and has published it in "*The Emigrants' Handbook*," which may be had at our office, or, by order of any bookseller. As to specific, or peculiar cases, application should be made to Her Majesty's Commissioners for Emigration, Park-street, Westminster.

A FRIEND (Manchester).—We are not aware that there is any portrait extant of the Rev. B. Parsons. That gentleman *does* write for the publication to which you refer.

J. TILLCOCK.—The best mode of "preserving the teeth from decay" is to keep them very clean. They should be brushed with a soft brush and cold water the first thing in the morning, and, if possible, at the conclusion of every meal, especially where animal food or vegetables are eaten. Washing the mouth frequently with cold water will not only keep the teeth clean, but strengthen the gums, the firm adhesion of which to the teeth, is of the greatest importance in preserving them sound and secure.

RICHARD.—We cannot account for the irregularities of which you complain. Perhaps, considering the distance at which you live from the metropolis, it will be best for you to take our work in *Monthly Parts*. Some small country booksellers do not keep the weekly numbers on hand.

F. J. H.—We feel some difficulty in recommending particular books, as the reading of a Sabbath School teacher ought to be extensive. You will, however, derive much valuable information from Dr. Kitto's "Popular Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature."

X. Y. Z.—Suitable cases in which to bind the "Illustrated Exhibitor," may be had at our office, or, by order, from any bookseller; as may also covers for the volumes of the "Popular Educator" and the "Working Man's Friend."

R. E. (Tiverton).—The article you have sent us is very creditable to your talents; but it is scarcely suitable for our pages.

CATO.—The *ch* in Achilli, is sounded hard, as *k*; thus, *A-kil-li*.—You will find a receipt for destroying cockroaches in No. 33, page 112.

A YOUNG ANTIQUARY.—You may obtain very beautiful impressions of medals and coins thus:—Melt a little stiff isinglass glue, and pour it thinly and evenly over the coin or medal, so as to cover its whole surface. Let it remain on for two or three days, till it has become thoroughly dry and hard, then take it off, and you will have an elegant impression, fine, clear, and hard as glass. If the wrong side of the isinglass be breathed upon, and gold-leaf applied, it will adhere, and have a pleasing effect on the other side. Impressions so taken will resist the effects of damp air.

A WORKING MAN AND A TEETOTALER.—"The Freeholder" is the paper you mean; it is published every Monday afternoon at 337, Strand.—Your other question will be best answered by the Secretary of the Freehold Land Society, King's Arms Yard, Coleman-street, City.

A. X. B. AND AN INTENDING EMIGRANT.—Beware of sending for information as to emigration to persons advertising to furnish "every requisite information," &c., "on the receipt of twelve uncut postage stamps;" they are, in general, impostors.

TYRO.—The following are the names of "the Nine Muses," and "the offices assigned to them:" *Calliope*, the muse of heroic poesy; *Clio*, of history; *Erato*, of amorous poetry; *Euterpe*, of music; *Melpomene*, of tragedy; *Polyhymnia*, of rhetoric; *Terpischore*, of dancing, &c.; *Thalia*, of lyric poetry and comedy; *Urania*, of astronomy.

W. K.—Ignatius Loyola was born in the year 1491. He established the Order of the Jesuits in 1540. He died in 1556. It was Pascal who wrote the powerful books against them to which you allude. His most celebrated work on this subject is entitled, "Provincial Letters." It was published in 1656, under the name of Louis Montalto. No book ever did the Jesuits more injury.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. II., No. 43.] SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1852. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SCIENCE AND COMMERCE.

SCIENCE AND COMMERCE. A GROUP IN MARBLE BY A GERMAN ARTIST.

In the early ages of the world, Labour, the sturdy son of Industry and Want, worked alone in the fields, and toiled day by day for the support of his numerous family. He was a strong well-built fellow, whom no fatigue could conquer and no disappointment depress. He had married early—as was then, and still is, the custom among the toilers of the earth—but he chose a helpmeet fitting his condition. She was called Endurance, the daughter of Poverty, but her real name was Courage. Many children blessed their union, some of whom were strong and handsome, while the rest were weakly and deformed. These children, the offspring of Labour and Endurance, are known among men by various names. The elder sons and daughters are called Content, Hopefulness, Enterprise, Self-Reliance, Perseverance, Prudence, and Ambition; while the later-born have received the titles of Idleness, Unthrift, Recklessness, Combination, Riot, Intemperance, Scoff, and Ignorance. As the family grew up, many were the little bickerings which their parents had on account of their several propensities—the father inclining to the well-conducted among them, while the mother, as is the custom among women, strove to excuse the shortcomings of her younger children, for in her great love she was apt to overlook their faults. With the care of so many sons and daughters, of such opposite tempers and inclinations, constantly pressing upon him, it was no wonder that Labour failed to become rich. But, in spite of all this, he was still a hard-working, contented, and hopeful man; and as years crept unconsciously upon him, and he was no longer able to endure the heat and burden of the day, he was fain to rely on the strength of character which peculiarly distinguished the wife of his youth, and the good qualities common to the elder branches of his family. If Riot and Intemperance caused, as they often did, confusion and discontent in the household, the kindly feelings of Prudence, and the quiet smile of Hopefulness, were sure to make peace among them; if Unthrift and Recklessness dissipated in a day the earnings of a whole week, the genius of Enterprise and the impulse of Perseverance made up, in some measure, for their lack of knowledge and worldly wisdom. And so, in the course of years, the daughters married, and left the house of their parents, and the sons went out into the world to seek their fortunes, and their families increased and multiplied exceedingly throughout various ramifications—and the old couple were again left alone, as in the days of their youth.

But it pleased God to comfort their age with yet another little child. He was fair and comely and pleasant to look upon, with light-brown curling hair and bright sparkling eyes; and

his parents esteemed themselves blessed in the possession of so handsome an image of themselves. To the father's strength and energy was added the mother's simplicity and beauty; and, as the child grew up, they noted that he possessed the characteristics of Activity and Courage, as well as the better qualities which distinguished his elder brothers. He was the last-born of a large family, and his parents called him Commerce.

Years passed away, and the child grew to be a man. In his earliest youth, however, he had exhibited a disposition differing very much from that of any of his brothers. Instead of working in the fields with his father, it appeared to be the special object of Commerce to relieve Labour of the severer efforts of his toil, and to give honour to his mother Endurance, by associating his brothers Enterprise, Self-Reliance, and Ambition with all his schemes. Thus, if Commerce determined to find a new field for his exertions in a distant and hitherto unknown region, Enterprise went before, and reported well of him, so that when he arrived with Self-Reliance and Ambition, he was honourably received by the inhabitants. If, in his travels, Commerce encountered any of the children of Unthrift, Intemperance, and Ignorance—which he often did, for they had intermarried and become extremely numerous in the world—it was his endeavour to correct their faults in the gentlest manner, and relieve their necessities without offending their prejudices. And so, wherever he went he was well received, and the name of Commerce grew familiar in the mouths of mankind, and the youngest child of Labour was honoured of his brethren.

Strong, well-formed, and in the full vigour of manhood, Commerce grew daily into greater repute, so that many parents sought him in marriage for their daughters. Literature, Philosophy, and Religion were fain to ally themselves to him, but he turned coldly away, and chose for a wife Science, the fair daughter of Experiment and Study.

The marriage was celebrated with all becoming splendour, and a numerous family was born unto the happy pair. United in mind and in love with each other, Science and Commerce went hand in hand about the world, doing good wherever they sojourned. Though Labour still toiled and Ignorance still dwelt in dark places, it was their office to relieve the overtasked energies of the one and awaken the slumbering activities of the other; though Riot and Intemperance had become mighty, and had enlisted under their banners the children of Idleness, Combination, and Scoff, it was the pleasure of Science and Commerce to teach, by their own example, and to counteract the evil influences of their relations.

Energetic and tireless, the pair went forth among men, and to this day are known and honoured in strange and distant places, whither they have found their way in ships across the trackless waters. What is wanting in the character of the husband is supplied in the firm yet kindly disposition of the wife. If Commerce be less scrupulous in his dealings than he should be (as has been more than once alleged of him by his enemies), the undeviating exactness of Science removes the sting from the reproach: and if Science be too severe in her demands (as some of those who have no capacity for abstruse calculations have asserted), then the more popular character of Commerce is brought to her rescue; and thus have the husband and wife divided between them the sympathies and activities of mankind. Hand in hand they have travelled over the world, the husband appearing to lean rather on the wife, than the wife upon the husband. While he possesses the strength and energy necessary to their enterprises, she finds the mind and spirit which make them successful; while he pushes forward with a seeming disregard to the feelings of others, she teaches and explains, and reasons with men till they are put right in the path of usefulness. On the brow of Commerce may be seen the stamp of wealth and gain, while in the face of Science shines the light of speculation and thought. Of their many children, the favourite of both parents is their youngest-born, Civilisation—a noble youth whose destiny seems to point to no meaner enterprise than the subjugation of the world.

THE TALENT OF SUCCESS is nothing more than doing what you can do well; and doing whatever you do—without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought for.

JOHN BUNYAN.

A MAN like Bunyan requires many biographies; for the first few, and indeed more than the first few, are pretty sure to be biographies of bits of him. One writer is entirely taken up with his being a Baptist; another, who admires his piety, regrets that he was a "Dissenter;" a third takes the poetic ground, and views his spiritual sufferings just as he would the contortions of a dervish. The popularity of Southey has, of course, made his "Life of Bunyan" a text-book. But it is written so entirely from the point of view of a decorous friend of the church of England, that you are perpetually under the impression that the biographer is patting his hero on the head—wondering that so much genius and piety could come out of a nonconformist—and haunted by a pitying remembrance that his *protégé* was once a tinker. You form to yourself a notion of a scene in which Bunyan is introduced by Mr. Southey to a large and respectable circle, and given a glass of wine as a man who has "raised himself by his own exertions." It is curious, too, to see how Mr. Southey is perplexed in dealing with the account of those terrible spiritual conflicts which Bunyan has recorded for us in the "Grace Abounding." The same embarrassment hampers and twists Southey's "Wesley." Nothing can be more clear—Mr. Southey would seem to imply—than the extravagance of Bunyan's religious emotions—nothing certainly can be more unlike (you fancy him reflecting) the mild spiritualism of a dean! Yet one cannot ignore them. The autobiographical "Grace Abounding" contains nothing else. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is a picture of the same—drawn from memory in an ideal form—a poetic record of those sufferings of the soul, as the "Iliad" is a record of the wars under the walls of Troy. Yet they are condemned and poohpoohed as outrageous. The truth is, these sad conflicts were the very essence of Bunyan's being, and differ only in circumstance and detail from the strifes of the most pious men in history. Mr. Southey watches and pronounces on them from the outside, and always measures them by a moderate episcopal standard of respectablity. Hence, it is no wonder that he should characterise some of poor Bunyan's later proceedings under prosecution as tainted with the "smut of his old occupation." As if the tinkering had been the primary fact about pious Bunyan? As if, indeed, his stern contempt for the triumphant officials of the Restoration were not part of the same earnestness of piety which, elevating his whole being, had raised him from a tinker into a priest. It is really unpleasant to reflect that a man of Southey's goodheartedness and strong sense should have been so spoiled by a long conformity to the worldly side of orthodox opinion as to make his later works almost worthless but for their style. We cannot see how anybody who really respected and appreciated Bunyan could have spoken of him as a "blackguard"—an expression of Southey's, which has been very properly reprehended by Mr. Macaulay.

John Bunyan was born at Elstow, within a mile of Bedford, in 1628. His father's occupation was that of a journeyman tinker. It is a very reasonable suggestion of Sir Walter Scott's that his family was probably of gipsy origin. Young Bunyan is found asking his father whether they were of the "seed of Abraham"—hoping to claim under the Bible promises. This would surely argue a consciousness of something peculiar about his race. And indeed his portrait betrays a swarthiness which reminds one of the eastern types. He got some little schooling and married at nineteen—supporting himself by his semi-vagabond trade. His "Grace Abounding" is made up of his real history. It was the history of his soul, of which it contains a report as minute as the report of a disease in a medical book. That he was a miserable sinner, the chief of sinners; that Satan was ever tempting him; that he sometimes thought of "selling Christ," and heard voices crying, "Sell him! Sell him!"—this painful story may be read till the horror merges into sheer tedium. "Experiences" like these, however, were not confined to Bunyan; they were raging in the blood of many hundreds of his day. They were not a whit more violent than the conflicts of Loyola had been in the previous century, in far different circumstances. But here was the important distinction: the southern sufferer tortured the body to appease the sufferings of the mind. When he recovered from his agonies, he recovered not as a man—but woke up a Jesuit. But poor Bunyan when wounded, flew for relief to his Bible. That pasture was always open to him; and as the wounded animal finds by instinct an herb, the restless Bunyan lighted on text after text. Fit of pain succeeded fit; but there were copious varieties of remedies, and Bunyan gradually developed into a strong, brave, healthy man.

The important phenomenon for Bunyan and hundreds of others was, that there was no Church capable of adequate treatment of their case. For John Bunyan was, first of all, a loyal man. He explicitly tells us that "he began by having a most superstitious

veneration for the high place, the priest, the clerk, and what else belonged to the Church." But there was no church worthy of that veneration to be found; and, most fortunately, there was not a church like that of Rome to avail itself of his high-minded piety and enthusiasm for base and worldly purposes—which Roman policy Macaulay has well described. But there was a Bible, and a people to be reformed; and Bunyan became Mr. John Bunyan, a "servant of the Lord Jesus Christ;"—he had acted his "Christian," and the time had now arrived to act his "Evangelist," and to lead others to the "delectable mountains." Of course, he came into conflict with the authorities; the authorities have always considered that the English Reformation was to bound itself within the limits of "the Church"—and the history of that idea is the history of the immense success of "dissent" whenever dissent has begun with the slightest genuineness at the bottom of it.

Mr. John Bunyan was "one of the first persons who was punished after the Restoration for nonconformity." He was described as "a pestilent fellow in the country"—in fact we know what kind of "fellow" he must have appeared to the gentry and such persons as "Dr. Lindale," in Bedfordshire—a wandering, "fellow" worse than a poacher—a regular bore—an interrupter of all good practices—a wandering, noisy, plebeian dog—making a hubbub about religion, which was clearly not his business,—he being a tinker, intended by nature for a priest—and not a priest intended by nature for a tinker, like the regular orthodox "fellows!" He was brought up before the magistrates—compared to "Alexander the Coppersmith" by "Dr. Lindale" (the wag!)—and so sent to Bedford Gaol. Mr. Southey thinks it the luckiest thing possible for him—and perhaps it had its favourable side—no thanks to the authorities though. He stayed here twelve years, and wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress," under the shadow of an iron *chevaux-de-frise*. When let out again, he wandered about performing his duties as a preacher, and died in London in 1668. He is buried in Bunhill Fields.

By his "Pilgrim's Progress," John Bunyan will be known and loved when all else about him is forgotten and only to be found in Biographical Dictionaries. It is a wonderful work and the most popular religious book in the English language. Allegory is never calculated to be popular, but Bunyan's allegory is so, though it is all allegory, and though the scenery has no mere romantic attraction, such as there is in the scenery of the Arabian Nights. The scenery suggests no luxury like that of oriental scenery; nor either has it the merely human allurement of the island of Robinson Crusoe. Both these celebrated works convey the intense feeling of "illusion" which makes the many feel them to be real—but anything is almost credible to a northern peasant about the East: and the homely daily life—the realism of the animal life—in Defoe's romance, endows it with the same interest.

On the other hand, Bunyan's tale—that narrative so popular as a mere story—sets out with an obvious intention to teach religion—is interrupted by conversations, discursive and argumentative—gives names associated with the school and the birch to its personages—and yet one can fancy its being perfectly enjoyed by the vulgarest reprobate who ever raved about Tom Paine or denounced "the parson." Its distinct religious object prevents the "illusion" ever being complete: you never have time to get lost in "Vanity Fair" and mingle as a native there, as you do in Lilliput. Your revery is always broken by a tap from honest John Bunyan's pastoral crook. And yet the treatment is intensely real. The abstractions are solid personages. The scenes are real. In truth, the extreme truthfulness of the dramatic phraseology gives that air of reality to the whole. We may call this art, if we like; but it is an art which springs not from labour to produce effect, but from the entire and homely simplicity of John Bunyan's soul. He tells the tale of the marvellous journey with perfect good faith. You believe, and wonder, and you scarcely know whether you are asleep or awake. Reading the "Pilgrim's Progress" is like dreaming, and knowing that it is a dream. It carries you back in belief to the time when dreams were "from Jove;"—to the tree in the old mythology whose leaves were full of dreams. And indeed it illustrates singularly the passage about the gates of dreams in Virgil; it conveys its divine truths in the homeliest form as the true dreams are said, there, to come through the gate of horn.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated, not only into all the languages which disseminate genius among modern nations, but it is to be found in the Arabic and the Persian, and even in the tongue spoken by the people of Madagascar. Never was any work more poetic, and yet never was any work written in more undeniable prose. Bunyan's life had told him that there is poetry and beauty in everything for those who have eyes to see. And the reader of his "Grace Abounding" who comes to the "Pilgrim's Progress," sees there the struggle of this man; how, when a mere stubbly or theological part of his feelings—for he lived amid the din of "sects"—had burned itself away in smoke and noise, the steady light within him rose up, clear, and bright, and shadowless!

SPAIN AND ITS PEOPLE.—V.

THE LATER HISTORY OF SPAIN EPITOMISED.

The history of a country is discovered in the acts of her people, rather than in a narrative of the lives and doings of a succession of her kings. We shall endeavour, therefore, to bring our epitome down to the present day by a general description of events, in the place of the more ordinary chronological arrangement.

We have seen how the Moors—those brave and polite people, who did so much for the glory and honour of Europe—were driven out of the peninsula during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella—a period distinguished by an event of the greatest importance to Europe,—namely, the discovery of America by Columbus, under the patronage of the haughty Isabella. Another kind of interest attaches to the history of Spain from this period. We see her now, for the first time, intermeddling with, and mixed up in, the politics of the other European powers. The conquest of Granada, besides having the effect of driving the Saracens and Jews from that part of Europe, had also taught the Spanish kings the value of greatness; and the discovery of America was quickly followed by such extensive conquests and acquisitions in the New World, as could not fail to raise Spain into the very highest position with regard to the monarchies in the old.

The establishment of the inquisition, and the interference of Ferdinand in the affairs of France and Italy—an interference which had the effect of injuring the Italian peninsula, while it benefited none of the combatants—were the next important events in Spain. On the death of Isabella, in 1506, the crown of Castile devolved on her daughter Joanna, the wife of Philip, archduke of Austria; and, on the death of the latter, on his son Charles V., afterwards Emperor of Germany. A few years later—on the 23rd of January, 1516—Ferdinand also died, after having appointed Cardinal Ximenes regent of Castile, until the arrival of his grandson Charles, who was then only sixteen years of age. The next year, then, saw the youthful Charles ascend the throne of Spain. Descended from two illustrious men, Ferdinand and Maximilian (the emperor elect of Germany), Charles was received by the Spaniards with the greatest enthusiasm; and his reign is considered one of the most splendid in Spanish history. In his time began a long and fearful struggle, which at one time threatened the liberties of Europe; but which was eventually settled by the intervention of England, on his retirement to the sovereignty of his paternal dominions, and the marriage of his son Philip to the English princess, and afterwards queen, Mary.

The war which Charles carried on with France was too vast an undertaking for his son; and as soon as the latter ascended the throne, his first care was to negotiate a peace through the instrumentality of England. In this he was so far successful as to induce the pope to declare the French interlopers in Italy, and to persuade the rest of Europe that Spain was still a first-class power; so delusive are the notions of wealth obtained from a distant and unknown country—for it must be recollected that at this period the Spanish were the only people who had made any progress in colonising America. In the reign of Charles, Mexico was conquered by Hernandez Cortez, Peru was taken by Pizarro, the Straits of Magellan were discovered, and the germ of the Reformation was first felt in Europe; but during the feeble rule of Philip, no very great or worthy acts are recorded. Dying in 1598, he bequeathed to his successor the kingdoms of Naples, Sicily, Belgium, and Portugal. In the reign of Philip III.—a weak and superstitious prince—the remnant of the Morescoes, or descendants of the Moors, were finally expelled from Spain.

The reign of Philip IV. began in 1621, and was marked by few acts of importance, if we except the insurrection of Portugal in 1640, and an unsuccessful war carried on against France, chiefly in the Netherlands, and concluded in 1659 by the peace of the Pyrenees. To this monarch succeeded

Charles II., the last prince of the house of Austria. He was feeble in body and incapable in mind, and though he reigned thirty-two years (1668-1700) no splendid acts of private or national concern are recorded of the period. On his death began the well-known war for the succession to the Spanish dominions, which lasted thirteen years, and in which Spain, France, England, Holland, and Italy, all engaged.

The victories of our great Marlborough and the chivalrous Prince Eugene, could not prevent, however, the French branch of the royal family from gaining the Spanish throne; and so it was decreed—by the peace of Utrecht, in 1713,—that the grandson of Louis XIV. should reign in the peninsula, and that the Belgian provinces should revert to the house of Austria. Though these may be somewhat dry details, they are nevertheless necessary to be remembered by all who would obtain a knowledge of the history of Spain; and having gone thus far with us, we doubt not that the reader will accompany us to the end of our journey.

Philip V., the first Spanish king of the house of Bourbon, reigned long, but not prosperously. In 1718 he lost the greater part of his navy in a war with England, and in 1733 he recovered the kingdom of Naples. The peace of Utrecht had stripped Spain of her European possessions, and nothing was left to Philip but the Peninsula and the American colonies; the latter consisting rather of honorary titles than profitable dominions. By that peace, Belgium, Naples, Sicily, and Milan were given to Austria, Sardinia to Savoy, Minorca and Gibraltar to England, which latter fortress we still possess. Although Alberoni afterwards conceived the bold design of restoring Spain to her former rank among the nations, the quadruple alliance between England, France, Austria, and Holland defeated all his plans; and in 1724 king Philip abdicated in favour of his son Louis. The prince dying, however, of the smallpox a few months afterwards, Philip was compelled to resume the crown; and, after renewing hostilities with England in 1739, died in his turn (in 1746), and his son Ferdinand VI. reigned in his stead.

This Ferdinand, a brave and prudent prince, appears to have had no disposition to keep up the war which his father had begun; and in his reign, therefore, we find Spain once more at peace with all the world. Unfortunately for his count he died too early—in 1759—and his son Charles III. succeeded to his throne. Wanting the strength of character of Ferdinand, Charles was soon engaged in the war then raging between France and England; and the consequence was that many of the transatlantic possessions of Spain were transferred to this country. After wasting much blood and treasure in fighting, the only course was to make peace; and so a peace was concluded between the island and the peninsula, which continued till 1778. In that year, however, Spain, hitherto neutral, was induced to take part in the quarrel between England and her North American colonies. Out of this war she came, however, with somewhat better success; for, by the peace of 1783, she obtained the Floridas and the island of Minorca.

The next king of Spain was Charles IV., who succeeded to the throne in 1788, and speedily became involved in the great European quarrel at that time in full progress. Though at first allowed to be neutral, the monarch was soon made a party to the coalition against republican France; but was, after Prussia, the first of the great powers to conclude a treaty of peace. This took place in July, 1795; but in a little more than a year the wavering cabinet of Spain joined its late opponent, declared war against Great Britain, and received, on the 14th of February, 1797, from Lord St. Vincent, a most memorable proof of our naval superiority.

In the war of 1803, between England and France, Spain, though subject to the influence of Bonaparte, and paying him a monthly tribute of five millions of francs, avoided an open rupture with her ancient enemy. But the British government, believing that the Cabinet of Madrid only waited the arrival of the treasure ships from South America to openly declare war and side with Napoleon, boldly, and without any previous declaration of war, seized on and captured four Spanish frigates returning from the New World freighted with precious metals. This measure, which is indefensible, considered by itself, was sufficient to arouse the dormant energies of a fiery and courageous people, and war with Great Britain, was declared forthwith. But sad reverses awaited the Spaniards; and in the battle of Trafalgar, fought in 1805, the naval supremacy of Great Britain over Spain and France was at once and completely established.

But the interest of foreign warfare was, ere long, overborne by intestine divisions. Ferdinand, the heir apparent to the Spanish throne, coming to open variance with his father, the existing dissensions were eagerly seized by Bonaparte as a pretext for invading the peninsula. The description of the battles on land, and the engagements at sea at this period, belong to a more exact relation than is here attempted; but the compulsory abdication of the royal family of Spain—which took place at Bayonne in 1808—was one of their well-known consequences. This abdication was followed by a general insurrection against the French; which, though kept down for a time by military force, continued in active, though desultory operation, shortened greatly the movements and supplies of the French, and contributed most materially to the success of the British arms.

The evacuation of the Spanish territory by the French took place in the western Pyrenees, after the battle of Vittoria (June 21, 1813), and in the eastern division of the county in the succeeding spring. Ferdinand VII. was now restored to the throne—a consummation to which the reverses of Bonaparte in Egypt, no less, perhaps, than the successes of Wellington, Graham, and Hill in the peninsula, most materially and directly contributed. "Thus ended, after six years of continual struggle, one of the most sanguinary wars on record, in which one is at a loss which to admire most, the courage and perseverance of the Spanish nation, or the steady discipline of the British troops, and the high military talent of their commander!"

In the short contest against Bonaparte in 1815, Spain participated in the views of the allied powers, without however entering the French territory. Her only subsequent armaments were expeditions, feeble and indifferently conducted, against her insurgent colonies. In the management of the interior of the kingdom, Ferdinand "seemed to study only the revival of abuses, and the degradation of those who had come forward in the cause of their fatherland against the advances of Napoleon." The dissatisfaction and indignation thus excited, led, in the beginning of 1820, to open insubordination on the part of the military force destined for America, and produced "in the course of that and the next years, a revolution of great importance, by which the constitution of the Cortez, as established in 1812, was restored; and such salutary restraints established on the power of the Crown as seemed best calculated for securing the rights of the people."

The more recent history of Spain has been one of intrigue and imbecility. The French revolution of 1830 caused some little commotion in the peninsula; but it was speedily suppressed. Ferdinand had married Christina, daughter of the king of Naples; and in 1830 there was born to them a female child, named Isabella. The war of succession, consequent on the death of Ferdinand in 1833, which took place between Don Carlos, the heir of the old *régime*, and the asserters of the rights of the youthful queen, lasted till 1835, when it was settled through the intervention of England, and in favour of Isabella. The civil wars had lasted three years, and during the course of them much ill-blood had been generated between the Carlists and the adherents of Christina, the queen-mother. Changes of administration, foreign debts, a dissipated people, and a partially cultivated country, were the natural and inevitable consequences of such a state of things. The intervention of France, and the marriage of the children of Louis Philippe into the royal family of Spain, seem only to open a vista of further inquietude for this unhappy country. Bankrupt in fortune and in fame, the government of the present is only enabled to stagger on from day to day, under its load of debt and dishonour, by the favour of the clergy and the prestige of its, even yet, rather formidable army. The greatness and glory of Spain exist only in the records of the past, of which hundreds still remain in the shape of ruined palace and moated castle, and terraced vineyard and picturesque houses, and a half Mohammedan population.

Of the characteristics of these latter, and the general features of the country, as well as of the many peculiarities of this charming but unfortunate corner of Europe, we have yet to speak.

A VOICE FROM AUSTRALIA:

BEING A GENUINE LETTER FROM AN EMIGRANT, *verbatim et literatim.*

Lightwood Farm, Mount Moriac.

DEAR CHARLES,—We received your letter of 30th May on the 12th September, and I should have answered it before had I not wished to give you a full account of the state of affairs in Port Philip at the present time. You will of course have heard ere this of the gold discovery both at Bathurst and Bunomyong, and it is extraordinary what a great difference it has made here already, as there are about 9,000 to 10,000 persons at the gold diggings. Some have left responsible situations in town; working men of all descriptions have gone; among them four of my brothers and Mr. N——— (my partner), who are doing very well now, although the first fortnight they did not get much. They dug three holes; the first two they came to water, the next one to pipeclay; and then they went to a hole that had been abandoned by a bullock-driver who had got 1 cwt. of gold out of it, and they are now getting about 3 oz. a day; and perhaps next week they may get 50 oz. a day, or even more, as many have averaged £100 per day per man, although, perhaps, at first unsuccessful. Of course there are many who get scarcely any, but then they go expecting to find the gold without any hard work, and without being properly equipped for it; and after a week or a fortnight they return disgusted, and say they had no luck. Our party took provisions for two months with them, and they went with the determination of stopping, at all events, until harvest, so as to give it a fair trial; and I have no doubt but that they will be very successful. Now to give you some idea of the alteration it makes even at the farm,—our man Tom has been to the diggings with our dray and team since taking our party up there, and has received for the carriage of 2,300 lb. of goods, £26, and he went up there and down again in nine days. He will start and take a load both up and down again, making upwards of £30, in about ten days, the distance being only 56 miles from Geelong; but it requires a good team, as the road is awful in some places. We give him a share in it, as it is much the best plan; for then the more he makes the more he gets, and of course he will do his best for his interest as well as ours.

I am sorry you are not here now, as I have no doubt you could get a good situation as manager of a store up there or in town, as so many have left their situations in every station of society. But ordinarily this is not the place for either clerks or managers, as merchants, storekeepers, &c., will not employ new comers, except at very small salaries, until they get colonial experience—the mode of doing business here being very different to what it is in England; and there are so many clerks come out here who are glad to do anything, and in fact are obliged to work or starve. Whilst we were stopping at Melbourne, there was an advertisement for a collector to the hospital, and there were no less than 700 applications; so that you will at once see you would not have a chance of getting a good berth, unless you had the appointment in England, or you happened to come out at some such time as the present.

If you could come here with some capital, then I have no doubt you would do well; but when here, you would have to determine quickly what course you intended to pursue, as it does not do to dilly-dally, as lodgings and necessaries of every kind in town are very high—flour £3 per bag of 200 lb.; water in Melbourne 5s. per cask; and nearly everything in proportion, except meat, which is 2½d. per lb.: for, in consequence of the gold diggings, labour is excessively high, so that nothing is so cheap as it was three months ago, and storekeepers, &c., are obliged to pay their men double wages, and more; even then, very often they will leave. But we cannot complain, as, should prices keep up, we shall get from 10s. to 12s. per bushel for our wheat, and there is every prospect of our getting a good crop, as it looks splendid.

We often think of you and Amelia, and wish you were here. You would be astonished at what we have done in nine months, having grubbed more than 50 acres of land, of which 36 are cropped, having sown 30 acres of wheat, between 4 and 5 of potatoes, and better than 1 acre of barley. From our having done so much in such a short time, you may think it very easy work, but I can tell you it is thundering hard work; and I can assure you that although Mr. N. and myself were never accustomed to work in England, we have beaten all our neighbours hollow. Most of them are working men who have saved money and bought small farms; in fact five of them (one of whom has been nine months longer here than us) have not cleared and cropped altogether as much as we have. Besides which, we have dug two water-holes, put up two miles of brush-fences, and fenced and dug a garden of quarter of an acre, out of which we have had peas, cabbages, cauliflowers, radishes, &c. In short, I question if you would believe me if I told you all we have done since we have been here, with the assistance of only one man and my brother Ted, who has been worth a Jew's-eye, he having driven the bullocks during the whole of the ploughing season.

Nancy and myself have been here alone since our party went to the diggings, and we are as comfortable as we could wish. Whenever we want anything, I ride on horseback into town and bring it out in front of the saddle. Our mare is a fine animal, and will do almost anything,—plough, drag off timber, &c., and in fact has been very useful all through the winter, as the road into Geelong was in a most awful state in the wet season, almost impassable for a dray; and the only way that we could get fresh meat was by sending our horse into town with one of my brothers, and it would bring out a hundredweight and a half across the saddle; and now that our team is away it is especially useful. Nancy is, I am happy to say, very well, getting quite fat and stout, with such an appetite; and our dear child is very well and very troublesome. We wish, for your sake and Amelia's, that you could come out, as I have no doubt but that this climate would do wonders. We are very pleased; everything looks so beautiful now,—the grass is so splendidly green, and the wild-flowers here are lovely, and in millions; in England some of them would fetch any price; and, with our prospects of getting on, I can only say that they exceed my fondest expectations—as even this year, after deducting the amount which we shall require for next year's expenses, we shall clear by the crop alone (independently of the diggings and carting) more than I could make (extra work included) in England in one year, and leave nothing to put by; besides which we have a nice cottage, fifty acres of cleared land and as many more uncleared, so that every year we can either add to our farm or invest the money elsewhere.

We could not have arrived here at a better time, for we have made a home before the diggings were found, and we can now look out and watch for opportunities of investing our spare cash elsewhere. Should my party make anything extraordinary between this and harvest, I shall go with them after then, when one of my sisters will stop with my darling, and we shall get a man and his wife to be on the farm whilst we are away, so as not to neglect the farm for the sake of the diggings.

The price of wheat here being likely to be very high for some time, as the New Zealand settlements will require to be supplied for some years, and many of the labourers have left Van Diemen's Land for Port Philip and Sydney, and will continue to do so as long as the gold fever lasts; besides which I have no doubt but that the emigration from England and elsewhere will be very great, as gold digging in this colony is likely to become a permanent means of livelihood to many thousands; and they must all be fed: they cannot eat gold. They are finding out fresh places every day, and there seems to be no doubt but that the gold-fields extend all through the high ranges both in Port Philip and New South Wales, and are only terminated by the sea, about from 12 to 60 miles from our farm. Indeed, gold has been found only 14 miles from us, out in the Wurnnbeet and Iron Bark Forests; and I intend to go out there prospecting in a week or two, as I can get away early in the morning, and back again from there in the evening.

A week or two back, there was some doubt as to whether there would be hands sufficient for reaping, &c., as some of the farmers have a great deal of wheat in, but now they consider it safe. Taken altogether, there is not so much land in cultivation this year as two years back, a good deal of it being run out; but farms will increase very much, I expect, next year, as many of those who have got a quantity of gold are buying land at the Government Land Sales, and some has fetched a very high price. Land four and five miles farther from town than us sold from £2 to £4 per acre. I went to town to buy some, expecting it would go cheaper. But, however, as it was the first Government Sale at Geelong, there was a good deal of competition. Perhaps next sale I shall have better luck.

The government are selling the land in smaller lots. Formerly it was 640 acres, but now from 78 to 320 acres. I want to get from 200 to 320 acres at £1 per acre—that being the upset price—and then I shall be pretty well satisfied, as, after it is grubbed and fenced, the land is worth from £5 to £6 per acre, and even more than that in some places. So you may judge how property increases in value in a new country.

However, I must now conclude this rambling epistle; and trusting that you may some day join us here with your dear wife's health improved, believe me to be, yours, &c., J. H. R———.

ANGER.—The anger that is violent and transitory is like the rage of a lion—that which is snappish and irritable, and is prolonged through a variety of unmanly and hasty ebullitions, resembles the action of the sneaking, cowardly cur-dog, which growls, barks, and wishes to bite you, but is afraid to approach and assail you in right earnest.

THE LITTLE FLOWER:

A DUTCH LEGEND.

A LITTLE child was dead, and its guardian angel bore its soul to heaven. Already they had passed over the opulent city, the fields covered with the ripe corn, the woods, where the axe of the woodsman was sounding. As they glided along, these things seemed unnoticed by the angel; but presently arriving at a poor village he stayed his flight, and his eyes looked down upon the scene. He saw a ruined cottage, everything about it had the appearance of desolation, rank weeds had sprung up in the once pretty garden, and the place seemed a wilderness. The angel looked for a long time upon the deserted home, and, lo! hidden from the sunshine, he saw at last a pale little flower; and descending close by, he plucked it carefully.

The spirit of the child asked why his guardian was thus arrested by so poor a thing as a field flower, without beauty and without perfume. And the angel answered,—

"Thou seest in that cabin a ruin. The snow gathers on the roof, the rain pours through the fissures in the wall. In that cottage once dwelt a child of thine own age—a child who was afflicted—whose frail and delicate frame was ill-suited for the world's rough life. The child scarcely ever quitted his bed of straw—through the long, long, weary days, and through the long, long nights, he lay there—sometimes supported by crutches getting out into that garden, and taking two or three turns up and down, but very, very seldom—even that little exertion was too much for him to bear. He loved to watch the rays of the joyous sun pour through the window; the poor little creature rejoiced in the light, the blood seemed to circulate more freely in his little veins, and as a tender form bent over him, and kissed his forehead, he would say, 'I am better now.'

"He never saw the verdure of the fields nor the rich foliage of the forest. When the other children of the village were sporting with the wild flowers, and waking up the echoes in the wood, he lay upon his little bed; when the beautiful flowers of the summer put forth their leaves in the light, when the birds sang merrily and spread their wings, and flew upwards to the sky, when there was not a cloud in the deep blue heaven; and when the autumn came, and fading leaves grew red and golden, and lay on the thick grass—the poor child grew worse. One day his eldest sister, who loved and cared for him as a mother, brought him a little flower with its root, and planted it in a pot of earth. And God prospered the flower. It was the garden of the sick child. To him it was the deep water, the blue sky, the shady forest,—all creation.

"They placed the little flower on the window-sill, that the sick child might look upon it, and his little heart was glad as he saw its leaves bright and beautiful in the sunshine; and he looked upon it as upon the face of a friend. But when God took the little martyr to his own home, the child's family quitted the village, and the house was left desolate, the garden was deserted, and the flower was forgotten; but, by the providence of God, that little blossom was preserved, and that it is which I have now plucked from the moist earth."

"But why have you told me all this?" said the spirit of the child.

"I am myself," replied the angel, "the poor afflicted child, whose chief solace in life was that little flower. God permitted me to suffer in the world, but he has given me now the joys of paradise; but old love is strong, and I would have given the brighest star in the heaven which is now my home, for the poor little field-flower I have this day found."

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

THERE is a large-hearted writer of the present day, with whose name and works we are most of us acquainted; one who has, as much as any man of his period, dedicated his genius to the improvement of his fellow-creatures in a most pleasing manner. Well-known as the possessor of an original mind, he is best appreciated as a nicely selecting and faithful translator, a transplanter from the soil of other languages into the very mould or finest part of our own, of the fruit-and-flower-like ideas of the minds of men belonging to other ages and to other lands. I refer to Leigh Hunt, now well down the vale of years, but young, they say, at heart as ever; who has industriously written during a long lifetime, and through almost the whole of whose works there flows a fine, clear, bold, brotherly feeling, not the fraternity *à la mode* of a neighbouring nation, but fraternity, I do believe, honestly felt as it is ever earnestly and beautifully expressed. Mr. Hunt has made a rhythmical paraphrase of an oriental fable, which is a favourite of mine:—

Abou-Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase),
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a voice made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
The Angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great 'wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

And thus it is. God's love and blessing ever must, and will follow man's love to man. What are the words of the Divine Philanthropist, he who came to show us how heavenly a thing, a perfectly good heart is? "This is my commandment, that ye love one another." In contrast to this truly godlike precept, how icy appears the prevailing selfishness of the world which we feel in our bosoms, and can trace in the conduct of almost every one about us! How eagerly do we all listen to what Carlyle somewhere calls "the Gospel of Mammonism!" Personal comfort, personal health, personal aggrandisement, personal knowledge, personal salvation—these are what we strive for. Of *pseudo*, or sham philanthropists, the name is legion! There is not a nook or corner but has its philanthropist, its "public-spirited man." There is for instance, the Dreaming Philanthropist, upon whom (it may be, after an unusual enjoyment of his luxuries), the frightful ignorance and misery of the dense masses of our poor, suddenly crowd like a horrid nightmare, shaking him up into a delirious waking state, only to glare blindly out for a moment into a world he thinks too dark to look into long, to marvel at the strange shock he had so unexpectedly experienced, and to close his eyes, to fold his arms, and to compose himself once more to his selfish sleep, praying that he may not again be similarly agitated; or else, who lies in a tranquil and unbroken repose, radiant with elysian visions of what the world might be, and what the world doubtless will be!—sufficient food, sufficient clothing, sufficient employment, sufficient remuneration, to everybody!—all deficiencies in our social system remedied, all abuses terminated, all old things of this nature passed away, and a new world begun; and yet who is all the while as motionless and as useless as a dead body.

Then there is the talking Philanthropist, who exhausts his vocabulary in benevolent speech, and who will prattle "good will on earth" by the hour. He will deafen you with jeremiads over "the sad state of things,"—with censure of "public bodies"—with his schemes of "total reformation." He will even talk against mere talking; and, regarding him, we might be satisfied that if words, and above all "I might, could, would, or should," were able to arrest the busy arm of drunkenness, or could drag out of our crowded wynds and courts the grim hag Filth, who squats or creeps along muttering fever-curses; or could lighten the cares and increase the domestic comfort of the toil-worn mechanic, or could in any way strengthen the weak and raise the bowed down—earth would ere long become one round Eden, and mankind once more enjoy celestial happiness, even here!

Then there is one whom I would call (though it may sound paradoxical) the Professional or Interested Philanthropist; and of this class the number is very great. Without being more particular, I would simply remark, that in my opinion to it belongs a large body of literary men in this day; who, taking advantage of the wonderful and glorious movement and elevation in the minds of our working classes, live by expressions of feigned sympathy and unfelt appeal: nay, who take to themselves in no small degree the credit of the change. "Movement-men," I think they call themselves. Just as if a puny mortal, borne along by a resistless and sublime billow, should, lifting up and clapping his hands, exclaim, "Here we go. I said it. Let us still advance!" Oh, it is eminently

absurd! The minds of such men, to the minds of those they profess to teach, are whipt cream to the surge of the sea. The most influential are but instruments in great changes; and many of the most important changes which happen seem little indebted even to human agency. Of those *pseudo*-friends of mankind, I would only refer to two others—and these are the Philanthropists in one direction, whose benevolence, like a lantern with one side, only sends out a single and solitary beam of scrutiny and cheerfulness into the surrounding gloom, and who, strange to say, can be almost cruel to all the rest of the world to be kind to a particular section of it; and the Philanthropist who is one from his love of scheme, his ambition of being successful in a plan, and who resembles a tiger in this respect, that, if he misses his leap, he retires into his jungle. Now, in opposition to these, what is the true Philanthropist? First of all, he is rare. Unlike the dreamer he is what may be called a wakened and risen man; he has "got up and set to work." He has looked, and continues to look with daylight eyes into suffering and abuse. He sacrifices, or rather devotes, for it is no sacrifice, his thought, his means, his life, to doing good. He may pay more particular attention to one subject than another, but he is comprehensive and impartial in his good-heartedness. No wrong escapes his observation; no opportunity of being of advantage to others is lost by him, if possible. If he fails in one scheme, he tries another. He is unchilled by the want of co-operation, undaunted by opposition, not discouraged by present failure. He remembers that his cause is good, although some of his means may have proved, and others may again prove useless. He keeps his eye, as it were, on the distant light, although he may have no companion, though he may be surrounded with brakes, and often may have gone far and hopefully upon the wrong path. Above all, he acts, and without action and perseverance he is no true philanthropist. If Howard had merely been a dreamer about their sufferings, what gloom and squalor might not prisoners be enduring at this very time in their lonely dungeons, in addition to their loss of liberty! If Wilberforce had merely gossiped of the damning disgrace, instead of labouring incessantly, and in many ways for fifty long years, the slave might even now be clanking his fetters and shivering beneath the whip, an article of traffic and the subject of mockery and brutelike degradation. If the amiable Elizabeth Fry had merely sat and wept in her closet over her fallen sisters, instead of going, as she did, into their crowded and sin-festering cells, and raising a voice there, like that of Ben Adhem's vision, "made all of sweet accord," how many miserable women might still be blaspheming and mouldering into eternal ruin there! If Lord Ashley had been a mere philochemist, and notoriety-seeking man, instead of being actuated by true and increasing humanity (which grows by what it feeds on), how many poor girls might still, with belt-rutted brows and straining limbs, be dragging the heaped trucks through the narrow and dark avenues of the coal-mine! And how many poor children might still be lifting up the cry—

"Oh, we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap—
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.

Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping
The reddest flower would seem as pale as snow.

For all day long we drag our burdens tiring
Through the coal-dark underground;
Or, all day, we turn the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round."

THERE are prouder themes (says Verplank) for the eulogist than the schoolmaster. The praise of the statesman, the warrior, or the orator, furnishes more splendid topics for ambitious eloquence; but no theme can be more rich in desert, or more fruitful in public advantage.

Of satires (says Frederick the Great) I think as Epictetus did:—"If evil be said of thee, and it be true, correct thyself; if it be a lie, laugh at it." By dint of time and experience I have learnt to be a good post-horse. I go through my appointed stage, and care not for the curs who bark at me along the road.

THE WONDERS OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

THE population of London exceeds that of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany by 300,000, that of the Grand Duchy of Baden by upwards of 500,000, and is nearly or about five times the amount of the population of Nassau. Ascending to kingdoms that fill more or less prominent rôles on the great stage of the political drama, we get the following results:—London is within 4 or 500,000 of half the population of Bavaria; exceeds by upwards of 100,000 half the population of Belgium, and by 400,000 half the population of Holland; is equal to the whole population of Hanover; exceeds the whole population of Westphalia by 450,000; and is considerably more than the whole population of Greece.

Some of us may learn for the first time that "if the streets of the metropolis were put together they would extend 3,000 miles in length," that "the main thoroughfares are traversed by 3,000 omnibuses and 3,500 cabs, employing 40,000 horses." Few of us, perhaps, have considered what amount of meat and drink is annually required to keep London on the move. In 1849, Murray tells us the metropolis alone consumed 1,600,000 quarters of wheat, 240,000 bullocks, 1,700,000 sheep, 28,000 calves, and 35,000 pigs. One market alone supplied 4,024,400 head of game. London, the same year, ate 3,000,000 salmon, which were washed down by 43,200,000 gallons of porter and ale, 2,000,000 gallons of spirits, and 65,000 pipes of wine. 13,000 cows are yearly required for London milk, and reckoning two gallons a-day from every cow, we have here, "say" 72,000 gallons of "London peculiar" consumed, if not enjoyed, by the London inhabitants. 360,000 gas-lights fringe the streets. London's arterial or water system "supplies the enormous quantity of 44,383,328 gallons per day;" a thousand sail are employed in bringing annually to London 3,000,000 tons of coal, and to clothe and wait upon London's people we have no fewer than 23,517 tailors, 28,579 bootmakers, 40,000 milliners and dressmakers, and 168,701 domestic servants.

There are 3,000 omnibuses in London and the suburbs, which carry not less than 300,000,000 passengers yearly, a number equal to one-third of the population of the world—employing 11,000 men, and working a capital of £1,000,000, with an annual expenditure of £1,700,000, and paying to the revenue a duty of £400,000, or as much as all the stage-coaches in the empire contributed before the establishment of railways.

These dry figures suggest a lively idea of the perfection to which we have brought the art of packing, illustrating to the last extremity the economical problem of the greatest possible number in the smallest possible space. Assuming the area of London to be nineteen square miles, it yields us a population on each mile of 130,000 human creatures, performing within that stinted compass all the operations of life and death, mixed up in a fearful *melée* of passions and interests, luxury and starvation, debauchery and criminality, hard work and idleness; besides an infinity of occupations—useful, ornamental, and mischievous, making love, begging alms, picking pockets, juggling, grinding organs, rolling in carriages, exhibiting "happy families" in the streets, and returning at night to unspeakable misery at home.

STATISTICS OF LONDON PAWNBROKING.

THE number of duly Licensed Pawnbrokers in London, and the suburban parishes, is about four hundred, but this does not include Loan Societies, or Money Lenders, whose transactions are in sums over £10. The number of persons entering, and transacting business at the various Licensed Pawnbrokers in London, daily, is one hundred and sixty thousand, or about forty-eight millions annually. The amount of Capital invested in the various Pawnbroking Establishments of London is about one million four hundred thousand pounds. The amount of Money Loaned by them, in various sums but principally in sums of less than £1, amounts to upwards of five millions of pounds annually. The amount of Interest paid to the various Pawnbrokers in London is upwards of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds annually, and that chiefly by the working classes. The amount of property left unredeemed, with the various Pawnbrokers of London is upwards of two hundred thousand pounds annually.

The amount of stolen property pledged with Pawnbrokers is very low, being as one to nine thousand compared with their other transactions.

When we consider that these figures do not include Loan Societies which are but pawnbroking establishments of a higher class, or the numerous public houses and "Dolly Shops" where a regular system of pawnbroking is carried on, we must conclude this to be a subject well worthy the attention of the statesman and the philanthropist.

PRETEUR.

ANOTHER REMINISCENCE OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

CHINA, PORCELAIN, EARTHENWARE, &c.

In Classes I., XXV., XXVI., and XXVIII. of the Official Catalogue, we have first the raw materials of which pottery and porcelain are composed, and secondly the finished articles in various forms. We purpose, without entering at large into the history of the manufacture, to speak of the British contributions in china, earthenware, &c. The taste for elegant designs in statuary porcelain, parian, &c. has greatly increased of late; the consequence, doubtless, of the untiring efforts made by our great manufacturers, assisted by the master-mind of the artist. The difficulties to be overcome consequent on the shrinking of the clay in the process of burning, the comparative novelty of the art and the want of the necessary experience in the artists, have combined to render statuary porcelains rather expensive; but there is little doubt that, as these difficulties are gradually conquered, exquisite designs in art-manufacture may be brought within the reach of the artisan and the cottager.

The ceramic art in England owes its celebrity mainly to the exertions and enterprise of Josiah Wedgwood. Before his time the pottery made in this country was of a rather poor and meagre description; but the improvements he introduced both in material and design, speedily attracted public attention, and a market was found for English earthenware in every country in the world. In 1763 he procured a patent for a superior kind of table porcelain called Queen's ware; and besides this he introduced into his works at Etruria—the village built by him in Staffordshire, and not inappropriately named,—various kinds of porcelain, hitherto but little known in England, such as biscuit ware and a terra-cotta resembling porphyry. This public-spirited man was the projector of the Grand Trunk Canal, which unites the Trent and the Mersey, and the inventor of an instrument for measuring degrees of heat called the Pyrometer. From a mean beginning he rose to great wealth and consideration; and when he died, in 1795, was a member of several royal and learned societies.

For the ordinary purposes of domestic life the pottery of Staffordshire—the great hive of this manufacture for more than two centuries—is all sufficient; but the great success achieved in the royal establishments of Sèvres and Dresden has at length induced our manufacturers to turn their attention to the production of the fine and more expensive kinds of porcelain. And with what success, a glance at the engraving introduced will be the best answer.

Sixty exhibitors represented the progress of the ceramic art in the Great Exhibition of 1851; of whom, on the part of Great Britain, one—Messrs. H. Minton and Co., of Stoke-upon-Trent—obtained a council medal; twelve were rewarded with the prize medal; and thirteen received honourable mention in the report of the commissioners. The only other council medal was awarded to the French porcelain manufactory at Sèvres; and of the remaining prize medals, France obtained five; Austria, two; the States of the German Zollverein, four; and Russia, Portugal, Denmark, Bavaria, and India, each one. The "honourable mentions" twenty-seven in number, were thus apportioned. United Kingdom, thirteen; France and Algiers, six; the Zollverein, four; Austria, two; Turkey and Switzerland, each one. By this it will be seen that our manufacturers have no reason to complain of want of consideration at the hands of the jury, they having individually received the same kind of compliment bestowed on the royal manufactories of Dresden, Copenhagen, Meissen, St. Petersburg, and Prussia.

Of the British Exhibitors the highest places must be assigned to Messrs. Minton and Copeland, the first for the application of new means and resources in the art, and the last for the general excellence of their display. But while we select the productions of the first of these firms for illustration, we must by no means forget that Messrs. T. and R. Boote, Mr. J. Bourne, Messrs. T. Wedgwood and Sons, the successors of the famous Josiah—Messrs. John Ridgway and Co., Mr. S. Alcock, Mr. T. Dimmock, and Messrs. J. Rose and Co., have, each in their own way, produced excellent specimens of porcelain and earthenware, china and chemical pottery. If, in the higher branches of the art, our manufacturers must at present yield to the claims of their continental neighbours, it must not be forgotten that their experience in the production of ordinary domestic utensils is the best possible apprenticeship they could undergo, to enable them to compete with the artists of Sèvres and Dresden. Where strength and utility are the main requisites, the wares of Staffordshire may challenge the world; but if to these be superadded beauty of design, elegance of colour, chaste ornamentation and truthfulness of detail, we fear the palm of victory will be bestowed elsewhere. Educate the workman, make the artisan an artist, and the public will speedily second your endeavours and applaud your exertions; but neglect the advantages which the display of 1851 opened up to you, and the pre-eminence of foreign art will be established, and the seal for ever set on national improvement.

But to return to our illustration. The contributions of Messrs. Minton consisted of the raw materials employed in the manufacture and ornamentation of porcelain,—clay from the decomposed rocks of Cornwall, calcined bone, oxides, &c.,—many specimens of colours after having been tested in the furnace; earthenware in the different stages of its manufacture; chemical utensils in hard porcelain; terra-cotta tiles in imitation of majolica ware; vases, flower-pots, &c. in terra-cotta; encaustic tiles; ornamental vases, &c., in fine porcelain, with statuettes and bas-reliefs in parian, after designs by Cellini Thorwaldsen, John Bell, Westmacott, Daneker, and others.

The clay of Cornwall, which is used in the production of the finest porcelain, consists wholly of decomposed felspar of granite, large masses of which abound in the neighbourhood of the Land's End. It is technically known in the potteries as "china clay," and is prepared on the spot. It was discovered, in 1765, by Mr. Cookworthy, of Plymouth, to contain the elements, silica and alumina, of the true kaolin and "petunsee" of the Chinese. It is occasionally found in a partially decomposed state; when it is broken up in small lumps and laid in a stream of running water. By these means the light argillaceous parts are washed off and kept in suspension; and the quartz and mica being separated, are allowed to subside. The pure clay being thus carried along with the stream, is eventually recovered by a very primitive process. Every here and there the water is arrested in a kind of catchpool; and, being allowed to subside, the clay is afterwards dug out in square masses. These are placed on a series of shelves called "linnees," which are so arranged as to allow of the passage of a free current of air to properly dry the clay. Thus prepared, the Cornish clay is of a pure white; and, being afterwards crushed, forms the impalpable powder so useful to the potter.

In the production the different kinds of porcelain and earthenware various combinations of similar materials are used by all manufacturers in all countries; the clay furnishes the plasticity necessary to the formation of a graceful outline, the bone assists in producing that semi-transparency, so much admired, and the flint imparts to the object the necessary vitreous or strengthening quality. All manufacturers, however, have their secrets; and from the potter, so often alluded to in the Scriptures, down to the latest artist in parian, each has probably had his own peculiar method of producing the necessary hardness, strength, and colour. Into the secrets of the "mixing room," however, we have no desire to intrude.

The group of porcelain, known now as the "Queen's dessert service," from the fact of its having been purchased by Her Majesty,—a fact of no slight importance, when the known good taste of our gracious sovereign is considered,—is, perhaps, one of the most splendid ever produced by an English manufacturer. Its peculiarities consist in the free introduction of parian figures, the immense variety and beauty of its colours,—turquoise and gold, rose tint and or-molu,—and the exquisite taste with which the whole is made to harmonise. In fact the service is "royal" in every respect.

No fewer than eighteen pairs of vases, many of which are after the old Sèvres pattern, and decorated with new and elegant designs, appear in Messrs. Minton's collection. Of course they are resplendent with gold and colours, wreaths of flowers, and fairy landscapes, such as never existed beyond a poet's imagination; birds of paradise with even more than nature's bright adornings; and groups of fruit more blooming and more rich than could by any possibility have ever grown on trees. Besides these, there are vases and flower-pots in terra-

GROUP OF OBJECTS, BY MESSRS. MINTON AND CO., IN THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

cotta from designs by Baron Marochetti and Thorwaldsen; wine coolers of porous ware, ornamented with festoons of vine-leaves and grapes, ewers, garden-seats, tiles, and tea-urns in every variety of colour and form. The group our artist has chosen for illustration consists of a large figure of Galatea with Cupid and the Dolphin, designed for a conservatory fountain; pillars of enamelled bricks, introduced to show how the exterior of houses may be decorated and rendered waterproof without the aid of paint or other ornament; perforated flower-stands with porcelain plants; nautilus and stand, in the majolicas or old Italian style, in which the glaze is imitated with great success; and an encaustic tile showing the kind of ornament which is proposed as a substitute for paper in the decoration of interiors.

Statuettes in parian, after the most successful models; busts of Michael Angelo and Raphael, by John Bell; candlesticks with figures in the style of Louis XV.; chimneypieces, brackets, jugs, butter-coolers, tazzas, Pompeian cups, inkstands, cardtrays, and a set of chessmen from designs by John Bell, complete the magnificent show made by Messrs. Minton and Co. in the Great Exhibition of the Nations.

Stoke-upon-Trent is prolific of art and industry; for here are situated the porcelain works of Mr. Alderman Copeland, of whose contributions to the World's Fair most of our readers will remember specimens. To the competitive industry of this gentleman we are indebted, not only for many charming figures in parian, carrara, &c., but in no small degree for the improvement of the public taste—for it is admitted that he was the first to carry forward the views of those artists who considered the introduction of beautiful forms at an available price as likely to become popular. Nor is this all. The taste for graceful forms being found on the increase, Mr. Copeland was not slow in supplying the demand created. And thus employment was found for numerous artists, and many a dwelling was made to look gay, and almost classical, which else had wanted decoration.

Form is the grand essential in porcelain works; and that no amount of colour or ornamentation can supply its deficiency, a glance at some of the "old china" on our sideboards—prized as heirlooms it may be, or brought from far over sea by an adventurous cousin, the captain—will sufficiently prove. And so, the demands of good taste arresting the attention of manufacturers, the public were speedily supplied with copies of famous sculptures in parian; and vases in which the exquisite outlines of Etruria, Pompeii, Greece, and Rome were rendered familiar to the public eye.

In the production of these the works of Mr. Copeland have been prolific indeed; and thus we have the "Ino and Bacchus" of Foley, from the original in the possession of the Earl of Ellesmere; the "Narcissus" of Gibson, as executed for the Art Union of London; the "Dancing Girl Reposing," and "Sabrina," after the originals by W. C. Marshall, R. A.; "Sappho," by W. Theed, from the original; "Lady Godiva," by M'Bride, from the poem by Tennyson, executed for the Art Union of Liverpool; the "Indian Girl" and the "Nubian Girl," an exquisite pair, by Cumberworth: and a group of seven figures called "the Vintage."

Besides these, Mr. Copeland exhibited portrait statuettes of the royal children, under the names of the "Four Seasons," after the originals executed for the queen by Mrs. Thorneycroft; Sir Robert Peel, by Westmacott; Lord George Bentinck, by Count D'Orsay; Shakspeare, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Walter Scott, the Duke of Sutherland, and Jenny Lind.

But the stall of Mr. Copeland, though plentifully supplied with, was by no means confined to, statuettes; for, besides various specimens of fine porcelain in the shapes of dinner, tea, and dessert services, redolent of gold and emblazoned with bright colours, there were vases, tazzas, and jugs of all forms, and in all varieties of earthenware, from the red earthen water-jug of Pompeii to the Warwick vase, 24 inches in height and 28 in width, in royal blue and chased and burnished gold. Several slabs for tables, fireplaces, panels, &c., ornamented in enamel and colours, also testified to the great taste and skill employed in the Staffordshire potteries.

Looking at the productions of our manufacturers in the ceramic art, and remembering that all they exhibit is the result, not of royal patronage, as in the porcelain establishments on the continent, but of private, unassisted enterprise, we can sincerely congratulate them on the evident signs of advancing taste. To be sure, much might be said, were we inclined to be captious, against the evident imitation of ancient forms—for, design and alter as we will, we must come back to the old Greek shapes at last—much might be said of the too frequent recurrence of stereotyped ideas and a tendency to redundancy of ornamentation; but leaving all this unsaid, and endeavouring to realise the great lesson so lately open for our perusal, we may, while we still go on the path of improvement, again express our satisfaction at the beauty and excellence of the porcelain shown in the Crystal Palace.

PRINCE SCHWARZENBERG.

The kind of death by which it has pleased Providence to summon from this world the Prime Minister of Austria, in what may be considered, for a statesman, the flower of his age (he was but fifty-two or three, does not surprise us, however awful and sad the visitation. Prince Schwarzenberg appears to have been from the beginning to the end of his administration in one prolonged and towering passion. Rendered furious by the events of 1848, he seems never to have been able to reconcile himself even to what was inevitable, or to what might have been left, or made, beneficial in them. To him that popular outburst was a profanation, an insult to God and to man. To destroy it and its instruments by the sword, to pass the searing-iron of red-hot vengeance over its events, and all that appertained to or recalled them—this was the pervading sentiment of Schwarzenberg's breast. His policy was in fact a passion. There was neither reasoning nor calculation in it. It bore him up and on, even to a reckless sacrifice of the honour of his sovereign and the good faith of his country, in the hope and with the determination of crushing Hungary into the dust, its liberties, and its constitution. When treachery notwithstanding was found to have failed, Prince Schwarzenberg did not shrink from what to statesmen of his school must have been a greater sacrifice. He did not hesitate to place Austria and its Prince at the feet of Russia, and thus become beholden for their very existence to a foreigner, a rival, and a foe, rather than he would conciliate or make a compromise with those whom he abhorred as rebels. He hated insurrection, in short, as the pope detests heresy. There was fanaticism in his execration of it. He succeeded for the time in overbearing Hungary by the weight of Russian Artillery; and when faith in Russian generosity and honour induced the Hungarian generals to surrender after the treachery of Gorgey. Schwarzenberg's fanatic hate was not to be satisfied with less than their blood. The same spirit led him to insist on the execution of Louis Batthyani; and when the semi-suicide of that noble victim had superseded the office of executioner, the greed of Austrian vengeance felt as mortified as at the loss of a battle, nor could anything satisfy it short of the cruel ceremony of execution performed on an almost inanimate corpse.

Yet the statesman who gave such orders had lived in the polite circles of Western capitals, and had mingled in the highest society of London, of the dissipation of which it would seem that a man may drink without imbibing any sense of either honour or humanity. We have read of savages kidnapped as it were into educated habits, and for a time accustomed and reconciled to the circles of civilised life, who accidentally brought back once more within sight of their native woods, have rushed to them, throwing off their garments, and reseizing the tomahawk with the habits and attributes of the barbarian. So seemed it to have been with Schwarzenberg. All dandy as he was with us, he no sooner found himself in the old clime of despotism and serfdom, than he resumed the cruel barbarism, the malignant passions, and that contempt for human liberty and progress which unfortunately prevails where the Slavic race begins.

Schwarzenberg had a rival in the councils of Austria, a most able and liberal man, Count Stadion, who strenuously maintained that to terminate the revolution by a restoration of the old system, or by a negation of all constitutional rights, would inevitably entail the future destruction of Austria. Unfortunately, Count Stadion's brain gave way under the excitement and anxieties of the epoch; and Schwarzenberg was

left uncontrolled to accomplish not merely a restoration of the old system of despotism, but the establishment of a despotism ten times more concentrated, more absolute, and more intolerant.

The provincial rights and liberties which formerly existed he has completely abrogated. The constitutional and parliamentary privileges, together with the fiscal exemptions of Hungary, he has mowed down with the scythe. Yet this all-powerful minister has been unable hitherto to put anything in the place of that which he has destroyed. An imperial magistracy he has not been able to establish, and the destruction of the fiscal independence of Hungary has not the better enabled him to get a revenue from the Hungarians. The Austrian exchequer is far more empty at this moment than when Austria had far less power over the pockets and revenues of its subject provinces.

Prince Schwarzenberg knew but two sources of authority, the army and the church. The latter it had long been the policy of Austrian princes to keep in due subordination. But Prince Scharwzenberg no sooner obtained full sway, than he reversed the hereditary principles of the House of Austria in this respect, giving up the educational institutions to the Jesuits, and placing the censorship and the academies completely in the hands of the Church. Charles the Tenth of France laid down as a maxim of state that no one should have place, or keep it, in his reign, who did not go to confession. That the same would at last have been the rule throughout Austria, had Schwarzenberg survived, there is little doubt.

The policy of the Austrian statesman, then, cannot be denied the merit of extreme simplicity. It was in all things coercive—in matters of conscience, in matters of provincial right, in matters of administration; and this coercion, being the sole argument he deigned to employ at home, constituted also the entire gist and spirit of his diplomacy. His mode of conduct with regard to Prussia was precisely the same as that with regard to Hungary. In the same spirit he pointed out the one, or the other, to the Czar, as guilty of liberalism. For Schwarzenberg and Nicholas had agreed most fully in this—that they could recognise no difference between constitutionalism and democracy. The one was to both of them as heinous as the other; the former more so indeed, as but a disguised and hypocritical democracy. Nor was Nicholas less ready to back Austria with his legions against the Prussians than against the Hungarians. The Prussians, however, unlike the Hungarians, thought discretion the better part of valour; and it must be confessed, though an open rupture was avoided, that Schwarzenberg certainly compelled the old enemy of the House of Austria to "eat dirt." Of course the Austrian monarch and minister would have preferred a campaign and a conquest; but Manteuffel's suppleness balked them of that gratification; and the manner in which the Prussian has more lately out-manœuvred them in the matter of the Conferences on trade, we have made the subject of a separate article.

Schwarzenberg's greatness (littleness some would call it) was that of a foe. He was a good hater. He was a powerful instrument to crush. But he knew not how to consolidate, to establish, or to strengthen. He destroyed every institution that the revolution had spared; and he neither knew how, nor cared to make the attempt, to establish others. If he could have hanged Kossuth, himself turned Lord Palmerston out of office, and put his feet on the neck of the King of Prussia, Schwarzenberg would have died more contented than he has done. He appeared to have none save personal aims, and those rather of vengeance than of ambition.

As a statesman Schwarzenberg, we believe, had no party and no friends. He disliked the old aristocracy and the old functionaries, not less than the new placemen whom the revolution turned up. But he played one against the other, and tried to keep in the Bachs and the Brucks against the influence of the court. It was thought that the old aristocratic party, favoured by the court, would, as soon as it was able to rally under Metternich's direction, have undermined and succeeded Schwarzenberg. There was neither time nor need, however, for the maturing of such a plot, apoplexy having carried off the Prime Minister in the apparently full enjoyment of imperial favour and military power.

[Prince Felix Lewis John Frederic Schwarzenberg died of apoplexy, at Vienna, on Monday, the 2nd of April, in the 52nd year of his age. He was born on the 2nd of October, 1800, and was a nephew of the celebrated Prince Schwarzenberg, who, in 1813 and 1814, commanded the allied armies against Napoleon. The immense estates of the family were inherited by his elder brother John. Felix devoted himself chiefly to diplomacy. In 1825 he was Secretary to the Austrian Legation at St. Petersburg, and in that capacity sheltered Prince Troubetskoi, who was concerned in the famous conspiracy which attended the accession of the present Czar to the throne. The ambassador was absent at the time, and Schwarzenberg, as acting head of the embassy, resisted all demands of the Russian authorities for the surrender of the fugitive. Finally, the house was surrounded, and Troubetskoi gave himself up; but his friend and protector was obliged to leave Russia in consequence. Subsequently he went to London, where he distinguished himself in a not very honourable manner. He was afterwards ambassador at Naples, where he became notorious for his unscrupulous gallantry. This embassy he resigned on March 28, 1848, as we believe, to serve under Marshal Radetzky in Northern Italy. Finally, on November 21, of the same year, after Windischgratz had extinguished every trace of liberty at Vienna, and was on the point of marching to renew the process in Hungary, Schwarzenberg was made the Prime Minister of the Empire, which post he filled until his decease.

The recent death of this prince, whose name and doings are doubtless familiar to our readers, will render this admirable sketch of his character acceptable. It is taken from our contemporary the *Examiner*, a newspaper which however liberal in its political views, and however excellent in its style, is one not likely to have a large circulation among working men.]

GOOD TEMPER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguish'd birth,
Or thousands gain'd a year.
It lends the day a new delight;
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content;
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from heaven sent
For mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn;
It lulls you to repose;
A flower for peer and peasant born,
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away,
To snatch the brow from care;
Turns tears to smiles, makes dulness gay—
Spreads gladness everywhere;
And yet 'tis cheap as summer-dew,
That gems the lily's breast,
A talisman for love, as true
As ever man possess'd.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud
When threat'ning storm begins—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins—
As springs an arch across the tide,
Where waves conflicting foam,
So comes this seraph to our side,
This angel of our home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This charm this bright divinity?
Good temper—nothing more!
Good temper;—'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

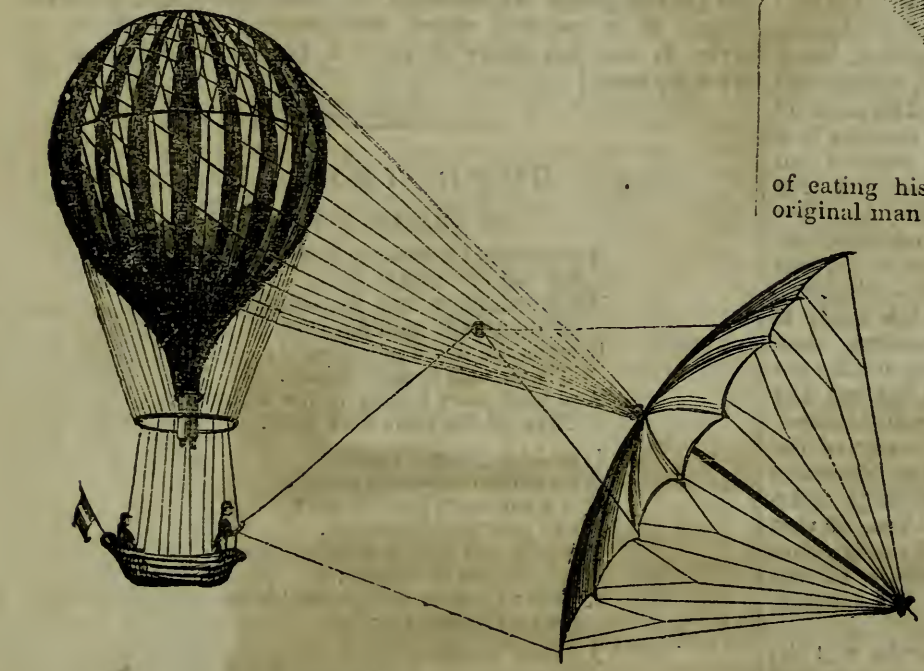
BALLOONS AND BALLOONING.

It is curious and interesting to witness the inflation and ascent of a balloon. To see the silken bag gradually expanding, to notice how it jerks, and struggles with the ropes that hold it down, as if it were a thing of life and anxious to be free; to see the aërial voyagers seated within the car, the signal given, and the huge machine emancipated from its bondage, rising higher, higher, higher in the deep clear sky, until borne onward by the wind it is lost at last to view. Still more curious and interesting it is to be within that car, the observed of all observers, to quit the earth, to leave the groundlings behind us, to look upon the host of upturned faces, and then upon the mystery of trees that mingle, then on the roofs and spires, and streets and lanes and courts, all blended in a wonderful confusion; to take a bird's-eye view of the country that stretches out beneath like an embossed map, fields and towns and villages scarcely distinguishable from the height we have attained; and presently to have the scene shut out by clouds that float betwixt us and the world we live in. To know that down below people are wondering where we shall descend, as we go sailing onward in the air, as if we were the modern instance of the old nursery rhyme, and had gone—

"To sweep the cobwebs out of the sky,
But meant to be back again by-and-by."

What an inventive animal is man! He is not content to live as his father lived; he will not consent to adopt the stereotyped thinkings of people who may have chanced, right or wrong, to say something or other before him; he builds on the experience of the past only so far as he is assured that the foundation is a good one; and is not willing to fall asleep beneath an opium sky that continually rains soporifics. If man had no originality, and no inventive genius, we may readily imagine his condition, occupied solely in subsisting, with a poor hut and a poor dress, though even these were the efforts of originality. Impelled by hunger to the laborious exertion of eating his dinner, after running six miles to obtain it, an original man begins to speculate upon the possibility of venturing on the back of a horse; he carries that speculation into effect, and secures a deputy labourer. The houses have been built of wood, an original man thinks stone or brick would be far better; the smoke has been allowed to escape at the door, an original man invents a chimney; a deal board has been sent for a love-letter (a billet-doux about the size of an ordinary trencher), somebody thinks parchment would be better; somebody else invents paper. Step by step man has made progress, here a little and there a little, till the very elements are subject to him. He intersects the land with a metallic network of broad and narrow gauge; he talks by electricity, and takes your portrait with the sunshine; he lights his streets with gas, travels over the good salt water without a sail or oar, and rides in the air above the clouds.

MONTGOLFIER.



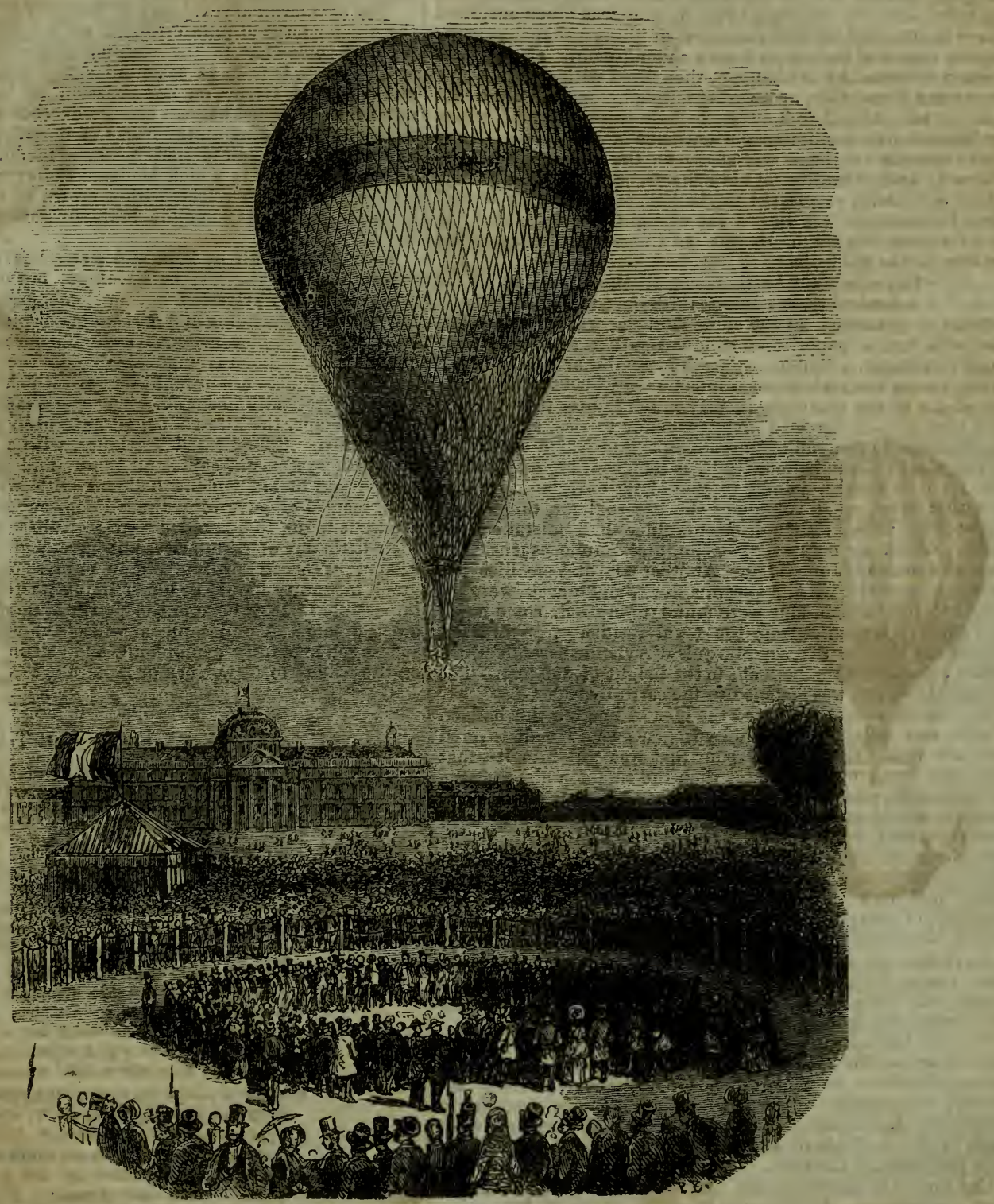
AERIAL MACHINE INVENTED BY THE BROTHERS MONTGOLFIER.

It is a strange fancy for a man to leave the earth, and go right up a thousand feet above it; but it is one which was indicated in many an old fable in times long gone. Roger Bacon, in the thirteenth century, described a machine consisting of two hollow globes of thin copper, which, if the air were exhausted within them, would float in the atmosphere like a bird. But four hundred years passed before anybody thought anything about it, except that the unfortunate friar was either a great fool, a great knave, or a great wizard; no one gave him credit for superior wisdom till Bishop Wilkins, in 1630, re-issued the idea by suggesting the possibility of constructing a chariot upon philosophical principles, capable of traversing the regions of air. The idea met with little encouragement—it was a new-fangled notion, and one might as well talk of boring a hole through the sea, or riding from Lon-

don to Liverpool in less than six hours. A Jesuit named Lana, in 1670, was the first who attempted to turn it to any account. He proposed to raise a vessel by means of metal balls, strong enough, when exhausted, to resist the pressure of the outward air, but still thin enough to render them lighter than their bulk of air. The fallacy of the plan is evident at once, as it would be impossible to combine the two qualities of thinness and strength in the degree necessary for such a purpose. It was not on this account, however, that the design was abandoned; "he felt assured that God would never allow an invention to succeed which might so readily be made use of to disturb civil government."

Father Gusman, in 1709, was less scrupulous and less doubtful, he constructed a machine in the form of a bird, with tubes and bellows to supply the wings with air. He was rewarded with a pension by the Portuguese government, but the experiment entirely failed. Undismayed by want of success, and with the true spirit of indomitable perseverance, he, nearly thirty years afterwards, produced a new and original plan. He carefully covered a wicker-basket, 7 feet in diameter, with prepared paper, and the air having been exhausted, the basket rose to the height of 200 feet.

About the same period a treatise was published by Joseph Gallien, of Avignon, suggesting the expediency of bags of prepared cloth filled with air lighter than the common atmosphere. In 1766 hydrogen gas was discovered by M. Cavendin, and in 1782 M. Cavallo made trial of this gas with some success, but the practical triumph was yet to come.



ASCENT ON THE BACK OF A HORSE, BY M. POITEVIN, FROM THE CHAMP DE MARS, PARIS.

In 1782 two brothers, named Montgolfier, paper manufacturers of Annonay, near Lyons, taking a hint from Lana, made the first balloon. It was a huge contrivance covered with paper and filled with hydrogen gas. But they soon found that the hydrogen tore the paper, and the plan was therefore abandoned. It appears that they were under the impression that

the clouds owed their buoyancy to the influence of electricity, and that electricity diminished the weight of bodies to which it was applied. They therefore determined upon lighting a fire under a balloon, not to rarefy the enclosed air, but to increase the electricity of the vapour in the interior. A curious anecdote is related of Joseph Montgolfier. During his investigations, he had frequent intercourse with the printers of Avignon for publishing his papers. The widow Guichard, of one of these printers with whom he often lodged during his stay at Avignon, having one day observed a thick smoke issuing from his room, had the curiosity to go in, and was much surprised to see Montgolfier gravely employed in filling a shapeless paper bag, by means of the smoke from a chafing-dish. The operator seemed thwarted by the balloon, then filled with smoke, rising one moment, and then awkwardly falling on one side the next; thus he was obliged to hold the balloon in the position which he thought most facilitated the entrance of the smoke, while with the other he threw wet straw on the chafing-dish. The widow Guichard smiling at his distress, said with simplicity, "Eh! why don't you fasten the balloon to the chafing-dish?" This exclamation was like a ray of light to Montgolfier; in fact, the secret lay there,—it was only necessary to fasten the chafing-dish to the balloon.

After many efforts the brothers constructed a balloon in the form of a spherical globe, thirty-three feet in diameter, and capable of containing 22,000 cubic feet. It was made of canvass with double paper, and weighed rather more than five hundred pounds. Under the opening, at the bottom, a fire of straw was lighted, which soon introduced 22,000 cubic feet of heated air, which was consequently much lighter than the air. This then had, of course, a great tendency to rise, and having no resistance to contend against, except that which was made by the weight of the balloon itself, as soon as it became so light that its own weight, joined to that of its covering, was less than that of an equal volume of the external air, the balloon majestically arose, although Montgolfier had mistaken the agency which he employed. The first public ascent took place at Annonay, June, 1783. Another trial at Versailles was equally successful, when a sheep, a duck, and a cock were attached to the balloon, and were found uninjured, some hours afterwards, a few miles from the royal residence. Still later, Pilatre des Roziers and the Marquis d'Avlande ascended in a basket attached to the balloon, to the height of 300 feet. The balloon, however, was fastened to the earth by ropes.

M. Charles at last conceived the idea of making the balloon of silk, and inflating it with hydrogen gas. He discovered that silk would retain the vapour that was put into it—that hydrogen was five times lighter than the common air, that the balloon might easily be filled, and that the security to aërial voyagers would be wonderfully increased. People had been afraid to go up in fire balloons, the risk was so imminent, for high above the earth balloons had taken fire, and the unfortunate travellers had been precipitated to the world they came from. But, now that safety was so much greater, that the necessity of carrying up lighted fuel was done away with, ascents were made in rapid succession. Some took up wings, and a rudder, others oars, but found them of no use. During three years, 1783, 4, and 5, the number of ascents made in France was truly astonishing. In one or two of the voyages the channel was crossed with great rapidity.

The first balloon experiment in England was made by Count Zambeccari, on the 25th of November, 1783, from the Artillery-ground, London. In September, 1784, Vincenti Lunardi ascended, accompanied by a cat, a dog, and a pigeon, and safely descended at Standon. Several other aërial voyages were made by this individual, and many engravings of his ascents were published at the time.

The power of directing and controlling the balloon was the great *desideratum*. An experiment was made by M. Pilatre de Rozier. He went up with two balloons attached to one another, and arranged with sails and other appliances for aërial navigation. One of the balloons was inflated with hydrogen gas, and below it was suspended a fire balloon, at such a distance as to remove every apprehension of danger from the fire. A short time elapsed before the upper balloon was seen rapidly expanding. It burst, the whole machinery was destroyed, and the unfortunate Rozier perished.

In July, 1785, Major Mooney ascended in a balloon of his own construction, which, after attaining a considerable elevation, burst, and for five hours he was immersed in the German ocean, saving himself from a watery grave by clinging to the balloon. He was rescued by the Argos, sloop of war, off the coast of Dover. Two accidents of a somewhat similar character happened to Mr. Sadler, who, ascending from Bristol in 1810, and from Dublin in 1812, came down in the sea both times. Many very serious dssasters have occurred during these aërial trips, and the fatal accident at Oldham is still fresh in the memory of newspaper readers.

The extraordinary velocity of balloons is to be ascribed to the greater force of uninterrupted air at great elevations; and perhaps somewhat to the velocity of diagonal ascent. The ordinary rate is from 25 to 35 miles, but Sadler went 74 miles an hour; and Green on one occasion no less than 98. The number of recorded balloon ascents exceeds 3,000. Of the sad foolery of ascending on the backs of horses, ponies, and other animals, nothing can be said but in condemnation. A recent example was that in which Madame Poitevin, decked in white muslin and purple velvet, with a crown of roses on her head, ascended from the Champ de Mars, in Paris, on the back of a *bullock!*

Locomotion both by land and water has made astonishing progress within the last half-century, but nothing has been achieved in air navigation beyond some greater security, and the power of ascending and descending at pleasure. Little has been done to render balloons available for any practical purposes. The balloon is ungovernable in the air. Year after year contrivances are brought forward which have been shown to be theoretically unsound. The egg-shape, the fish-shape, the fan-shape, the kite-shape, all have been proposed, and all have failed. Complicated machines, with a score of balloons attached, systems of sails, and vanes, and steam-engines fed with liquid fuel! Oblong balloons with winged cars, which cars, instead of governing the balloon, submitted, as the cars are wont to do, to be guided by it; all these schemes have had their little day of popularity, but have died out and been forgotten. We can hardly avoid an expression of regret that so much ingenuity should be unprofitably wasted, but is the thing impossible? Is it beyond the power of man's science? Is it a day dream? A philosophical will o' the wisp? Or shall we at last see ingenuity triumphant, and sail in the air as we sail on the waters to New York or Australia?

HUMBLE WORTH.

Tell me not that he's a poor man,
That his dress is coarse and bare;
Tell me not his daily pittance
Is a workman's scanty fare.
Tell me not his birth is humble;
That his parentage is low;
Is he honest in his actions?
That is all I want to know.

Is his word to be relied on?
Has his character no blame?
Then I care not if he's low-born—
Then I ask not whence his name.
Would he from an unjust action
Turn away with scornful eye?
Would he than defraud another
Sooner on the scaffold die?

Would he spend his hard-gained earnings
On a brother in distress?
Would he succour the afflicted,
And the weak one's wrongs redress?
Then he is a man deserving
Of my love and my esteem;
And I care not what his birthplace
In the eye of man may seem.

Let it be a low thatched hovel;
Let it be a clay-built cot;
Let it be a parish workhouse—
In my eye it matters not.
And if others will disown him
As inferior to their caste,
Let them do it—I befriend him
As a brother to the last.

GLIMPSES OF BOOKS.

THE HOMES AND COMFORTS OF OUR FOREFATHERS.—The list may be soon made—for it was scanty enough—of the household furniture of our forefathers in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. That large class called "cabinet goods" were wholly unknown, and the carpenter supplied the tables—then merely long boards placed on tressels, and the benches and joint-stools. The windows at this period were always made with seats in them, and it is curious to observe how this partiality continued through the era of stone houses, of lath and plaster houses, of the clumsy red-brick houses, even to the days of our grandfathers, who, though well provided with huge settees and mahogany chairs, and cross-stitch-worked stools, still considered the window-seat indispensable to the parlour and dining-room. But our earlier forefathers, if unsupplied with mahogany and rose-wood furniture, did not sit on bare benches, nor eat their meals, "back-wood fashion," on an unplaned board. The benches were always covered, mostly coloured, and the table, even in "upland" villages, displayed its ample folds of snowy napery. Indeed, the indispensability of a tablecloth seems to have been universally recognised among our forefathers. In the curious and suggestive "Rolls of the King's Court," we find napery in the possession of quite the inferior classes; in the Subsidy-roll, too, of the twenty-nine of Edward I., for the city of Colchester, we find tablecloths of the tradesmen there valued at from ten to fifteen shillings each of the present money, while in inventories and wills of a later period we meet with household linen, evidently of a superior kind, in great abundance. Now, arguing from analogy, can we believe that our forefathers were so deficient in domestic comfort, or so negligent of personal cleanliness, as some writers seem to imagine, when tablecloths, and even napkins were in ordinary use? Thus, too, however rude might be the general style of furniture, the bed was as comfortable, and as well supplied with appendages—counterpanes and "linen sheets" being found, even among the poorest householders, as the modern Arabian, or four-post. Few notions have been more ridiculous than the common one, that a *feather*-bed was a luxury almost unknown to our forefathers—a notion which not only the most cursory glance at the homeliest Saxon illumination would disprove, but the mere exercise of common sense. While abundant flocks of wild geese haunted every fen, and scores of tame geese fed on every common—when the goose was the appropriate dish for both Michaelmas and Martinmas days, and the feather of the grey goose winged the shaft of the bowman, is it possible that our forefathers contented themselves with straw beds and a log for their pillow? That feather-beds are not distinctly mentioned in records, we think may be accounted for by their not being purchasable articles. They were, doubtless, of home manufacture, like the common cloth, both woollen and linen, of this period; and we are greatly inclined to believe that all such articles were exempted from taxation. We have, therefore, no notice of them in the rolls, any more than of the benches and tables, or the cups and trenchers.—*British Quarterly.*

MEXICAN BOA SNAKES.—I stepped aside for a moment to admire a rich tuft of large purple flowers, my mule having plodded on about eight or ten yards ahead, when, as I turned from the flowers towards the path, a sensation as of a flash of lightning struck my sight, and I saw a brilliant and powerful snake winding its coils round the head and body of the poor mule. It was a large and magnificent boa, of a black and yellow colour, and it had entwined the poor beast so firmly in its folds, that ere he had time to utter more than one feeble cry, he was crushed and dead. The perspiration broke out on my forehead as I thought of my own narrow escape; and only remaining a moment to view the movements of the monster as he began to uncoil himself, I rushed through the brushwood, and did not consider myself safe until I was entirely free of the forest.—*Mason's Pictures of Mexico.*

A SKETCH OF ENGLISH SCENERY.—Would you like to know what Old England is like, and in what it most differs from America? Mostly, I think, in the visible memorials of antiquity with which it is overspread; the superior beauty of its verdure, and the more tasteful and happy state and distribution of its woods. Everything around you here is historical, and leads to romantic or interesting recollections. Grey-grown church-towers, cathedrals, ruined abbeys, castles of all sizes and descriptions, in all stages of decay, from those that are inhabited to those in whose moats ancient trees are growing, the ivy mantling over their mouldered fragments. Within sight of this house, for instance, there are the remains of the palace of Hunsden, where Queen Elizabeth passed her childhood, and Theobalds, where King James had his hunting-seat, and the "Rye-house," where Rumbald's plot was laid, and which is still occupied by a maltster—such is the permanency of habits and professions in this ancient country. Then there are two gigantic oak stumps, with a few fresh branches still, which are said to have been planted by Edward III., and massive stone bridges over lazy waters; and churches that look as old as Christianity; and beautiful groups of branchy trees; and a verdure like nothing else in the universe; and all the cottages and lanes fragrant with sweetbrier and violets, and glowing with purple lilacs and white elders; and antique villages round wide, bright greens, with old trees and ponds, and a massive pair of oaken stocks preserved from the days of Alfred. With you everything is new, and glaring, and angular, and withal rather frail, slight, and perishable; nothing soft and mellow and venerable, or that looks as it would ever become so.—*Life of Lord Jeffrey.*

ALL PROGRESS COMPARATIVE.—It is now the fashion to place the golden age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts, the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman; when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves, the very sight of which would cause a riot in a modern workhouse; when men died faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns, and when men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on the coast of Guinea. We, too, shall, in our turn, be outstripped, and in our turn be envied. It may well be, in the 20th century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with 15s. a week; that the carpenter of Greenwich may receive 10s. a day; that labouring men may be as little used to dine without meat as they now are to eat rye bread; that sanitary police and medical discoveries may have added several more years to the average length of human life; that numerous comforts and luxuries which are now unknown or confined to a few may be within the reach of every diligent and thrifty working man. And yet it may then be the mode to assert that the increase of wealth and the progress of science have benefited the few at the expense of the many, and to talk of the reign of Queen Victoria as the time when England was truly merry England, when all classes were bound together by brotherly sympathy, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and the poor did not envy the splendour of the rich.

THE FRENCH WOMEN IN THE TIME OF LOUIS XV.—They rose from bed towards evening, put on their hoops: they had sometimes good reason for wearing hoops; they daubed themselves with rouge and patches, in those days there was no space left for a blush; and put on their loose robes with flowing trains. After having wasted three or four hours in powdering their hair and laughing at their husbands, they went out to listen to some fashionable preacher, or to behold some *à la mode*. On all sides was heard, "*Ah, zevalier, que c'est joli!*" ("Ah, my lord, how charming!") The letter *z* was used at every chance; in lisping it the mouth made such a pretty smiling pout. Afterwards they would go to some sad tragedy, as *The Execution of Damiens*, for instance; and they would exclaim (Madame de Preandeau is our witness), while they were quartering the criminal, by dragging his limbs apart with horses, "*Ah! les pauvre, zevaux, que ze les plains!*" ("The poor horses, how I pity them!")—*Men and Women in France, during the last Century.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

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MISCELLANEA.

HARSH WORDS are like hailstones in summer, which, if melted, would fertilise the tender plant they batter down.

THE LAW is a dainty lady; she takes people by the hand who can afford to wear gloves, but people with brown fists must keep their distance.

SUPERIOR TASTE OF WOMEN.—Women have a much finer sense of the beautiful than men. They are, by far, the safer umpires in matters of propriety and grace. A mere school-girl will be thinking and writing about the beauty of birds and flowers, while her brother is robbing the nests and destroying the flowers.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN DOCTOR.—Since no man, says Bacon, can have a better physician than himself, nor a more sovereign antidote than a *régime*, every one ought to allow my example: that is, to study his own constitution, and to regulate his life agreeable to the rules of right reason.

FIXING OUR THOUGHTS ON THE FUTURE.—All the great and good of the earth have given us examples of their cultivation of this faculty. It is, indeed, at the foundation of greatness of mind, which consists in acting with great views, from great motives, to accomplish great purposes. No one who cannot lift himself out of the present, and realise, or rather live, in the future, is capable of such feeling or action, and often, indeed, he must fail in performing the commonest duties of life.—*Clara Harrington.*

A LITTLE WORK AND A GREAT END.—If every man and woman would work four hours a day at something useful, employment want and misery would vanish from the world, and the remaining portion of twenty-four hours might be leisure and pleasure.

COMMON ERRORS.—We are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science, and pomposity for erudition.

TROUBLE.—It is said that none have ever been so great or so high as to be above the reach of troubles. This was strikingly illustrated in the case of the great aeronaut who went up very high in a balloon, when a rocket pierced it, and all that was left of him was his memory and the bag.

A MODEL VILLAGE.—A man in Pawtucket lately made application for insurance on a building situate in a village where there was no fire-engine. In answer to the question, "What are the facilities for extinguishing fires?" he wrote—"*It rains sometimes.*"

NEGLECT OF RELIGION.—Where religion is neglected, the duties of morality are never regularly practised.—For such is the propensity of our nature to vice, so numerous are the temptations to a relaxed and immoral conduct, that stronger restraints than those of mere reason are necessary to be imposed upon man.

POWER ON PUBLIC OPINION.—A writer in the *Times* says, "There is but one power on the increase in the country, and that is the power of public opinion; there is but one profession will certainly be stronger in 1860 than in 1851, and that is the profession of a journalist."

DON'T GET IN DEBT!—Men generally, says a philosopher, look upon a debtor as in some degree their own property. Pecuniary difficulties break all ties, absolve from all courtesy, raise the creditor to the eminence of a despot, and often inspire him with the desire of exercising the arbitrary powers of one. The helpless debtor must be suspected, accused, insulted in silence. The attacks of others are unsupported by self-approbation and the natural independence of man. He is a slave, chained, to be spit upon by the angry, and laughed at by the unfeeling; and his own heart, alas! joins his enemies and pleads against him.

LITTLE TRUISMS often give the clue to long, deep, intricate, undisplayed trains of thought, which have been going on in silence and secrecy for a long time before the commonplace result in which most meditations end is expressed.

RESULT OF CHEMICAL PHYSIOLOGY.—Any substance that has to make its way from the human stomach, through the vessels which proceed to the various parts of the body, must be capable of being dissolved by the fluids of the body. An insoluble substance will pass unchanged and unabsorbed along the alimentary canal, and escape from the body in the usual manner, without producing any material sensible effect. A soluble substance, on the contrary, passes into the blood, and if nutritious, nourishes, if poisonous, more or less injuriously affects the functions of life. Thus chemists are now familiar with methods by which in their laboratories many soluble poisonous substances can be united with other bodies, so as to become insoluble, and in this new state be rendered capable of being introduced into the stomach without injurious consequences. To perform such an experiment in the stomach, is to administer an antidote of more or less certain efficacy, against a poison which has been previously swallowed. In this way, lime and magnesia are antidotes against oxalic acid, the white of egg against corrosive sublimate, hydrated per-oxide of iron against white arsenic, and so on. These severally combine with the poisonous substance when brought into contact with it in the stomach, render it insoluble, and consequently inert.

YOUNG AMERICA.—"Father," exclaimed the hopeful son and heir of a gentleman of our acquaintance, not long since, while the latter was congratulating the youth upon his smartness and scholastic studies—the youngster having attained eight years of age,—"Father, I'm an American, ain't I!"—"Yes, my boy, you are," responded the delighted parent.—"Well, father, you ain't, are you?"—"Not by birth, my son."—"Well, then," exclaimed young America, in a thoughtful manner, "when I grow up to be a man, I will be able *to lick two like you*—won't I?"—The proud parent's answer is not recorded.

RELIGION OF COUNTRIES NEAR THE NORTH POLE.—In Nova Zembla (as the Dutch who travelled there relate) the inhabitants have no regular prescribed religion, but they worship the sun as long as he is with them, and during his absence the moon and pole-star. To these they offer yearly sacrifices of deer, which they burn, except the head and feet; they sacrifice also for their dead.—The Samoiades, who live a little to the south of Nova Zembla, are great idolaters and believers of witchcraft. Each family has its own temple, priest, and sacrifice. The priest is the oldest man in the family, and his ornaments are small ribs and teeth of fish and wild beasts, which hang about him. On his head he wears a white garland. During his officiating he howls, gradually increasing in loudness and fierceness of manner, till at last he appears like a madman. He then falls down and imitates death for some time, then, suddenly starting up, he orders five deer to be sacrificed, and after a few more equally disgusting and senseless actions the ceremony is ended.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A READER OF NEWSPAPERS. — "*For the NONCE*;" the origin of the word "nonce" is uncertain; it signifies a purpose, intent, or design. It had become nearly obsolete, but recently it has been revived. It means something done for a particular occasion, or to answer a special purpose or intention.

MATTHEW (Edgbaston). — Thanks for your commendation of our humble efforts; do all you can to introduce us to your friends.

W. J. P. (Yarmouth).—You will find your questions as to the formation of the various strata of the earth answered in the Lessons on Geology in the "Popular Educator."

A SUFFERER.—In "using opium daily," you are employing a delusive and dangerous remedy. However valuable it may occasionally prove, when prescribed by skilful practitioners, its habitual use cannot be too much reprobated. It impairs the digestive organs, weakens the vigour of the whole body, and gradually destroys the mental energies. Good air, exercise, and temperance, with active engagement in some useful pursuit, will, no doubt, restore you.

AN ARTIST.—The "receipt for making artificial marble" is here given; but as we have not seen any of the casts made with it, you must try it for yourself. "A quantity of plaster of Paris is soaked in a strong solution of alum, and baked in an oven. When cold it is ground to powder, and used as wanted by being mixed with water, as plaster is mixed, and poured into moulds." Our correspondent informs us that this, when set, becomes a very hard composition, capable of taking a high polish. Coloured minerals or ochres may be mixed with it, so as to represent various coloured marbles.

J. B. (Chester).—The word "*Tenement*," in its original, proper, and legal sense, signifies anything which may be *holden*, provided it be of a permanent nature; but in its narrowest sense, it means merely a house, or home-stall.

ALEXIS.—An engraving from Murillo's celebrated painting, "The Assumption of the Virgin," is given in No. 1 of the "History of the Painters of All Nations;" but it is not likely that it will be given in the "Illustrated Exhibitor."

W. B. (Settle).—You are the fourth or fifth correspondent who has urged us to say whether "*upwards of a hundred* means *more* or *fewer* than a hundred? Such questions, put seriously by correspondents, whose letters prove them to be tolerably well acquainted with the English language, do indeed surprise us. What can the word "upwards" mean, except "beyond," "above," or "more than?"

A YOUTH.—*Pelion* and *Ossa* were the names given to two mountains in Thessaly. It is fabled that the giants, in their wars against the gods, placed Mount Ossa upon the top of Mount Pelion, in order to scale the heavens with more ease. The expression, "placing Ossa upon Pelion" is used metaphorically, when an advocate is spoken of who adds one powerful argument to another, or who multiplies proofs and demonstrations, in order to carry his point.

B. DIXON.—We have before given receipts for removing warts; but we add the following, which has been sent us by a correspondent: Break the stalk of the *ranunculus arvens*, or common crowfoot; a drop of milky juice will be found hanging to the stem; if this be allowed to drop on the wart, so that it be well saturated with the juice, in three or four dressings the wart will die, so that it may easily be picked off.

SAMUEL FORD.—The tinning of the inner surfaces of cooking utensils and other vessels of capacity informed by scouring the surface until it is perfectly bright and clean; then heating the vessel, pouring in some melted tin and rolling it about, and rubbing the tin all over the surface with a piece of cloth or a handful of tow: powdered resin is used to prevent the formation of oxide. Small articles, such as bridle-bits, chains, &c., are tinned by immersing them in fluid tin.

ERRATUM.—The motto over the article, "The Last Revolution in London," in No. 41, should be

Non fumum ex fulgore sed ex fumo dare lucem.
—"Not to elicit smoke from splendour, but splendour from smoke."

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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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THE WOLF.

As man advances the inhabitants of the forest retreat. Time was when foxes, wolves, bears, and even lions, were common to the woods and fastnesses of Great Britain; but the last wolf was killed in Scotland more than a hundred and seventy years ago (in the year 1680, in fact), and the British Lion stalks abroad only in the speeches and placards of the behind-the-age order of politicians. Nor does the fact of the retreat of the four-footed denizens of the woods stand alone; wherever the white man pitches his tent it is found that the aborigines decline. The continent of North America was once peopled by a race of red Indians, from Texas to the Esquimaux; but the white man came, civilisation followed, and the red man went back and back, till, in the present day, whole tribes have become extinct, and the probability is, that in a few years their manners and habits will only be known to the million from the descriptions of Fennimore Cooper, the novelist.* In these respects the forced migration of men and animals is precisely similar. Though the wolf and the bear are still found in the northern parts of Europe, and in both continents of America, it may be considered certain that, when the dense forests are cleared, when farms and homesteads take the place of tangled woods, and dreary moors, and unhealthy swamps, the wild animals will become gradually extinct. Years must pass, however, before this

WILD HORSE ATTACKED BY WOLVES.

* There has lately appeared, in the United States, from the pen of Mr. R. Schoolcraft, a valuable work, entitled, "Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of North America."

takes place; for if, as was the case, the English were the first to extirpate the wild beasts of the forest, we must attribute the fact as much to the circumscribed space of the island as to the energetic character of its inhabitants. We learn from old chronicles that in the tenth century, King Edgar promoted the destruction of wolves in England by various means. Amongst others, he decreed that for certain crimes a commutation or pardon should be awarded to the offender if his friends could, within a certain time, produce a number of wolves proportioned to his offences. With the same end in view, this monarch is said to have converted the tax of gold and silver payable by the people of Wales into an annual tribute of three hundred wolves' heads. For years after, the magistrates of the various forest districts were empowered to offer pecuniary rewards for the destruction of wolves, and the heads of the animals were purchased just as the farmers of our day buy mole-skins, simply to rid the land of them. It appears that, in the early part of the thirteenth century, our dear old England was very much troubled by the depredations of wolves. Possibly the barons and magistrates of the land doubled the reward in consequence; for we hear very little of them afterwards—though one was killed, they say (having escaped, perhaps, from a travelling menagerie), as lately as the year 1701, somewhere in Ireland.

The wolf belongs to the genus *Cani* (dog-kind), and the class *Mammalia* (animals which suckle their young with milk furnished by the mammæ, or teats of the females). Its general characteristics are cruelty, cowardice, and voracity. In height the wolf averages about two feet six inches, though instances have been known of its attaining upwards of three feet; and in length, from the tip of the muzzle to the junction of the tail with the body, it measures about three feet eight or ten inches. It has a straight and rather bushy tail; a greyish brown hide, which varies in colour according to the country the animal inhabits; oblique bright eyes; sharp, well-set teeth; and a gaunt, fierce, hungry appearance.

Except when greatly pressed by hunger, the wolf will not venture to attack man; but with them, as with dogs and other animals, the principle of association is strongly developed, and they will not hesitate, when in flocks, to attack horses and the larger kinds of quadrupeds. Our engraving shows how fiercely and determinedly they will select one wild horse from a herd, and hunt and worry it to death, In various parts of Russia and the forests of Northern France the wolves abound. In the dreary nights of winter they will assemble in troops; and, boldly entering a village, bear away and destroy any kind of animals they may chance to encounter. On such occasions they will not fly at the presence of a single man, but will unhesitatingly attack him; and, without assistance is immediately at hand, the fate of the peasant is sealed. It is said, that the wolf, like the tiger, having once tasted human blood, has no relish for any less exciting food; but in our day we have fewer reliable accounts of his ferocity—at least in Europe—than were current during the last century.

Many exciting anecdotes are told of the wolf—some giving him the gentleness of a spaniel-dog, and others the untameable ferocity of the hyena; but with most of these our readers are probably familiar. Cuvier gives a most interesting account of a tame wolf which was confined in the menagerie at Paris. It had been given to the naturalist when quite a cub, and had been brought up with all the gentleness possible. As it grew older, it displayed the greatest attachment for its master, and would come when it was called, and leap and play about his person with all the fondness and security of a lap-dog. When full-grown, Cuvier presented the animal to the menagerie, and did not see it again for many years. At first the poor brute was quite disconsolate, would not take any food, and became fierce and angry with his keepers; but, in course of time, he became attached to those about him, and seemed to have transferred his affections from his old master to his new ones. After a lapse of several years, however, the naturalist returned, and visited his old favourite. The wolf heard his voice amid the crowd in the gardens, and rushed frantically to the bars of its cell. Its master came and set it at liberty, and its joy was unbounded. It licked his face, put its paws upon his shoulders, rushed hither and thither in all the gladness of affection, and would not be put back again into its cell. Again the master left it, and again returned. The wolf recognised him immediately, and displayed the most frantic and touching pleasure. Once more its master left it, but the poor wolf could not bear the desertion. It could make no new friendships, and so it pined away and died.

But this is the fair—the very fairest—side of the wolf's character. The fabulists—and they had rare and exquisite sensibility, and a good knowledge of animals—tell us that the wolf is implacable, revengeful, treacherous; that, wanting the cunning of the fox, the generosity of the lion, the bravery of the dog, or the strength of the horse, it unites in its one gaunt person the savage attributes of the tiger with the cowardice of the rabbit, and the brutality of the bear.

In his "Adventures on the Columbian River," Mr. Ross Cox says that the wolf of America is a destructive and rapacious animal; whole herds of them, he tells us, assemble together in the winter time and destroy a vast number of horses and cattle, which, in the cold regions, get entangled in the snow. In this situation they become an easy prey to their light-footed pursuers, ten or fifteen of which will fasten on one animal. With their long fangs they fix on the poor horse's neck, and in a few minutes drag him down and separate his head from his body. If, however, the horses are not prevented from using their legs, they sometimes punish their enemy severely. "As an instance of this, I saw, one morning," says Mr. Cox, "the bodies of two of our horses, which had been killed the night before; and around them were lying no fewer than eight dead, or mortally wounded wolves; some with their brains scattered about, and others with their limbs and ribs broken by the hoofs of the furious animals, in their vain attempts to escape from their sanguinary assailants."

How vividly does the above short extract recall the accounts current during the last century, of the ferocity of the wolves of Europe! Thomson, in his immortal "Seasons" [*Winter*, v. 389—407] has drawn a picture, the counterpart of which has doubtless been witnessed in its principal incidents by many a wretched traveller:—

> "By wintry famine roused from all the tract
> Of horrid mountains, which the shining Alps,
> And wavy Apennine and Pyrenees,
> Branch out stupendous into distant lands,—
> Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave;
> Burning for blood; bony and gaunt and grim;
> Assembling wolves in raging troops descend!
> And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
> Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy snow,
> All as their prize. They fasten on the steed,
> Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart;
> Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
> Or shake the murdering savages away:
> Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
> And tear the screaming infant from the breast.
> The God-like face of man avails him nought:
> E'en beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
> The generous lion stands in softened gaze,
> Here bleeds a hapless, undistinguished prey."

SUMMER SHOWERS—SCORCHED LEAVES.

In the summer, after some days of fine weather, during the heat of the day, if a storm happens, accompanied with a few light showers of rain, and the sun appears immediately after with its usual splendour, it burns the foliage and the flowers on which the rain had fallen, and destroys the hopes of the orchard. The intense heat which the ardour of the sun produces at that time on the leaves and flowers, is equal to that of burning iron. Naturalists have sought for the cause of this effect, but few of them have assigned satisfactory reasons. The fact appears to be this:—In the serene days of the summer, there gathers on the foliage and the flowers, as indeed on every other part, a little dust. When the rain falls on this dust, the drops mix together and take an oval or round form, as may be frequently observed on a dusty floor on which water is scattered before sweeping. These little globes of water form convex lenses, which produce the same effect as "burning glasses." Should the rain be heavy and last long, the sun would not produce this effect, because the force and duration of the rain will have washed off the dust that caused these drops of water to assume that form, and the drops losing their globular shape, which alone gave them their caustic power, will be dispersed. The above may operate as a caution to our readers who delight in "pot plants" not to sprinkle water over them while the sun shines hotly. It is always best to water them at the root.

SPAIN AND ITS PEOPLE.—VI.

SPAIN IN THE PRESENT DAY.

To attempt to describe a people whose general characteristics vary in all specialities, according to the provinces whence they come, and where the Castilian differs in every respect from the Andalusian, and the latter from the inhabitants of Toledo or Valencia, would be difficult indeed—more difficult, in fact, than to generalise the English, Scotch, and Welsh under the name of Britons. To speak of the Spanish as proud, cold, supercilious, idle, mean, and poor, would be, in some sense, true; but to use such general terms with regard to a whole people would be as false as to take the nobler parts of their character—their punctilious sense of honour, their love of truth, their high appreciation of female beauty and virtue, their bravery and chivalrous love of adventure—and to say that they were common to the whole inhabitants of the peninsula. What we have already said in these brief articles, however, will convey to the reader a tolerably correct idea of the general peculiarities of the Spanish people. In this number, therefore, we shall endeavour, in bringing the series to a close, to describe the social condition of Spain as it exists in the present day, even at the risk of a little repetition.

As has already been stated, Spain consists of about four-fifths of the Pyrenean peninsula, and is separated from France by the Pyrenees mountains. The population at the present time cannot be estimated at much less than 12,000,000 souls; though from the want of any reliable official census, no correct data as to the number of inhabitants exists. Besides the Spaniards proper—or Castilians, as they are termed in Spain by way of eminence—there are about half a million Basques, or descendants of the ancient Iberians, Gauls, &c., about 60,000 Modejares, or descendants of the Moors, and 45,000 gipsies.* The established religion of Spain is the Roman Catholic, but at present a liberal toleration exists with regard to other sects, both religious and political. In 1840 the Catholic clergy of Spain numbered eight archbishops—of whom the archbishop of Toledo is primate—77 bishops, 2,393 canons, 1,869 prebendaries, 15,481 curates, 4,929 vicars, 17,411 benficiaries, 27,757 seculars in orders, 15,015 sacristans, and 3,927 servitors. Besides these there were nearly 2,000 monasteries, with about 40,000 monks, and a proportionate number of nunneries, with about 25,000 nuns; these latter figures, however, cannot be taken as definite, as in 1835 nearly 900 of these cloisters were abolished, and the sale of their estates, yielded the sum of 16,693,260 reals.† This sale of property was designed to alleviate the public burdens, and pay some of the debts of the state, though it is extremely doubtful whether the money so raised was really appropriated to the purposes intended. Of the mountains and rivers of Spain, as well as the general physical conformation, we have already spoken—(see pp. 194 and 195); but we may as well repeat that the country is entirely hill and valley, and that the principal rivers are the Ebro, the Guadalquiver, the Tagus, the Duero, and the Guadiana,—the three latter of which run through Portugal. Of the history of this last country we shall speak in another paper.

The climate of Spain is generally mild and pleasant, except on some of the northern coasts. The provinces of Valencia and Murchia enjoy the charms of an almost perennial spring, while in Granada and Andalusia, the sugar-cane, and other tropical productions, thrive amazingly. Noxious winds are the cold and rough gallego from the north, and the scorching and enfeebling salono from Africa on the south, but they do not usually last very long. The soil, of course, varies with the climate; in general it is very fertile; and except in some tracts of the Sierra Morena, and in parts of Granada and Asturias, it produces—especially in the Mediterranean provinces—abundance of oil, wine, and southern fruits, especially pomegranates.*

The national riches of the country consist chiefly of salt—rock-salt in Catalonia; spring-salt in Valencia; and sea-salt in Sevilla and the Bellaric isles. Then there are olives and other fruits common to southern Europe, cultivated nearly all over Spain; the finest wines coming from Malaga, Zeres, and Alcante; silks in the southern provinces; horses and mules, fine breeds of which exist in Andalusia and Asturias, though for saddle-riding the mule is the most general animal used in Spain; and sheep in abundance—for which latter animal Spain has been renowned for more than a thousand years. Besides the Merinoes, there are two other less valuable breeds of sheep, called the Churros and Metis. During the summer, the sheep feed on the elevated table-land of Leon and Castile, but in the winter they are driven to pasture on the plains of Estramadura and the adjoining provinces. Since the last great war, however, the flocks have diminished in number, and the quality of the Merino sheep is no longer pre-eminent.

We have already alluded to the riches in gold and silver which Spain possesses. From the remotest ages her mines have been famous, and have been successfully worked by the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, the Moors, and finally by the Spaniards themselves; but the discovery of the rich gold-mines of Mexico and Persia have had the effect of closing them for years, and it is only lately that the attention of the Spaniards has been directed to them. In fact, the possession of colonies has proved of no real benefit to Spain; for, instead of staying at home to cultivate their lands, and produce a trade by making the inhabitants of the New World their customers, the Spaniards have crossed the seas in search of gold and silver, and neglected everything else. The gold of South America has been the curse of Spain; and so vehement was the love of her people for the possession of the precious metals, that even to this day, it is not uncommon in some parts of the country, to see rich gold flagons and centre-pieces displayed on tables which exhibit a miserable paucity of wholesome food. In recent times, however, the mines of Spain have been re-opened, and worked so successfully, that in 1848 they yielded 250,000 doublons of silver.† But, besides these, there are in Spain—especially in Upper Andalusia, excellent mines of copper, lead, and quicksilver; and in various parts of the Basque provinces, iron, cobalt, alum, &c., have been found in great quantities. The copper-mines, through bad management, have not yet been made profitable; but the quicksilver-mines in the Castilian districts of La Mancha, still supply the European demand for that metal; and next to those of England, the lead-mines of Spain are the most celebrated in the world.

With regard to other branches of industry,—for agriculture, so flourishing in the days of the Moors, have long since declined, and wheat is now only raised in sufficient quantities to supply the inhabitants at a very dear rate—there are indeed manufactures of silk, cotton, and wool; but since the expulsion of the Moors, by which Spain lost nearly a million of her best inhabitants, and as a consequence of the continual and destructive wars of modern times, Spain has ceased to be a manufacturing country. Only the woollen manufactories of Castile, the damask and silk factories of Andalusia, the manufactories of arms in the north-western, and the paper manufactories in the western provinces, were prospering in the seventeenth century, while the cotton manufactures of Catalonia rose in the eighteenth. Nevertheless, the woollen and silk looms did not exceed 10,000 in number, throughout all Spain; and in 1768, there were in the whole country not more than 2,250,000 operatives, mechanics, husbandmen, and others depending for subsistence on handiwork.

Since the beginning of the present century, Spain has been the theatre of almost continual warfare, political convulsion, and internal dilaceration; which, being assisted, fomented, and maintained by the aid of foreign powers, have proved quite fatal to the manufactures, trade, and commerce of the people. It would appear that a British squadron in the Mediterranean, and a British ambassador at Madrid, though they may swell the pride of the Spaniards, are not altogether the means of in-

* In Mr. George Borrow's "Gipsies in Spain," "The Bible in Spain," and also in his latest work, "Lavengro," the reader will find many curious particulars with regard to these interesting people; but from the nature of these articles we are precluded from entering at any length into a description of their characteristics. We cannot too often repeat that the office of all elementary teaching—and in that light only can these "Glimpses of the People of all Nations" be considered—is to suggest a larger course of reading, rather than to fulfil any particular promise, or exhaust any special subject. The *Friend*, however, advises, but does not attempt to dictate.

† A real is equal to about 2½d. English money.

* The word Pomegranate is Spanish for Granada. The reader will recollect the saying of Ferdinand, when going to war with the Moors—"I will pick the stones from this pomegranate one by one."

† A Spanish doublon is equal to about 15s. English.

creasing their wealth, importance, or commercial prosperity. The chief articles of export are wines, fruits of Southern Europe, salt, olive oil, corks, quicksilver, and wool, of which latter article scarcely a tithe of the quantity formerly exported now leaves the country. Of 2,830 vessels that in 1844 entered the port of Cadiz, 2,060 were Spanish coasters,—poor, mean, ill-manned, inconsiderable craft, for the most part,—while of the remainder 480 were English vessels, 75 from the United States, 6 from Hamburg, 4 from Bremen, 4 from Prussia, &c.—a poor list indeed for a country which once owned half America, and which still boasts the honour of its discovery.

The nature of the articles imported will give a key at once to the poverty and idleness of the inhabitants: besides colonial products and spices, they consist principally of cloth, calicoes, silks, linen, hardware, copper, pewter, and tin utensils, glass-ware, furniture, toys and trinkets, fancy articles, timber, corn, flax, hemp, dried and salt fish, salted beef, butter, cheese, poultry, and hogs. What can we think of the industry of a people, who, living in one of the finest countries in the world,—a country whose mountains are rich in gold and silver and precious stones, whose plains and valleys are abundant exceedingly in all that is necessary to agriculture, and whose seas and rivers are filled with delicious fish,—who are obliged to seek from across the seas, not only the most common articles of food, but even the ordinary kitchen utensils in which they can be cooked?

The means of education in Spain are in the same backward state as her trade and commerce. We have most of us read in Don Quixote, of Spanish universities, but if we may believe the assertion of a member of the Cortes, or hereditary parliament, in 1850, there are not above 900 schools of every description in all Spain. At this rate 13,333 Spaniards must resort to one single school! Nominally there are still eight universities in Spain:—One at Salamanca, which, though founded in 1222, yet in 1845, was frequented by only 302 students; another at Valladolid, with only 1,300 students; a third at Valencia, with 1,600 students; a fourth at Saragossa, with 1,000 students; a fifth at Seville, with 800 students; a sixth at Granada, with 80 students; a seventh at St. Jago, with 1,030 students; and an eighth at Oveido, with 450 students. But partly owing to the wars of modern times, and partly, perhaps, in consequence of the inert, impassible spirit of the authorities, these colleges are without resources, professors, or influence. Of course where the endowed schools are thus neglected, the private seminaries and ordinary places of education would not be likely to be in a very flourishing condition. Thus we find that, in general terms, the youth of Spain are deficient of all that belongs to learning and wisdom, and that the literature of the country is that of the past—the glorious gone-by of Spain—rather than of the present.

In no country in Europe are the financial affairs in a more deplorable state. Every year brings with it a more or less considerable deficit. According to the official statements the deficit of the last year (1850), was about 175,000,000 million reals; but actually it is a much larger sum, the policy of the government being to estimate the revenue account of the kingdom at too high a standard, and to reckon the liabilities to foreign countries at too low a one. The no-price of Spanish bonds, and the repudiating policy of Spanish ministers is a well-known commercial proverb, and a sad national disgrace. The public debt of Spain is acknowledged to be not less than 20,000,000,000 reals (twenty thousand millions)! besides about 400,000,000 of recently contracted and partly unfunded debt, which pays interest or not, just according to the strength and determination of the public creditor! It was noticed above, that the sale of convents yielded large sums of money; but, strange to say, Spanish finances were not improved in consequence. Perhaps the leaders of Spanish revolution and the peddling ministers of Spanish finance could throw some light on this subject. On the occasion alluded to, Mr. Mendizabel, the then minister of finance, sold the estates of convents, a vast deal of church property, sacred vessels and utensils, and even the church bells; and, according to the official return of the month of June, 1835, the sum received from such sales amounted to about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling; and yet, in the very next official quarter the deficit, although no taxes had been remitted and no interest paid to the foreign fundholder, was not less than three-quarters of a million sterling. This subject might be advantageously pursued, and it might be asked how the minister of Queen Christina, by birth a Jew, and once a pedlar, could reconcile himself, and the government, and the people to these facts; but the question *has* often been asked in councils, and British parliaments, and in British counting-houses, and in British widows' homes, and no reply has been received!

Notwithstanding, however, this seeming great want of funds and credit, and notwithstanding the known poverty of the great mass of the Spanish people, the army in Spain is really on a grand scale. It need scarcely be said that the latter fact is a consequence of the former, and that the possession of a devoted army is the only means by which the government of Spain in the present day is carried on. Their navy, once a powerful arm of the peninsula, is scarcely worthy of mention. In 1804 it numbered not fewer than 68 ships of the line, 40 frigates, &c.; but, at present, it may be said to consist of about 2 ships of the line, 4 frigates, and about 18 smaller ships of war, all of them more or less out of repair and unfit for active service. The once famous naval stations of Ferrol, Cadiz, and Carthagena, have dwindled down to one navy station at Cadiz. But the honours bestowed by the sovereign are as rife as ever, and the knightly orders of the Golden Fleece, and Isabella, and Charles III., and Maria Louisa, are as much prized as of old, when Spain was a first-class power in Europe.

The colonies left to Spain may be thus estimated: 1, the African towns of Ceuta, Penon de Velez, Alhacemas, and Melilla, opposite the province of Granada; the Canary Isles, and two islands in the Gulf of Guinea; 2, the islands of Cuba and Porto Rica in the West Indies, which are all that remain of her once large possessions in America; 3, the Phillippine islands in the North Pacific ocean, said to be more than a thousand in number, which are only nominally subject to the Spanish government at Manilla; 4, the Ladrone or Mariane islands in Polynesia, which are eleven in number, and very productive. The Spanish colonies of 1852—which, indeed, are colonies only in name, for they produce no revenue, and very little trade to the mother country—extend over an area of about 111,000 square miles. From the year 1580 to 1640, when the immense Spanish dominions on the American continent and the Portuguese colonies were united, the foreign possessions owning the sway of the successors of Ferdinand and Isabella extended over a space of more than ten millions of square miles!

This would be a gloomy conclusion to our notice of a country proverbially rich and fertile, inhabited by a people the most ancient in Europe; but a better state of things "looms in the distance," as D'Israeli says. The apathetical indifference to commerce and industrial pursuits which has distinguished the Spaniards of the last two or three centuries, seems to be giving way, it is believed, to a more active and inquiring spirit; and the cold consent which the people accord to the measures of the government of the day appears, if we may believe report, to be about to undergo some change for the better. In the Great Exhibition of all Nations, Spain was represented almost entirely by her raw materials. It would seem, however, that the contrast, afforded in that great international bazaar, between what she *did* and what she *might do*, is already bearing fruit in an improved system and an awakening spirit among the people of the peninsula. Possessed of more than an ordinary share of the good things of this world—a beautiful climate, a rich soil, and an abundance of minerals beneath it—her manufacturers and artisans will do well to bestir themselves; and, no longer contenting themselves with things as they are, endeavour to solve the problem set before them in a thousand shapes of beauty and utility, beneath that wondrous canopy of glass in Hyde Park,—"How shall Spain be raised again to power and might among the nations?" Not by armies, and navies, and crooked policy, and state intrigue, and foreign intervention, and domestic jealousy, and private quarrel,—but by the strong arm and the determined will of her inhabitants. And if the strong arm be rightly raised, it will not grasp the sword or wield the musket; and if the determined will be fitly exercised, it must lead to other and better ends than those which shifting and slippery governments shape out for themselves.

It was our intention to have spoken of the habits and man-

ners of the Spanish people,—their national customs, dances, bull-fights, costumes, language, &c.—but the illustrations we have introduced into this series of papers speak, in a great measure, for themselves. In the next, and concluding paper, we shall have something to say of the *Art* of Spain.

HENRY CLAY.

The world has lost another hero, and liberty another champion. Henry Clay, one of the most famous and popular of American legislators, died at Washington, on the 28th of June last in the seventy-fifth year of his age, after a political career which extended over more than half a century.

To merely sketch the life of Henry Clay, it would be necessary to speak of the principal events of American history from the period when the States, now united, acknowledged themselves colonies of Great Britain, to the last great question of international policy which engaged the attention of governments. It is difficult at all times for ordinary readers to comprehend foreign politics, much less to enter into the feelings of the actual actors in the political dramas in the course of performance in various parts of the world. Nor is the United States exempt from this objection; for, with the exception of some few great leading questions—such as the slave-trade, the agitation in favour of international copyrights, ocean penny postage, the doctrine of non-intervention, peace societies, &c., we possess few political ideas in common with our transatlantic brethren. Not that Englishmen feel no sympathy for the United States of America, or that they look with coldness on the doings of her people; on the contrary, the spectacle of a great nation struggling for liberty must always possess a peculiar interest for a country which numbers among her sons such men as Hampden, Cromwell, and Milton. For these reasons—because of the fact that Henry Clay, from his first political essay to his last intelligible utterance, was a consistent advocate of liberty of conscience and freedom of political action—because, among the men of his time and nation, he stood foremost, and shrunk not from the assertion of the right of every man to a voice in the making of the laws by which he is to be governed—because, during a life of more than the usual span, he was pre-eminently a philanthropist and a lover of his country—because he stood manfully up for principles rather than parties, and considered the ultimate good of the millions of greater importance than the popularity of a day—because the achievement of that true political and moral enfranchisement for which our fathers and his fathers fought and bled, was better worth contending for than the applause of senates and the patronage of coteries—for these reasons will the name of Henry Clay, of republican, slave-holding, repudiating, but progressing, and liberty-loving America, be acknowledged by Englishmen with pride and pleasure, and be enrolled by futurity among the great ones of the earth.

Henry Clay was born of English parents at a place called the Slashes, in the county of Hanover, Eastern Virginia, U.S., on the 12th of April, 1777. He was the seventh child of a large family, some branches of which—amongst others, the baronet just returned M. P. for the Tower Hamlets—still reside in England. His ancestors were among the earliest settlers in America, and his father, who died before the future senator had attained his fourth year, was a well known and respected minister of the Gospel. His mother, being left with numerous young children, married a second time; and the name of Henry's step-father—a man in every way worthy—was Captain Henry Watkins.

Of the childhood of Henry Clay we have seen no account,—nor is it any great matter for posterity to know whether he was a sharp, clever lad, or whether his schoolmaster is said—when the pupil had made himself a name among men—to have "always considered him a very dull boy at his books:" such little matters are of no consequence, as the records of the infancy of heroes is very apocryphal indeed. It is sufficient for us to discover that his mother and father-in-law made him acquainted with real life at a very early period—for in his fourteenth year we find him "assisting" at the store of Mr. Richard Denny, at Richmond, "his education at that time having extended no further than a graduation at an ordinary school of Mr. Peter Deacon."

But that he was not an "ordinary" boy is quite evident from the fact that the Captain took him away from the store and placed him in the office of his friend, Peter Tinsley, Esq., then clerk to the Court of Chancery. Here, we are told by a writer to the *New York Herald*, he attracted the attention of Chancellor Wythe, who being in want of a private secretary, a connexion was formed which continued four years, Henry being nominally in the office of the Clerk in Chancery, but chiefly employed in the office of the Chancellor. It was in this connexion that Mr. Clay's mind received its high destination. It introduced him to a new sphere of thought and improvement. The Chancellor became much attached to him, and perceiving his uncommon capacities, gave him the use of his library, and superintended his studies for the legal profession. It has been remarked that from the hour when Chancellor Wythe took him by the hand, his fortune was decided, and he was made for life. He was for years the pupil and companion of that distinguished Virginian, who, discovering the high promise of his protégé, was not less ambitious to fit him for his destiny than he himself was to attain it. The benefits of the society and tuition of the venerable Chancellor probably transcended the advantages that could have been provided by an ample fortune.

Mr. Clay, after having left the office of Mr. Tinsley, in 1796, became a student-at-law, and in the following year was admitted to practice. His mother and father-in-law having removed, in 1792, from Virginia to Woodford County, in the State of Kentucky, Henry, in 1797, being then in his twenty-first year, practised in his profession in the town of Lexington, in the latter State. Here he met with the greatest success; and, many years afterwards, alluding to his early life, he declared that at this time "he was without patrons, without friends, and destitute of means." "I remember," he says, "how comfortable I thought I should be, if I could make £100 Virginia money per annum, and with what delight I received the first fifteen shillings fee. My hopes were more than realised; I immediately rushed into a lucrative practice." From this period, then, a fair vista opened itself out to his ambitious vision. He married, of course, and the union appears to have been a happy one. The name of the lady was Lucretia Hart, who survives him, the daughter of Colonel Thomas Hart, of Lexington. Eleven children blessed their union, two only of whom are now living,—his eldest son, Thomas Hart Clay, in whose arms he died, and a son who is yet a child.

Henry Clay first entered the field of politics as member for Lexington, and he soon became a favourite with the liberal party in the State. In 1806 he was elected to the United States senate, and in the next year was elected to the honourable post of Speaker.

In 1811 the prospects of war with Great Britain—a question in which Mr. Clay took a deep interest—induced him to decline a re-election to the United States Senate, and to stand as a candidate for the House of Representatives, preferring that field of action in Congress, at that peculiar crisis in the state of his native country. Being triumphantly chosen by the people of his congressional district, he, for the first time, took his seat in the popular branch of Congress, on the assembling of that body, November 4, 1811, and was elected Speaker of the House, on the first ballot, by a majority of 31, out of 128 members present. This was considered a remarkable honour for a new member of a House, in which, at the time there were many veteran members of the party, to which he belonged. The honour was continuously conferred on him, till 1825, when he was appointed Secretary of State, with the exception of his resignation and absence, to negotiate the treaty of Ghent, in 1814; but on his return he was again chosen speaker, at the opening of Congress, in 1815; and in 1820 he temporarily retired from the Speaker's chair, and in 1821 from Congress, until 1823, when he was returned again to the House, without opposition in the district, and re-elected Speaker, by the large majority of 139 to 42. Mr. Clay, therefore, was elected Speaker of the House six times; viz.—1811, 1813, 1815, 1817, 1819, and 1823, and occupied the chair in all about ten years.

We cannot in this brief notice follow the course of Mr. Clay's political life; neither would it be particularly instructive or interesting to tell again the history of that diplomatic struggle which ended in the treaty at Ghent, in 1814,

and by which another war with the parent country was happily avoided. Men die, but principles, if good, remain for ever. As a United States senator, as a member and speaker of the House of Representatives, as an ambassador of his country, and as a high officer in the executive department of the government—for he was secretary of state under John Quincy Adam's presidency, and was four times proposed by his party for the presidential chair of the United States—he was intimately connected with American politics for fifty years. Beginning life as a friendless boy, he rose by his own perseverance and indomitable energy to be one of the lights of civilisation. "Many of his early contemporaries," says Mr. Breckenridge, in an eloquent speech in the House of Representatives at Washington, "have passed away, and many of the measures in which our departed friend was engaged are remembered only as the occasions which called forth the great intellectual efforts that marked their discussion. Concerning others, opinions are still divided, and they go into history with the reasons on either side rendered by some of the greatest intellects of our time and nation. As a leader in a deliberative body Mr. Clay had no equal in America; in him intellect, person, eloquence, and courage, united to form a character fit to command. He fired with his own enthusiasm, and controlled by his amazing will, individuals and masses. No reverse could crush his spirit, nor defeat reduce him to despair—equally erect and dauntless in prosperity or adversity. When successful he moved to the accomplishment of his purposes with severe resolution. When defeated, he rallied his broken bands around him, and from his eagle eye shot along their ranks the contagion of his own courage. Destined for a leader, he everywhere asserted his destiny. In his long and eventful life he came in contact with men of all ranks and professions, but he never felt that he was in the presence of a man superior to himself. In the assemblies of the people—at the bar—in the Senate—everywhere within the circle of his personal presence, he assumed and maintained a position of prominence. But the supremacy of Mr. Clay as a party leader was not his only nor highest title to renown—that title is to be found in the purely patriotic spirit which on great occasions always signalised his conduct. We have had no statesman who, in times of real imminent public peril, has exhibited a more genuine and enlarged patriotism than Henry Clay. Whenever a question presented itself actually threatening the existence of the Union, Mr. Clay, rising above the passions of the hour, always exerted his powers to solve it peacefully and honourably. Although more liable than most men, from his impetuous ardent nature, to feel strongly the passions common to us all, it was his rare faculty to be able to subdue them in a great crisis, and to hold towards all sections of the confederacy the language of concord and brotherly love."

Who does not remember the three periods when the American system of government was exposed to its severe trials? And who does not know, that when history shall relate the struggles that proceeded, and the dangers which were arrested by the Missouri compromise, the tariff compromise of 1832, and the adjustment of 1850, the same pages will record the genius, the eloquence, and the patriotism of Henry Clay? Nor was it the nature of Mr. Clay to lag behind until measures of adjustment were matured, and then come forward to swell a majority. On the contrary, like a bold and real statesman, he was ever among the first to meet the peril, and hazard his fame upon the remedy. It is fresh in the memory of us all, that when the fury of sectional discord lately threatened to sever the confederacy, Mr. Clay, though withdrawn from public life, and oppressed by the burden of years, came back to the Senate—the theatre of his glory—and devoted the remnant of his strength to the sacred duty of preserving the union of the states. With characteristic courage he took the lead in proposing a scheme of settlement; but though willing to assume the responsibility of proposing a plan of settlement, he did not, with petty ambition, insist upon its adoption, to the exclusion of other modes—but taking his own as a starting-point for discussion and practical action, he nobly laboured with his compeers to change and improve it, and put it in such a form as to make it an acceptable adjustment. Throughout the arduous struggle, the love of country expelled the spirit of selfishness, and Mr. Clay proved, for the third time, that, although he was ambitious and loved glory, he had no unholy ambition to mount to power on the confusion of his country. And this conviction is lodged in the hearts of the American people.

But the time was coming when so eventful a life must draw to a close, when the silver cord must loosen, and the golden bowl be broken at the fountain. With his native land in mourning,—that land in which all Englishmen may find brothers, speaking one language, acknowledging one faith, owning the same traditions, coming from the same great Saxon forefathers, and glorying in the same love of liberty which distinguished the men of the past, and which is the sign by which we know the true patriots of the present,—this is not the time or place to speak of the shortcomings of such a man as Henry Clay. The biography of him, and the history of his time has yet to be written. We are too near to both to be able to look calmly upon either. Great events, like beautiful landscapes, must be viewed from a fitting station and at a proper distance.

On the first of July, the ceremony of removing the remains of Henry Clay from Washington, the capital of the United States, to New York, took place. All due solemnity and ceremony was observed; and senators, friends, and a whole population assembled to do fitting honour to all that was mortal of a great man. From end to end of the Union the expression of sorrow has been general, and gloom hung over many cities in the visible shape of half-mast-high flags, and tolling bells, and the boom of minute guns. On the fourth day of the present month the body of Henry Clay was committed to its parent earth.

THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

Work on! work on! if your cause be good,
The task though hard, is pleasant;
Then strike the iron while it is hot,
There's no time like the present.
The bonds are now loosed that inthrall'd the mind,
The fetters are cast asunder
That bigots once forged to enchain the soul,
Enkindling both fear and wonder.
Work on! work on! &c.

By perseverance fair knowledge win,
Bold hearts enlightened love it;
Make bright the age you're living in,
Or the next will shine above it.
Should neglect or sloth intervene
From out of your system wrench them,
And, with heart and hand together join'd,
Drive home the nails and clench them.
Work on! work on! &c.

Let heroes of the ensanguined plain,
Proclaim War's bloody mission;
The heralds of Peace shall more proudly stand,
And maintain their high position.
The heroes of Peace are nobler far
Than those thou, grim War, greatest;
Who fight for life, and preserve from death,
Shall ever be counted greatest.
Work on! work on! &c.

Bright pearls are strung on the thread of fame,
Which knowledge and learning brighten;
Strive! and the glorious work advance;
Strive! and your labour lighten.
Your watchwords be, fair learning and peace!
Then blest will be each endeavour.
Cease not to strive! fear not to speak!
For now is the time or never!
Work on! work on! &c.

C. Harbige.

Pimlico.

New Zealand Superstition.—When a New Zealander travels by night, if the ideas of his forefathers have not lost their power over his mind, he will carry in his hand a cooked potato, to prevent his being assailed by evil spirits, who are believed to be more mischievous then than by day, but have a great repugnance to come in contact with food of any sort, or any place where it is kept.—*Shortland's New Zealand.*

LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH IN ENGLAND.*

"Shortly after the queen's death, the king hired Hartwell Hall for the reception of himself and suite. The house, the property then of Sir George Lee, is situated on a gentle ascent on the road between Oxford and Aylesbury. It is hidden from passers-by on the highway, by a screen of superb trees, and it was nearly two centuries and a half old when the king took possession. The rent paid is said, by Alfred Nettement, the Bourbon biographer, to have amounted to six hundred pounds sterling, yearly. The sum, however, was one hundred less. The royal revenue amounted to six hundred thousand francs per annum (some twenty-four thousand pounds), granted by the British government; but the king had almost as many claims upon it, and it was moreover so charged with encumbrances, that, at the end of the year, the king found himself little better than steward of a property for the management of which he received little or no income. One hundred thousand francs (£4,000) were assigned to the Duke and Duchess of Angoulême; the like sum to the Archbishop of Rheims, for charitable purposes; and a similar amount was consumed in paying political emissaries. The balance, amounting to about £12,000, did not more than suffice for the expenses of a household, where the retainers, being poor, noble, and numerous, had many wants that were costly of gratification. To do the king justice, his liberality to his faithful followers was of a spirit and quality becoming a prince.

"Among the poor of the place, and among the proscribed French exiles who existed painfully near the capital, as well as among the French prisoners of war, who lay captive in our hulks and inland towns, the name of the Duchess of Angoulême was hailed with warm affection. Her charity was at once munificent and exercised with discretion. Occasionally, visits were made to the capital, not for pleasure's sake, but as pious pilgrimages to the humble little chapel in King-street, Portman-square, which was founded by the poor French exiles of the early part of the revolution.

* * * * *

"The apartments of the Duchess of Angoulême were contiguous to the muniment-room, which was occupied by the Count and Countess of Damas, the faithful attendants of the duchess. The aged mother of the countess, the Duchess de Serent, had allotted to her a small chamber, on the opposite side near that of her daughter. In this house, and in the outbuildings, one hundred and forty persons were quartered. The number, including visitors, often exceeded two hundred. 'So numerous a party required such extensive accommodations, that the halls, gallery, and larger apartments were ingeniously divided and subdivided into suites of rooms and closets, in some instances to the great disorder and confusion of the mansion. Every hothouse, and each of the ornamental buildings in the park that could be rendered capable of decent shelter, were densely occupied; and it was curious to see how the second and third class stowed themselves away in the attics of the house, converting one room into several by the adaptation of light partitions. On the ledges and in the bows of the roof they formed gardens, which were stocked with plants, shrubs, and flowers, in boxes containing mould to the depth of eighteen or twenty inches; and they moreover kept fowls and pigeons there, so that the superstructure was thus loaded with many extra tons of weight. But all was well conducted and cheerful throughout a residence of six or seven years, and in the evenings there was much mirth, music, and dancing, kept up at the cottages around.'

"Such is the description given by Captain Smyth, in his 'Ædes Hartwellianæ,' printed for private circulation. The gallant, and also learned, captain, further tells us that these internal transformations were made without any fear of the law of landlord and tenant being before the eyes of the thoughtless delinquents, and with as little regard to the feelings and interests of the goodnatured proprietor, who saw new windows knocked into his walls, old fixtures displaced, and portions of the parapet balustrade ruthlessly removed, in obedience to some idle caprice that cared nothing for the act committed to gratify it. There was more of the Goth than of the Gaul in the deed of that individual who hung up a gigantic French looking-glass before the exquisite 'Lady Elizabeth Lee,' painted by 'Sir Joshua.' There was no face reflected in the mirror, half so beautiful as the one concealed behind it. The bad taste was indisputable. On each side of the porch that led into the house of the exiles there was to be seen a *fleur-de-lis* in the old carving. The king smiled at the coincidence. A similar one, as I shall have to notice later, was connected with the stranger's tomb, which opened to receive the body of Charles X., who died in exile at Goritz. Louis XVIII. led a very retired life at Hartwell; but he won a large amount of popularity. He was as affable as he was unostentatious, and would enter into conversation even with strangers whom he casually met in his rare and brief walks. The dinner-party seldom numbered less than two dozen; and at this meal a custom of the old French court was observed about once in three weeks, on which occasion the principal families in the neighbourhood were permitted to walk round the royal table while his majesty and family 'sat at meat.'

"The library was converted into a court reception-room, the drawing-room having been surrendered to the Prince and Princess of Condé, for whom it served as both saloon and dormitory. In the library, the king's couch was raised on a dais. The rooms ordinarily inhabited by him were the study and a small room adjoining. The apartment above the library was that in which the queen died, and in which she lay in a 'state' that excited much wonder, and some admiration, among the simple Buckinghamshire squires and their ladies. The dethroned king of Sweden afterwards occupied this room. The house itself held more exiled princes than were met by Candide at the table-d'hôte in Venice."

* From the *Memoirs of Marie Thérese Charlotte, Duchess of Angoulême.* By Mrs. Romer. London: Bentley.

HOT SUMMERS.

The excessive heat which for some time past prevailed both in this country and on the continent gives some interest to the following account of remarkably hot summers. It is extracted from *Galignani's Messenger*, the English newspaper published in Paris.

"In 1132 the earth opened, and the rivers and springs disappeared, in Alsace. The Rhine was dried up. In 1152 the heat was so great that eggs were cooked in the sand. In 1160, at the battle of Bela, a great number of soldiers died from the heat. In 1276 and 1277, in France, an absolute failure of the crops of grass and oats occurred. In 1303 and 1304 the Seine, the Loire, the Rhine, the Danube were passed over dry footed. In 1393 and 1394 great numbers of animals fell dead, and the crops were scorched up. In 1440 the heat was excessive. In 1538, 1539, 1540, 1541 the rivers were almost entirely dried up. In 1556 there was a great drought all over Europe. In 1615 and 1616 the heat was overwhelming in France, Italy, and the Netherlands. It 1646 there were 58 consecutive days of excessive heat. In 1678 excessive heat. The same was the case in the first three years of the eighteenth century. In 1718 it did not rain once from the month of April to the month of October. The crops were burnt up, the rivers were dried up, and the theatres were closed by decree of the Lieut. of Police. The thermometer marked 36 degrees Reaumur (113 of Fahrenheit). In gardens which were watered fruit trees flowered twice. In 1723 and 1724 the heat was extreme. In 1746 summer very hot and very dry, which absolutely calcined the crops. During several months no rain fell. In 1748, 1754, 1760, 1767, 1778, and 1788, the heat was excessive. In 1811, the year of the celebrated comet, the summer was very warm, and the wine delicious, even at Susènes. In 1818 the theatres remained closed for nearly a month, owing to the heat. The *maximum* heat was 35 degrees (110.75 Fahrenheit). In 1830, while fighting was going on on the 27th, 28th, and 29th, of July, the thermometer marked 36 degrees centigrade (97.75 Fahrenheit). In 1832, in the insurrection of the 5th and 6th of June, the thermometer marked 35 degrees centigrade. In 1835 the Seine was almost dried up. In 1850, in the month of June, on the second appearance of the cholera, the thermometer marked 24 degrees centigrade. The highest temperature which man can support for a certain time varies from 40 to 45 degrees (104 to 113 of Fahrenheit). Frequent accidents, however, occur at a less elevated temperature."

SUMMER-TIME IN LONDON.

Our notions of summer time are all associated with the country—with green fields, blooming hedgerows, umbrageous trees, flowering gardens full of humming bees, shady lanes where the little birds regale themselves, quiet streams where the trout floats deeply down, cool retreats, great blue mountains standing out clear against bluer skies, sun-lit lakes with little boats floating idly on their surface, dashing cascades, and bright expansive waveless seas. No dust, or weariness, or noise, or trouble enter into our ideas; no buzzing flies in the shady lanes, no unbearable heat in the green fields, no toil on the mountains and no sickness on the quiet seas. With our thoughtsso attuned, the notions of London in the summer-time are dreary ones indeed. Hot pavements and long dusty roads, crowded streets and noisy vehicles, shadeless squares in which grow nothing green, a city of dust and bustle, a west end, too, hot to walk in till the sun has gone down, parks yellow and ragged, and suburbs all too uninteresting to be worth a visit.

The poets have sung of summer, every one of them, but it has been Summer in the Country; who ever heard of a poet celebrating the bright time in London, or invoking the muse to aid him in a description of Hyde Park? It is true that Byron "riots in Rotten Row," but it is in the height of the season, well-mounted and in the cool of the evening; and Byron, of course, is just the exception which proves the rule in this case. The ordinary rhyme-spinner luxuriates in lines of quite a different character, and takes delight in a summer which exists in every man's mind—being more or less true in its details, as the case may be—and in every young lady's album: as, for instance,—

"And who has never felt the joy that summer ever brings,
When every bird with mirthful glee is on its lightest wings;
When wild flowers, springing in the mead and on the upland, come,
With beauty's ambient tint, to woo the bees' soft gentle hum;
While slumbering on the deep blue sky, the downy clouds repose,
Till with a wondrous loveliness enraptured nature glows?"

"GRUNSEL FOR YOUR SINGING BIRDS!"

Just so ; summer in the country in every line : mirthful birds on lightest wings, wild flowers, humming bees, deep blue skies, downy clouds, wondrous loveliness and the repose of enraptured nature. What can be prettier? Not so much as a passing shower, to say nothing of a storm, to disturb the serenity of the ideas and the flow of the metre. Not a hint of the "severity" of summer, or a syllable about long droughts and hot dusty roads, guiltless of shade and water-carts. Certainly not, why should there be, seeing that it is the poet's habit to look on things from the fairest point of view?

THE FEMALE COSTERMONGER.

But is there no poetry in the summer-time of London? No inspiration and enthusiasm to be got out of long crowded streets and endless suburbs? We think there is. For those who, pent up in close unhealthy courts and alleys, pass their days, and sometimes half their nights, in labour, the flower on the window-sill, though it have no better receptacle than a cracked teapot, and the poor dusty bird in its time-worn cage, have a true meaning and a holy purpose. Go out any summer morning into the wide-spread suburbs—places alike unknown to the courtly loungers of St. James's and the squalid dwellers in St. Giles's—and you shall witness sights that charm, while they dim, your eyes. You shall see in that little court a widowed mother, whose chief care, amid the struggle for daily bread, is to keep her children—the only legacies left of the departed—in cleanliness and moral purity: you shall see from that darkened doorway a man come forth who bravely battles with the world for bread; you shall see how, in spite of poverty and neglect, whole families are proud of their little homes, the which they strive to render gay and garden-like by such poor appliances as cheap plants and common singing-birds: you shall see, amid the filth which corporations and parish authorities cultivate as seething hotbeds of disease, how many a little human flower is reared—here a young mother thinly clad, with her first baby in her arms; there a father, with a crowd of shouting little ones about him; again, an old crone nursing the youngest-born of another generation—uniting, as it were, young life and weary age together. How many a touching picture might be gathered from the streets and alleys where the poor reside, and how many a fair episode and true story, and how many a dark tragedy, of which painters and novelists know little, or perhaps nothing at all!

A little further and the scene changes. A few steps take the pedestrian from the poverty-stricken street to a fair open road, in which a multiplicity of business seems to be going merrily and quickly on. There is a kind of poetry in the picture that we gaze on unequalled in its way, and quite a different feeling agitates the observer, to that which he felt a little while ago. Poverty has shrunk back from the wide sunlit way into strange and unknown nooks; and all before him wears a gay and pleasant aspect. A broad road, with a stream of people passing to and fro on either pathway, and a regular succession of vehicles in the middle—there would seem to be no poetry in such a sight as this. And yet there is, for those who have eyes to see it. There is a greater fascination for many in the presence of human life than in the solitary grandeur of the woods and streams. He who can look on such a scene as this and feel no interest in it, is deficient in the faculty of observation. It is true that the dwellers in London are so accustomed to the sight of thousands in her streets, that they take no note of their well-known aspects; but the poetry of life exists there just the same as if every man were a thinker as well as an actor in them. A unit of the great multitude, it seldom strikes a man *how* great the multitude really is. And so the tens of thousands pass daily up and down amid the bustle and the throng, without a thought of the great human drama in which they are taking a part. Perhaps it is well that it is so ; for, if we reflect on these things, if we

"LAVENDER, A PENNY A BUNCH!"

speculate on the doings, thoughts, and aims of the separate items that go to make up this great whole, if we even separate one or two prominent figures from the mass, and try to shape out for ourselves a notion of their probable business and life-ends, we are lost in the multitude of ideas upon the mind. Could men but live with death before their eyes, how changed would be

their bearing! Many a word of harsh reproof, and many a scornful look, would be unsaid, unworn.

Nevertheless, few persons can walk through the streets of London—those streets so full of life and activity, so redolent of human passion, so crowded with contrasts—here a rich man's palace, there a beggar's hovel; now an earl's retinue, then a widow's starvelings; at one house a gay bridal party, next door a corpse; to-day an Italian sky, lighting up its broad highways and tinting its steeple-tops with gold, to-morrow a dense, black, wet, clinging fog, hanging over river, and palace, and gay park, and dreary suburb with most impartial wretchedness;—those streets so commonplace, and yet so romantic; so dull to untaught eyes, and yet so full of historical recollections to those who read their story rightly;—those streets so teeming with human hopes, and fears, and joys, and sorrows;—those streets in which the thousands move on in their several paths of business or pleasure, and jostle not each other by the way—in which each man's garment covers a world of thoughts and speculations unknown to his neighbour, and in which each woman's shawl environs a beating heart;—those streets like none others in the world in their number and variety, in their close-packed density and their peculiar phases,—few persons can walk through them without discovering new aspects in their familiar looks, new features in their well-known faces, every day. It is a wonderful and merry, or an ordinary and dreary city, just as you choose to look at it. Gaze upon its palaces, and examine its churches; visit its hospitals, and roam through its parks; stand contemplative on its bridge, and look upon the sun-lighted stream beneath, on which the vessels of all nations crowd up to the wharf-sides or float silently in the mid-water; look down from an eminence upon the ever-moving throng of men and vehicles, and watch the evidences of wealth, and greatness, and material power which everywhere surround you—and London is a mighty and a happy city. But look a little deeper; mix more intimately in its ceaseless current; dive into its dark depths and pierce the black, turbid stream of its inner life, and what is London then? The great, mysterious, rushing torrent of existence sweeps along, and carries the dreamer unresistingly away, he knows not whither. But the flood is made up of many little streams, the immeasurable sea is fed by a thousand rivers. And this giant city, so vast as a whole, and so gigantic in its entirety, is but a collection of littlenesses, each one of which, considered singly and without connexion with its fellows, is comprehensible, manageable, and capable of being grasped. Taken by itself, every phase of city life is as easily considered as a single house is examined or a single street traversed. It is their number and variety which puzzles, nothing else.

As it is with the physical so it is with the moral aspects of London. If we attempt to grasp the whole life-idea we are as much lost as if we try to comprehend in one picture of the mind its multiplicity of houses, and bridges, and railways, and churches, and streets, with outlying wildernesses of bricks and mortar continually increasing.

But in our erratic gossiping we have almost forgotten the title of our paper—"Summer in London." Well, gentlest of readers, we wish you no worse wish than that, failing to take your usual fortnight "out of town" this charming weather—(no matter where the town may be, for the expression is common to every congregation of houses a thought larger than a village). You may not be less profitably employed than in looking about you in the streets and by-places of London. Of course you are acquainted with the parks and the west end, the picture galleries and the exhibitions, the zoological gardens and the historical Vauxhall—all in their glory from May to September; but perhaps you have never been in Covent Garden market at four in the morning; or visited Spitalfields when the crowds of costermongers are swarming from it with loaded baskets of fruits, vegetables, and flowers,—on their heads or in barrows and trucks; or noticed the number of girls and young men who get their livings in the streets entirely by vending flowers, herbs, and so forth in the suburbs; perhaps you have not observed how musically the cries of "Bow-pots, all a-blowin, all a-blowin." "Grunsel for your singing birds," and many similar ones sound in the quiet streets where struggling people—widowed annuitants and half-pay officers with large families—live genteelly on something less than a day-labourer's income. Perhaps, in your notions of London, you forget that for days, and weeks, and months, there is a clear blue sky above you, looking all the more beautiful for the rain-clouds dappled here and there—for we have known clever people who never thought of raising their eyes to the heaven above the city streets;—or perhaps you have no eyes for the picturesque as it is exhibited at steam-boat wharves and suburban stage-coach stations, or railway termini when the cheap excursion trains are running, and where scores of good-natured faces may be seen good-naturedly beaming at each other, as their owners are pushed and hustled in the throng, with no regard to the pretty bonnets and gay parasols, and cheap clean muslin dresses and light-coloured gloves and ribbons common to such occasions; or, perhaps—but we will not attempt to enumerate the many things which you may not have seen in London in the summer-time; all we would impress upon you is not to rush away in such haste from the "modern Babylon," for there are sights to be seen "free, gratis, for nothing," which are well worth looking at, if you only look at them through the right medium, and the right medium is—That spirit which is in CHARITY WITH ALL MEN.

G. F. P.

VOYAGE IN A BALLOON.

(*From the French of* JULES VERNE.)

CHAPTER I.

My Ascension at Frankfort—The Balloon, the Gas, the apparatus, the Ballast—An Unexpected Travelling Companion—Conversation in the Air—Anecdotes—At 800 Metres*—The Portfolio of the Pale Young Man—Pictures and Caricatures—Des Rosiers and M. d'Arlandes—At 1,200 Metres—Atmospheric Phenomena—The Philosopher Charles—Systems—Blanchard—Guyton-Morveaux—M. Julien—M. Petin—At 1,700 Metres—The Storm—Great Personages in Balloons—The Valve—The Curious Animals—The Aerial Ship—Game of Balloons.

IN the month of September, 1850, I arrived at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. My passage through the principle cities of Germany, had been brilliantly marked by acrostatic ascensions; but, up to this day, no inhabitant of the Confederation had accompanied me, and the successful experiments at Paris of Messrs. Green, Godard, and Poitevin, had failed to induce the grave Germans to attempt aerial voyages.

Meanwhile, hardly had the news of my approaching ascension circulated throughout Frankfort, than three persons of note asked the favour of accompanying me. Two days after, we were to ascend from the Place de la Comédie. I immediately occupied myself with the preparations. My balloon, of gigantic proportions was of silk, coated with gutta percha, a substance not liable to injury from acids or gas, and of absolute impermeability. Some trifling rents were mended: the inevitable results of perilous descents.

The day of our ascension was that of the great fair of September, which attracts all the world to Frankfort. The apparatus for filling was composed of six hogsheads arranged around a large vat, hermetically sealed. The hydrogen gas, evolved by the contact of water with iron and sulphuric acid, passed from the first reservoirs to the second, and thence into the immense globe, which was thus gradually inflated. These preparations occupied all the morning, and about 11 o'clock the balloon was three-quarters full; sufficiently so,—for as we rise, the atmospheric layers diminish in density, and the gas confined within the aerostat, acquiring more elasticity, might otherwise burst its envelope. My calculations had furnished me with the exact measurement of gas required to carry my companions and myself to a considerable height.

We were to ascend at noon. It was truly a magnificent spectacle, that of the impatient crowd who thronged around the reserved enclosure, inundated the entire square and ajdoining streets, and covered the neighbouring houses from the basement to the slated roofs. The high winds of past days had lulled, and an overpowering heat was radiating from an unclouded sky; not a breath animated the atmosphere. In such weather, one might descend in the very spot he had left.

I carried three hundred pounds of ballast, in bags; the car, perfectly round, four feet in diameter, and three feet in height, was conveniently attached; the cord which sustained it was symmetrically extended from the upper hemisphere of the aerostat; the compass was in its place, the barometer suspended to the iron hoop which surrounded the supporting cords, at a distance of eight feet above the car; the anchor carefully prepared;—all was in readiness for our departure.

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* A metre is equal to 39·33 English inches.

Among the persons who crowded round the enclosure, I remarked a young man with pale face and agitated features. I was struck with his appearance. He had been an assiduous spectator of my ascensions in several cities of Germany. His uneasy air and his extraordinary preoccupation never left him; he eagerly contemplated the curious machine, which rested motionless at a few feet from the ground, and remained silent.

The clock struck twelve! This was the hour. My *compagnons du voyage* had not appeared. I sent to the dwelling of each, and learned that one had started for Hamburg, another for Vienna, and the third still more fearful for London. Their hearts had failed them at the moment of undertaking one of those excursions, which, since the ingenious experiments of aeronauts, are deprived of all danger. As they made, as it were, a part of the programme of the fête, they had feared being compelled to fulfil their agreements, and had fled at the moment of ascension. Their courage had been in inverse ratio to the square of their swiftness in retreat.

The crowd, thus partly disappointed, were shouting with anger and impatience. I did not hesitate to ascend alone. To re-establish the equilibrium between the specific gravity of the balloon and the weight to be raised, I substituted other bags of sand for my expected companions, and entered the car. The twelve men who were holding the aerostat by twelve cords fastened to the equatorial circle, let them slip between their fingers; the car rose a few feet above the ground. There was not a breath of wind, and the atmosphere, heavy as lead, seemed insurmountable.

"All is ready!" exclaimed I; "attention!"

The men arranged themselves; a last glance informed me that everything was right.

"Attention!"

There was some movement in the crowd, which seemed to be invading the reserved enclosure.

"Let go!"

The balloon slowly ascended; but I experienced a shock which threw me to the bottom of the car. When I rose, I found myself face to face with an unexpected voyager,—the pale young man.

"Monsieur, I salute you!" said he to me.

"By what right?"—

"Am I here? By the right of your inability to turn me out."

I was confounded. His assurance disconcerted me; and I had nothing to say in reply. I looked at him, but he paid no regard to my astonishment. He continued:

"My weight will disturb your equilibrium, Monsieur: will you permit me?—"

And without waiting for my assent, he lightened the balloon by two bags of sand which he emptied into the air.

"Monsieur," said I, taking the only possible course, "you are here,—well! you choose to remain,—well! but to me alone belongs the management of the aerostat."

"Monsieur," replied he, "your urbanity is entirely French; it is of the same country with myself! I press in imagination the hand which you refuse me. Take your measures,—act as it may seem good to you; I will wait till you have ended—"

"To—"

"To converse with you."

The barometer had fallen to twenty-six inches; we had attained a height of about six hundred metres, and were over the city; which satisfied me of our complete quiescence, for I could not judge by our motionless flags. Nothing betrays the horizontal voyage of a balloon; it is the mass of air surrounding it which moves. A kind of wavering heat bathed the objects extended at our feet, and gave their outlines an indistinctness to be regretted. The needle of the compass indicated a slight tendency to float towards the south.

I looked again at my companion. He was a man of thirty, simply clad; the bold outlines of his features betokened indomitable energy; he appeared very muscular. Absorbed in the emotion of this silent suspension, he remained immovable, seeking to distinguish the objects which passed beneath his view.

"Vexatious mist!" said he at the expiration of a few moments.

I made no reply.

"What would you? I could not pay for my voyage; I was obliged to take you by surprise."

"No one has asked you to descend!"

"A similar occurrence," he resumed, "happened to the Counts of Laurencin and Dampierre, when they ascended at Lyons, on the 15th of January, 1784. A young merchant, named Fontaine, scaled the railing, at the risk of upsetting the equipage. He accomplished the voyage, and nobody was killed!"

"Once on the earth, we will converse!" said I, piqued at the tone of lightness with which he spoke.

"Bah! do not talk of returning!"

"Do you think then that I shall delay my descent?"

"Descent!" said he, with surprise. "Let us ascend!"

And before I could prevent him, two bags of sand were thrown out, without even being emptied.

"Monsieur!" said I, angrily.

"I know your skill," replied he, composedly; "your brilliant ascensions have made some noise in the world. Experience is the sister of practice, but it is also first cousin to theory, and I have long and deeply studied the aerostatic art. It has affected my brain," added he, sadly, falling into a mute torpor.

The balloon, after having risen, remained stationary; the unknown consulted the barometer, and said,—

"Here we are at 800 metres! Men resemble insects! See, I think it is from this height that we should always look at them to judge correctly of their moral proportions! The Place de la Comédie is transformed to an immense ant-hill. Look at the crowd piled upon the quays! The Zeil diminishes. We are above the church of Dom. The Mein is now only a white line dividing the city, and this bridge, the Mein-Brucke, looks like a white thread thrown between the two banks of the river."

The atmosphere grew cooler.

"There is nothing I will not do for you, my host," said my companion. "If you are cold, I will take off my clothes and lend them to you."

"Thanks!"

"Necessity makes laws. Give me your hand, I am your countryman. You shall be instructed by my company, and my conversation shall compensate you for the annoyance I have caused you."

I seated myself, without replying, at the opposite extremity of the car. The young man had drawn from his great-coat a voluminous portfolio; it was a work on aerostation.

"I possess," said he "a most curious collection of engravings and caricatures appertaining to our aerial mania. This precious discovery has been at once admired and ridiculed. Fortunately we have passed the period when the Mongolfiers sought to make factitious clouds with the vapour of water; and of the gas affecting electric properties, which they produced by the combustion of damp straw with chopped wool."

"Would you detract from the merit of these inventions?" replied I. "Was it not well done to have proved by experiment the possibility of rising in the air?"

"Who denies the glory of the first aerial navigators? Immense courage was necessary to ascend by means of those fragile envelopes which contained only warm air. Besides, has not aerostatic science made great progress since the ascensions of Blanchard? Look, Monsieur."

He took from his collection an engraving.

"Here is the first aerial voyage undertaken by Pilatre des Rosiers and the Marquis d'Arlandes, four months after the discovery of balloons. Louis XVI. refused his consent to this voyage; two condemned criminals were to have first attempted aerial travelling. Pilatre des Rosiers was indignant at this injustice, and, by means of artifice, succeeded in setting out. This car, which renders the management of the balloon easy, had not then been invented; a circular gallery surrounded the lower part of the aerostat. The two aeronauts stationed themselves at the extremities of this gallery. The damp straw with which it was filled encumbered their movements. A chafing-dish was suspended beneath the orifice of the balloon; when the voyagers wished to ascend, they threw, with a long fork, straw upon this brazier, at the risk of burning the machine, and the air, growing warmer, gave to the balloon a new ascensional force. The two bold navigators ascended, on the 21st of November, 1783, from the gardens of La Muette, which the Dauphin had placed at their disposal. The aerostat rose majestically, passed the Isle des Cygnes, crossed the Seine at the Barrière de la Conférence, and, directing its way between the dome of the Invalids and L'Ecole Militaire, approached St. Sulpice; then the aeronauts increased the fire, ascended, cleared the Boulevard, and descended beyond the Barrière d'Enfer. As it touched the ground, the balloon collapsed, and buried Pilatre des Rosiers beneath its folds."

"Unfortunate presage!" said I, interested in these details, which so nearly concerned me.

"Presage of his catastrophe," replied the unknown, with sadness. "You have experienced nothing similar?"

"Nothing."

"Bah, misfortunes often arrive without presage." And he remained silent.

We were advancing towards the south; the magnetic needle pointed in the direction of Frankfort, which was flying beneath our feet.

"Perhaps we shall have a storm," said the young man.

"We will descend first."

"Indeed! it will be better to ascend; we shall escape more surely;" and two bags of sand were thrown overboard.

The balloon rose rapidly, and stopped at twelve hundred metres. The cold was now intense, and there was a slight buzzing in my ears. Nevertheless, the rays of the sun fell hotly on the globe, and, dilating the gas it contained, gave it a greater ascensional force. I was stupified.

"Fear nothing," said the young man to me. "We have three thousand five hundred toises of respirable air. You need not trouble yourself about my proceedings.

I would have risen, but a vigorous hand detained me on my seat.

"Your name?" asked I.

"My name! how does it concern you?"

"I have the honour to ask your name."

"I am called Erostratus or Empedocles,—as you please. Are you interested in the progress of aerostatic science?"

He spoke with icy coldness, and I asked myself with whom I had to do.

"Monsieur," continued he, "nothing new has been invented since the days of the philosopher Charles. Four months after the discovery of aerostats, he had invented the valve, which permits the gas to escape when the balloon is too full, or when one wishes to descend; the car, which allows the machine to be easily managed; the network, which encloses the fabric of the balloon, and prevents its being too heavily pressed; the ballast, which is used in ascending and choosing the spot of descent; the coat of caoutchouc, which renders the silk impermeable; the barometer, which determines the height attained; and, finally, the hydrogen, which, fourteen times lighter than air, allows of ascension to the most distant atmospheric layers, and prevents exposure to aerial combustion. On the 1st of December, 1783, three hundred thousand spectators thronged the Tuileries. Charles ascended, and the soldiers presented arms. He travelled nine leagues in the air, managing his machine with a skill never since surpassed in aeronautic experiments. The king conferred on him a pension of two hundred thousand livres, for in those days inventions were encouraged. In a few days, the subscription list was filled; for every one was interested in the progress of science."

The unknown was seized with a violent agitation.

"I, monsieur, have studied; I am satisfied that the first aeronauts guided their balloons. Not to speak of Blanchard, whose assertions might be doubted, at Dijon, Guyton-Morveaux, by the aid of oars and a helm, imparted to his machines perceptible motions, a decided direction. More recently, at Paris, a watchmaker, M. Julien, has made at the Hippodrome convincing experiments; for, with the aid of a particular mechanism, an aerial apparatus of oblong form was manifestly propelled against the wind. M. Petin placed four balloons, filled with hydrogen, in juxtaposition, and, by means of sails disposed horizontally and partially furled, hoped to obtain a disturbance of the equilibrium, which, inclining the apparatus, should compel it to an oblique path. But the motive power destined to surmount the resistance of currents,—the *hélice*, moving in a movable medium,—was unsuccessful. I have discovered the only method of guiding balloons, and not an academy has come to my assistance, not a city has filled my subscription lists, not a government has deigned to listen to me! It is infamous!

His gesticulations were so furious that the car experienced violent oscillations; I had much difficulty in restraining him. Meanwhile the balloon had encountered a more rapid current. We were advancing in a southerly direction, at 1,200 metres in height, almost accustomed to this new temperature.

"There is Darmstadt," said my companion. "Do you perceive its magnificent chateau? The storm-cloud below makes the outlines of objects waver: and it requires a practised eye to recognise localities."

"You are certain that it is Darmstadt?"

"Undoubtedly; we are six leagues from Frankfort."

"Then we must descend."

"Descend! you would not alight upon the steeples!" said the unknown, mockingly.

"No; but in the environs of the city."

"Well, it is too warm; let us remount a little."

As he spoke thus he seized some bags of ballast. I precipitated myself upon him; but, with one hand, he overthrew me, and the lightened balloon rose to a height of 1,500 metres.

"Sit down," said he, "and do not forget that Brioschi, Biot, and Gay-Lussac, ascended to a height of seven thousand metres, in order to establish some new scientific laws."

"We must descend," resumed I, with an attempt at gentleness. "The storm is gathering beneath our feet and around us; it would not be prudent."—

"We will ascend above it, and shall have nothing to fear from it. What more beautiful than to reign in heaven, and look down upon the clouds which hover upon the earth! Is it not an honour to navigate these aerial waves? The greatest personages have travelled like ourselves. The Marquise and Comtesse de Montalembert, the Comtesse de Podenas, Mlle. La Garde, the Marquis of Montalembert, set out from the Faubourg St. Antoine for these unknown regions. The Duc de Chartres displayed much address and presence of mind in his ascension on the 15th of July, 1784; at Lyons, the Comtes de Laurencin and de Dampierre; at Nantes, M. de Luynes; at Bordeaux, D'Arbelet des Granges; in Italy, the Chevalier Andreani; in our days, the Duke of Brunswick,—have left in the air the track of their glory. In order to equal these great personages, we must ascend into the celestial regions higher than they. To approach the infinite is to comprehend it."

The rarefaction of the air considerably dilated the hydrogen, and I saw the lower part of the aerostat, designedly left empty, become by degrees inflated, rendering the opening of the valve indispensable; but my fearful companion seemed determined not to allow me to direct our movements. I resolved to pull secretly the cord attached to the valve, while he was talking with animation. I feared to guess with whom I had to do; it would have been too horrible! It was about three-quarters of an hour since we had left Frankfort, and from the south thick clouds were arising and threatening to ingulf us.

"Have you lost all hope of making your plans succeed?" said I, with apparent interest.

"All hope!" replied the unknown, despairingly. "Wounded by refusals, caricatures, those blows with the foot of an ass, have finished me. It is the eternal punishment reserved for innovators. See these caricatures of every age with which my portfolio is filled."

I had secured the cord of the valve, and stooping over his works, concealed my movements from him. It was to be feared, nevertheless, that he would notice that rushing sound, like a waterfall, which the gas produces in escaping.

"How many jests at the expense of the Abbé Miolan! He was about to ascend with Jenninet and Bredin. During the operation, their balloon took fire, and an ignorant populace tore it to pieces. Then the caricature of *The Curious Animals* called them *Miaulant, Jean Minet, and Gredin.*"

The barometer had begun to rise; it was time! A distant muttering of thunder was heard towards the south.

"See this other engraving," continued he, without seeming to suspect my manœuvres. "It is an immense balloon, containing a ship, large castles, houses, &c. The caricaturists little thought that their absurdities would one day become verities. It is a large vessel; at the left is the helm with the pilot's box; at the prow, *maisons de plaisance*, a gigantic organ, and cannon to call the attention of the inhabitants of the earth or of the moon; above the stern the observatory and pilot-balloon; at the equatorial circle, the barracks of the army; on the left the lantern; then upper galleries for promenades, the sails, the wings; beneath, the cafés and general store-houses of provisions. Admire this magnificent announcement. 'Invented for the good of the human race, this globe will depart immediately for the seaports in the Levant, and on its return will announce its voyages for the two poles and the extremities of the Occident. Every provision is made; there will be an exact rate of fare for each place of destination; but the prices for distant voyages will be the same, 1,000 louis. And it must be confessed that this is a moderate sum, considering the celerity, convenience, and pleasure of this mode of travelling above all others. While in this balloon, every one can divert himself as he pleases, dancing, playing, or conversing with people of talent. Pleasure will be the soul of the aerial society.' All these inventions excited laughter. But before long, if my days were not numbered, these projects should become realities."

We were visibly descending; he did not perceive it!

"See this game of balloons; it contains the whole history of the aerostatic art. This game, for the use of educated minds, is played like that of the Jew; with dice and counters of any value agreed upon, which are to be paid or received, according to the condition in which one arrives."

"But," I resumed, "you seem to have valuable documents on aerostation?"

"I possess all the knowledge possible in this world. From Phaeton, Icarus, and Architas, I have searched all, comprehended all! Through me, the aerostatic art would render immense services to the world, if God should spare my life! But that cannot be."

"Why not?"

"Because my name is Empedocles or Erostratus!"

CHAPTER II.

The Company of Aerostiers—The Battle of Fleurus—The Balloon over the Sea—Blanchard and Jefferies—A Drama such as is rarely seen—3,000 Metres—The Thunder beneath our Feet—Garnerin at Rome—The Compass gone—The Victims of Aerostation—Pilatre—At 4,000 Metres—The Barometer gone—Descents of Olivari, Mosment, Bittorf, Harris, Sadler, and Madame Blanchard—The Valve rendered useless—7,000 Metres—Zambecarri—The Balloon Wrecked—Incalculable Heights—The Car Overset—Despair—Vertigo—The Fall—The Denouement.

I SHUDDERED! Fortunately the balloon was approaching the earth. But the danger is the same at 50 feet as at 5,000 metres! The clouds were advancing.

"Remember the battle of Fleurus, and you will comprehend the utility of aerostats! Coutelle, by order of the government, organised a company of aerostiers. At the siege of Maubeuge, General Jourdan found this new method of observation so serviceable, that twice a day, accompanied by the general himself, Coutelle ascended into the air; the correspondence between the aeronaut and the aerostiers who held the balloon, was carried on by means of little, white, red, and yellow flags. Cannons and carbines were often aimed at the balloon at the moment of its ascension, but without effect. When Jourdan was preparing to invest Charleroi, Coutelle repaired to the neighbourhood of that place, rose from the plain of Jumet, and remained taking observations seven or eight hours, with General Morelot. The Austrians came to deliver the city, and a battle was fought on the heights of Fleurus. General Jourdan publicly proclaimed the assistance he had received from aeronautic observations. Well! notwithstanding the services rendered on this occasion, and during the campaign with Belgium, the year which witnessed the commencement of the military career of balloons, also saw its terminate. And the school of Meudon, founded by government, was closed by Bonaparte, on his return from Egypt. 'What are we to expect from the child which has just been born?' Franklin had said. But the child was born alive! It need not have been strangled!"

The unknown hid his forehead in his hands, reflected for a few moments, then, without raising his head, said to me,—

"Notwithstanding my orders, you have opened the upper valve!"

I let go the cord.

"Fortunately," continued he, "we have still two hundred pounds of ballast."

"What are your plans?" said I, with effort.

"You have never crossed the sea?"

I grew frightfully pale, terror froze my veins.

"It is a pity," said he, "that we are being wafted towards the Adriatic! That is only a streamlet. Higher! we shall find other currents!"

And without looking at me, he lightened the balloon by several bags of sand.

"I allowed you to open the valve, because the dilatation of the gas threatened to burst the balloon. But do not do it again."

I was stupified.

"You know the voyage from Dover to Calais, made by Blanchard and Jefferies. It was rich in incident. On the 7th of January, 1785, in a north-east wind, their balloon was filled with gas on the Dover side; scarcely had they risen, when an error in equilibrium compelled them to throw out their ballast, retaining only thirty pounds. The wind drifted them slowly along towards the shores of France. The permeability of the tissue gradually suffered the gas to escape, and at the expiration of an hour and a half, the voyagers perceived that they were descending. 'What is to be done?' said Jefferies.—'We have passed over only three-fourths of the distance,' replied Blanchard; 'and at a slight elevation. By ascending we shall expose ourselves to contrary winds. Throw out the remainder of the ballast.' The balloon regained its ascensional force, but soon re-descended. About midway of the voyage, the aeronauts threw out their books and tools. A quarter of an hour afterwards, Blanchard said to Jefferies,—'The barometer?'—'It is rising! We are lost; and yet there are the shores of France!' A great noise was heard. 'Is the balloon rent?' asked Jefferies.—'No! the escape of the gas has collapsed the lower part of the balloon.'—'But we are still descending. We are lost! Everything not indispensable must be thrown overboard!' Their provisions, oars and helm were thrown out into the sea. They were now only 100 metres in height. 'We are remounting,' said the doctor.—'No, it is the jerk caused by the diminution of weight. There is not a ship in sight! Not a bark on the horizon! To the sea with our garments!' And the unfortunate men stripped, but the balloon continued to descend. 'Blanchard,' said Jefferies, 'you were to have made this voyage alone; you consented to take me; I will sacrifice myself to you! I will throw myself into the water, and the balloon, relieved, will reascend!'—'No, no, it is frightful.' The balloon collapsed more and more, and its concavity forming a parachute, forced the gas against its sides and accelerated its motion. 'Adieu, my friend,' said the doctor. 'May God preserve you!' He was about to have taken the leap, when Blanchard detained him. 'One resource remains to us! We can cut the cords by which the car is attached, and cling to the network? perhaps the balloon will rise. Ready! But the barometer falls! We remount! The wind freshens! We are saved!' The voyagers perceived Calais! Their joy became delirium; a few moments later, they descended in the forest of Guines. "I doubt not," continued the unknown, "that in similar circumstances you would follow the example of Doctor Jefferies."

The clouds were unrolling beneath our feet in glittering cascades; the balloon cast a deep shadow on this pile of clouds, and was surrounded by them as with an aureola! The thunder growled beneath our feet! All this was frightful!

"Let us descend!" exclaimed I.

"Descend, when the sun is awaiting us yonder! Down with the bags!" And he lightened the balloon of more than fifty pounds. At 3,000 metres we remained stationary. The unknown talked incessantly, but I scarcely heard him; I was completely prostrated, while he seemed in his element.

"With a good wind, we shall go far, but we must especially go high!"

"We are lost!"

"In the Antilles there are currents of air which travel a hundred leagues an hour! On the occasion of Napoleon's coronation, Garnerin let off a balloon illuminated with coloured lamps, at eleven o'clock in the evening! The wind blew from the N.N.E.; the next morning, at daybreak, the inhabitants of Rome saluted its passage above the dome of St. Peter's. We will go farther."

I scarcely heard him; everything was buzzing around me! There was an opening in the clouds!

"See that city, my host," said the unknown. "It is Spire. Nothing else!"

I dared not lean over the railing of the car. Nevertheless I perceived a little black spot. This was Spire. The broad Rhine looked like a riband, the great roads like threads. Above our heads the sky was of a deep azure; I was benumbed with the cold. The birds had long since forsaken us: in this rarefied air their flight would have been impossible. We were alone in space, and I in the presence of a strange man!

"It is useless for you to know whither I am taking you," said he, and he threw the compass into the clouds. "A fall is a fine thing. You know that there have been a few victims from Pilatre des Rosiers down to Lieutenant Gale, and these misfortunes have always been caused by imprudence. Pilatre des Rosiers ascended in company with Romain, at Boulogne, on the 13th of June, 1785. To his balloon, inflated with gas, he had suspended a *mongolfier* filled with warm air, undoubtedly to save the trouble of letting off gas, or throwing out ballast. It was like putting a chafing-dish beneath a powder-cask. The imprudent men rose to a height of four hundred metres, and encountered opposing winds, which drove them over the ocean. In order to descend, Pilatre attempted to open the valve of the aerostat; but the cord of this valve caught in the balloon, and tore it so that it was emptied in an instant. It fell on the mongolfier, overturned it, and the imprudent men were dashed to pieces in a few seconds. It is frightful, is it not?" said the unknown, shaking me from my torpor.

I could reply only by these words:

"In pity, let us descend! The clouds are gathering around us in every direction, and frightful detonations reverberating from the cavity of the aerostat are multiplying around us."

"You make me impatient!" said he. "You shall no longer know whether we are ascending or descending."

And the barometer went after the compass, along with some bags of sand. We must have been at a height of four thousand metres. Some icicles were attached to the sides of the car, and a sort of fine snow penetrated to my bones. Meanwhile a terrific storm was bursting beneath our feet. We were above it.

"Do not fear," said my strange companion; "it is only imprudence that makes victims. Olivari, who perished at Orleans, ascended in a mongolfier made of paper; his car, suspended below the chafing-dish, and ballasted with combustible materials, became a prey to the flames! Olivari fell, and was killed. Mosment ascended at Lille, on a light platform; an oscillation made him lose his equilibrium. Mosment fell, and was killed. Bittorf, at Manheim, saw his paper balloon take fire in the air! Bittorf fell, and was killed. Harris ascended in a balloon badly constructed, the valve of which was too large to be closed again. Harris fell, and was killed. Sadler, deprived of ballast by his long stay in the air, was dragged over the city of Boston, and thrown against the chimneys. Sadler fell, and was killed. Cocking descended with a convex parachute which he pretended to have perfected. Cocking fell, and was killed. Well, I love them, those noble victims of their courage! and I will die like them! Higher! higher!"

All the phantoms of this necrology were passing before my eyes! The rarefaction of the air and the rays of the sun increased the dilatation of the gas; the balloon continued to ascend! I mechanically attempted to open the valve; but the unknown cut the cord a few feet above my head. I was lost!

"Did you see Madame Blanchard fall?" said he to me. "I saw her, I—yes, I! I was at Tivoli on the 6th of July, 1819. Madame Blanchard ascended in a balloon of small size, to save the expense of filling; she was therefore obliged to inflate in entirely, and the gas escaped by the lower orifice, leaving on its route a train of hydrogen. She carried, suspended above her car

by an iron wire, a kind of firework, forming an aureola, which she was to kindle. She had often repeated this experiment. On this occasion she carried besides, a little parachute, ballasted by a firework terminating in a ball with silver rain. She was to launch this apparatus, after having lighted it with a *lance à feu*, prepared for the purpose. She ascended. The night was dark. At the moment of lighting the firework, she was so imprudent as to let the lance pass beneath the column of hydrogen, which was escaping from the balloon. My eyes were fixed on her. Suddenly an unexpected flash illuminated the darkness. I thought it a surprise of the skilful aeronaut. The flame increased, suddenly disappeared, and reappeared at the top of the aerostat under the form of an immense jet of burning gas. This sinister light projected over the Boulevard, and over the quarter Montmartre. Then I saw the unfortunate woman rise, twice attempt to compress the orifice of the balloon, to extinguish the fire, then seat herself in the car and seek to direct its descent; for she did not fall. The combustion of the gas lasted several minutes. The balloon, diminishing by degrees, continued to descend, but this was not a fall! The wind blew from the north-east, and drove her over Paris. There were, at that time, in the neighbourhood of the house, No. 16, Rue de Provence, immense gardens. The aeronaut might have fallen there without danger. But unhappily the balloon and the car alighted on the roof of the house. The shock was slight. 'Help,' cried the unfortunate woman. I arrived in the street at that moment. The car slid along the roof, and encountered an iron hook. At this shock Madame Blanchard was thrown out of the car, and precipitated on the pavement! She was killed!"

These histories of fatal augury froze me with horror. The unknown was standing upright, with bare head, bristling hair, haggard eyes.

Illusion was no longer possible. I saw at last the horrible truth: I had to deal with a madman!

He threw out half the ballast, and we must have been borne to a height of 7,000 metres! Blood spouted from my nose and mouth.

"What a fine thing it is to be martyrs to science! They are canonised by posterity!"

I heard no more. The unknown looked around him with horror, and knelt at my ear.

"On the 7th of October, 1804, the weather had begun to clear up a little; for several days preceding, the wind and rain had been incessant. But the ascension announced by Zambecarri could not be postponed! His idiot enemies already scoffed at him. To save himself and science from public ridicule, it became necessary for him to ascend. It was at Bologna! No one aided him in filling his balloon; he rose at midnight, accompanied by Andreoli and Grossetti. The balloon ascended slowly; it had been rent by the wind, and the gas escaped. The three intrepid voyagers could observe the state of the barometer only by the aid of a dark lantern. Zambecarri had not eaten during twenty-four hours; Grossetti was also fasting.

"'My friends,' said Zambecarri, 'I am benumbed with the cold; I am exhausted; I must die;' and he fell senseless in the gallery.

"It was the same with Grossetti. Andreoli alone remained awake. After long efforts he succeeded in arousing Zambecarri from his stupor.

"'What is there new? Where are we going? In which direction is the wind? What time is it?'

"'It is two o'clock!'

"'Where is the compass?'

"'It has fallen out.'

"'Ah, the lamp is extinguished!"

"'It could not burn longer in this rarefied air!' said Zambecarri.

"The moon had not risen; the atmosphere was plunged in horrible darkness.

"'I am cold, I am cold, Andreoli! What shall we do?'

"The unfortunate men slowly descended through a layer of white clouds.

"'Hush,' said Andreoli; 'do you hear—'

"'What?' replied Zambecarri.

"'A singular noise!'

"'You are mistaken!'

"'No!—Do you see those midnight travellers, listening to that incomprehensible sound? Have they struck against a tower? Are they about to be precipitated on the roofs? Do you hear it? It is like the sound of the ocean!'

"'Impossible!'

"'It is the roaring of the waves!'

"'That is true! Light!—light!'

"After five fruitless attempts, Andreoli obtained it. It was three o'clock. The sound of the waves was heard with violence; they almost touched the surface of the sea.

"'We are lost!' exclaimed Zambecarri, seizing a bag of ballast.

"'Help,' cried Andreoli.

"The car touched the water, and the waves covered them breast high. To the sea with instruments, garments, money! The aeronauts stripped entirely. The lightened balloon rose with frightful rapidity. Zambecarri was seized with violent vomiting. Grossetti bled freely. The unhappy men could not speak; their respiration was short. They were seized with cold, and in a moment covered with a coat of ice. The moon appeared to them red as blood. After having traversed these high regions during half an hour, the machine again fell into the sea. It was four o'clock in the morning: the bodies of the wretched aeronauts were half in the water, and the balloon, acting as a sail, dragged them about during several hours. At daybreak, they found themselves opposite Pesaro, five miles from the shore; they were about to land, when a sudden flaw of wind drove them back to the open sea. They were lost! The affrighted barks fled at their approach. Fortunately, a more intelligent navigator hailed them, took them on board, and they landed at Ferrara. That was frightful! Zambecarri was a brave man. Scarcely recovered from his sufferings, he recommenced his ascensions. In one of them, he struck against a tree; his lamp, filled with spirits of wine, was spilled over his clothes, and they caught fire; he was covered with flame; his machine was beginning to kindle, when he descended, half burned. The 21st of September, 1812, he made another ascension at Bologna; his balloon caught in a tree; his lamp set fire to it. Zambecarri fell, and was killed! And in presence of these high facts, shall we still hesitate? No! the higher we go the more glorious will be our death."

The balloon, entirely unballasted, we were borne to incredible heights. The aerostat vibrated in the atmosphere; the slightest sound re-echoed through the celestial vaults; the globe, the only object which struck my sight in immensity, seemed about to be annihilated, and above us the heights of heaven lost themselves in the profound darkness!

I saw the unknown rise before me.

"This is the hour!" said he to me. "We must die! We are rejected by men! They despise us! let us crush them!"

"Mercy!" exclaimed I.

"Let us cut the cords! let this car be abandoned in space! The attractive force will change its direction, and we shall land in the sun!"

Despair gave me strength! I precipitated myself upon the madman, and a frightful struggle took place! But I was thrown down! and while he held me beneath his knee, he cut the cords of the car!

"One!" said he.

"Mercy!"

"Two! three!"

One cord more, and the car was sustained only on one side. I made a superhuman effort, rose, and violently repulsed this insensate.

"Four!" said he.

The car was overset. I instinctively clung to the cords which held it, and climbed up the outside.

The unknown had disappeared in space!

In a twinkling the balloon ascended to an immeasurable height! A horrible crash was heard. The dilated gas had burst its envelope! I closed my eyes. A few moments afterwards, a moist warmth reanimated me; I was in the midst of fiery clouds! The balloon was whirling with fearful rapidity! I felt myself swooning! Driven by the wind, I travelled a hundred leagues an hour in my horizontal course; the lightnings flashed around me!

Meanwhile my fall was not rapid. When I opened my eyes, I perceived the country. I was two miles from the sea, the hurricane urging me on with great force. I was lost, when a sudden shock made me let go; my hands opened, a cord slipped rapidly between my fingers, and I found myself on the ground. It was the cord of the anchor, which, sweeping the surface of the ground, had caught in a crevice! I fainted, and my lightened balloon, resuming its flight, was lost beyond the sea.

When I recovered my senses, I was in the house of a peasant, at Harderwick, a little town of Gueldre, fifteen leagues from Amsterdam, on the banks of the Zuyderzee.

A miracle had saved me. But my voyage had been but a series of imprudencies against which I had been unable to defend myself.

May this terrific recital, while it instructs those who read it, not discourage the explorers of the routes of air!

CONTENT.—The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature, as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.—*Johnson.*

EXERCISES FOR INGENUITY.

QUESTIONS FOR SOLUTION.

1.— Cold blows the wind, and high, and shrill,
Though scantly clothed I fear no chill.
I labour on from hour to hour,
With all my might—with all my pow'r.
Although I'm blind, much work I do;
Though willing, yet I grumble too—
Still am I dumb, but noisy till
I'm bid to stop against my will.
Good food I take, but never think
From whence it comes, and never drink.
Reader my age is known to few,
My birthday no one ever knew;
And yet my name denotes 'twas done
One thousand, fifty, and fifty-one.

2. At a certain election 375 persons voted, and the candidate chosen had a majority of 91; how many voted for each?

3. What number is that from which, if 5 be subtracted $\frac{2}{3}$ of the remainder will be 40?

4. Divide the number 36 into three such parts that $\frac{1}{2}$ of the first, $\frac{1}{3}$ of the second, and $\frac{1}{4}$ of the third, may be all equal to each other. —S. R. PALMER.

5. Divide 20s. among four persons, and give to the first $\frac{1}{3}$, the second $\frac{1}{4}$, the third $\frac{1}{5}$, and the fourth $\frac{1}{6}$ of it, so as nothing may remain.—W. M. W.

6. How many inches of wire would go round the earth, assuming its diameter to be 7912 miles?

7. Name all the British Colonies of Africa. Sierra Leone, St. Helena, the Cape, and Mauritius. Why was St. Helena so called?

8. A. has 100 sheep; B. 5,000. In making folds for their sheep, A. purchases 100 hurdles at 3s. 6d. each, which is sufficient to contain his sheep, but agrees to allow B.'s sheep to be folded along with his, on condition of B. furnishing the requisite number of hurdles for that purpose. What is the outlay of each for hurdles, supposing both to purchase at the same rate?—ROBERT MIDDLETON.

9.— FIVE ARAB MAXIMS.

Never	All	For he who	Every thing	Often	More than
Tell	You may know	Tells	He knows	Tells	He knows
Attempt	You can do	Attempts	He can do	Attempts	He can do
Believe	You may hear	Believes	He hears	Believes	He hears
Lay out	You can afford	Lays out	He can afford	Lays out	He can afford
Decide upon	You may see	Decides upon	He sees	Decides upon	He sees

A key to this enigmatical inscription is requested.

10. I have long maintained a distinguished station in our modern days, but I cannot trace my origin to ancient times, though the learned have attempted it. After the revolution in 1688, I was chief physician to the king; at least, in my absence he ever complained of sickness. Had I lived in ancient days, so friendly was I to crowned heads, that Cleopatra would have got off with a sting; her cold arm would have felt a reviving heat. I am rather a friend to sprightliness than to industry; I have often converted a neutral pronoun into a man of talent. I have often amused myself with reducing the provident to indigence. I never meet a post-horse without giving him a blow. To some animals I am a friend, and many a puppy has yelped for aid when I have deserted him. I am a patron of architecture, and can turn every thing into brick and mortar. I am so honest, that whenever I can find a pair of stockings, I ask for their owner. Not even Lancaster has carried education so far as I have: I always adopt the system of interrogatories. I have already taught my hat to ask questions of fact, and my poultry, questions of chronology. With my trees I share the labours of my laundry: they scour my linen; and when I find a rent, 'tis I who make it entire. In short, such are my merits, that whatever yours may be, you can never be more than half as good as I am.—A solution in verse is requested.

*** In accordance with the wish of numerous subscribers, a longer day is given for answers to the Exercises. The solutions, therefore, to the questions proposed in No. 39, will appear with the last Number of the next monthly Part. Several questions still remain unsolved; an opportunity, consequently, is afforded our friends for giving them further consideration. Mr. T. R. Palmer is requested to forward answers to the several questions proposed to him.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE: A FABLE.

A PIN and a needle being neighbours in a work-basket, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do. I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?" "What is the use of your head," replied the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eye?" "What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?" "I am more active and can gothrough more work than you can," said the needle. "Yes, but you will not live long." Why not?" "Because you have always a stitch in your side," said the pin. "You are a poor crooked creature," said the needle. "And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back." "I'll pull your head off, if you insult me again." "I'll put your eye out if you touch me; remember that your life hangs by a single thread," said the pin. While they were thus conversing, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread round the neck of the pin, and, attempting to sew with it, she soon pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle. "Well, here we are," said the needle. "We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin. "It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses." "A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle. "How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together, as we do!"

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE POPULAR EDUCATOR.—AN EXTRA EDITION of this extraordinary work, on fine paper, at 1½d. per Number, or in Monthly Parts, in a neat wrapper, at 7d., or when Five Numbers 8½d., is now published, and is issued without the weekly headings. Persons wishing for this edition must be careful to order the "*Extra* Edition." The whole of the Numbers may now be obtained, or the first Three Parts.—Part I., 7d.; Part II., 8½d.; Part III., 7d. The Common Edition, at One Penny per Number; Monthly Parts, 5d., or 6d., is regularly issued.

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MISCELLANEA.

A CONSIDERATE SCOTCHMAN. — Two Englishmen some time ago visited the field of Bannockburn, so celebrated for the defeat of Edward's army. A sensible countryman pointed out to them the positions of the hostile nations—the stone where Bruce's standard was fixed during the battle, &c. Highly pleased with his attention, the gentleman on leaving him pressed his acceptance of a crown piece. "Na, na," said the honest man, returning the money, "keep your crown piece; the English hae paid dear aneugh already for seeing the field of Bannockburn."

A HAPPY PAIR.—There is a happy couple, we learn from an American paper, residing in Canal-street, in Albany, who cannot yet call themselves old, and who in *twenty-four* years of married life, have been blessed with *twenty-two* sons and daughters, all of whom are now living.

THE CURATE *versus* THE BUTLER.—It is related that when Sir R. —— of Bath, was engaging a butler, seventy-five guineas per annum was the salary required. "Why," was the gentleman's remark, "that is the pay of a curate." The butler calmly replied, "It is so, Sir R——, and I am sorry for the gentlemen; but I really cannot do *myself* an injustice on *their* account."

A MODEL HUSBAND.—Here is the picture of one that would satisfy the stoutest advocate of "Woman's Rights" at the late Massachusetts Convention: — He never takes the newspaper and reads it before Mrs. Smith has had a chance to run over the advertisements, deaths and marriages, &c. He always gets into bed first on cold nights, to take off the chill for his wife. If the children in the next room scream in the night, he don't expect his wife to take an air-bath to find out what is the matter. He has been known to wear Mrs. Smith's nightcap, while in bed, to make the baby think it was its mother.

"THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE." —The writer of this popular song, according to Weir's "History of Greenock," was Jean Adams, born about 1710. She became a schoolmistress—gave Shakspearian readings to her pupils, and admired Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe" so much that she walked to London to see the author. Jean Adams published a small volume of poems, printed at Glasgow in 1734, which met with little encouragement, and a large portion of the edition was exported to Boston, in America. Towards the close of her life she became a wandering beggar; died in the poorhouse of Glasgow, on the 3rd of April, 1765, and was "buried at the house expense."—*Willis's Current Notes.*

THE WAY TO PROLONG LIFE.—It is to live twice when we can enjoy the recollection of our former life.

TIMELY PREPARATION.—"John," said an angry parent to a son who had committed a misdeed, "John, go to the next room, and prepare yourself for a severe flogging." The boy departed, and when the parent had finished the letter he was writing, and sought the offending youth, he was surprised at the swollen appearance of the young rascal's back. "What does this mean?" he asked; "what is on your back?" "A leather apron," replied John, "*three double.* You told me to prepare myself for a hard flogging, and I did the best I could!" The hard set features of the father's countenance relaxed, as also did the muscles of the hand which grasped the whip, and he let John off, "for that once," with a gentle admonition.

"BE CONTENT with what you have," as the rat said to the trap, when he saw that he had left part of his tail in it.

"POVERTY," says Jean Paul, "is the only load which is the heavier the more loved ones there are to assist in supporting it."

DR. JOHNSON'S OPINION OF ACTIONS AT LAW.—The great lexicographer compared the plaintiff and defendant in an action at law to two men ducking their heads in a bucket, and daring each other to remain longest under water.

WORTH REMEMBERING. — No man is always right; just as no man is always wrong. A clock that does not go at all is right twice in the twenty-four hours.

IRISH, BUT TRUE.—If a gentleman breaks a horse's heart, he's only "a bowld rider," while a poor servant is a "careless blackguard," for only taking a sweat out of him. If a gentleman dhrinks till he can't see a hole in a ladher, he's only "fresh," but "dhrunk" is the word for a poor man. And if a gentleman kicks up a row, he's a "fine-spirited fellow," while a poor man is a "disordherly vagabone" for the same; and the justice axes the one to dinner, and sends the t'other to jail. Oh, faix, the law is a dainty lady; she takes people by the hand who can afford to wear gloves, but people with brown fists must keep their distance.

POWER OF PUBLIC OPINION.—A writer in the *Times* says, "There is but one power on the increase in the country, and that is the power of public opinion; there is but one profession which will certainly be stronger in 1860 than in 1852, and that is the profession of a journalist."

LYING is a hateful, accursed vice. We are not men, nor have other tie upon one another, but our word. If we did but discover the horror and consequence of it, we should pursue it with fire and sword, and more justly than other crimes.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.—In the castles and palaces of the ex-nobility of France, the tapestry frequently represents memorials of their pride of ancestry. On the tapestry of an apartment in the palace of the ex-duke of Choiseul, is a representation of the Deluge, in which a man is seen running after Noah, and calling out, "My good friend, save the archives of the Choiseul family!"

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE: A FABLE.—A mouse, ranging about a brewery, happened to fall into a vat of beer, was in immediate danger of drowning, and appealed to a cat to help him out. The cat replied, "It is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you out I shall eat you." The mouse piteously replied, "That fate would be better than to be drowned in beer." The cat lifted him out, but the fume of the beer caused puss to sneeze, and the mouse took refuge in his hole. The cat called upon the mouse to come out—"You, sir, did you not promise that I should eat you?" "Ah!" replied the mouse, "but you know *I was in liquor at the time!*"

A NEW DEFINITION.—The real is the Sancho Panza of the ideal.

LISTEN, YOUNG LADIES!—Dr. Beeswax, in his "Essay on Woman," remarks with some truth, that "beauties generally die old maids. They set such a value on themselves," he says, "that they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed. Out of a dozen beauties who have come out within the last eighteen years, eleven still occupy single beds. They spend their days in working green dogs on yellow wool—while their evenings are devoted to low spirits and French novels."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. U.—"*Chloride of Sodium*" is the chemica name now given to common table-salt. It was formerly believed that common salt was a compound of muriatic acid and soda; but Davy has shown that it is really chloride of sodium.

R. BATES.—Having said and done much in our time to discountenance the use of spirituous liquors, we must decline to answer your questions.

A YOUNG ARTIST.—*Creta Levis* is the name by which a new kind of drawing pencil, intermediate in character between lead-pencils and crayons is known. They will, we have no doubt, answer your purpose.

MATTHEW.—Your "lines" have been received, but we cannot promise you "an early insertion."

D. M. JENKINS.—Members of Parliament are *not* "paid for their services in that capacity;" but they are in the way of obtaining favour of various kinds from the Government—that is, if they support Government measures!

MARTHA says she does not like the receipt for curing rancid butter which we furnished in No. 35. Let her try the following:—Melt the butter by putting it in a pan or jar placed in boiling water, with some coarsely-powdered animal charcoal,—that is, charcoal made from bones,—thoroughly freed from *dust* by sifting; then strain through clean flannel.

UN AMI.—You may obtain a common camera obscura for four or five shillings at almost any optician's; but we question whether you will be able to obtain one small enough to carry in the pocket.

J. C.—You can only legally bind your son apprentice by means of an indenture, the price of which will depend upon the amount of the premium required by the master; if the premium be under £30, the price of the indenture will be twenty shillings. If there be *no* premium, you will still require a 20s. indenture.

INQUIRER.—The eyes are too delicate organs to be tampered with; you had better obtain advice from a skilful medical practitioner.

T. A.—The word "Panacea" is derived from two Greek words, which signify "I cure all." It was applied by the ancients to certain remedies which were supposed to be capable of curing all diseases. We do not believe that any such remedy exists.

J. THORMAL.—The paper commonly used to wrap up paste blacking, and to tie over pots and jars of blacking and other greasy preparations, is made by brushing sheets of paper over with "boiled oil," and hanging them on a line till dry. Such paper is sufficiently waterproof for ordinary purposes.

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS, some of whose initials we cannot decipher, have requested receipts for removing freckles, pimples, moles, &c. We decline to insert such receipts. We profess no skill in cosmetics. Let them apply to a skilful practitioner.

A YOUNG MAN.—We question much whether you will better your situation by emigrating to California. Certainly you have no claim to a free passage.

ELIZA.—There are many fluids with which linen may be marked. The following is said to be the most permanent and beautiful ink known:—Dissolve basic or soluble Prussian blue in pure rain-water. The portion of the linen intended to be marked must be first moistened with alum-water and dried. It may then be written upon with a common pen.

A BIBLE READER.—The *Roman* moneys mentioned in the New Testament, are of the following values when reduced to the English standard:—A *mite*, three farthings; a *farthing*, about three halfpence; a *penny*, or denarius, sevenpence three farthings; a *pound*, or mina, £3 2s. 6d. The Jewish moneys, according to the English standard, as follow:—A *gerah*, a fraction above a penny; a *beka*, about thirteen pence; a *shekel*, about 2s. 8d.; a *maneh*, or mina Hebraica, a small fraction above £5 14s.; a *talent*, £342 3s. 9d. A *gold shekel* was worth £1 15s. 6d.; a *talent of gold* was worth £5,475.

W. K. O.—The general penny postage of letters was established January 7, 1840.

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THE

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BEARDS AND BARBERS.

BY A YOUNG SHAVER.

INTERIOR OF AN ARMENIAN BARBER'S SHOP.

THERE is scarcely any trade or calling which is not connected with a host of old fancies—forgotten haply in the bustle of the world, but recurring again and again in our quiet moments. Every article of dress, every fashion, every custom, every national peculiarity has its own particular history. Beards and barbers are no exception to the rule. In our childish days ere the romance of the nursery had been laid aside for something of a more exciting interest; when the hero of giant-land, the redoubtable Jack, filled us with admiration of his courage and perseverance, and the most intense abhorrence of those huge specimens of manhood who were so cunningly outwitted and so dexterously slain; when we listened with tear-bedewed

eyes to the dear delightful tale of Goody Twoshoes; when we followed in imagination the adventurous Ali Baba in the deeply and intensely mysterious forest cave, and almost trembled at the "Open Sesame;" when every feline animal became suggestive of the white cat and of puss in boots; when we read of Whittington, and wondered whether bell-metal ever had encouragement for poor boys now, then it was that a story about a beard fixed itself in our memory—a dark dismal drama of death and desolation all about Blue Beard and the beautiful Fatima. And when we exchanged romance for history, and read of kings and queens and hard-fought battles, and thrones set up, and empires thrown down, and read the record of our own loved land, we could not fail to remember the Saxon band who held out against the Normans in the marshes of Ely, and wept in the streets of London over William *Longbeard*. Then amid all the glories of the Arabian Nights—the Wonderful Lamp—the adventurous Sinbad—the Genii bottled up, like so much ginger-beer, and the palaces that sprang out of the ground, the turbaned heads, the flowing robes, and the rest of it, the Barber and his Seven Brothers stood out before the others, and the endless clatter of the prattling barber seemed ever in our ears.

Beards and barbers are historical. In the days of old, the Tartars waged a long and bitter war with the Persians about the growth and management of the beard, many a stout hero bit the dust in defence of his beard, and the fearful struggle cost many valuable lives. No doubt the Greeks wore beards till the time of Alexander, who ordered them to be shaved, lest they should afford a handle for their enemies in the tug of war, and the old Greek barbers shaved every chin. The people of Italy did not begin to shave till four centuries after the foundation of Rome, when Ticinius brought over from Sicily a company of barbers who became immediate favourites, and to be among the shaven was a test of respectability. Persons of standing had their children shaved by a person of the same or even greater quality, who, by performing the work of the barber, became the adoptive father of the person so shaved. The hair removed from the face was carefully preserved and consecrated to the gods! In solemn strains blind Homer tells of the white beard of Nestor, and amid all the heroism of the heroic story he does not forget the beard of old King Priam. And Virgil tells us of the beard of Mezentius so thick and long that it covered all his breast. Socrates is called by Persius the bearded master; Pliny the younger talks of the white beard of Euphrate, a Syrian philosopher, and of the awe with which it inspired the people; Plutarch speaks of the long white beard of an old Laconian, who used to say, "Seeing continually my white beard, I labour to do nothing unworthy of its whiteness;" Strabo relates that the Indian philosophers called Gymnosophists were careful to have long beards to captivate the veneration of the people. The Jews esteemed the beard very highly; thus Hanun, king of the Ammonites, designing to insult David in the person of his ambassadors, cut off half their beards. The Hebrews wore a beard on the chin, but not on the upper lip or cheeks. Mourning was—and still is among the modern Jews—indicated by neglecting the beard; and intense grief, by plucking away the hair of the head and beard. To salute a man by touching his beard was the token of sincere respect. The Druids were accustomed to cultivate their beards, and permit them to grow to a great length; and they were no less celebrated for their white robes and silver knives, their religious services and metrical theology, than for their venerable beards.

In ecclesiastical history we find that priests have fallen to loggerheads on the subject of beards: those of the Greek church adhering to beards, and those of the Roman church inclining to razors. By the statutes of some monasteries, the lay monks were obliged to let their beards grow, while the priests were closely shaven. The old kings of France had their beards platted and knotted with gold; the kings of Persia did the same; the Chinese were scrupulously careful in attention to their beards,—but alas, nature has bestowed upon them no luxuriant crop of the facial ornament. Better be whipped and branded with a red-hot iron than have your beard cut off, in Turkey. One of the buffoons of the bashaw took it into his head one day, for a frolic, to shave his beard, "which," says Belzoni, "is no trifle among the Turks, as some of them, I really believe, would sooner have their head cut off than their beard." In this state he went home to his women, who actually thrust him out of the door; and, such was the disgrace of cutting off his beard, that even his fellow buffoons would not eat with him till it was grown again. Beards are a religious article with the Arabs. Mohammed never cut his beard. The razor is never drawn over the face of the grand signor. Persians who clip their beards are considered downright heretics; only the slaves of the seraglio are shaven.

Whilst the Gauls were under the sway of their native sovereigns, none but nobles and Christian priests were permitted to wear long beards. It was a privilege of the few, not the right of the many. Legislation clipped their beards; but the Franks having made themselves masters of Gaul, bondsmen were commanded to shave their chins. Even the right of wearing a short beard was taken away, and a clean shave was the lot of the serfs so long as servitude continued in France.

Who has not heard of Robert of France, with his long white beard, who on every battle-plain led on his harnessed knights, and in the struggle of the fight was still conspicuous for the beard, which was let down outside his cuirass, and which floated in the breeze like a silver-scarf? or of that celebrated German painter, in the days of Charles V., who long ago would have been forgotten altogether if his beard had not made him remembered?—it was so long that it reached the ground, and was looped to his girdle with a golden chain; or how, in those old times, two or three hairs from the king's beard were the sure and certain pledge of safety? how solemn deeds and acts of government were sealed with melted wax, in which a hair or two from the king's beard made all complete and legal; or how, as tokens of favour, a small portion of the sovereign's beard would be sent to some beloved courtier, who treasured it more than gold, or jewels? how, in the reign of Catherine, queen of Portugal, John de Castro took the castle of Diu, in India, but how he was obliged to ask the people of Goa to lend him one thousand pistoles; and, as a security, sent them one of his whiskers, saying,—"All the gold in the world cannot equal what I now send, but I deposit it with you as a security for the money." So charmed were the people of Goa with this conduct that they sent him back the money and the whisker too? How, in the days of our own King Henry VIII., when the good Sir Thomas More was brought to the block—and really in those troublous times it seemed a very lottery whether one's head was high in favour at Westminster or Windsor, or high in public odium on the Bridge-gate—he lifted up his beard and permitted it to fall on the further side of the block, saying in his quiet way, 'My beard has not committed treason, and it would be an injustice to make it suffer;"—how, when in France, Louis XIII. ascended the throne, and was without a beard, all the courtiers except Sully shaved their chins, and how, when that wise man, with his long beard, appeared at court, the shavelings laughed at his grave appearance; which ridicule drew from the minister the remark, "Sire, when your father did me the honour to consult me on his great and important affairs, the first thing he did was to send away all the buffoons and stage-players of the court;"—how, in Spain, when Philip V. succeeded to the throne, and with a shaven chin began to reign, the fashion was imitated by all classes, but with great reluctance and sorrow; for, said they, "Since we have lost our beards we have lost our souls."

Czar Peter in his most successful efforts for the civilisation of his land insisted on his subjects shaving their beards.

Hair and the fashion of wearing it have ever been a matter of dispute. Loudly the church denounced both flowing locks and flowing beards as "burdles of vanity;" but though it sometimes happened that a temporary reformation was effected, the old fashion came back again, and the gallants of the age in the lordly Strand or Paul's-walk, the Rialto of Venice, the public walk of Paris, the Grand Square of St. Peter at Rome, or the fashionable resorts of Madrid, still sported their flaunty locks and perfumed beards.

But enough of beards; let us turn to the beard-trimming barber. It is an old trade. We find that out by the fact that it was introduced into Rome so many centuries ago, and even then that it had gained some high repute in Sicily. In England the barbers formed an ancient and honourable body. The company of Barber-Chirurgeons was incorporated by Edward

the Fourth, "but confirmed," says Howel, "by every king and queen since." It was first instituted by the good offices of one Thomas Morestead, who was one of the sheriffs of London, and barber to the kings Henry IV., V., and VI.; and his efforts to establish a company were continued by Jacques Fries, physician, and William Hobbes, barber to Edward IV., who, as we have seen, graciously granted their request. The barber's shop in those days was the resort of people above the ordinary level of society, who went to the barber either for the cure of wounds, or to undergo some surgical operation, or, as it was then called, to be "trimmed," a term which signified either shaving the beard or cutting and curling the hair. The shop was usually furnished with a lute, a viol, or some other musical instrument, that the patients or customers might beguile the time they had to wait, before they could engage the services of the barber surgeon. The pole with its painted fillet of blue or red indicated that the professor was a blood-letter, the ribbon representing the bandage which during the operation of bleeding, was twisted round the arm of the patient, and the pole itself a Brobdignagian specimen of the staff which he commonly held.

Time works wonders. A change has indeed come over the trade of the barber surgeon, and a wondrous difference exists between the old blood-letter surgeon of the past, surrounded by court gallants, and holding no small place in public estimation as a man of science and philosophy—and the cheap barber with his pole, his jack-towel, his small looking-glass, his windsor chair, his copy of the weekly paper and of Punch, his picture of a bear, his birds,—nearly all barbers have birds,—and his endless flow of intelligence and small talk. Talk! all barber's talk. Depend upon it that grave-looking Armenian in our illustration, who is just beginning the operation of shaving upon one of his own countrymen, is telling all the news of the city: not a fashion—not a birth—not a marriage—not a death—not a fortune lost nor fortune won—could possibly escape his penetration. Look at him, as if he felt the full importance of his work—how self-complacent is he, and yet a touch of sternness in him too—one might imagine him doing business in one of our suburbs—or one might almost fancy that he was the veritable Bagdad barber!

A word or two about the philosophy of shaving. The consideration of everything is philosophy now—from a star to a stone—and why not the philosophy of the razor. The fabrication of a good razor depends on so many circumstances and conditions,—the material, the art of forging, the hardening, and the temper,—that the artist himself, after he has exercised his utmost skill, can only select such instruments as he knows to be good by actual use. The razor which possesses the best edge should be selected,—such as, upon looking along its edge, has little or no flat part when the action of the hone has taken place; and which, when drawn along the hand, appears keen and smooth. The original keenness of the edge will, of necessity, go off by use. It can only be restored by means of a good strap. The act of stropping produces a smooth edge, but, on account of the elasticity of the strop, this edge becomes round and obtuse in the angle formed by its faces. When this is the case it must be sharpened upon the hone. The principal instructions for whetting a razor are, 1, that it should be drawn lightly along the stone by repeated alternate strokes, with the edge foremost, and by no means backwards and forwards; 2, that the edge should be tried upon the hand after every two or three strokes, in order to ascertain the instant at which the operation is complete; 3, that the final edge be given by a stroke or two upon the strop. The edge of the razor is, in fact, nothing but a very fine saw. When in complete order, the razor should be for a moment or so immersed in hot water before shaving is commenced. There is some difference of opinion as to the application and use of soap. Sir John Chardin asserts that the great excellence of the Persian barbers consists in the practice of using a thick hot lather of soap. Others, on the contrary, declare that the Chinese shave far better with the use of cold water and soap. Soap, they say, acts in a twofold benefit to the shaver: it dissolves and removes perspiration, and lubricates the skin. Some operators place the razor flat on the face, and others raise it to a considerable angle. It is a very bad practice to press the razor at all against the face; and, indeed, this cannot be done with impunity, if a drawing stroke be used. The line of the motion of the razor itself should be very oblique to the line of the edge, and not at right angles to that line, as is commonly pratised; this method is, indeed, so very effectual, as to require great care before it can be adopted, in the extreme, with perfect safety; but the same efficacy which endangers the skin, renders it easy and pleasant with regard to the beard.

SPAIN AND ITS PEOPLE.—VII.

THE ARTS IN SPAIN.

With the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella commenced a grand era in the history of Spain; and in the sixteenth centuries she took high rank among the nations of the earth. But her greatness was short-lived and fleeting. If the growth of her celebrity and power was rapid, the decay of the material sources of them were no less so; and, as we have seen, the sceptre of the first monarchs of "all Spain" became at length a feeble rod in the hands of the successors of Isabella.

The era of her greatness was likewise the great period of literature and art in Spain. Growing up with her political importance, says Mr. Stirling, in his "Annals of the Artists in Spain," they added lustre to her prosperity, and a grace and charm to her decline. During the middle ages her taste and imagination had been imbodied in the unrivalled multitude of ballads, sung by unknown bards, part of which the Castilian Romanceros still preserve, and in the magnificent cathedrals reared by nameless architects in her Christian cities; the songs and the shrines being equally tinged with the colouring of northern piety and oriental fancy. Poetry, the eldest and most docile of the fine arts, was the first of the sisterhood to be affected by the revival of ancient learning. Spanish writers had borrowed somewhat of refinement and correctness from the Latin and Italian, long ere architecture in Spain had yielded submission to Greek and Roman rules, and ere painting and sculpture had produced ought but uncouth caricatures of the human form. Juan de Mena had written his graceful love-songs, Santillana had even wandered from the gay science into the strange field of criticism, and Hernan Castillo was probably preparing the first Cancionero for the press of Valencia, before the pencil of Rincon had obtained for him the cross of Santiago from the hands of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The reign of "the Catholic Sovereigns" is memorable for the discovery not merely of a new continent, but of vast regions of intellectual enterprise. History, the drama, and painting, were revived in Spain in the same stirring age that sought and found new empires beyond the great ocean. Pulgar, the father of Castilian history, Cota, the earliest forerunner of Calderon, Rincon, the first native painter in the peninsula who deserved the name, were the contemporaries of Columbus, and, with the great navigator, mingled in the courtly throngs of the presence-chamber of Isabella. The progress of refinement during the first half of the sixteenth century was perhaps more rapid in Spain than in any other country. The iron soldier of Castile, the Roman of his age, became the intellectual vassal of the elegant Italians whom he conquered.

Under the Emperor Charles V., the Iberian Peninsula, the fairest province of ancient Rome, grew into the fairest colony of modern art. The classical Boscan and Garcilasso, and the many-gifted Mendoza, left behind them monuments of literature which might bear comparison with those of Italy, Berruguete and Vigarny, schools of painting and sculpture that Florence might have been proud to own. The odes of Fray Luis de Leon were excelled in strength and grace by none ever recited at the court of Ferrara; and pastoral Estremadura could boast a painter—Morales of Badajoz—not unworthy to cope with Sebastian del Piombo on his own lofty ground.

During the reigns of the three Philips, literature and art kept an even pace in their rapid and triumphant march. When Juan de Toledo laid the foundations of the Escorial, Cervantes was writing his early poems and romances in the schools of Madrid. The versatile Theotocopuli was designing his various churches in and around Toledo, and embellishing them with

paintings and sculptures, whilst Lope de Vega was dashing off his thousand dramas for the diversion of the court. Mariana composed in the cloister his great history of Spain, whilst Sanchez Coello, the courtier and man of fashion, was illustrating the story of his own times by his fine portraits of royal and noble personages. In the reign of Philip III., Velasquez and Murillo were born, and the great novel of Cervantes first saw the light. Solis and Villegas, Moreto and the brothers Leonardo de Argensola, famous in history, poetry, and the drama, were contemporaries of Ribera, Cano, and Zurbaran, and with them shared the favour and patronage of the tasteful Philip IV. When Velasquez received the cross of Santiago, Calderon was amongst the knights who greeted the new companion of that ancient order. In the evil days of Charles II., Spain and her literature and her arts drooped and declined together. Painting strove the hardest against fate, and was the last to succumb. Murillo and Valdés, Mazo and Carreno, and their scholars nobly maintained the honour of a long line of painters, till the total eclipse of Spain in the War of the Succession. With the House of Bourbon came in foreign fashions, and foreign standards of taste. Henceforth Crebillon and Voltaire became the models of Castilian writing; Vanloo and Mengs, of Spanish painting. From the effects of this disastrous imitation, painting, at least, has never recovered.

If Spain holds a high place in the roll of nations illustrious in art, it owes it to her painters; her sculptors have never obtained, nor indeed have often deserved, much notice beyond the limits of the peninsula. Amongst them, however, were several men of fine genius. Berreguete, the disciple of Michael Angelo, was a great sculptor; Juni and Hernandez modelled with singular feeling and grace; and had Montanes and Cano flourished beneath the shadow of the Vatican, they would have been formidable rivals to Bernini and Algardi. Flanders can show no carvings more delicate and masterly than those which still enrich the venerable choirs of many of the peninsula churches—stalls embowered in foliage—almost as light as that which trembled on the living tree—where fruits cluster, and birds perch in endless variety, or those arabesque panels and pillars, where children rise from the cups of lily blossoms, and strange monsters twine themselves in a network of garlands, or the niches filled with exquisite figures, or the fretted pinnacles crowned with a thousand various finials, and towering above each other in graceful confusion. But in his high religious statuary, the Virgin of the chapel, or the tutelar saint of the abbey—the Spanish sculptor was too often unhappy in his choice of materials. Neglecting the pure marble and abiding bronze, the time-honoured and fitting vehicles of his thought, he wrought either in metals too precious to escape the chances of war, and the rapacity of bankrupt power, or in wood and clay, offering little resistance to the tooth of time, and but too much temptation to the foreign trooper, weary and hungry with his march, and seeking wherewithal to kindle his fire and make the camp-kettle boil. The use of colour—universally adopted in the larger statues and groups—was also injurious to Spanish sculpture; bringing the art, so far as it addressed the taste of vulgar monks and country clowns, within the reach of every hewer of wood who possessed a paint pot; and causing the works even of the man of genius, at first sight, rather to startle than to please, by their similitude to real fresh and blood.

The early religious architects of Spain were great masters in art. Their magnificent cathedrals—too often mere portions of giant plans—were worthy of a people who possessed so many noble remains of older times, who inherited from the Roman the bridge of Alcantara, and the aqueduct of Segovia—and who had won from the Saracen the Mosque of Cordova and the Alhambra of Granada. But the architects of the Renaissance were a feebler folk—lovers of the ornate, rather than the grand. Machuca, Toledo, and Herrera, indeed, left examples of a pure and admirable style; but they found few followers. Ecclesiastical buildings, while they increased in numbers, grew likewise in ugliness; and the monastic system bore equally hard on the financial resources and architectural taste of the country. Amongst the churches and convents erected since the end of the sixteenth century, there are few that are not either plain to bareness, or loaded with tawdry decoration; and rare, indeed, it is to meet with that graceful propriety of design, which lends its chief charm to Italian architecture, and is often to be found in the monastery of the Apennine woodlands, as well as in the princely palace on the Corso.

In age, the Spanish school of painting ranks third amongst the national schools of Europe, after the German and before the French; in artistic importance, second only to the Italian. But Spanish painting, like Spanish literature, has a glory proper and peculiar to itself. It is true that no Spaniard can claim to rank with those great Italian painters, whom their most illustrious followers have regarded with a reverence that forbade rivalry. Spain has no Raffaelle—no Correggio—nor has she a Dante nor a Shakspeare; yet her noble Castilian tongue possesses the single book of which the humour—so strictly national, and yet so true and universal—has become native to all Europe. And Spain has produced the painters whose works unite high excellence of conception and execution, with an absolute adherence to nature, and are thus best fitted to please the most critical as well as the most uneducated eyes. If the visible and material efforts of the pencil may be compared with the airy flights of thought, Velasquez and Murillo may be said to appeal, like Cervantes, to the feelings and perceptions of all men; and, like him, they will be understood and enjoyed where the loftiest strains of Shakspeare, and the ideal creations of Raffaelle, would find no sympathy, because addressed to a kindred and responsive imagination belonging only to minds of a higher order. The crazy gentleman of La Mancha and his squire will always be more popular with the many than the wondrous Prince of Denmark. And those who turn away, perplexed and disappointed, from the Spasimo or the Transfiguration, would probably gaze with ever fresh delight on the living and moving captains and spearmen of Velasquez, or on Murillo's thirsty multitudes flocking to the rock that gushed in Horeb.

The venerable city of Toledo was the cradle of Spanish painting: there the school of Castile was founded in the first half of the fifteenth century, and chiefly flourished under the fostering care of munificent prelates and chapters till the close of the reign of Charles V. Viloldo, Blas del Prado, El Greco, Tristan, and others, maintained the reputation of Toledo till the days of Philip IV. Under Philip II. Madrid, the seat of government, became the resort of many good Flemish and Italian artists, and of those native painters, such as El Mudo and Sanchez Coello, who enjoyed or hoped for the royal favour. Valladolid, a city more famous for its goldsmiths and sculptors than its painters, was the chief residence of Philip III.; Madrid, however, continued to prosper as a school of art, and finally became, in the brilliant times of Philip IV. and Velasquez, the metropolis of Castilian painting as well as of the monarchy.

Of the school of Estremadura, if school it can be called, Morales is the sole glory and representative; and if his history were better known, it would probably be found that, although he lived and laboured at Badajoz, he belonged to the school of Castile.

The great school of Andalusia was founded by Sanchez de Castro, at Seville, about 1454, and flourished till the troubles of the war of Succession. The beautiful Terra Bætica has ever been prolific of genius. The country of Lucan, and Seneca, and Trajan, of Averroes, and Azzarkal, likewise brought forth Varges, Velasquez, and Murillo. Seville was always the principal seat of Andalusian painting; but some able masters resided also in other cities, as Cespedes at Cordova, Castillo at Cadiz, and Cano and Moya at Granada.

The Valencian school sprang into eminence under Vicente Joanes about the middle of the sixteenth century, and sank into mediocrity at the death of the younger Espinosa in 1680.

The northern provinces and the Balearic Isles were not prolific, yet not altogether destitute, of artists. Zaragoza possessed a respectable school of painting till the end of the eighteenth century, of which Jusepe Martinez may be considered the chief; and Barcelona is justly proud of Viladomat, who maintained the honour of the Spanish pencil in the corrupt age of Philip V.

Spanish art, like Spanish nature, is in the highest degree national and peculiar. Its three principal schools of painting differ in style from each other, but they all agree in the great features which distinguish them from the other schools of

Europe. The same deeply religious tone is common to all. In Spain alone can painting be said to have drawn all its inspiration from Christian fountains, and, like the architecture of the middle ages, to be an exponent of a people's faith. Its first professors, indeed, acquired their skill by the study of Italian models, and by communion with Italian minds. But the skill which at Florence and Venice would have been chiefly employed to adorn palace-halls with the adventures of pious Æneas, or ladies' bowers with passages from the Art of Love, at Toledo, Seville, and Valencia was usually dedicated to the service of God and the Church. Spanish painters are very rarely to be found in the regions of history or classical mythology. Sion hill delights them more than the Aonian mount, and Siloa's brook, than ancient Tiber or the laurel-shaded Orontes. Their pastoral scenes are laid, not in the vales of Arcady, but in the fields of Judea, where Ruth gleaned after the reapers of Boaz, and where Bethlehem shepherds watched their flocks on the night of the nativity. In their landscapes it is a musing hermit, or, perhaps, a company of monks, that moves through the forest solitude, or reposes by the brink of the torrent. Their fancy loves best to deal with the legendary history of the Virgin, and the life and passion of the Redeemer, with the glorious company of apostles, the goodly fellowship of prophets, and the noble army of martyrs and saints; and they tread this sacred ground with habitual solemnity and decorum.

The great religious painters of Spain rarely descended to secular subjects. Not so the Italians. Raffaelle could pass from the creation of his heavenly Madonnas to round the youthful contours of a Psyche, or elaborate the charms of a Galatea, Correggio, from the Magdalene repenting in the desert, to Antiope surprised in the forest. Joanes of Valencia would have held such transition to be a sin, little short of sacrilege, and worthy of the severest penance. Titian's "Last Supper," and his "Assumption of the Virgin," are doubtless amongst the noblest of religious compositions. But his fancy ranged more freely over profane than sacred ground; his Maries are fair and comely, but they sometimes want the life and warmth that breathe in his Graces and his Floras, in whom he delighted to reproduce his auburn-haired mistress, who figures in one of his most charming allegories with his name inscribed on her bosom. The Queen of Love herself was his favourite subject; she it was who most fully drew forth all

"The wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man."

Far different were the themes on which Murillo put forth his highest powers. After the "Mystery of the Immaculate Conception," he repeated, probably more frequently than any other subject, the "Charity of St. Thomas of Villanueva;" and it was his finest picture of that good prelate, inimitable for simplicity and grandeur, that he was wont to call emphatically "his own."

The sobriety and purity of imagination which distinguished the Spanish painters, is mainly to be attributed to the restraining influence of the Inquisition. Palomino quotes a decree of that tribunal, forbidding the making or exposing of immodest paintings and sculptures, on pain of excommunication, a fine of fifteen hundred ducats and a year's exile. The Holy Office also appointed inspectors, whose duty it was to see that no works of that kind were exposed to view in churches and other public places. Pacheco, the painter and historian of art, held this post at Seville, and Palomino himself at Madrid. But the rules of the Inquisition cannot have been observed to the letter, otherwise so many of the Loves and Graces of Italian painting would not have been left hanging almost to our days on the walls of the Escurial.

Another cause of the severity and decency of Spanish art is to be found in the character of the Spanish people. The proverbial gravity—which distinguishes the Spaniard, like his cloak—which appears in his manner of address, and in the common phrases of his speech, is but an index of his earnest and thoughtful nature. The Faith of the Cross, nourished with the blood of Moor and Christian, nowhere struck its roots so deep, or spread them so wide, as in Spain. Pious enthusiasm pervaded all orders of men; the noble and learned as well as the vulgar. The wisdom of antiquity could not sap the creed of Alcala or Salamanca, nor the style of Plato or Cicero seduce their scholars into any leaning to the religion of Greece or Rome. Whilst Alexander Borgia—a Spaniard indeed by birth, but Italianised by education—polluted the Vatican with filthy sensuality, whilst the elegant epicurean Pope Leo banqueted gaily with Infidel wits, or hunted and hawked in the woods and plains around Viterbo—the mitre of Toledo was worn by the Franciscan Ximenes, once a hermit in the caves of the rocks, who had not doffed the hair-shirt in assuming the purple, nor in his high estate feared to peril his life for the Faith. In the nineteenth century, of which superstition is not the characteristic, a duchess returning from a ball, and meeting the host at midnight in the streets of Madrid, resigned her coach to the priests attendant on its Majesty, the Wafer, and found her way home on foot. After all the revolutions and convulsions of Spain, where episcopal crosses have been coined into dollars to pay for the bayoneting of friars militant on the hills of Biscay, and the primacy has become a smaller ecclesiastical prize than our Sodor and Man; it is still in Spain—constant, when seeming most false—religious, when seeming careless of all creeds—that the pious Catholic looks hopefully to see the Faith of Rome rise, refreshed, regenerate, and irresistible.

Nurtured in so devout a land, it was but natural that Spanish art should show itself devout. The painter was early secured to the service of religion. His first inspiration was drawn from the pictured walls of the churches or cloisters of his native place, where he had knelt a wondering child beside his mother, where he had loitered or begged when a boy: to their embellishment his earliest efforts were dedicated, out of gratitude, perhaps, to the kindly Carmelite or Cordelier, who had taught him to read, or fed him with bread and soup on the days of dole; or who had first noted the impulse of his boyish fancy, and guided "his desperate charcoal round the convent walls." As his skill improved, he would receive orders from neighbouring convents; and some gracious prior would introduce him to the notice of the bishop or the tasteful grandee of the province. The fairest creations of his matured genius then went to enrich the cathedral or the royal abbey, or found their way into the gallery of the Sovereign to bloom in the gardens of Flemish and Italian art. Throughout his whole career the Church was his best and surest patron. Nor was he the least important or popular of her ministers. His art was not merely decorative and delightful, but it was exercised to instruct the young and the ignorant; that is, the great body of worshippers, in the scenes of the Gospel history, and in the awful or touching legends of the saints, whom they were taught from the cradle to revere. "For the "learned and the lettered," says Don Juan de Butron, a writer on art in the reign of Philip IV., "written knowledge may suffice; but for the ignorant, what master is like painting? They may read their duty in a picture, although they cannot search for it in books." The painter became, therefore, in some sort, a preacher, and his works were standing homilies, more attractive, and perhaps more intelligible, than those usually delivered from the pulpit. The quiet pathos, the expressive silence of the picture, might fix the eye that would drop to sleep beneath the glozing of the Jesuit, and melt hearts that would remain untouched by all the thunders of the Dominican.

It would exceed our limits to attempt more than the merest sketch of Spanish art, patronised by the Church, and carried forward by his own religious enthusiasm, the artists of Spain speedily obtained a high position; and miracle-working pictures became as common in the peninsula as scraps of the Holy Cross. No wonder that, in after times, the religious of the continent prize the works of Velasquez and Murillo, seeing that it is often asserted that the painters were favoured by angelic visitation during the progress of their pictures.

Spanish art was, however, but little known to the rest of Europe till the end of the last, and the beginning of the present century, Ribera — the "Spagnoletto," and favourite of Naples—whose passion for the horrible was little likely to produce a favourable impression of Spanish taste, was long the sole Spaniard whose name and works were familiar to Europe. At Rome, Vargas, Cespedes, and a few others had acquired some distinction in their day; and Velasquez had left a few portraits in the palaces, and enjoyed a traditionary reputation as a member of the academy of St. Luke. Few Spanish pictures travelled northwards, except

the royal portraits sent to imperial kinsfolk at Vienna, and the works now and then carried home from Madrid by tasteful ambassadors. The catalogues of the rich collection of our Charles I. do not contain the name of a single Spanish master. Evelyn indeed tells us, that, at the sale of Lord Melford's effects at Whitehall, in 1693, "Lord Godolphin bought the picture of 'The Boys,' by Morillio, the Spaniard, for eighty guineas," which he remarks was "deare enough." Yet Cumberland, nearly a century later, while he admits Murillo to be better known in England than any Spanish master except Ribera, "very much doubts if any historical group or composition of his be in English hands." The Bourbon accession and increased intercourse with Spain brought a few good Spanish paintings into France to adorn the galleries of Orleans, Praslin, and Presle, most of which at the revolution emigrated, like their possessors, to England. Yet the Abbé Dubos, in his Reflections on Poetry and Painting, first published in 1719, cites Spain as one of those unfortunate countries where the climate is unfavourable to art, and remarks that she had produced no painter of the first class, and scarcely two of the second; thus with one stroke of his goosequill erasing from the book of fame Velasquez and Cano, Zurbaran and Murillo. Nevertheless the Abbé was a man of curious reading and research,—for he made the discovery that the poetry of the Dutch was superior in vigour and fire of fancy to their painting; and his Reflections—which formed the last round of the literary ladder whereby he climbed into the Academy—passed unquestioned through many editions, and were praised by Voltaire as the best and most accurate work of the kind in modern literature. Meanwhile the countless treasures of Spanish painting—thus triumphantly libelled—hung neglected in their native convents and palaces, far from the highways of Europe, wasting their beauty on gloomy walls, unstudied, unvisited, forgotten, except by a few tasteful and patient spirits, like Ponz and Bosarte.

But the time of their deliverance drew nigh. The French eagles stooped on the peninsula, and then was the wall of partition broken down that shut out Spanish art from the admiration of Europe. To swell the catalogue of the Louvre was part of the recognised duty of the French armies; to form a gallery for himself, had become the ambition of almost every military noble of the empire. The sale of the Orleans, Calonne, and other great collections, had made the acquisition of works of art fashionable in England and had revived the spirit of the elder Arundels and Oxfords in the Carlisles and the Gowers. With the troops of Moore and Wellesley, British picture-dealers took the field, well armed with guineas. The peninsula was overrun by dilettanti, who invested galleries with consummate skill, and who captured altar-pieces by brilliant manœuvres, that would have covered them with stars had they been employed against batteries and brigades. Convents and cathedrals — venerable shrines of art—were beset by connoisseurs, provided with squadrons of horse or letters of exchange, and demanding the surrender of the Murillos or Canos within; and priest and prebend, prior or abbot, seldom refused to yield to the menaces of death or to the temptation of dollars. Soult at Seville, and Sebastiani at Granada, collected with unerring taste and unexampled rapacity; and having thus signalised themselves as robbers in war, became no less eminent as picture-dealers in peace. King Joseph himself showed great judgment and presence of mind in his selection of the gems of art which he snatched at the last moment from the gallery of the Bourbons, as he fled from their palace at Madrid. Suchet, Victor, and a few of "the least erected spirits," valued paintings only for the gold and jewels on their frames; but the French captains in general had profited by their morning lounges in the Louvre, and had keen eyes as well for a saleable picture as for a good position.

By the well-directed efforts of steel and gold, Murillo and his brethren have now found their way, with infinite advantage to their reputation, to the banks of the Seine and the Iser, the Thames and the Neva. French violence and rapine, inexcusable in themselves, have had some redeeming consequences. The avarice of Joseph and his robber-marshals, by circulating the works of the great Spanish masters, has conferred a boon on the artists of Europe. Nor is the loss to Spain so serious as it may at first appear. Great as was their booty the plunderers left behind, sorely against their will, treasures more precious than those which they carried away; and the rich remainder is now more highly valued than the whole ever was, and more carefully preserved.

Large numbers of Spanish pictures exist in the various galleries of Europe; and, though the National and Dulwich galleries furnish but few specimens, it is certain that the paintings, in the possession of private gentlemen in England, could furnish forth a gallery more extensive perhaps than that of the Louvre, and assuredly more genuine.

The late sale of Marshal Soult's collection at Paris has contributed still further to the distribution of the masterpieces of Murillo and his compeers. It is to be lamented, however, that Spanish art, like Spanish glory and magnificence, belongs entirely to the past.

"WE HEARD A SAGE."

We heard a sage of our England say,
"She is strong by forge and loom,
But where will the soul of the elder day
In these trading times find room—
The soul that hath gotten our land renown
By the patriot's sword and the martyr's crown?

"Banner and battle flag are furl'd,
Glory and valour wane;
We have come to the work-day of the world,
To the times of toil and gain.
The song and the symbol lose their hold;
Our hands are strong, but our hearts are cold,
For faith have come to be bought and sold,—
It is only these that reign.

"Our people's sport and our children's play
They have sounds from shop and school,
And ever the sound of youth grows gray
With the Reckoner and the Rule,
With the husks of knowledge dry and dead,
With the strife for gold and the cry for bread.

"There are wealth and work in our crowded marts,
There is speed in our hurrying ways,
But men must seek the craftsman's arts
For the story of these days.
Pencil and pen and lyre are brought
To the engine's haste and the trader's thought;
For life with the din of wheels is fraught,
And again the iron sways."

So that half-seer spake,—and more
Had said, but one who pass'd
The twilight-stand of his narrow lore
Replied—"Look forth at last,
From thy bounded school and thy trusted page,
On the breadth of thy land's brave heritage!—

"It is rich with glorious victories
O'er the old material powers,—
The Titan gods that from eldest days
Have warred with us and ours.
It hath conquer'd the might of time and space,
It hath broken the bars of clime and race,
It hath won for our human freedom place
From life's dusty wants and dowers.

"Great hearts of old by the Druid's tree
In the towers with ivy green
Have pined away in the wish to see
The things that we have seen.
Yet never had England nobler scope
For the martyr's faith or the patriot's hope.

"Her march is swift but the way is far
To the goal where the conflict cease:
For wide is the search and long the war
That must work the world's release.
But strength and cheer to the humblest hand,
To thee feeblest step in the van-ward band
Who have won such conquests for our land
In the battle-fields of peace!"

FRANCES BROWN.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.*

Amongst the women of the French Revolution, there is one who stands essentially apart—a solitary episode of the eventful story. She appears for a moment, performs a deed—heroic as to the intention, criminal as to the means—and disappears for ever; lost in the shadow of time—an unfathomed mystery.

And it is perhaps this very mystery that has invested with so much interest the name of one known by a single deed; which, though intended by her to deliver her country, changed little its destinies. To admire her entirely is impossible; to condemn her is equally difficult. No one can read her history without feeling that, to judge her absolutely lies not in the province of man. Beautiful, pure, gentle, and a murderess, she attracts and repels us in almost equal degrees; like all those beings whose nature is inexplicable and strange, according to the ordinary standard of humanity. Although it is generally acknowledged that she did not exercise over contemporary events that repressing power for which she sacrificed her life, it is felt, nevertheless, that no history of the times in which she lived is complete without her name; and to her brief and tragic history an eloquent modern historian† has devoted some of his most impressive pages.

The 31st of May was the signal of the fall and dispersion of the Girondists. Some, like Barbaroux, Buzot, Louvet, and their friends, retired to the provinces, which they endeavoured to rouse for one last struggle. Others, like Madame Roland and the twenty-two, prepared themselves in their silent prison solitude for death and the scaffold. The name of the Girondists now became a sound as proscribed as that of Royalist had been during their brief sway. No voice gifted with power was raised throughout the republic in favour of the men by whom, in the midst of such enthusiastic acclamations, that republic had been founded. France was rapidly sinking into that state of silent apathy which foreboded the Reign of Terror: discouraged by their experience of the past, men lost their faith in humanity, and selfishly despaired of the future. A maiden's heroic spirit alone conceived the daring project of saving those who had so long and so nobly striven for freedom; or, if this might not be, of avenging their fall, and striking terror into the hearts of their foes, by a deed of solemn immolation, worthy of the stern sacrifices of paganism offered of yore on the blood-stained shrines of the goddess Nemesis.

The maiden was Marie-Anne Charlotte, of Corday and of Armont, one of the last descendants of a noble though impoverished Norman family, which counted amongst its near relatives Fontenelle, the wit and philosopher of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and amongst its ancestors the father of the great tragic poet of France, Pierre Corneille.

Her father, Jacques of Corday and of Armont, was a younger son of this noble line. He was, however, poorer than many of the peasants amongst whom he lived, cultivating with his own hands his narrow inheritance. He married in early life a lady of gentle blood, but as poor as himself. They had five children and a noble name to support, in a vain show of dignity, on their insufficient income. It thus happened that Charlotte, their fourth child and second daughter, was born in a thatched dwelling, in the village of Saint-Saturnin des Lignerets; and that in the register of the parish church where she was baptized, on the 28th of July, 1768, the day after her birth, she is described as "born in lawful wedlock of Jacques François of Corday, esquire, sieur of Armont, and of the noble dame Marie Charlotte-Jacqueline, of Gauthier des Authieux, his wife." It was under these difficult circumstances, which embittered his temper, and often caused him to inveigh in energetic terms against the injustice of the law of primogeniture, that M. d'Armont reared his family. As soon as they were of age, his sons entered the army; one of his daughters died young; and he became a widower when the other two were emerging from childhood into youth. They remained for some time with their father, but at length entered the Abbaye aux Dames, in the neighbouring town of Caen.

The greatest portion of the youth of Charlotte Corday—to give her the name by which she is generally known—was spent in the calm obscurity of her convent solitude. Many high visions, many burning dreams and lofty aspirations, already haunted her imaginative and enthusiastic mind, as she slowly paced the silent cloisters, or rested, lost in thought, beneath the shadow of the ancient elms. It is said that, like Madame Roland, she contemplated secluding herself for ever from the world in her monastic retreat; but, affected by the scepticism of the age, which penetrated even beyond convent walls, she gave up this project. From these early religious feelings Charlotte derived, however, the calm devotedness which characterised her brief career: for though self-sacrifice may not be the exclusive attribute of Christianity, it cannot be denied that the deep humility by which it is accompanied—a feeling almost unknown to the ancients—is in itself the very spirit of Christ. The peaceful and solemn shadow of the old cloister favoured the mild seriousness of Charlotte's character. Within the precincts of her sacred retreat she grew up in grave and serene loveliness, a being fit for the gentlest duties of woman's household life, or for one of those austere and fearless deeds which lead to the scaffold and give martyrdom in a holy cause.

The scepticism that prevailed for the last few years preceding the revolution, was not the sensual atheism which had disgraced the eighteenth century so long. The faith in a first and eternal cause, in the sacredness of human rights and the holiness of duty, was firmly held by many noble spirits, who hailed with enthusiasm the first dawn of democracy. This faith was blended in the soul of Charlotte Corday, with a passionate admiration of antiquity. All the austerity and republican enthusiasm of her illustrious ancestor, Pierre Corneille, seemed to have come down to his young descendant. Even Rousseau and Raynal, the apostles of democracy, had no pages that could absorb her so deeply as those of ancient history, with its stirring deeds and immortal recollections. Often, like Manon Phlipon in the recess of her father's workshop, might Charlotte Corday be seen in her convent cell thoughtfully bending over an open volume of Plutarch, that powerful and eloquent historian of all heroic sacrifices.

When the Abbaye aux Dames was closed, in consequence of the revolution, Charlotte was in her twentieth year, in the prime of life and of her wonderful beauty; and never perhaps did a vision of more dazzling loveliness step forth from beneath the dark convent portal into the light of the free and open world. She was rather tall, but admirably proportioned, with a figure full of native grace and dignity; her hands, arms, and shoulders were models of pure sculptural beauty. An expression of singular gentleness and serenity characterised her fair, oval countenance and regular features. Her open forehead, dark and well-arched eyebrows, and eyes of a gray so deep that it was often mistaken for blue, added to her naturally grave and meditative appearance; her nose was straight and well-formed, her mouth serious but exquisitely beautiful. Like most of the women of the Norman race, she had a complexion of transparent purity; enhanced by the rich brown hair which fell in thick curls around her neck, according to the fashion of the period. A simple severity characterised her dress of sombre hue, and the low and becoming lace cap which she habitually wore is still known by her name in France. Her whole aspect was fraught with so much modest grace and dignity, that, notwithstanding her youth, the first feeling she invariably inspired was one of respect, blended with involuntary admiration for a being of such pure and touching loveliness.

On leaving the convent in which she had been educated, Charlotte Corday went to reside with her aunt, Madame Coutellier de Bretteville Gouville, an old royalist lady, who inhabited an ancient-looking house in one of the principal streets of Caen. There the young girl, who had inherited a little property, spent several years, chiefly engaged in watching the progress of the revolution. The feelings of her father were similarly engrossed: he wrote several pamphlets in favour of the revolutionary principles; and one in which he attacked the right of primogeniture. His republican tendencies confirmed Charlotte in her opinions; but of the deep, overpowering strength which those opinions acquired in her soul, during the long hours she daily devoted to meditation, no one ever knew, until a stern and fearful deed—more stern and fearful in one so gentle—had revealed it to all France. A silent reserve characterised this epoch of Charlotte Corday's life: her enthusiasm was not external, but inward: she listened to the discussions which were carried on around her without taking a part in them herself. She seemed to feel instinctively that great thoughts are always better nursed in the heart's solitude: that they can only lose their native depth and intensity by being revealed too freely before the indifferent gaze of the world. Those with whom she then occasionally conversed took little heed of the substance of her discourse, and could remember nothing of it when she afterwards became celebrated; but all recollected well her voice, and spoke with strange enthusiasm of its pure, silvery sound. Like Madame Roland, whom she resembled in so many respects, Charlotte possessed this rare and great attraction; and there was something so touching in her youthful and almost childlike utterance of heroic thoughts, that it affected even to tears those who heard her on her trial calmly defending herself from the infamous accusations of her judges, and glorying with the same low, sweet tones in the deadly deed which had brought her before them.

The fall of the Girondists, on the 31st of May, first suggested to Charlotte Corday the possibility of giving an active shape to her hitherto passive feelings. She watched with intense, though still silent, interest the progress of events, concealing her secret

* From a clever and well written work entitled "Woman in France," by Julia Kavanagh. † Lamartine.

indignation and thoughts of vengeance under her habitually calm aspect. Those feelings were heightened in her soul by the presence of the fugitive Girondists, who had found a refuge in Caen, and were urging the Normans to raise an army to march on Paris. She found a pretence to call upon Barbaroux, then with his friends at the Intendance. She came twice, accompanied by an old servant, and protected by her own modest dignity. Pethion saw her in the hall, where she was waiting for the handsome Girondist, and observed with a smile,—

"So, the beautiful aristocrat is come to see republicans."

"Citizen Pethion," she replied, "you now judge me without knowing me, but a time will come when you shall learn who I am."

With Barbaroux, Charlotte chiefly conversed of the imprisoned Girondists, of Madame Roland, and Marat. The name of this man had long haunted her with a mingled feeling of dread and horror. To Marat she ascribed the proscription of the Girondists, the woes of the republic, and on him she resolved to avenge her ill-fated country. Charlotte was not aware that Marat was but the tool of Danton and Robespierre. "If such actions could be counselled," afterward said Barbaroux, "it is not Marat whom we would have advised her to strike."

Whilst this deadly thought was daily strengthening itself in Charlotte's mind, she received several offers of marriage. She declined them, on the plea of wishing to remain free; but strange indeed must have seemed to her, at that moment, those proposals of earthly love. One of those whom her beauty had enamoured, M. de Franquelin, a young volunteer in the cause of the Girondists, died of grief on learning her fate. His last request was, that her portrait and a few letters he had formerly received from her might be buried with him in his grave.

For several days after her last interview with Barbaroux, Charlotte brooded silently over her great thought, often meditating on the history of Judith. Her aunt subsequently remembered that on entering her room one morning, she found an old Bible open on her bed; the verse in which it is recorded that "the Lord had gifted Judith with a special beauty and fairness," for the deliverance of Israel, was underlined with a pencil.

On another occasion Madame de Bretteville found her niece weeping alone; she inquired into the cause of her tears.

"They flow," replied Charlotte, "for the misfortunes of my country."

Heroic and devoted as she was, she then also wept, perchance, over her own youth and beauty, so soon to be sacrificed for ever. No personal considerations altered her resolve; she procured a passport, provided herself with money, and paid a farewell visit to her father, to inform him that, considering the unsettled condition of France, she thought it best to retire to England. He approved of her intention, and bade her adieu. On returning to Caen, Charlotte told the same tale to Madame de Bretteville, left a secret provision for an old nurse, and distributed the little property she possessed amongst her friends.

It was on the morning of the 9th of July, 1793, that she left the house of her aunt, without trusting herself with a last farewell. Her most earnest wish was, when her deed should have been accomplished, to perish, wholly unknown, by the hands of an infuriated multitude. The woman who could contemplate such a fate, and calmly devote herself to it, without one selfish thought of future renown, had indeed the heroic soul of a martyr.

Her journey to Paris was marked by no other event than the unwelcome attentions of some Jacobins with whom she travelled. One of them, struck by her modest and gentle beauty, made her a very serious proposal of marriage: she playfully evaded his request, but promised that he should learn who and what she was at some future period. On entering Paris she proceeded immediately to the Hotel de la Providence, Rue des Vieux Augustins, not far from Marat's dwelling. Here she rested for two days before calling on her intended victim. Nothing can mark more forcibly the singular calmness of her mind: she felt no hurry to accomplish the deed for which she had journeyed so far, and over which she had meditated so deeply: her soul remained serene and undaunted to the last. The room which she occupied, and which has been often pointed out to inquiring strangers, was a dark and wretched attic, into which light scarcely ever penetrated. There she read again the volume of Plutarch she had brought with her—unwilling to part from her favourite author even in her last hours—and probably composed that energetic address to the people, which was found upon her after her apprehension. One of the first acts of Charlotte was to call on the Girondist, Duperret, for whom she was provided with a letter from Barbaroux, relative to the supposed business she had in Paris: her real motive was to learn how she could see Marat. She had first intended to strike him in the Champ de Mars, on the 14th of July, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, when a great and imposing ceremony was to take place. The festival being delayed, she resolved to seek him in the convention, and immolate him on the very summit of the mountain; but Marat was too ill to attend the meetings of the National Assembly: this Charlotte learned from Duperret. She resolved, nevertheless, to go to the convention, in order to fortify herself in her resolve. Mingling with the horde of Jacobins who crowded the galleries, she watched with deep attention the scene below. Saint Just was then urging the convention to proscribe Lanjuinais, the heroic defender of the Girondists. A young foreigner, a friend of Lanjuinais, and who stood at a short distance from Charlotte, noticed the expression of stern indignation which gathered over her features, until, like one overpowered by her feelings, and apprehensive of displaying them too openly, she abruptly left the place. Struck with her whole appearance, he followed her out; a sudden shower of rain, which compelled them to seek shelter under the same archway, afforded him an opportunity of entering into conversation with her. When she learned that he was a friend of Lanjuinais she waived her reserve, and questioned him with much interest concerning Madame Roland and the Girondists. She also asked him about Marat, with whom she said she had some business.

"Marat is ill; it would be better for you to apply to the public accuser, Fouquier Tinville," said the stranger.

"I do not want him now, but I may have to deal with him yet," she significantly replied.

Perceiving that the rain did not cease, she requested her companion to procure her a conveyance. He complied, and before parting from her begged to be favoured with her name. She refused, adding, however, "You will know it before long." With Italian courtesy, he kissed her hand as he assisted her into the fiacre. She smiled, and bade him farewell.

Charlotte perceived that to call on Marat was the only means by which she might accomplish her purpose. She did so on the morning of the 13th of July, having first purchased a knife in the Palais Royal, and written him a note, in which she requested an interview. She was refused admittance. She then wrote him a second note, more pressing than the first, and in which she represented herself as persecuted for the cause of freedom. Without waiting to see what effect this note might produce, she called again at half-past seven the same evening.

Marat then resided in the Rue des Cordeliers, in a gloomy-looking house, which has since been demolished. His constant fears of assassination were shared by those around him; the porter, seeing a strange woman pass by his lodge without pausing to make any inquiry, ran out and called her back. She did not heed his remonstrance, but swiftly ascended the old stone staircase, until she had reached the door of Marat's apartment. It was cautiously opened by Albertine, a woman with whom Marat cohabited, and who passed for his wife. Recognising the same young and handsome girl who had already called on her husband, and animated, perhaps, by a feeling of jealous mistrust, Albertine refused to admit her: Charlotte insisted with great earnestness. The sound of their altercation reached Marat; he immediately ordered his wife to admit the stranger, whom he recognised as the author of the two letters he had received in the course of the day. Albertine obeyed reluctantly; she allowed Charlotte to enter; and, after crossing with her an antechamber, where she had been occupied with a man named Laurent Basse in folding some numbers of the "Ami du Peuple," she ushered her through two other rooms, until they came to a narrow closet, where Marat was then in a bath. He gave a look at Charlotte, and ordered his wife to leave them alone: she complied, but allowed the door of the closet to remain half open, and kept within call.

According to his usual custom, Marat wore a soiled handkerchief bound round his head, increasing his natural hideousness. A coarse covering was thrown across his bath; a board, likewise placed transeversely, supported his papers. Laying down his pen, he asked Charlotte the purport of her visit. The closet was so narrow that she touched the bath near which she stood. She gazed on him with ill-disguised horror and disgust, but answered as composedly as she could, that she had come from Caen, in order to give him correct intelligence concerning the proceedings of the Girondists there. He listened, questioned her eagerly, wrote down the names of the Girondists, then added with a smile of triumph—

"Before a week they shall have perished on the guillotine."

"These words," afterward said Charlotte, "sealed his fate." Drawing from beneath the handkerchief which covered her bosom the knife she had kept there all along, she plunged it to the hilt in Marat's heart. He gave one loud expiring cry for help, and sank back dead in the bath. By an instinctive impulse Charlotte had instantly drawn out the knife from the breast of her victim, but she did not strike again; casting it down at his feet, she left the closet and sat down in a neighbouring room, thoughtfully passing her hand across her brow: her task was done.

The wife of Marat had rushed to his aid on hearing his cry for help. Laurent Basse, seeing that all was over, turned round

toward Charlotte, and with a blow of a chair felled her to the floor, whilst the infuriated Albertine trampled her under her feet. The tumult aroused the other tenants of the house; the alarm spread, and a crowd gathered in the apartment, who learned with stupor that Marat, the Friend of the People, had been murdered. Deeper still was their wonder when they gazed on the murderess. She stood there before them with still disordered garments, and her dishevelled hair, loosely bound by a broad green ribbon, falling around her; but so calm, so serenely lovely, that those who most abhorred her crime gazed on her with involuntary admiration.

"Was she then so beautiful?" was the question addressed many years afterward to an old man, one of the few remaining witnesses of this scene.

"Beautiful!" he echoed enthusiastically, adding, with the eternal regrets of old age, "Ay, there are none such now!"

The commissary of police began his interrogatory in the saloon of Marat's apartment. She told him her name, how long she had been in Paris, confessed her crime, and recognised the knife with which it had been perpetrated. The sheath was found in her pocket, with a thimble, some thread, money, and her watch.

"What was your motive in assassinating Marat?" asked the commissary.

"To prevent a civil war," she answered.

"Who are your accomplices?"

"I have none."

She was ordered to be transferred to the Abbaye, the nearest prison. An immense and infuriated crowd had gathered around the door of Marat's house; one of the witnesses perceived that she would have liked to be delivered to this maddened multitude, and thus perish at once. She was not saved from their hands without difficulty; her courage failed her at the sight of the peril she ran, and she fainted away on being conveyed to the fiacre. On reaching the Abbaye, she was questioned until midnight by Chabot and Drouet, two Jacobin members of the convention. She answered their interrogatories with singular firmness; observing, in conclusion, "I have done my task, let others do theirs." Chabot threatened her with the scaffold; she answered with a smile of disdain. Her behaviour until the 17th, the day of her trial, was marked by the same firmness. She wrote to Barbaroux a charming letter, full of graceful wit and heroic feeling. Her playfulness never degenerated into levity: like that of the illustrious Thomas Moore, it was the serenity of a mind whom death had no power to daunt. Speaking of her action, she observes,—

"I considered that so many brave men need not come to Paris for the head of one man. He deserved not so much honour: the hand of a woman was enough. . . . I have never hated but one being, and him with what intensity I have sufficiently shown, but there are a thousand whom I love still more than I hated him. . . . I confess that I employed a perfidious artifice in order that he might receive me. In leaving Caen I thought to sacrifice him on the pinnacle of 'the mountain,' but he no longer went to it. In Paris they cannot understand how a useless woman, whose longest life could have been of no good, could sacrifice herself to save her country. . . . May peace be as soon established as I desire! A great criminal has been laid low. . . . The happiness of my country makes mine. A lively imagination and a feeling heart promise but a stormy life; I beseech those who might regret me to consider this: they will then rejoice at my fate."

A tenderer tone marks the brief letter she addressed to her father on the eve of her trial and death.

"Forgive me, my dear father," she observed, "for having disposed of my existence without your permission. I have avenged many innocent victims. I have warded away many disasters. The people undeceived, will one day rejoice at being delivered from a tyrant. If I endeavoured to persuade you that I was going to England, it was because I hoped to remain unknown: I recognised that this was impossible. I hope you will not be subjected to annoyance; you have at least defenders at Caen; I have chosen Gustave Doulcet de Pontecoulant for mine: it is a mere matter of form. Such a deed allows of no defence. Farewell, my dear father. I beseech of you to forget me; or, rather, to rejoice at my fate. I die for a good cause. I embrace my sister, whom I love with my whole heart. Do not forget the line of Corneille:

'Le crime faite la honte, et non pas l'échafaud.'

To-morrow at eight I am to be tried."

On the morning of the 17th, she was led before her judges. She dressed with care, and had never looked more lovely. Her bearing was so imposing and dignified, that the spectators and the judges seemed to stand arraigned before her. She interrupted the first witness, by declaring that it was she who had killed Marat.

"Who inspired you with so much hatred against him?" asked the president.

"I needed not the hatred of others, I had enough of my own," she energetically replied. "Besides, we do not execute well that that which we have not ourselves conceived.

"What then did you hate in Marat?"

"His crimes."

"Do you think then that you have assassinated all the Marats?"

"No; but now that he is dead, the rest may fear."

She answered other questions with equal firmness and laconism. Her project, she declared, had been formed since the 31st of May. "She had killed one man to save a hundred thousand. She was a republican long before the Revolution and had never failed in energy."

"What do you understand by energy?" asked the presiden

"That feeling," she replied, "which induces us to cast aside selfish considerations, and sacrifice ourselves for our country."

Fouquier Tinville here observed, alluding to the sure blow she had given, that she must be well practised in crime.

"The monster takes me for an assassin!" she exclaimed, in a tone thrilling with indignation.

This closed the debates, and her defender rose. It was not Doulcet de Pontecoulant—who had not received her letter—but Chauveau de la Garde, chosen by the president. Charlotte gave him an anxious look, as though she feared he might seek to save her at the expense of honour. He spoke, and she perceived her apprehensions were unfounded. Without excusing her crime or attributing it to insanity, he pleaded for the fervour of her conviction; which he had the courage to call sublime. The appeal proved unavailing. Charlotte Corday was condemned. Without deigning to answer the president, who asked her if she had aught to object to the penalty of death being carried out against her, she rose, and walking up to her defender, thanked him gracefully.

"These gentlemen," said she, pointing to the judges, "have just informed me that the whole of my property is confiscated. I owe something in the prison: as a proof of my friendship and esteem, I request you to pay this little debt."

On returning to the conciergerie, she found an artist, armed Hauer, waiting for her, to finish her portrait, which he had begun at the tribunal. They conversed freely together, until the executioner, carrying the red chemise destined for assassins, and the scissors with which he was to cut her hair off, made his appearance.

"What, so soon?" exclaimed Charlotte Corday, slightly turning pale; but rallying her courage, she resumed her composure, and presented a lock of her hair to M. Hauer, as the only reward in her power to offer. A priest came to offer her his ministry. She thanked him and the persons by whom he had been sent, but declined his spiritual aid. The executioner cut her hair, bound her hands, and threw the red chemise over her. M. Hauer was struck with the almost unearthly loveliness which the crimson hue of this garment imparted to the ill-fated maiden. "This toilet of death, though performed by rude hands, leads to immortality," said Charlotte, with a smile.

A heavy storm broke forth as the car of the condemned left the conciergerie for the Place de la Révolution. An immense crowd lined every street through which Charlotte Corday passed. Hootings and execrations first rose on her path; but as her pure and serene beauty dawned on the multitude, as the exquisite loveliness of her countenance, and the sculptural beauty of her figure became more fully revealed, pity and admiration superseded every other feeling. Her bearing was so admirably calm and dignified, as to rouse sympathy in the breasts of those who detested not only her crime, but the cause for which it had been committed. Many men of every party took off their hats and bowed as the cart passed before them. Amongst those who waited its approach, was a young German, named Adam Luz, who stood at the entrance of the Rue Sainte Honore, and followed Charlotte to the scaffold. He gazed on the lovely and heroic maiden with all the enthusiasm of his imaginitive race. A love, unexampled perhaps in the history of the human heart, took possession of his soul. Not one wandering look of "those beautiful eyes, which revealed a soul as intrepid as it was tender," escaped him. Every earthly grace so soon to perish in death, every trace of the lofty and immortal spirit, filled him with intoxicating emotions unknown till then. "To die for her; to be struck by the same hand; to feel in death the same cold axe which had severed the angelic head of Charlotte; to be united to her in heroism, freedom, love, and death, was now the only hope and desire of his heart."

Unconscious of the passionate love she had awakened, Charlotte now stood near the guillotine. She turned pale on first beholding it, but soon resumed her serenity. A deep blush suffused her face when the executioner removed the handkerchief that covered her neck and shoulders, but she calmly laid her head upon the block. The executioner touched a spring, and the axe came down. One of Samson's assistants immediately stepped forward, and holding up the lifeless head to the gaze of the crowd, struck it on either cheek. The brutal act only excited a feeling of horror; and it is said that though even in death her indignant spirit protested against

this outrage—an angry and crimson flush passed over the features of Charlotte Corday.

A few days after her execution, Adam Luz published a pamphlet, in which he enthusiastically praised her deed, and proposed that a statue with the inscription, "GREATER THAN BRUTUS," should be erected to her memory on the spot where she had perished. He was arrested and thrown into prison. On entering the Abbaye, he passionately exclaimed, "I am going to die for her!" His wish was fulfilled ere long.

Strange feverish times were those which could rouse a gentle and lovely maiden to avenge freedom by such a deadly deed; which could waken in a human heart a love whose thoughts were not of life or earthly bliss, but of the grave and the scaffold. Let the times, then, explain those natures, where so much evil and heroism are blended, that man cannot mark the limits between both. Whatever judgment may be passed upon her, the character of Charlotte Corday was certainly not cast in an ordinary mould. It is a striking and noble trait, that to the last she did not repent: never was error more sincere. If she could have repented, she would never have become guilty.

Her deed created an extraordinary impression throughout France. On hearing of it, a beautiful royalist lady fell down on her knees, and invoked "Saint Charlotte Corday." The republican Madame Roland calls her a heroine worthy of a better age. The poet, Andre Chenier who, before a year had elapsed, followed her on the scaffold—sang her heroism in a soul-stirring strain.

The political influence of that deed may be estimated by the exclamation of Vergniaud: "She kills us, but she teaches us how to die!" It was so. The assassination of Marat exasperated all his fanatic partisans against the Girondists. Almost divine honours were paid to his memory; forms of prayers were addressed to him; altars were erected to his honour, and numberless victims sent to the scaffold as a peace-offering to his manes. On the wreck of his popularity rose the far more dangerous power of Robespierre; a new impulse was given to the Reign of Terror. Such was the "peace" which the erring and heroic Charlotte Corday won for France.

THE OPENING AND THE CLOSING SCENE IN THE LIVES OF CELEBRATED MEN.

THE contrast which so frequently exists between the external circumstances that surround us at the time of our birth, and those which distinguish the closing scenes of life, affords in the case of illustrious individuals, a curious and not uninstructive chapter in the history of humanity. It does not, however, fall within our present province to perform the part of monitor, by deducing the various important lessons which might fairly be drawn from so copious a source; but simply to furnish to our readers some of the significant instances of this kind which are recorded in the biographies of celebrated persons, and which, we hope, will be found both useful and entertaining.

Columbus, the discoverer of the western world, and the son of a poor wool-carder, was born at Genoa early in the fifteenth century, and, having attained celebrity as a navigator and geographist, came to Valladolid, where he was patronised by the Spanish monarch and his courtiers. Here, too, he subsequently expired in the zenith of his fame as a discoverer. No reward had crowned his splendid success. The king was jealous of his renown; and the last days of the great man were imbittered by a sense of royal disfavours. When it was too late, Ferdinand endeavoured to make atonement for his injustice by the erection of a monument to the memory of Columbus, inscribed in the Spanish tongue with the words, "For Castile and Leon, Columbus discovered a new world."

Three centuries later, another voyager, Captain James Cook, was born of parents equally low, his father and mother both earning their subsistence as servants on a village farm near Whitby, in Yorkshire. Receiving high and merited honours during his lifetime, Cook's summons to the better land came whilst he was still engaged in the labours of discovery near the Sandwich Islands. In this distant region, a collision having occurred between a party of the natives and his ship's crew, he was stricken down, and, his body being seized by the natives, nothing but a few charred and broken bones were ever recovered of his remains.

The father of John Bunyan was a tinker; and the humble cottage, with its small garden-plot of crocuses and snowdrops, in which his gifted child first drew breath, is yet shown to visitors; but it was in the heart of London, in its Bunhill-field Cemetery, that the immortal author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was interred; and a monument since erected to his memory marks the spot.

The vicissitudes of fortune are particularly illustrated in the lives of professional persons, whose eminent talents frequently alone raised them to eminence; and of this truth, Sir Thomas Lawrence, the son of a country innkeeper, is a notable example. Visiting royalty on the footing of a familiar acquaintance, fame and fortune crowning his brilliant and successful artist career, a knight of the French legion of honour, and a member of six foreign academies, he died amidst the most sunny prosperity, and his mortal frame rests in the national mausoleum of St. Paul's Cathedral, whither it was attended by the lord mayor, the sheriffs, and a large body of the members of the Royal Academy. A yet more interesting instance is that of the great painter, Claude, whose poverty-stricken parents were compelled to bind him to a pastrycook, but whose artist-spirit stirring within him spurred him on to leave France for Italy, where he created for himself a reputation that will last as long as those European nations which proudly exhibit so many hundreds of his paintings. Amiable and illustrious, he breathed his last in the Eternal City, at the venerable age of eighty-two years. The first rural landscape painter of England, as he has been termed, the dissipated George Morland reversed the usual order of advancement, and, though born of parents in good circumstances, expired in a sponging-house; whilst Opie, the portrait painter, who passed his earlier years in a carpenter's shop, near Truro, in Cornwall, after winning a high reputation, finally reposed in St. Paul's Cathedral. A most beautiful and wonderful song-stress of the last century, Mrs. Billington, the daughter of a German hautboy player, was born in London, and after realising a princely fortune by her extraordinary voice—which sometimes brought her as much as £10,000 in the course of twelve months—died on her own fertile estate of Le Ternier, near Venice. Our finest bass singer, Bartleman, first saw the light in a London garret chamber, and began life as a chorister boy in Westminster Abbey, in whose cloisters he was buried, after a long illness of terrible suffering, and where his modest grave may yet be seen, with the inscription of the commencing notes of Pergolesi's air, "O Lord have mercy upon me!" The infant quaker of the United States, Benjamin West, who was obliged to rob the cat's tail of hair to make his first brush, was born in Philadelphia, and, winning his way to eminence in Rome and England, died president of the Royal Academy, and was followed to his resting-place, in St. Paul's Cathedral, by a train of noblemen, ambassadors, and artists. A very different ending, at least to the feelings of the party concerned, closed the splendid career of the son of a poor bargeman, early in the sixteenth century, who, too poor to pay for a light by which to study, was obliged to prepare for his classes by the lamps in the street and church porches, and, gradually attaining to successive preferments, finally ascended the papal throne, under the title of Adrian VI. His own words, which he commanded should be inscribed on his tomb, will best relate the sequel of his greatness: "Here lies Adrian VI., who esteemed no misfortune which happened to him in life so great as his being called to govern." The well-known lines of Gray, concerning the Miltons and Hampdens, whose talents he thinks remain buried in their native villages, in the absence of exciting circumstances to call them out, would seem to be almost disproved by the numberless examples of villagers who, unassisted by patronage or interest in taking "*le premier, pas qui conte*," have yet attained to the highest honours. Our celebrated countryman, Sir Isaac Newton, a weakly posthumous child, was born in a Lincolnshire hamlet, on a small ancestral farm, and, commencing his education at the parish school, made himself a world-wide reputation and knighted by Queen Anne. Rich in friends and fortune, he was, at last, interred with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. Molière, the son of an humble Parisian tradesman, could neither read nor write at the age of fourteen, yet he was destined to change the whole character of the French drama, by producing a series of immortal works. He was attacked by his last illness when performing the part of *Le Malade Imaginaire;* and died so deeply regretted, that Louis XIV., although the comedian had been excommunicated, and was regarded with abhorrence by the clergy whom he had so severely satirised,

prevailed on the archbishop to allow his much-prized remains to be buried in consecrated ground. Of musical notoriety is the instance of Joseph Haydn, whose father was an humble wheelwright, and who first drew breath in an Austrian village; when he had attained the age of threescore-and-ten, he witnessed the performance of his own beautiful oratorio of "The Creation," at Vienna, attended by the Princess Esterhazy. His entrance was welcomed by the rising up of all the most illustrious personages in the land, the triumphant flourishes of the orchestra, and the loud reiterated applauses of the whole august assembly. War was then raging between France and Austria, and the aged composer was terribly alarmed by the firing of Napoleon's cannons, at the very gates of Vienna; and one day, having sung the national anthem, "God save the Emperor," three times with great enthusiasm, but trembling accents, he immediately fell into the stupor which preceded his death. Mozart's requiem was performed in his honour, and he was laid in the same distinguished sepulchre which contained the bones of that master composer.

On the steps of the church of St. Jean Le Rond, in Paris, in the last century, a policeman picked up the body of a little foundling, left there to perish. A kind glazier's wife took charge of the infant, who afterwards became, under the name of D'Alembert, one of the most eminent mathematicians of France. He died the peaceful death of a great and amiable savant, at an advanced age. Cœdmon, our earliest English poet, and who sang of the creation so finely, that some commentators suppose Milton himself did not disdain to imitate him, was originally a cow-boy, and died in the receipt of royal patronage, the revered member of a religious establishment, and leaving his name recorded lastingly in the annals of his country's literature. But to enumerate more of the long list who have raised themselves to eminence from lowly stations, might become monotonous; so, passing by Arkwright, Brindley, Burns, Telford, La Place, Franklin, Canova, and a host of others, who, born in hovels, finally repose in stately tombs, we will notice another class, who, having commenced their career in prosperity, closed it amidst the bitterest reverses of fortune. Of these Sir Thomas More is a notable example. His father was a judge on the King's Bench, whose promising boy, born in London, and surrounded by every advantageous circumstance which could be bestowed by birth, fortune, and education, won the regard of his king, the love of his country, and the veneration of foreign nations, only to close his life on the scaffold, condemned to death by his most ungrateful monarch, for his conscientious adherence to principle. Every one will remember the deplorable termination of life which awaited that early favourite of fortune, the most lovely and unfortunate Mary Stuart, as well as the untimely end of France's wisest king, Henry IV., who was assassinated in his carriage when in the fifty-seventh year of his age. Sir Walter Raleigh, also, the son of a Devonshire farmer, distinguished himself in a prosperous and most romantic career, until he was forced to languish twelve years of his existence in a prison; and, after being unjustly condemned to death, was sent out of the country to command a warlike expedition of importance, for which services he not only received no remuneration, but on his return, fifteen years after the sentence of condemnation had been pronounced, he was, "out of compliment to Spain," beheaded in the Tower of London. Little, too, could the humble Pisan mechanic of the 16th century, who, perceiving that one of his boys possessed uncommon abilities, strained his own narrow means to send him to the University, foresee that the young Galileo would become one of the world's most celebrated scientific men, and then conclude his famous life blind, deaf, and crippled, under the application of torture in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

Born of an ancient family in Nottinghamshire, the fate of the celebrated Archbishop Thomas Cranmer is always interesting, from the character of mingled sweetness, power, and weakness, which strongly enlisting our sympathies, first raised him to the highest station in the Church, and afterwards betrayed him into a false profession of his religious sentiments; expiated in some measure by the subsequent nobleness of his recantation, and the heroism with which he met a martyr's fate, and expired amidst the flames at Oxford. Cradled in regal pomp, Charles V., at sixteen years of age, succeeded to the kingdoms of Arragon and Castile, then became king of the Romans, and emperor of Germany, and forty years later gave up the government to his son Philip, and, retiring to a monastery, died, after two years' practice of most un-kingly austerities, in a state of the deepest melancholy, which appears only the fitting retribution of one who had mowed down his subjects by hundreds of thousands in the diabolical game of war. It would be matter of whimsical speculation could we trace the history of all the great men who were bred in a carpenter's shop. Certainly a very large number have sprung from parents engaged in this humble profession, which must ever be a source of sacred interest to all who profess the faith of the carpenter's son. One notable example is that of Hildebrand, the talented son of a carpenter in Tuscany, who was born early in the 11th century. This clever, energetic boy became an inmate of the monastery of Cluny, near Macon, in France, and in the retirement of its shady gardens, formed, even in boyhood, those vast plans of church reformation which, amidst the most arduous difficulties, were afterwards carried out when the young monk became Pope Gregory VII. He sustained many deep discouragements, mingled with brilliant triumphs over his enemies and the Church's guilty errors. But, though feeling on his dying bed that he had sown good seed, whose fruit would appear hereafter, yet, when thus surrounded by his sorrowing bishops, who knew that they should soon see his face no more, he could not help murmuring, "I have loved justice, and hated evil, therefore I die in exile." An aged bishop bent over him, and tried to comfort him by replying, "Not so, holy father; you cannot die in exile, for God has given you all nations for a heritage, and the ends of the earth for a dominion;" and while these words were speaking, the carpenter's son expired. His inveterate enemy, Henry IV. of Germany, soon afterwards ended his royal life on a door-step, where he died of cold and hunger,—thus adding another name to the long list of regal persons whose lives have ended tragically. What a peaceful contrast is presented by the closing scene of the sweet-gifted poet Petrarch, whose paternal inheritance, though small indeed, did not prevent his leaving a rich legacy of mental fruits to his country. When seventy-two years of age, wasted as he was by repeated fevers, he still struggled on to acquire knowledge, and to give expression to his own vivid conceptions; and, one July morning, was found dead in his study, seated in his favourite arm-chair, and his head resting on the open pages of a book. Our own peculiar national poet, Cowper, born of aristocratic parentage, and who spent many of his best days in writing for the cottage homes of England, expired in that clouded state of intellect which seems to us so mysterious, and which at the same time proves immortality so clearly, by showing us how independent are the spirit and its perishable earthly tenement of each other.

It would afford us an instructive chapter in the annals of dying moments, were we able to depict the previous inner life (now imperfectly known) of the many sensitive beings who have gone to their last homes, either without waiting their summons from Him who endowed them with existence, or those who died unconscious of the great change which awaited them, or were hurried to another world by the injustice of their fellow-men, from the eccentric, clever author of the "Tale of a Tub," down to our pure-hearted, single-minded statesman Sir Samuel Romilly. Such a *resumé* would be full of deep and melancholy interest, but would occupy too much space to be here entered upon, comprising, as it must do, "the noble army of the martyrs,"—the victims of secret imprisonment in Spelberg, the Bastille, and other fearful dungeons; and the painful instances of gifted individuals who, like Keats, Chatterton, Toussaint L'Ouverture, and many others, died under the effects of the less open, but not the less certain, oppression of their fellow-creatures. A few more examples of those great men who have left their broad signature indelibly inscribed on the roll of time, and we must bring these desultory remarks to a conclusion.

Let us look at the two most popular poets in our own country twenty years since: one, of high birth, pursued a brief meteoric career, dazzling in its occasional brilliancy, but obscured by sin and a fearful display of noble powers misused for evil, and his fitful light expired in a transient gleam of

splendour, when devoting his young but already wasted energies in the cause of Grecian freedom at Missilonghi; the other mighty minstrel of the north, also lame, though of far less aristocratic descent, passed an almost blameless life of untiring industry, and, after blessing our country with an inexhaustible treasury of high-hearted, invigorating romance, died a grayheaded man in the noble abode which he had himself erected on the banks of the Yarrow; and for long ages to come, will pilgrims continue to visit the two famous shrines of Newstead and Abbotsford. Schoolboys, whose imaginations are inflamed by the romantic incidents with which the lives of the ancient Greeks and Romans are filled will wonder that we can pass over so rich a store of suitable illustrations to our subject; but they would require a chapter to themselves, though it is with reluctance we omit all notice of Plutarch's heroes. The very name of this well-known biographer recalls a host of bloody exploits; of Pompey's death—he, beloved by the Romans in his youth, and who embracing his wife, well aware that his end drew near, repeated these lines from Sophocles—

"Whoever to a tyrant bends his way,
Is made a slave, e'en if he goes his freeman."

And then stepping into a smaller boat, in order to land on the Egyptian coast, he was murdered by the conspirators, and his ashes were interred in his Alban villa. Then, who does not remember the assassination of Caius Cæsar, by Brutus and others, within the walls of the Senate, and the expiatory decree, after the deed was done, that he should be honoured as a god? And what young student does not dwell with delight on the history of the stern, upright Cato, who, when he had resolved on self-murder, went to bed, and after reading Plato's beautiful dialogue on the soul, calmly put an end to his existence, but a few years before the advent of Him who would have taught him how inconsistent was such a close to the life which the God who gave it had alone the right to take away? How we used to revel in the account of the Roman infant, born in a fuller's workshop, to whose nurse a vision appeared, telling her that she was nurturing a great blessing for all Romans; but whose nursling, after a mingled course of weakness, crime, and many good deeds, was murdered on the sea-shore, leaving his discourse on old age, and numerous other writings, to instruct posterity and render his name famous. The Romans seem to have looked upon self-destruction with peculiar satisfaction, for they furnish a singularly large list of complacent executioners in this line. Brutus, by some supposed to be of plebeian parentage, was one of those notorieties, and received a fatal wound by falling upon his sword in the presence of friends who had passed the night with him; but the strangest of the self-immolaters were Antonius and Cleopatra, the former of whom, having lost a battle, and, in despair at the supposed death of his inconstant and beautiful wife, pierced himself with a dagger: and then, finding that Cleopatra still lived, was drawn up to her by women into an upper apartment, where he soon expired, and his example was imitated by his extraordinary wife, who feasted herself on delicacies, and then, decked in diadem and regal robes, allowed an asp to sting her to death. It is difficult to quit the Eternal City when once author or artist has entered within its precincts; yet, ere we leave them, we would reverently advert to the sacred victim of man's injustice, who was sacrificed within its walls only one century later than the barbarian examples just quoted. Born of no mean lineage, how astonished would the proud young Hebrew have felt, had any one prophesied in his youth that, a few years later, a new faith should have arisen, which would no longer single out the Israelites as a peculiar people to be solely honoured by its adoption; and that, in defence of this new creed, he would abjure friends, country, the time-honoured ritual of his native Jerusalem; and, supporting himself by the work of his own hands, would finally lay down his life in the far-famed Roman city, which his execution, by the monster Nero, was thenceforth to render yet more hallowed in the sight of nations.

Of kingly departures to another world, perhaps the most peacefully interesting is that of Louis the Ninth, who was born when hot werfare was raging with the Albigenses, and who, well brought up by his gentle, pious mother, ended his days in the Holy Land, for whose rescue from the Turks, he believed it to be his sacred duty to fight. On his dying bed he sent messages of affection to other sick persons, wasting under the hot sun of Palestine, and dictated the holiest precepts to his son and successor. He was then, at his own request, laid on a couch of ashes, and the long-expected fleet bringing succour to the plague-stricken crusaders, came in sight as the truly-pious king breathed his last. A few centuries earlier, but in the same eastern land, a little baby, born, it was declared, amidst the strangest portents in heaven and earth, grew up to found a religious empire, which, even now, exceeds that of the whole Christian race; but who, when the closing scene arrived, was compelled, like other mortals, to supplicate the Omnipotent Father of all for support in the hour of death. He gave orders that his slaves should all be set free, and, with his head resting on the lap of his beloved wife, Ayesha, he exclaimed, in a faint voice, "O, Allah, be it so! among the glorious associates in Paradise," and became numbered with the dead. To rightly estimate the sublimity of the death-bed of Ignatius Loyola, would require that his arduous life-time should be well studied; but those who have followed the high-born Spanish page, gallant and warlike, through his eventful existence, will enter with awe his lonely chamber, in the city of Rome, at sunrise, on the 30th of July, 1556, where lay extended the emaciated form of the founder of the great Jesuit sect. His pulse was failing, but his eye retained its vigour; and, as the ministering monks came in and knelt around their dying superior, the single word, "Jesus" escaped his lips, and his spirit passed away. Let us next turn to the naughty little son of a poor watchmaker of Geneva, who afterwards made himself a world-wide reputation as an author and a disinterested socialist, of modern times (no ordinary praise); and the summons having gone forth, he asked his wife to sit beside him, desiring her, at the same time, to open the window; and, looking out at the beautiful green of the fields, he observed, "How pure and beautiful is the sky! There is not a cloud. I trust the Almighty will receive me there above." Dazzled by the brightness of the day, he then fell forward, and, in so doing, expired. Need we say that his name was Jean Jaques Rousseau? He lies buried in an island shaded by poplars, on a small lake in the park of Ermenonville. In the Rue Charles, on the 15th of August, 1769, in the town of Ajaccio, beheld a young and handsome woman, the wife of an acute lawyer of a respectable Ghibelline family; she has been to Mass, and, on her hasty return, is resting on a couch covered with tapestry representing the heroes of the Iliad, on which she gives birth to an infant, whose beauty promises to rival her own; and who, hardily educated, grows up in the same retired island, and prepares to follow the profession of arms.

Fifty-two years after the birth of this child, we must transport ourselves, in imagination, to another island, far, far away from Corsica, and there, in a secluded chamber, guarded like a prison of importance, by military videttes, we beheld the celebrated Corsican whose name has been the watch-word of aggression throughout Europe for at least a score of years. Extreme unction is administered amidst the raging of a tremendous hurricane, which roots up the state-prisoner's favourite willow-tree; and, on the 5th of May, the French hero of a hundred battles, muttering "*tête d'armée*," breathes his last; and, a few days later, is borne to his grave by British grenadiers, his requiem being fitly performed by salvos of artillery over the tomb on the rocky islet, whose far-off seclusion had served to restrain any further outbursts of the fiery spirit which had so long desolated the European world. Twenty-four years after this, the dust of the mighty warrior is disinterred, and, amidst unbounded enthusiasm, is deposited in the Hôtel d'Invalides, on the banks of the Seine.

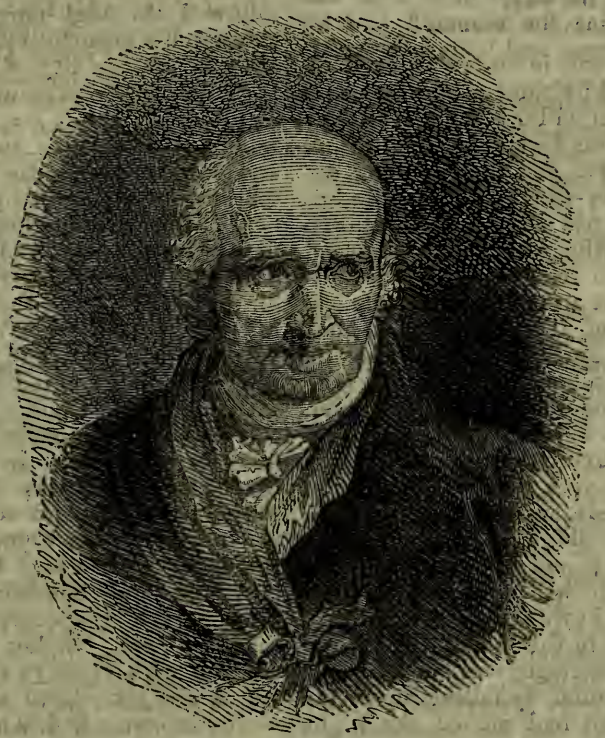
XANTHUS.

[The above clever article is extracted from a well-conducted periodical entitled the *Biographical Magazine*. It is published in weekly numbers by Mr. Passmore Edwards, of Horseshoe-court, Ludgate-hill. This gentleman is well known for his advocacy of temperance, free-trade, universal peace, and other well-known topics of the day. Under his editorship, the Magazine deserves to succeed.]

MEMOIR OF BENJAMIN WEST, R.A.

THROUGH all the occupations which employ life, the moral principle may be favourably cultivated if mankind be so disposed; this can never be more substantively promoted than when a disposition prevails to give pleasure to others—when an ardent desire to please is the impulse to action, coupled with our own approbation of the means. We all love pleasure; it is the object of our continual search; to obtain it we readily part with a portion of our substance; it is this mutuality of pleasure and profit which forms the basis of the social system. The great question therefore is, what pleasures are most conducive to happiness? or rather, what is pleasure in reality? Whatever has a tendency to lead us astray, everything which either lessens or destroys moral rectitude, is very improperly so designated; it is anything but substantive pleasure—for, although it may beguile us for a time, it will eventually be found surreptitious, to be of a base family, every way calculated to entail misery; then, instead of being cheered by pleasurable reminiscences, we shall feel the gnawings of remorse.

Pleasure can never be legitimate unless it be innocent; everything tending to enlarge the mind, to excite benevolence, to elevate moral courage, or give play to genial feelings, is praiseworthy, and deserves encouragement. Thus viewed, we should say painting decidedly falls within the range of sterling pleasure; because it is an innocent and instructive amusement, well suited to yield delight and unfold generosity; if it be urged that it may be turned to other purposes, we reply, that the abuse of any given principle does not affect its merits; those must remain unimpaired, independent of adventitious circumstances; with this consideration, few men have contributed more rational gratification, or roused liberal feelings into activity, than



BENJAMIN WEST.

BENJAMIN WEST, R.A., who was a native American, descended from a respectable English quaker family, who emigrated with the truly illustrious William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, when that real patriot crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of settling in the New World, that he might withdraw himself and his friends from persecution in the Old. His parents resided at Springfield, within ten miles of Philadelphia, where he was born 10th October, 1738. At the early age of seven, his propensity for drawing displayed itself by sketching with pen and ink the likeness of an infant sleeping in a cradle; some Indians taught him how to prepare the red and yellow colours with which they painted themselves; pencils he made by cutting hairs off the cat; subsequently he obtained a piece of indigo, and thus became furnished with three primary colours, in the use of which he employed nearly his whole time, absenting himself from school to work in the garret, until complaint from his master brought his predilection to light. Mr. Pennington, a relative, calling upon his father, was surprised to find so many rude paintings about the house; when he learned by whom they were executed, he expressed himself pleased, and made him a present of a box of paints, camels' hair pencils, some prepared canvass, with a few engravings. From an examination of the latter our youth composed and painted some pictures, one of which was sent him from America by his brother, after the lapse of fifty-seven years, and placed in juxtaposition with his celebrated picture of "Christ Rejected," then exhibiting at the great rooms in Pall Mall with most distinguished eclat. He frequently declared "there were in that juvenile attempt certain inventive touches which, with all his subsequent experience, he had never been able to surpass." Such an opinion was entertained of young West's rising merit, that he was carried by a friend to Philadelphia, and introduced to Richardson the portrait painter, who lent him the works of Fresnoy, and made him acquainted with a number of pictures and drawings. This decided him; he resolved to adopt the profession, and returned home, his mind wholly engrossed by painting. His family, perceiving his bent, wisely gave up their scruples, but not until a consultation of the elders of their faith had been held, who made a report in his favour. Thus sanctioned, he set to work in earnest, painted some boards, which were soon purchased, for which he received two dollars; one of his admirers, a Mr. Henry, urged him to paint "the Death of Socrates;" being unacquainted with the subject, he confessed his ignorance, upon which his friend gave him Plutarch to read. Here another difficulty occurred; he had hitherto only represented the human face, or bodies clothed; he therefore felt he could not do justice to the naked figure. His friend, however, hit upon an expedient that removed his fears; a handsome young slave was brought into the room with all those parts uncovered requisite to enable him faithfully to portray the catastrophe of that vile tragedy. West now for the first time had nature full in his view; his conviction was decisive, that it was in her school alone perfect models were to be found. The picture spread his fame, procured him employ, and made him numerous friends. Among these was Dr. William Smith, provost of the college of Philadelphia, who, perceiving that the painter's education was very imperfect, offered to take him under his own tuition. The offer was gladly accepted, and the student quickly did honour to his professor. About this time he purchased out of a Spanish prize a picture of Ignatius Loyola, supposed to be painted by Murillo, which he copied with great success, and was in consequence advised to paint the "History of Susanna, the Elders, and Daniel;" this highly-valued picture, into which he introduced forty figures, and executed in a masterly style, was destroyed by fire. He went to New York, and established himself as a portrait painter. The progressive increase in his prices will best speak to the general estimation of his talent. In 1754 he had one guinea for a likeness; in 1755, two; in 1756, three; in 1758, four; which was augmented in 1760 to five, and ten guineas for a half-length. A commercial friend now offered to frank him to Italy, with whom he went to Rome, where his fame had preceded him. He expressed a wish to see the works in the Vatican; a day was appointed; it was so contrived that the first object should be a full view of the Apollo. The moment he beheld it he exclaimed, "How much it resembles a young Mohawk warrior!" Somewhat disappointed, they inquired what a Mohawk was? He then explained that "he had often witnessed the elasticity of their limbs, their dexterity with the bow and arrow, the expression which active life gave to their chest, and the dilation of the nostrils, which their quick breathing while engaged in the chase always produced." This was allowed to be as perfect a criticism as had ever been delivered, and gained him the esteem of all the connoisseurs. His health being affected, he went to Venice and Parma; at the last he copied the "St. Jerome" of Correggio so excellently, that he was chosen a member of the academy of that city; a similar dignity was also conferred upon him by those of Florence and Bologna, which cities he also visited, and where he was equally caressed.

Quitting Italy, he came over through France and Switzerland to England, on which he first set foot in August, 1763. He was well received, his merit acknowledged, and visited by the enlightened Reynolds, who, far from feeling envy, took him by the hand, introduced him everywhere, and advised him to exhibit his two pictures, "Cymon and Iphigenia" and "Angelica and Medora," which he did at Spring Gardens, where they attracted crowds of visitors, recruited his exchequer, and met with general commendation; this success induced him to give up the idea of returning to America, although an attachment he had formed, to which the young lady ardently responded, offered an almost unconquerable incentive. However, determined to locate on our island, he wrote over to his father, his mother being dead, requesting him to escort his destined bride, who was the daughter of a merchant in Philadelphia. His sire consented, and they arrived safe in London, where the marriage between himself and Miss Stowell was celebrated. The union lasted full fifty years; she died in 1815. He painted Agrippina for Dr. Drummond, the archbishop of York, with which he was so pleased that he caused it to be shown to George III., who, delighted with the performance, became his immediate patron, cultivated his acquaintance, was frequently at his studio in Panton-square, gave him employment, and continued his steady friend for more than half a century. It is rather singular that the monarch and his painter were both born in the same year, and both died within two months of each other.

In 1765 the Society of Artists was incorporated by royal charter; West became both a member and a director; jealousies however crept in; it was dissolved, and the Royal Academy was founded on its ruins. His rise was rapid, and his paintings numerous. On 23rd February, 1792, that elegant scholar and finished artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds, paid the great debt of nature, when Mr. West was unanimously elected to supply his place in the president's chair.

In 1802 he visited Paris, where he was waited on by a deputation from the National Institute, who met him in the Gallery of Arts, and invited him to a sumptuous banquet. In the same year, then sixty-five, he painted Christ healing the sick, for the quakers of Philadelphia, to aid them with funds to erect an hospital in that city. It was exhibited in our metropolis, where the rush to see it was so great, and its merit so highly prized, that he was offered three thousand guineas for it by the British Institution; this he accepted, upon condition he should be allowed to make a copy, with alterations, for his American friends, who still derive large profits from its exhibition. In 1817, when verging upon fourscore, he painted "Death on a Pale Horse," which is a masterpiece both in style and imagination. The design is full of grandeur, the contour gracefully majestic, the grouping of the first order. The ideal King of Terrors is terrifically grand, nor less so is the supernatural courser that he bestrides, and which, issuing from the womb of night, seems to paw space, delighted at the desolation that attends its steps. The right arm of the spectral monarch is wreathed with a serpent, the other is armed with meteoric plagues; beneath lies a dead female, with her husband and motherless child lamenting their loss, and awaiting their own dissolution. On the right, human desolation is depicted under a variety of sanguinary forms, while behind, in a murky sky, are seen through a dusky veil the ghastly shapes of infernals, that in the "palpable obscure" find out their uncouth way. Before this group is the representation of the black horse of the third seal, with its rider and the balances in his hand; approaching the foreground are two figures of Pestilence and Famine vigorously conceived, and most powerfully expressed. Hence to the right, the opening of the first and second seals obtains a "local habitation." The white horse, and the Saviour of men with a bow in his hand, going forth conquering and to conquer, is the finest figure in the composition. The head of Christ is in profile, and the eye directed to a beatifical vision in the heavens! Behind this is the red horse, bestrode by a helmed warrior, spreading around him, with unfeeling sternness, misery and carnage. In this sublime composition, where less regard is paid to colour than to expression, it must be apparent that the object of the venerable artist was to produce a great moral effect. On the 11th March, 1820, he closed his mortal career; his faculties remained vigorous to the last. He was buried with great funeral honours in St. Paul's cathedral, beside Reynolds, Opie, and Barry, to which sepulchre his remains were accompanied by a numerous train of artists and private friends.

It has been remarked that genius is a gift from nature; this is probably true, but if unaided by industry, we are of opinion it would be little worth. Its power, when so combined, was perhaps never more forcibly evinced than in young West; the child of quaker parents who had fled from Europe the more effectually to carry out and preserve the primitive doctrines of George Fox, whose tenets proscribe music and painting, he had to struggle with long and deep-rooted prejudices, as well as against parental authority; yet so decided was the bent of his inclination, so quiet his demeanour, and so persevering his labour, that he overcame all obstacles, removed their objections, and thus established for them, as well as for himself, an enduring fame. It has been objected to him that his colouring is too glaring, too hard and edgy, and we believe it is allowed that below the knee his figures are deficient in their anatomy.

The following list includes the greater portion of those pictures which occupied the long period of his life:—

Agrippina landing at Brundusium with the Ashes of Germanicus.
Alfred dividing his Loaf with the Pilgrim.
Antony showing the Robe and Will of Cæsar to the People.
Apotheosis of Princes Alfred and Octavius.
Angelica and Medora—Battle of the Boyne.
Brazen Serpent in the Wilderness—Battle of La Hogue.
Cave of Despair, from Spenser—Cordelia and Lear.
Continence of Scipio—Cymon and Iphigenia.
Cromwell dissolving the House of Commons.
Christ rejected by the Jewish High Priest, the Elders, and the People—Landing of Charles II. at Dover.
Daniel interpreting the Handwriting on the Wall.
Death on the Pale Horse, as described by St. John in the Apocalypse.
Death of Bayard—Diana and Endymion.
Departure of Regulus from Rome—Death of Wolfe.
Death of Nelson—Edward III. passing the Soane.
Edward III. embracing his Son after the Battle of Cressy.
Edward the Black Prince receiving John, King of France, Prisoner after the Battle of Poictiers.
Erasistratus discovering the Love of Antiochus.
Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise.
Grecian Daughter—Hector and Andromache.
Hannibal swearing eternal Hatred to the Romans.
Jupiter and Europa—King Lear.
The Lord's Supper—Moses receiving the Tables.
Macbeth and the Witches—Moses striking the Rock.
Penn's Treaty with the Indians for Pennsylvania.
Philippa, Queen of Edward III., at the Battle of Neville's Cross.
Pylades and Orestes—The Presentation in the Temple.
Queen Elizabeth going in Procession to St. Paul's after the Defeat of the Spanish Armada.
Queen Philippa suing for the Burghers of Calais.
Repentant Prodigal—Rinaldo and Armida.
The Resurrection—St. Paul in the Island of Melita.
St. Peter preaching—The Stoning of Stephen.
The Three Mary's at the Sepulchre.
Una, from Spenser's Fairy Queen—Venus and Cupid.
Venus lamenting the Death of Adonis.
William de Albanac and his three Daughters.
Our Saviour receiving the Lame and the Blind in the Temple to heal them: a Gift to the Pennsylvania Hospital.
The first Installation of the Knights of the Garter, for the Audience Chamber at Windsor Castle.

As Altar Pieces.

Devout Men taking the body of Stephen, for St. Stephen's church, Walbrook.
St. Michael the Archangel, for the Chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge.
Raising of Lazarus, for Winchester Cathedral.
The Annunciation, also the Nativity, for the new Church at St. Marie-la-bonne.
The Conversion of St. Paul, for a Church at Birmingham.
The Ascension; The curing of the Demoniacs; The descent of the Holy Spirit upon our Saviour; St. Paul and Barnabas rejecting the Jews, for the King's Chapel at Windsor.

The pictures enumerated are, most of them, in the possession of English noblemen, or are hung in public galleries.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

The following cautions and advices respecting fires, extracted from an expensive volume, cannot be too widely circulated.

Fires are but too frequently said to arise by accident, which is merely a condensed phrase, equivalent to *carelessness* and *recklessness*. There are few fires that might not have been prevented by the exercise of *common prudence*, and a vast number have been caused by *negligence*, arising from sheer *laziness*. As familiar instances may be mentioned, the permitting of sparks to fall on the ground and remain there, without extinguishing them; carrying a *naked* candle into rooms containing inflammable substances, &c. &c.

The following Preventives are suggested:—

1. Avoid leaving your candle burning at the side of your bed, but place it on a table or the floor, at a good distance from any article of linen, or other equally inflammable substance. *Rush*, *wax*, *floating lights*, *Child's*, or *Albert lights*, are the safest for night-burning. The practice of reading in bed cannot be too much censured; it is a frequent cause of fires.

2. Never set aside a bucket or box containing hot ashes or cinders in a closet.

3. Never throw a piece of lighted paper, cigar, or other burning substance on the floor; even in the open street this is dangerous; should such fall by accident, immediately extinguish them by treading upon them.

4. Never blow gas-lights out, but always extinguish them by turning off the supply.

5. Should the smell of gas be strongly perceived, immediately turn off the cock at the meter, and avoid carrying a lighted candle into the part where the escape has taken place before the gas has been removed by thorough ventilation. Attention to this point will prevent the possibility of an explosion.

6. Have your chimneys kept in a clean state by frequent sweeping.

Fires might often be readily extinguished when first discovered, by the timely application of a few buckets of water. Water may be applied with good effect by means of a handbrush. When an apartment is discovered on fire, the door, chimney, and windows should be immediately closed, if possible, and only opened for the purpose of projecting water upon the flames. By this means the supply of air will be cut off, and rapid combustion prevented. The neglect of this precaution has often caused a mere smouldering fire, that might have been easily put out, to burst into an inextinguishable mass of flame. It has been proposed to add common salt or pearlash to the water thrown on fires, as even a weak solution of those substances speedily stops combustion. Such a plan is very plausible, and may easily be applied, by adding the saline matter to the buckets of water used to feed the engine for the first few minutes of its working; but when a fire has acquired any extent, the action of such substances becomes scarcely perceptible.

Escape from apartments on fire may generally be readily effected by creeping on the hands and knees. In this way the window or door may be reached. It is found that the atmosphere of a room so full of smoke as to produce suffocation to a person standing upright, may generally be safely breathed, on nearly a level with the floor. Should descent by the staircase be found impossible, then the window should be immediately sought. Here, presence of mind is of the utmost importance. If a ladder or fire-escape be not provided by persons without, a rope should be made by tying the sheets and blankets of the bed together, one end of which should be firmly secured to a chair, table, or, still better, to one of the bedposts, and with this apparatus descent should be cautiously attempted. Jumping out of the window should be avoided, as most persons in doing this run as much danger as they do by remaining in the burning building. Persons have frequently lost their lives by hastily throwing themselves out of window, under the dread of being burnt alive, who would have been rescued by those without, had they waited but a few moments longer. When it is impossible to escape from a burning building by the stairs or windows, retreat may sometimes be secured by a trap-door opening on to the roof, or by a skylight; when, unless it be a house standing by itself, the roof of one of the adjoining buildings may probably be gained with safety, provided common caution be observed. *Fire escapes* of various kinds are now placed in conspicuous parts of the metropolis; these some by-stander should run for without delay, as well as the engines, by the working of which the fire is to extinguished.

The *clothes of females and children*—(for the clothes of *mal* being for the most part composed of wool, do not readily take fi —when on fire, may be most readily extinguished by rolling t sufferer in the carpet, hearth-rug, table-cover, a great-coat, cloa or any other woollen article at hand. If this be expertly done, t flames will be rapidly put out. Should assistance not be at han the person whose clothes are on fire should throw herself on t ground, and roll the carpet round her as before described; or such a thing is not in the room, she should endeavour to extin guish the flames with her hands, and by rapidly rolling round an round on the floor. In this way the fire will be stifled, or at leas the combustion will proceed so slowly that less personal injury wi be experienced before assistance arrives. But if, on the contrary the person whose clothes are on fire remains in an upright position the flames will naturally ascend, and scorch the face and othe unprotected parts of the body. The advantage of falling flat o the ground is also manifest from the fact, that, nine times out o ten, it is the lower part of the dresses of females that first catc fire. A lady's muslin dress taking fire at the skirt would burn from bottom to top, and produce a fatal density of flame in half a minute while she is standing upright; but when lying down, even though she took no pains leisurely to extinguish the flames, ten minutes would probably elapse before it would be consumed, and the flame might at any instant be extinguished by the thumb and fingers. Here, again, the exercise of *presence of mind* is of unspeakable importance.

The addition of half an ounce or an ounce of alum or sal ammoniac to the last water used to rinse a lady's dress, or a less quantity added to the starch used to stiffen it, would render it uninflammable, or at least so little combustible that it would not *readily* take fire: and if it did, would be *slowly* consumed *without flame*.

Degeneracy of "The Men."—Mrs. Partington says that when she was a gal she used to go to parties, and always had a beau to extort her home. But now she says, the gals undergo all such declivities; the task of extorting them home revolves on their own selves. The old lady drew down her specs, and thanked her stars that she had lived in other days, when men were more palpable in depreciating the worth of the female sex.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Cassell's Shilling Edition of Euclid.—The Elements of Geometry, containing the First Six, and the Eleventh and Twelfth Books of Euclid, from the text of Robert Simson, M.D., Emeritus Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow; with Corrections, Annotations, and Exercises, by Robert Wallace, A.M., of the same university, and Collegiate Tutor of the University of London, is now ready, price 1s. in stiff covers, or 1s. 6d. neat cloth, 216 pages, crown 8vo.

The Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art.—The First Volume of this splendidly embellished work, handsomely bound, price 6s. 6d., or extra cloth gilt edges, 7s. 6d., is now ready, and contains upwards of Two Hundred principal Engravings and an equal number of minor Engravings, Diagrams, &c.

History of Hungary, with upwards of Eighty Illustrations.—The First Volume of the New Series of The Working Man's Friend, neatly bound in cloth, price 3s. 6d., contains the completest History of Hungary ever published; also a History of China and the Chinese, with Forty-six Illustrations of the Manners, Customs, Public Buildings, Domestic Scenes, &c., of this most remarkable people; together with numerous instructive Tales and Narratives; Biographies, with Portraits; Scientific and Miscellaneous Articles, &c.

Cassell's Emigrants' Handbook, a Guide to the various Fields of Emigration in all Parts of the Globe, Second Edition, with considerable Additions, and a Map of Australia, with the Gold Regions clearly marked, is now ready, price 9d.

The Pathway, a Monthly Religious Magazine, is published on the 1st of every month, price twopence—32 pages enclosed in a neat wrapper. No. 32, for August, is now ready, and Vols. I. and II., neatly bound in cloth and lettered, price 2s. 3d. each, may be obtained by order of any Bookseller.

Scripture Library for the Young, in Shilling Volumes.—The first two volumes of this instructive series of works, "The Life of Joseph," illustrated with sixteen choice engravings and maps, and "The Tabernacle, its Priests, and Services," with twelve engravings, are now ready. "The Life of Moses" is in the press.

MISCELLANEA.

TALE OF A PIN.—In an early month of the year 1778, with a tolerable education, and with many natural qualifications for a financial life, Jacques Laffite was seeking for a situation as a clerk. He had high hopes and a light heart, for he brought with him a letter of introduction to M. Perregaux, the Swiss banker. But with all his sanguine anticipations and golden day-dreams, he was bashful and retiring. It was with a trembling heart that the young provincial appeared before the Parisian man of bonds and gold; he managed to explain the purpose of his visit, and presented his letter of recommendation. The banker quietly read the note. "It is impossible," said he, as he laid it aside, "that I can find room for you at present; all my offices are full; should there be a vacancy at a future time, I will see what can be done; in the meantime, I advise you to seek elsewhere, as it may be a considerable period before I shall be able to admit you." Away went sunshine and prosperous visions! Disappointed and gloomy, poor Jacques left the presence of the polite banker. As he crossed, with downcast eyes, the court-yard of the noble mansion, he observed a pin lying on the ground; his habitual habits of frugality, amidst his disappointment, were still upon the watch; he picked up the pin, and carefully stuck it into the lappel of his coat. From that trivial action sprang his future greatness; that one single act of frugal care and regard for little things opened the way to a stupendous fortune. From the window of his cabinet M. Perregaux had observed the action of the rejected clerk, and he wisely thought that the man who would stoop to pick up a pin, under such circumstances, was endowed with the necessary qualities for a good economist; he read in that single act of parsimony an indication of a great financial mind, and he deemed the acquisition of such a one as wealth itself. Before the day had closed, Laffite received a note from the banker. "A place," it said, "is made for you at my office, which you may take possession of to-morrow." The banker was not deceived in his estimate of the character of Laffite, and the young clerk soon displayed a talent and aptness for his calling that procured his advancement from the clerk to the cashier; from a cashier to a partner; and from a partner to the head proprietor of the first banking-house in Paris. He became a deputy, and then president, of the council of ministers. What a destiny for the man who would stoop to pick up a pin!

EXCELLENT NEWS.—The working classes in Sheffield, if we may judge by the savings-bank returns, are doing exceedingly well, the deposits for 1851 showing an increase of £15,669 over the previous year, and of £23,122 over the year 1849.

HOW THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE AFFECT THE PUBLIC.—Mr. Alfred Novello, the musician, writing to the *Hull Advertiser*, says, that he would have an advertisement in every country newspaper were it not for the advertisement duty, which may be termed a duty for the prevention of trade.

ABSENCE, like every other pang, weakens by repetition; the friend who has once returned in safety may return so again—we soon draw precedents from the past.

A PROVERB FOR CLEVER BOYS.—Positive decision in youth upon things which experience only can teach, is the credential of vain impertinence.

CHINESE THEORY OF JUSTICE.—"Depend upon it," says the author of the 'Porcelain Tower,' "justice that is given away is not of the best quality—*it goes for nothing;* but if people pay well for it, they may be secure of the prime article." We are on a wrong plan, you may be sure, and do not consult the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The Chinese practice does so. The offender bribes the judge, and is happy to escape punishment; the judge receives the bribe, and is happy to put money in his purse, and the offended party only is dissatisfied. Now, of these three persons, the offender and the judge constitute a greater number than the man offended, in the proportion of two to one; and, therefore, there can be no question as to the propriety of their being made happy, although at his expense. But if the offended can bribe higher than the offender—in words, if he can afford to pay for a larger slice of justice—that of course works a radical change in the aspect of affairs; and *he* must have justice then, his due purchase, at the market value.

"QUID PRO QUO."—"Take care of your pockets," cried the conductor of one of the more aristocratic "threepenny 'busses," to a gentleman who was in the act of getting into one of the new "penny" ones." "Just what I am doing," was the reply.

A CONUNDRUM FROM THE FIRST FORM.—Why is a schoolmistress like the letter C?—Because she forms lasses into classes.

A TRUTH.—There is always more error in hatred than in love.

WHAT WOULD OUR ANCESTORS HAVE THOUGHT OF THIS?—A despatch was received at Vienna, the other day, from London, *viâ* the submarine telegraph, in three hours and a half!

THE WINDS.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

TALK to my heart, O Winds!
Talk to my heart to-night;
My spirit always finds
With you a new delight:
Finds always new delight
With your silver talk at night.

Give me your soft embrace,
As you used to long ago,
In your shadowy trysting place,
When you seem'd to love me so:
When you sweetly kiss'd me so,
On the green hills, long ago.

Come up from your cool bed,
In the stilly twilight sea,
For the dearest hope lies dead,
That was ever dear to me:
Come up from your cool bed,
And we'll talk about the dead.

Tell me, for oft you go,
Winds—lonely Winds of night—
About the chambers low,
With sheets so dainty white,
If they sleep through all the night
In the beds so chill and white.

Talk to me, Winds, and say
If in the grave be rest?
For oh! Life's little day
Is a weary one at best:
Talk to my heart and say
If death will give me rest.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHARLES R.—Gamboge, or Camboge, is the product of the *Stalagmites Cambogioides*, the leaves and young branches of which, being bruised, emit a yellow juice. This is received in cocoa-nut shells or earthen vessels, and is allowed to thicken by evaporation. It is afterwards formed into rolls or cakes. The finest sort is that in rolls, and is called the *Pipe Camboge of Siam*. For your purpose, that of a clear wash, the best plan would be to dissolve a portion in spirits of wine, and then reduce it to the shade you require by adding clear soft water.

A YOUNG ENGINEER.—Robert Fulton, the first to establish steam navigation on the American seas and rivers, was born in 1765, in Pennsylvania. He died in 1815.—In answer to your second inquiry, we are sorry to add that, though his reputation became fully established, and though by his invention his country was enriched to an astonishing extent, lawsuits in reference to certain patents kept him poor, and anxiety and excessive application shortened his days. But do not let this discourage *you*, the world has grown wiser, and henceforth useful inventions will, no doubt, meet their due reward.

W. KINSMAN.—Shagreen is not, as you suppose, the skin of a fish. It is an artificial production—a sort of leather grained so as to be covered with small circular spots. The skin, which may be that of horses, asses, or mules, is well soaked in water, scraped clean, and stretched on frames. While in a soft state, small seeds—such, for instance, as mustard-seeds—are pressed into it, and it is dried with the seeds in it. It is then dyed green, and again dried; the seeds are then beaten out, the leather is flattened and highly polished. It may be dyed of various colours.

C. H. (Chelsea).—So many serious accidents have happened in connexion with the manufacture and use of gun-cotton, that we decline furnishing you with a recipe for making it.

W. STEPHENSON.—The brushes called camels' hair pencils are made, for the most part, of the hair of squirrels tails, for the best and choicest kinds of camels' hair, imported from Persia, is used. The sort called sables will be best for your purpose; these are made from the tails of the sable.

R. TURNBULL.—Cases for binding the volumes of "The Working Man's Friend," may be had at our office. You will find it best to have them bound in *single* volumes.

S. T. W.—The Australian Emigration Office will be the best place for you to apply to for information; it is at No. 29, Bucklersbury, City.—Mrs. Chisholm's address is, 3, Charlton-terrace, Islington.

A DRAPERS' ASSISTANT.—We do not think you can get assistance from any existing company. You will have to pay the regular fare, and it is very doubtful whether you will be able to obtain employment in Australia when you arrive there. The Government will render you no aid, as they take only practical farmers and agriculturists. The passage to Port Philip will cost you from £20 to £40.

K. L. M.—Do you mean to say that the lines you have sent us, beginning "Droop not on your Way," are your own composition? If so, we request you to look to page 67, vol. ii., of "The Working Man," published a year and a half ago, where you will find them verbatim, and ascribed to "John Barnes." Read this and then blush—if you can!

INQUIRER.—The "Alexandrian Library" is said to have contained about 700,000 volumes. It was divided into two compartments; one was attached to the temple of Jupiter Serapis, and contained 400,000 volumes; the other was appropriated to the use of the academicians, and numbered 300,000 volumes. A great number of the volumes were of papyrus, but many were of parchment, and some of wood and lead. A large portion was burnt during the siege by Julius Cæsar; the remainder were preserved to the time of Theodosius the Great, who caused the heathen temples to be destroyed, and also this valuable library, which embraced the whole Greek and Latin literature.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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THE

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AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EUROPEAN-RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

THE name of Russia in the present day is one of dread in many parts of Europe and Asia, and of the influence which it possesses in the political affairs of other countries, recent events have afforded sufficient evidence. Scarcely known when other European nations had arrived at a high state of civilisation and refinement, this northern power has managed to attract to itself a more than ordinary share of the consideration and attention of continental governments; and this too, not in virtue of any great or striking qualities possessed by the people—for the Russians are, even now, but a rude, half-civilised race — but solely arising from the ambitious and energetic views of the successors to Peter the Great. In this series of papers we shall endeavour to present our readers with a pictorial and descriptive glimpse of Russia; and, that we may begin at the beginning, we shall in this number of our *Friend* endeavour to make them acquainted with the physical character and resources of European Russia, and in our next we shall attempt a slight epitome of its history.

In the widest sense of the phrase, Russia may be said to consist, not only of that part of Europe which is shown on the map, but also of a considerable portion of Asia, and even part of North America. Taken in this view it is called the Russian empire. Its total area is estimated at not less than 8,552,700 (eight million six hundred thousand, nearly) square miles, and its entire population numbers upwards of 67,000,000 souls. It will assist the imagination, to compare this area and population with that of Great Britain and her colonies; the total area of the latter being about 4,700,000 square miles, and the total population, consisting of certainly not less than 132,000,000 inhabitants. It is of Russia in Europe, however, that we propose to treat; though from the fact that several of the chief sources of public revenue and importance are derived from the Asiatic part of the empire, it will be necessary occasionally, perhaps, to cross the Ural Mountains.

RUSSIAN COSTUMES.—A CONVERSAZIONE.

An examination of the map of Europe will inform the reader of the precise situation of European Russia. On the

north it is bounded by the Arctic Ocean and the White Sea; on the south by the Caucasian Mountains and the Black Sea; on the east by the Oural or Ural Mountains and river; and on the West by the Baltic Sea and the kingdoms of Prussia, Austria, and European Turkey. Its principal seaports to the north are—Archangel in the White Sea, St. Peterburg on the shores of the Gulf of Finland, Riga in the Gulf of Bothnia; and to the South, several smaller ports in the Black Sea, the only opening in this direction for the naval strength which the emperors of Russia have so long wished to acquire. In that respect, as in many others—their style, for instance, which is not yet altered—they are at least "twelve days" behind the rest of Europe.

If Russia has not much sea-room that is not crowded with ice-blocks for at least seven months in the year, it has, on the other hand, many noble rivers and lakes. The principal rivers are—the Volga, which takes its rise in the Wolchonsky Forest, and after traversing the country through a course of 2,200 miles, empties itself by about seventy outlets into the Caspian Sea; the Dnieper, which has its course in the province of Smolensk, and its outlet in the Black Sea at Odessa—it is the Borysthenes of the ancients, and is estimated to be upwards of 1,200 miles long; the Don, the Tanais of antiquity, rises in the Ural Mountains, and reaches the sea, after a course of more than a thousand miles, in the Sea of Azof; the the Dniester has its source in the Carpathian mountains, and after flowing through 500 miles of country, empties itself in the Black Sea: several smaller rivers, such as the Kuban—the Hypanis of Herodotus—the Terek, the Petschora, the Mezen, the Dwina, the Onega, the Kemi, the Neva, the Duna, and the Tornea, flow through a country, which, while it is in many parts of a cold, dreary, and desolate character, without trees or shrubs, and but thinly inhabited by a wretched population, may be said to be on the whole well watered considering its extent.

The principal lakes in Russia are—the lake Ladogo, east of the Gulf of Finland, in the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg, is computed to cover upwards of 6,000 square miles—a larger space than the entire kingdom of Saxony; the lake of Onega, east of Petersburg, which is upwards of 4,000 miles in extent; lake Ilmen, in the province Novogorod, which is about 28 miles long by 20 wide; and lake Saima in Finland, which is considered to be about 40 miles square.

Russia in Europe contains about 62,000,000 inhabitants, of whom, fully three-fourths belong to the great Caucasian family; while the Laplanders,—the aboriginal Finns, who are not to be confounded with the predominant inhabitants of Finland, who are of Swedish origin,—the Samojedes, Kalmucks, and the greater number of the Baschkirs belong to the Mongolian race.

As to their origin, the Russians proper and the Poles belong to the great tribe of Slavonians, whose total number in the Russian empire amounted in 1837 to 48,000,000, including 4,000,000 Lettonians, Bulgarians, &c. The number of Germans in Russia (whose chief seat is in the Baltic provinces), is estimated at 800,000; that of the Jews at 1,600,000 (chiefly in the Polish provinces). More than 6,000,000 are of Tartarian origin (not to be confounded with the Mongolian race, as all genuine Tartarian tribes, for instance, the Turks, Magyars, &c., belong decidedly to the Caucasian race); and the remainder consists of Greek, Persian, and other oriental tribes, Gipsies, and the above-mentioned people: Laplanders, Samojedes, Kalmucks, &c.*

In regard to religion, the established church is the Greek, and generally all Russians are Greek Christians; while nearly all Poles are Roman Catholics, and most of the Germans Lutherans. The Tartarian and other kindred tribes in the southern and south-eastern provinces of European Russia are for the most part Mohammedans.

The Russian people are divided into three classes, the nobility, citizens, and peasantry. About the same distinction is established in Poland, while in the Baltic provinces the social condition of the population bears a strong resemblance to that of Germany. There is an essential distinction between hereditary and personal nobility. The number of nobles by birth (or of those who belong to the hereditary nobility) in the whole Russian empire (thus including the Polish, Bulgarian, Tartarian, and other nobles), was some years ago about 551,000; while the personal nobility (*i. e.* for lifetime only) is conferred upon the higher classes of the clergy and citizens, and upon the civil and military public officers (provided that they are not already nobles by birth). The nobles, as well as the commoners, are exempted from the poll-tax (land-taxes, excises, and other similar taxes they have to pay), and cannot be compelled to enter the army, though a great many of them enter it voluntarily. By the term of citizens is to be understood all free inhabitants of cities and towns, who are engaged in commerce, trade, manufacturing, and other branches of industry. They are divided into six classes, styled guilds, and are about 4,500,000 in number. The peasantry comprises freeholders (about 700,000), peasants of the crown (more than 17,500,000), who at present are to be considered as personally free men, and thirdly, bondsmen, about 21,000,000 in number, and for the most part on the estates of the nobility. Thus two-thirds of the population are freemen, and moreover the emperor, Nicholas, has in recent times provided by the law for the gradual emancipation of the remaining third also. To emancipate them at once, would have been a hard blow to the bondsmen themselves; for it is a fact, that they generally are in a better and more comfortable condition than many free men, at least among the lower classes, who not seldom endure great distress; while the bondsmen, so to say, are never suffered to starve, their masters being compelled by the law to provide for their wants, in cases of necessity (sickness, weakness from age, &c.). It has frequently occurred that bondsmen, emancipated by their masters, have spontaneously returned into their former condition of servitude. They not only till the ground (two days in the week for their own account), but are employed in various other ways: as mechanics, operatives, servants, coachmen, &c., and have some opportunity to earn sufficient money for their redemption from bondage. Hundreds of them are annually levied as recruits, and they are at once free, for themselves and their descendants, as soon as they enter the army.

The surface of European Russia is generally level; its chief features being vast plains and large rivers, with numerous lakes in the north-western quarter. In the northern provinces, it is intensely cold in winter, while in the southern, the climate is mild and pleasant.

The soil is, in general, highly productive, though in the most northern provinces the cold climate and the short summer prevent the full development of the natural fertility of the soil. In the southern and some other parts of the country more or less extensive steppes are to be found, the most remarkable of which are those of the Kirgises, in Bessarabia, near the Don and the Dnieper, the Nogaian, of Azow, &c. Nearly 300 millions of acres are appropriated to agriculture, yielding annually about 152,750,000 quarters of wheat, rye, and other descriptions of grain, of which more than 9,500,000 are exported. In 1841 corn was exported to the value of 10,382,509 rubles in silver; in 1842 to the value of 12,191,529 rubles; and in 1843 to the value of 12,899,911 rubles in silver.* Of flax were, in 1843, exported 965,953 quintals, and of hemp 739,324 quintals.* In Bessarabia, Tauria, Crimea, and on the banks of the Don even the vine is cultivated, and the annual produce of very good wines is estimated at about 2,200,000 gallons. Vast forests abound in various parts of Russia, and they furnish the seaports with large supplies of timber, pitch, tar, &c., for exportation. Black cattle are reared in immense numbers; the finest breed is to be found in Podolia, Volhynia, and Ukraine, from which provinces thousands of heads are annually exported. Horses are likewise reared in vast numbers, and of various breed; they are in general distinguished for their swiftness and endurance. The total number of sheep in the Russian empire is estimated at 60,000,000; they are of different breed. European Russia numbered 4,000,000 of improved breed in 1843, when 161,491 quintals of their wool was exported. The above-mentioned extensive forests (*i. e.* those in the northern provinces, and

* The Cossacks are probably not a separate tribe, but genuine Russians, with the only difference, that since the 17th century they are endowed with various privileges, and (on the other hand) in lieu of paying taxes, are required to act as soldiers in time of war.

* The Russian ruble is equal to 3s. 4d. English.

specially in Siberia) abound in wild animals that are eagerly hunted for their valuable furs, as the sable, ermine, black fox, &c. Yet the bear, wolf, and other beasts of prey are likewise very common. The sturgeon, &c., fisheries of the river Volga, and of the Caspian Sea, are extensive and very productive. Upwards of 10,000 fishing-boats are employed on the Volga alone. Russia is noted for its precious metals, of which gold and platina are found in the Ural Mountains, also in the Siberian province of Jeniseisk, and silver in Siberia, while copper, iron, and lead are met with in various quarters. In the five years' period of 1842-1846, the Russian gold-mines in the Ural Mountains yielded a total produce of gold, which was, in England, estimated at £12,784,808. In the one year of 1843, they produced 724,640 ounces of gold. Of platina were, in the same year, 71,680 ounces produced. The annual produce in silver is, upon an average, estimated at 84,000 marks; of copper, at 86,000 quintals; of lead, at 14,350 quintals, and of iron, at 3,500,000 quintals. The Ural Mountains contain also diamonds, emeralds, and other precious stones.—Salt is extensively made, especially in the southern provinces.

The manufactures, which, during the greater part of the last century was almost restricted to those of the noted Russia leather, have, since the reign of the empress Katharine II., and especially since that of the emperors Alexander and Nicholas, made astonishing progress. In 1812 the Russian empire numbered 2,332 manufactories, with 119,093 operatives; in 1835, 6045 manufactories, with 279,673 operatives; in 1839 the former had increased to 6,855, and the latter to 412,931; and since the manufactures have increased to such an extent that they furnish the country with almost sufficient supplies, of which only about one-sixth is imported from foreign countries. The various articles manufactured in 1843 had a value of nearly 103 millions of rubles in silver, while those which were imported in the same year had only the value of 18 millions. The chief manufacturing district is in and around Moscow, where in the just-named year cotton goods were manufactured to the value of 20,163,174, and silks to the value of 1,367,331 rubles in silver. Of other articles are to be noticed cloth, canvass, cutleries and hardware, leather, glassware, &c.

The commerce is very extensive, and increasing almost every year. In 1843 the exports were to the value of 82,565,600, and the imports to the value of 75,023,399 rubles in silver; thus, the former surpassing the latter by 7,537,201 rubles in value. The exports consist chiefly of tallow, corn, hemp, flax, linseed, hemp-seed, timber, wool, canvass, iron, copper, Russian leather, furs (in 1843 exported to the amount of 2,205,000 silver rubles in value), wax, hogs' bristles, candles, soap, &c. Great fairs are held in different places, which attract vast crowds of merchants and traders from all parts. The inland commerce is much facilitated by the numerous rivers, canals, and lakes; and by the snow, in the winter season, over which sleighs travel with great rapidity. The chief internal trade is with China, Independent Tartary, Persia, and Germany. With regard to the canals in European Russia, it is doubtful whether they, in general, do not afford more practical advantages than those in Great Britain. At least, it is a fact, that by these canals the White, Black, Caspian, and Baltic Seas have been brought into connexion with each other, and thus navigable internal lines, of enormous length, been established. The canals of Wisnei-Wolotschok, Tichwin, Ladoga, and Nowgorod unite the Caspian Sea with the Baltic; the canals of Kubenski and Katharine unite the Caspian with the White Sea; and the canals of Beresina, Oginski, and Machawez unite the Black Sea with the Baltic, while on the other hand, a direct communication between these canals themselves is established likewise.

With regard to the general diffusion of knowledge, and to common school education, Russia has hitherto been greatly behind other European countries, yet is at present advancing in this particular, as well as in others. Considerable exertions are made by the government to introduce schools and instruct the lower classes of the people. In the period from 1837 to 1845 not less than 4,924 common schools have been founded among the peasantry of the crown. They were in the last-named year frequented by 271,262 children. In the higher branches of knowledge Russia rivals the rest of Europe. Beside several scientific societies, and public and private libraries, each of which contains from 100,000 to 450,000 volumes, the are seven universities (those of Warsaw and Wilna have been abolished in 1832), viz., at Dorpat (founded in 1632, and in 1844 frequented 484 students), at Moscow (founded in 1705, and in 1844 with 836 students), at Kasan (founded in 1803, and in 1844 with 359 students), at Charkow (founded in 1803, and in 1844 with 410 students), at St. Petersburg (founded in 1819, and in 1844 with 557 students), at Helsingfors (founded in 1640 by Queen Christiana of Sweden, in Abo, in 1827 transferred to Helsingfors, and in 1843 with 463 students), and at Kiew (founded in 1833, and in 1844 with 320 students). Every governmental or provincial capital contains a gymnasium; in those of Irkutsk and Kiächta the Japan and Chinese languages are taught.

The government is an absolute monarchy. All power emanates from the emperor, who is the head of the state and (Greek) church, and styled the Autocrat of all the Russias.

The amount of the revenue, and of the expenditure, for several years has been about £20,000,000. One of the chief sources of the revenue are the customs, or duties, on goods imported from foreign countries. The public debt amounted in 1843 to 290,434,155 rubles in silver, thus being far less than that not only of Great Britain, but also of France or Spain.

The Russian army numbers at present not less than 1,000,000 men in the war department, and is arranged into six main bodies, the general reserve, and the general corps of Cossacks. The six main bodies of the army are the following: 1. The great movable European army of operation, consisting of 465,720 men, with 1,200 pieces of ordnance. 2. The European army of reserve, numbering 202,480 men, with 472 pieces of artillery. 3. The Caucasian army, consisting of 150,167 men, with 302 pieces. 4. The main body of the army in Finland, numbering 16,000 men, with 16 cannons. 5. That of Orenburg, consisting of 64,000 men, with 16 pieces; and 6. The main body of the army in Siberia, consisting of 16,000 men, with 16 pieces of artillery. The several corps of Cossacks amount to 50,000 men. Other Cossacks, generally forming irregular troops, have to guard the frontiers of the empire from inroads, &c. Thus the disposable forces Russia is entitled to send in the field in time of war, amount to about 800,000 men. Of course they consist only of the European armies of operation and reserve, and of the regiments of Cossacks; because the main bodies of army in Caucasian Russia, in the province of Orenburg, &c., must keep their stations for the maintaining of internal peace and order there, and for the safety of the frontiers. As for the garrisons in other parts of the interior, and especially in the Polish provinces, they are easily provided for by the general reserve, whose amount depends on the urgency of the circumstances, and for the most part comprise the troops trained up in the military colonies. The latter were established in 1820 with the view partly to save a large amount of the expenses for the army, and partly to alleviate the burden of the recruiting. They number about 400,000 soldiers. In 1831 they underwent some reforms, and are now styled districts of farmer-soldiers. Since that period the system of recruiting the army by the conscription, or a general levy, prevails again. The sons of tradesmen and peasantry are particularly liable to conscription, and usually two out of one hundred are levied. The merchants, professors, artists, physicians, civil officers, lawyers, &c., are not liable to the duty of military service; and that bondsmen become free men as soon as they enter the army, is already noticed above.

The navy consisted in 1840 of 56 ships of the line, carrying from 74 to 120 guns, 48 frigates, carrying from 44 to 60 guns, and an adequate number of sloops of war, brigs, and steamers. Of the ships of the line 31, and of the frigates 30, were stationed in the Baltic Sea (where Kronstadt and Reval are the chief stations), and the remainder in the Black Sea, where the chief stations of the navy are Sevastopol, Cherson, and Nicolajew. Ships of war of smaller size are stationed in the Caspian and White Seas.

There are the following orders of honour:—1. The order of St. Andrew, in one class, and instituted in 1698. 2. The Alexander Newsky order, in one class, and instituted in 1722. 3. The White Eagle order, primitively a Polish order, instituted in 1335, and renewed in 1705, in one class. 4. The St. Ann order, primitively a Holsteinian order, instituted in 1735,

and in four classes. 5. The St. Stanislaus order, primitively a Polish order, instituted in 1765, and in three classes. 6. The order of St. George, a military order of merit, instituted in 769, and in four classes. 7. The order of St. Wladimir, in four classes, and instituted in 1782. 8. The St. Katharine order, only for ladies, in two classes, and instituted in 1714.

STRAY THOUGHTS ABOUT HANGING.

Hanging is a remnant of barbarity, one of the last tottering relics of feudalism. In countries boasting of being governed by laws, men have been burnt at the stake; curious tortures have been invented to stimulate the conscience to confession. Iron boots with screws; collars with spikes for the neck; heavy weights to be piled on the body; the insufferable agonies of the wheel; the creaking and rattling of bones and chains on bets; the quartering of traitors—have been amongst the refined instruments of justice. Of these, the very names of some have entirely perished; and it requires some pains and antiquarian research to find out how ingeniously human limbs were tortured, and with what cunning arts the vexed and harassed spirit has been driven from the bodies of malefactors. Countless inhuman tortures have, happily, passed away and are forgotten; one, among the oldest and the vilest, remains to this day. When a small band of righteous men crossed the ocean to found the American republic, they left behind them many iniquities of legislation and government, that had never hitherto been seen or heard of on that soil: they would have added to the bonds of brotherhood by which we are endeared to them, had they, in solemn act, asserted, in a memorable manner, never to be forgotten, the dignity of human life, and renounced the punishment of death.

It is one of the chief triumphs of modern civilisation: one of the few infallible proofs that we have of the onward progress of society, that the *sanctity of human life is asserted and upheld.* There is hardly a condition of social welfare which does not touch upon this sacred obligation. The maintenance of peace instead of war, justice between man and man, the duty of moderation in the rule of the passions, the mutual affections, the love of the husband and wife, the parent and the child; the law which forbids duelling, the fear of the conscience which shudders at suicide, the wisdom of the statesman who shuns war as the curse of the state—all look at the worth of a single man's life. It is no answer to the charge of the violation of life, by the state, to say that it is the penalty of murder. The punishment is the very sacrifice we would avoid; two murders are committed,—two victims are sacrificed,—one by the criminal, the other by the state.

No one, we presume, can doubt the value of life; the law, by its very sentence, admits it—admits it in the very act of execution, for the murderer is always attended by a clergyman who is there to prepare his soul for eternity. But what if his soul be not prepared? The man is cut off all the same; and, if we are to believe that which we are taught on Sundays, as assuredly we are, this impenitent soul must perish eternally. And this has the sanction of the law—the law of the nineteenth century! There is no apology for murder; we would not attempt to vindicate it; but common humanity revolts at the punishment of death; teaches us that the murderer has a capacity for improvement. He is still a man! He has forfeited his property, his liberty, all secondary privileges to the state. He should not walk abroad, lest he should injure another again; he should be imprisoned and condemned to labour, that others might profit by his example, and be deterred by a knowledge of his suffering; but he should not die until the great Disposer of life and death calls him as a sentinel from his post! Discipline, the end of our being on earth, may be obtained as well in a prison as a palace. The soul may grow wiser and better in a jail. *The law should be remedial, not vindictive.*

We fear there is yet lurking in the public mind something of the old prejudice upon the subject; the idea that punishment is a satisfaction, an expiation of the law. The law, it is said, must be satisfied, in the same spirit with which the ancient Druids satisfied their gods, by sacrificing their hundreds in a huge wicker basket, made in the figure of a man and filled with victims, to his honour. The idol was to be satisfied;—what satisfaction can there be for the law? Guilt is not removed from the soul of a man by hanging him. Repentance, a personal spontaneous act of the man himself, assisted by prayer, is the only expiation—and this is denied him by the law. All that the law, expressed in legislative acts, can ask, is, that the offender shall never do the like again; that by his reform he shall set an example to the people of an amended life—the only reparation which it is in his power to make to man and the offended laws of his country—and that his punishment shall act as a warning to the wicked.

Let not this be denounced as impracticable; let it not be said that punishment and improvement cannot proceed together, and that no punishment can so effectually act upon men's fears, as the fear of death. In one sense it is the most certain of all penalties, for it is an act that admits of no recal, however unjustly done. In the actual state of the case, however, it is the most uncertain of all punishments, for it is an extremely difficult thing to find twelve men who will condemn even an openly guilty prisoner to so dreadful a fate. Such is the horror with which humane men view the punishment of death and such the public opinion as expressed by the voice of conscientious juries. And the time is, we trust, not far distant, when that voice will be responded to in the state. They are right; humanity and justice imperatively demand that this disgusting and degrading punishment shall have an end. The gallows is no school of reform, but a theatre for vice, and all the worst and vilest passions which find a home in human breasts. Men of the nineteenth century! shall this state of things continue? We say again, the punishment of death is unworthy of the enlightenment of the age in which we live. Why then retain so horrible and disgusting a stain upon our national character? The spirits of the victims of a revengeful law call upon us at once and for ever to do away with the instruments of judicial death,—to tear the page from our judicial records. Verily, the days of the gallows-tree are numbered! The era of a new state of things is at hand—a law that shall not offend public opinion, nor disgust the enlightened consciences of jurors.

With regard to the so-called religious argument, it is yet an obstacle with many, who interpret the oft-quoted sentence—"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," into a command. Now this, in our opinion, is quite a mistake—a most fatal mistake, and a little examination will show that it is an unfair interpretation of the text; which, as it stands, is consistent with, nay, asserts, the law of sound judgment and enlightened humanity. According to Grotius, this passage is to be held predictive, rather than judicial. It says not to man—slay thy brother who kills his fellow; but it points out the danger to which every shedder of blood is liable at the hands of his fellow-men. Thus a mark was solemnly set upon Cain, the first murderer: not that he should be slain, but that all men might be warned *not* to slay him. In the side-note to this passage in Ostervald's Bible, is a reference to Matthew xxvi. 52,—"They who take the sword shall perish by the sword." Thus it asserts the folly of crime, pronounces murder a great wrong, foretels the danger to the life of the guilty and the evil passions that will be excited. Again, it is urged by Grotius, to whom was the command, if any, given? To man, but assuredly not to *every* man; for this would have violated all law, by making *any* man an executioner. Not to a magistrate, for at that time, when the world numbered only the single family of Noah, there was no magistrate on the earth. Now, mark what goes before and after the text; a solemn assertion of the sacredness of human life under all circumstances. "At the hand of *every* man's brother will I require the life of man, for in the image of God made he man." Here, then, is pronounced upon all, every man, murderer or legislator, a terrible penalty, and the punishment which is to follow the taking of life, so solemnly asserted, is reserved for the Deity alone—"*will I require the life of man.*"

Thus driven from his stronghold in the Noahic dispensation, the advocate for capital punishment will find no relief in the Levitical law, for that was abrogated by the New Testament, which breathes love, mercy, humanity, peace! As it is beautifully expressed in the Scripture of our Faith—"God desireth not the death of the sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live." Pure Christianity must, sooner or later, prevail on this important subject.

To conclude: If not by divine laws, certainly not by motives of human policy is this punishment to be enforced; it is cruel to the murderer; it is a bad example to society—the scenes of immorality which are *always* witnessed at a public execution are fearful to contemplate. There is a false excitement thrown around the gallows, which lends something of the glory of the hero to the coarsest villain. The scene, whether witnessed by crowds, or reported in the columns of the press, excites the worst passions of our fallen nature; unfeeling jests or desperation hardens the character of the criminal, and the gibbet is regarded as the one unlucky throw in the game of life. Surely it is high time for us to awake to the glaring inconsistency of trying to teach lessons of morality at the Old Bailey, while, at its very doors, thousands assemble to witness the horrible excitements of a judicial murder. A man of humanity would not hang a dog!

LITERARY QUAKERS.

BERNARD BARTON, AND WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

(*By* N. P. WILLIS, *Author of "Pencillings by the Way."*)

FROM the times of George Fox and his contemporaries, down to the present day, many of the members of the Society of Friends have been scribblers of books. Some of them have contributed valuable additions to the list of useful and moral publications, such as Benjamin Franklin;* and a few, like Bernard Barton and the Howitts, have wandered into the flowery realms of Poetry and Romance. In this chapter I purpose more particularly to give sketches of the last-named authors, whose numerous productions are almost as well known in America as in their native land.

Bernard Barton, the quaker poet, was for many years a cashier of a bank in the small country-town of Woodbridge, in Suffolk, a place from which he seldom travelled. He was by no means a "stiff Quaker," although he observed most of the customs of that sect. Indeed, his sociality and love of good company, such as that of Charles Lamb, for instance, was not quite approved of by the more rigid "Friends." He was, however, an amiable man and a pleasing poet, but by no means a powerful writer. I met him once in London, and well remember his person. He was dressed in sober brown; his face was plump and florid; and over a steaming tumbler he was far more jocose than a Quaker usually chooses to be.

On that particular evening, I well remember his telling an anecdote or two of Charles Lamb, and especially a characteristic one of Coleridge, communicated by the author of "Elia." Though somewhat out of place, I will relate it here.

"Coleridge was a great talker, and when he fairly got into one of his speculative discourses, it was no easy matter to stop the wordy tide. With eyes closed, the 'old man eloquent' would preach by the hour, and frequently preach his hearers out of all patience. So it happened in the following instance:—

"Lamb was clerk at the East-India House, and one morning, as he was hurrying from his cottage at Enfield to the city, he met Coleridge proceeding to pay him a visit. Lamb's time for being at his desk had nearly arrived, but Coleridge cared not a pin about that: he had some wondrous ideas to communicate, and in order to detain Lamb until he had done so, he seized him by a coat-button, drew the good-natured Charles into a narrow passage, and, shutting his eyes, commmenced his talk. With one hand holding the button, and with the other waving to and fro in the air, he went on for a full hour, heedless of Lamb's impatience. At length a happy thought struck the victim. Taking out his penknife, he adroitly severed the button from the coat, and quietly slipped off. Coleridge did not observe the elopement, but went on with his subject; and Lamb solemnly declared that when, four hours afterwards, he passed by the spot, there stood the rapt Coleridge, with the button between his fingers, just as when he left him in the morning, his hand placidly waving, his eyes closed, and—talking!"

Bernard Barton died about two years ago, his latter days having been made comfortable—for illness had compelled him to quit the bank—by a pension from Queen VICTORIA. His daughter Lucy has written a pleasing memoir of the Quaker Poet, to which I would refer those who may desire to know more of him.

And now for "the HOWITTS."

A very general opinion is entertained in America—and, indeed in England too—that WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT are brother and sister. This may be owing to the fact that few married couples pursue together literature as a vocation. Many persons have an idea that such unions are not productive of connubial felicity: indeed, I heard a man of great talent once declare, that a literary man should marry a fool, and *vice versâ*. There are some instances, doubtless, of couples who travel well enough together in literary harness: for my own part, I see no reason on earth why they should not.

William and Mary Howitt, then, are husband and wife. The question whether, as such, they follow a certain good example, set by a pair of English sovereigns whose effigies, being stamped in company on their coins, have provoked the simile of

——"cooing and billing.
Like WILLIAM and MARY on a shilling,"

it is not for me to express an opinion upon. I have only to speak of them as author and authoress.

When William Howitt was, a few years ago, compiling his book entitled the "Homes and Haunts of British Poets," he had occasion to consult a biography of Chatterton, which then happened to be out of print. Through a friend he applied to me, as its author, for some information regarding the poet, and this led to my introduction to William and his wife.

At that time they resided in a pleasant suburb of the great metropolis, and one Sunday afternoon I set out for their dwelling. After a long omnibus-ride, my friend and myself were set down in front of a large house called "The Elms," at Lower Clapton. "Here," said P———, enthusiastically, for he was a thick-and-thin-admirer of the literary pair, "here live the Howitts!"

Our rap at the door soon brought to it one of the neatest of "neat-handed Phyllises," who, on our inquiring for Mr. Howitt, ushered us up a flight of stairs and into a spacious drawing-room which, at the moment was untenanted, so that I had leisure to look about me.

The furniture and decorations of an apartment, and more especially the books in it, are generally tolerably true indications of the tastes and pursuits of its owners: at least, so I have generally found or fancied them to be. In the present instance I was not out in my judgment. Vases of flowers—who has written more lovingly of flowers than Mrs. Howitt?—and pictures of rural scenery, such as her husband has so often described, were to be seen on pedestals, on tables, and on the walls. Busts of celebrated authors were placed on brackets; and at one end of the room was a piano. Books were in plenty, and folios of prints lay here and there. From the windows of the room might be seen a pretty garden; and birds sang cheerfully among the leafy branches which rustled close to the panes.

We sat patiently for a few moments; then the door opened, and a lady entered: it was MARY HOWITT.

How seldom it happens that the personal appearance of authors or authoresses, or indeed those of any noticeable people of whom we have heard, or whose works we may have read, correspond to the fancy portraits which we may have in our minds drawn of them! In only one case, in my experience, did the veritable original surpass the imaginary likeness I had drawn: that was in the case of Mrs. Hemans. The same almost spiritual beauty which I had recognised in her poetry, and which I had transferred to their author, I found was really to be seen in her charming face. One might have fancied Miss Landon lovely in person, but she was by no means a "beauty." Hundreds have called and thought Mary Howitt a charming creature; and I fancied her something out of the common. I was mistaken. She appeared, at the first glance, mild and matronly; nothing more.

The poetess welcomed me very pleasantly, and her mild, unassuming manners at once banished all feeling of constraint. I will endeavour, though, before proceeding farther, to give some definite idea of her personal appearance.

If the lady's face was not decidedly handsome, neither was it the reverse. Her forehead was intellectually shaped; and her

* FRANKLIN wore the plain Quaker garb, for convenience' sake: but he was not a member of the Society of Friends.

brown hair, a little inclined to gray, was simply parted on its summit. A plain cap, but not of a Quaker cut, covered her head. The most striking features were her eyes, which were large and of a pale blue; the nose seemed rather long. The mouth would have been good had it not been somewhat disfigured by a large, prominent front tooth, which destroyed the symmetry of the upper lip. The complexion was light, and the general expression benevolent, simple, and agreeable.

For the benefit of those of my lady-readers who are curious in such things, I would, if I were able, minutely describe Mary Howitt's dress, but I am unlearned in such matters as bodices and bustles, or crapes and crinolines. All I can say is, that the poetess wore a lavender-coloured gown, neatly made, but not formed like those common to her sect. Indeed, the Howitts have for years abandoned Quaker costume altogether.

Mrs. Howitt's conversation was cheerful and pleasant, but not sparkling. The topic on which she appeared to like to talk was America, which was natural enough, I having just returned from thence. She told me that she had relatives in Ohio, and hinted at an intention of emigrating to that State at some future time. Since then, it will be remembered she has written a work entitled, "Our Cousins in Ohio;" but I believe the emigration-project has been long abandoned.

While we were talking, a gentleman entered the room, and Mrs. Howitt introduced me to him: it was her husband.

He was short, stout, and harsh-looking, and struck me as being more like a shrewd city-broker, hard at driving a bargain, than as an author. There was a *hauteur* in his manner which to me was anything but prepossessing. His head was bullet-shaped, and covered except just at the summit, with short, gray hair. Small, keen, blue eyes told that he was a minute observer. A nose short and stubby—such as his would not have been taken as a model by a sculptor—and the mouth hard and firm, was not indicative of amiability of character. His manner, like his style, was hard, and at times conceited; and there was a something in his whole bearing and appearance which repelled instead of attracted.

Never mind his dress, reader; it was neat, and suited to a plump personage; that is all that needs be said about it.

He took me, after a time, into his garden, and I soon found that he did not live on good terms with his brother authors. His remarks on some of them were short, sharp, and snappish. He had plenty of vanity, too, and evidently considered himself "some pumpkins." I have reason *now* to know that he is almost singular in the opinion, for his reputation, to a great degree, rests on that of his wife, without the *prestige* of whose name, and it is said, without the assistance of whose pen, he would be regarded merely as a rather dexterous book-*compiler*.

If, as I have intimated, William Howitt does not live on the best terms with other literary men, other literary folks do not entertain the highest respect for him; for in his displeasure he has shown himself to be bitter, vindictive, and of as persecuting a spirit as Bishop Bonner himself. The meekness of the Quaker does not seem to belong to him. To be sure, he writes pleasantly of birds and trees; but when he speaks of certain authors, he is so savage as to remind one of Mrs. Mackenzie's remark to her husband, Henry Mackenzie, the well-known author of "The Man of Feeling." Mackenzie was, in private life, a bear, and, indeed, addicted to cruelty; but from his sentimental works one might imagine him to be the mildest and gentlest of his species. One day, after an outburst of domestic violence, his wife exclaimed, "Ah, Henry, Henry, *you put all your fine feelings on paper!*" In the case of the subjects of this sketch, I leave the application of the story to the reader.

About four years ago, there occurred in England a fine specimen of the "Quarrels of Authors," which D'Israeli the elder ought to have lived to comment on. William Howitt was one of the parties concerned in it. In connexion with a Mr. Saunders, William Howitt edited a weekly serial, called the "People's Journal." Some differences occurred, and the partnership ceased. Then both parties commenced one of the most bitter quarrels "which have ever disgraced," as Douglas Jerrold said of it, "literature and literary men." William Howitt got by far the worst of it, and became bankrupt, as also did his partner, John Saunders. The "People's Journal," the subject of the dispute, was sold by public auction to Mr. R. Willoughby, who, after carrying it on successfully for three years, under the editorship of a young but not unknown author, discontinued it from want of capital. It is still sold, however, in volumes, under the name of the "People's and Howitt's Journal." Since my visit, the Howitts have quitted Clapton, and reside at St. John's Wood. A recent novel of William Howitt's has fallen almost still-born from the press; nor has any success (for which I am sorry) attended the beautiful volume of the collected ballads by Mary Howitt. Copies of it may be seen in the old book-shops in London, marked at five shillings; it was published not long ago at one sovereign.

Mrs. Howitt has written very little original matter of late, the fields of Danish and Swedish literature affording her plenty of material for her translating pen. She has rendered into English the principal works of Hans Christian Andersen, and Frederika Bremer, and these translations have been republished in America. Mrs. Howitt once remarked to me, "We are dreadfully hard-working people." This is true, doubtless, for they have a large family dependent on their labours. Their eldest daughter, Anna Savage Howitt, is a very accomplished artist, and occasionally illustrates the works of her parents.

I met at different times at the Howitts', three literary foreigners, Ferdinand Freiligrath, the author of the celebrated "Lion's Ride," who, for political offences, was compelled to leave Prussia; Hans Christian Andersen, of Stockholm, and Frederika Bremer. Freiligrath was a fine-looking fellow, of an impetuous nature, and one very likely to kick against despotism. He subsequently became clerk in a London counting-house. Andersen was of a milder temperament, and of placid appearance and manners. Miss Bremer was amiable and gentle, but in society far from brilliant. She has recently visited America, and will doubtless perpetrate a book. I predict that she will give a far more correct view of American manners, institutions, &c., than either the aristocrat Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, the speculative Harriet Martineau, or Mrs. Trollope, the sarcastic!

[The above *American* sketch is extracted from the "Knickerbocker, New York Magazine."]

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was *then* the gentleman?"

THE conventional idea of gentility is so intimately connected with birth and riches that we find it difficult to think of mere virtue, honour, education, and good breeding, without wealth, as the proper attributes of a gentleman.

It is easier to say what is *not* gentlemanly than to discover what *is*, and we commonly find the vulgar acceptation of the word *gentleman* admitted by the world in preference to a higher standard of honesty and honour: and into this error we have been led unconsciously by what Theodore Hook calls the six-and-eightpenny feeling of society—though his own notions of a gentleman were vague and loose enough, in all conscience. With the author of "Sayings and Doings" it was "genteel" to express horror and disgust at trade and traders of all kinds; and to dine before six, or live eastward of Temple-bar, was vulgar in the extreme. Fortunately, the Hook school is going fast out of fashion.

For merely genteel people—folks who live beyond their means, and boast of their acquaintance with Sir "Harry" and Lord "Thingum"—we have the greatest possible horror; and would rather clasp the horny fist of an honest man in friendship than take the cool, white-kidded fingers of your very "genteel" people from a carriage in Rotten-row or a box at the Opera. Genteel people do and say things every day at which they would "blush interestingly" if they were called by their right names. For instance, if you were to tell Mrs. Matchmaker and her fair daughters that they were acting a lie when they said "not at home" to their servant, they would be quite astonished; and if you ventured to hint to young Fastman that ordering clothes without intending to pay the tailor was a dishonest swindle, he would most likely "cut your acquaintance" immediately. In fact, there is a great deal of humbug in the world, and the "genteel" humbug is the most unbearable—at least, to all right-minded people.

The idea that money makes the gentleman may be seen exemplified every day of our lives, and in all manner of ways. Try it by a cheap experiment: give a halfpenny to the beggar who waylays you in the streets with a professional drawl about hunger and

cold, and you are overwhelmed with a torrent of thanks; refuse it, and you go home with a curse upon your head: assist an infirm old lady into an omnibus—"You are a gentleman, sir," says she, in a grateful whisper; offer the legal fare to the conductor when you get out, and you are told by that individual "you are *no* gentleman to dispute about threepence:" give up your seat in the front box at a pantomime to a couple of noisy children—"Sir you are a gentleman," says the gratified father; refuse the customary extortion of a penny to the waiter at a cheap dining-room, and you are told by that hitherto obsequious person that he "is sure you are *no* gentleman;" and if you ever go to that establishment again, make up your mind to an inferior cut of the beef or mutton, and a cold potato left from somebody else's dinner.

Somebody has cleverly said that in every block of marble is concealed an unhewn statue; and so we earnestly believe that in every true and noble nature lies the germ and spirit of nobility, no matter what the merely wordly condition of that nature be: mark, in every block of *marble;* but for one specimen of the true mineral there are half-a-dozen counterfeit imitations in mere chalk and rubble. Your true gentleman is not a thing of purchase and sale, and can no more be manufactured than the diamond; it is a hard thing to say, but half your gentlemanly jewels—bright, and polished, and well-set in gold and silver though they be—are paste, sir, mere paste! "A king can make a belted knight," sang Burns, a "marshal, duke, and all that;"—what a poor notion of manufactured nobility the unpensioned exciseman must have had when he wrote that song! But there's no bitterness in it, not a morsel; he merely felt, as all true natures feel whether clothed in velvet or fustian, that "a man's a man for a' that."

As we said, it is easy to say what a gentleman is *not* though my friend Heavytop thinks that the essence of nobility lies in a good round income, first-rate dinners, and a handsome balance at your banker's. Heavytop is a highly respectable man; has a stake in the country—a pretty large one, too—and has some very fair notions on the subject, especially with regard to the "balance;" but these are, if anything, the mere *addenda*, and not the *essence* of gentility: they don't constitute the "raal thing," as Sam Slick says: but when Heavytop backs his pretensions by an oath over his cups, and *his* friends (not *my* friends) applaud vociferously—of course he is a gentleman. Not a bit of it. It won't do, Heavytop; that last dinner betrayed you—gentlemen *very* seldom swear, and *never* drink to excess.

Then, again, there's little Jack Holiday, he *is* a gentleman entirely in his own opinion. He is a member of a good family, well-looking, easy-tempered, high-spirited, liberal, kind to his sisters, and knows how to conciliate those below him without making them feel as if they compromised their independence. He rides the best horses, keeps a good table, is quite up to the mark in the literature and politics of the day, esteems himself a tolerable judge of pictures, always makes a point of visiting the Academy on the first of May, is something of a musician, and is altogether the neatest dresser you ever saw. Jack Holiday is what is called, in certain circles "a devilish gentlemanly fellow;" but he is not altogether a gentleman, I'm sorry to say; for he is so devoted to play that he would cheat his own mother at hazard, if he could get that dear old sixteen stone of good-nature and dress to sit down with him.

No man need despair, if he be in the mind, of being thought a gentleman; for, if a high standard of morality, an unflinching love and practice of truth, honesty unimpeachable, and virtue and justice untainted, constitute, as we believe they do, the true signs by which a gentleman may be known, then is their hope for every one of us; and if we possess not these attributes, we must strive to gain them. "Princes have but their titles for their glories," Shakspeare tells us, and without the innate nobility of soul which distinguishes the true nobleman from the churl,

> —"Between their titles and low name
> There's nothing differs but the outward fame."

There is erected in society an invisible standard of gentility; and if we possess it not ourselves, we have within us a secret talisman by which to try the true from the false; every body knows a gentleman when he is encountered—though a black coat and kid gloves go but short way in making one, and many a "Paris nap" covers a snob.

> "For best in good breeding and highest in rank,
> Though lowly or poor in the land,
> Is Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
> The man with his heart in his hand."

But, lest any should be in doubt as to the true gentlemanly metal, it may be as well to say, that though a gentleman *may be* a rake, he is neither a liar, a cheat, a scoffer at other men's religion, a loud talker, a showy dresser, a boaster, a drunkard, a swindler, a hanger on at taverns, a frequenter of gambling-houses, a maker of accomodation-bills, a pimp, a bully, or a discounting attorney. Whenever you are in doubt, ascertain if your acquaintance is any of these, and if he be, then you may conclude he is NOT A GENTLEMAN. C. F. P.

VISIT TO THE STATE PRISON, CHARLESTOWN, UNITED STATES.

It was a huge building of grey stone, of no particular order of architecture. After passing through a court-yard, and ascending a flight of stone steps, we entered a large low square apartment, the walls of which were ornamented with guns, horse pistols, and swords of monstrous size; all, however, giving dusty evidence of "piping times of peace."

A turnkey sat in this apartment, in a chair close to a window which overlooked the prison yard, reading a newspaper, from which every now and then he raised his eyes, and gazed through the panes, as if some great and urgent necessity required his attention in that direction. A list of officers' turns on duty, a few chairs, and a desk, constituted the furniture of the place, which was called "the guard-room."

Having exhibited our passports, the officer, thrusting his head into a recess near the window, caused, by means of some complicated machinery, a distinct rattling of bars, and the opening of a door outside. Through an inner, and then through an outer gate, we passed, and found ourselves at the head of some stone steps, down which we went into the yard of the prison. It was a dismal sloppy locality. Two or three men, clad in motley coloured dresses and grotesque caps, eyed us askant as we walked along, and then turned sullenly to their occupation of moving some loose stones. There was that afternoon to be delivered an address to the prisoners on Temperance, and we inquired of a tall, burly keeper our way to the chapel; he directed us, and we were soon seated in the prison sanctuary.

This place of worship had no Gothic arches, nor clustered pillars, nor fretted roof, nor luxurious pews, nor magnificent altar-piece, nor stately monuments. The walls were white-washed, the roof was plain. The benches were of plain timber, the pulpit unornamental, and nothing but extreme cleanliness was very conspicuous. Near the pulpit were one or two raised seats for the warden and visitors, and to one of them we were shown. The congregation came in, every forty or fifty men being attended by a keeper. Tramp, tramp went their shoes as they proceeded down the aisle to their respective seats. At length the place was filled with men of all ages—a congregation of crime!

At the far end of the room a dozen or more prisoners sat somewhat apart; they had a violin, a clarionet, and a few flutes: this was the prison choir, and their services were soon put in requisition.

A solemn congregation was that, and one which of itself preached a touching sermon from the text—"*The way of transgressors is hard.*" "Be sure your sins will find you out," was as plainly written on the walls as if a shadowy hand had inscribed it there in luminous characters. The prisoners were clad in uniforms of grey and dingy-red coarse cloth. Their persons were clean, their hair well brushed, and amongst them I observed many whose countenances bespoke no mean powers of mind. There were old greyheaded sinners, over whose faces time and crime had gone hand in hand, ploughing deep furrows—and young men beside them who wore reckless smiles, which were fast changing into looks of perfect hardihood. Some scowled—others leered at their companions—many sat with subdued, saddened countenances—and many appeared intelligent, and would, but for the prison dress, have looked even manly. But that garb of disgrace half suppressed the beatings of many a heart, chafed the spirit, and forced its wearer to bear about with him a visible degradation, perhaps—terrible idea—through life!

The lecturer then delivered his address, at the termination of which a prayer was offered up, in which the supplicant in-

treated that God in his mercy would bless the prisoners, their mothers, wives, and children; and at the mention of these dear familiar names, many an eye grew dim with tears. Then followed a piece of music, loudly and lustily sung, and the service was concluded.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, again, as in long files, and separate detachments, the prisoners left the chapel. As they passed through the court-yard they drew up in ranks for a minute or two, underwent a slight drill, and then each one taking with him a small vessel of water, was conducted to his cell--some to ponder over the past, some to contemplate the future, and a few to wish that the dreary life which was, and always would be, bounded by the dim cells of a prison, were ended.

Passing through the prison yard in company with the warden, I entered an immense shed, where a number of men were engaged in shaping huge blocks of granite and mill stones. As they laboured there was an evident difference between them and those who wrought in freedom. There was nothing of that cheerfulness which appears on the countenances of those who rise with the lark and go to their daily avocations, which are cheered by the the prospect of repose in a happy home. Not a man or boy of them all whistled a little tune, or amid the brief intervals of labour, burst forth into a joyous stave. There was only the dull click of the hammer, or the sharp sound of the chisel. Labour in this place ruled with a rod of iron, and his slaves looked dogged and discontented, for there was not that hope of reward to sweeten the daily toil which urges on the freeman, as he guides the plough, or drives the wheel.

We entered a place where a number of prisoners were engaged in making brushes, and other articles. At the upper end of the apartment was a boiler, by which were standing some men engaged in felting. Pointing to one of them, my companion said, "There's a murderer!" I looked in the direction he indicated, and saw a coloured man of a stature below the middle size, and of a light, active-looking frame. There was nothing ferocious, but something very determined in his countenance. This was "Peter York," who had killed a man at the entrance of a house of bad repute in Boston. He was condemned to be hanged, but his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life.

"Look at that man a little behind him," said the guide, "there is another murderer; he killed two men, and almost massacred another." I observed a man who might have numbered some sixty years; he was greyheaded, of an athletic form, not at all bowed by age; he was making kegs for white lead. Seeing that he was an object of attention, he paused amid his work; and, turning round, looked me full in the face; and so repulsive a countenance I have rarely seen. His eyes were very large, of a light colour, and impudently diabolical in their expression; he had a small nose, a large mouth, and a pointed chin. Altogether he looked the very incarnation of evil. The name of this murderer of almost three fellow-creatures, was "Seth Perry." He had been a liquor-seller, and in a drunken frenzy, had shot down three of his customers, victims to intemperance! Here was a terrible example to those who "tarry long at the wine, till wine inflame them!" — There stood the murderer unabashed, unconfounded, and apparently as unconcerned, as if the blood of his brethren had not gone up to God, with a cry of vengeance. By some means he had only been convicted of manslaughter, and so was condemned to imprisonment for a long term of years; after that, perhaps he will, on leaving his prison, resume his trade of death.

I turned, with shuddering repugnance, from the wretched man, and when I had gone some distance from him I looked round, and there he was, his head resting on a stone, his grey eyes staring at me, his lips compressed, and his brow knit up, as if in defiance. He looked perfectly frightful. If ever there was heart which could not, or would not repent, it must, I think, have been the one in the breast of that hardened looking old man.

"There is another murderer," said the warden, "that stupid looking man yonder, perfectly harmless when sober, but when drunk there is no controlling him. He got intoxicated, and murdered a woman with a scythe; he actually *mowed her down*. That rather good-looking prisoner,' he continued, "murdered a man, under circumstances of great provocation; he has been here many years, and will probably get pardoned at last. He behaves very well, as indeed all those convicted of murder do." The warden seemed unable to assign a reason for this; but as nearly all the prisoners who had committed murder, did so *while under the influence of liquor*, it may fairly be assumed, that the withdrawal of the maddening potations was the cause of their altered conduct.

After visiting the hospital, the kitchen, bakery, washhouses, &c., we entered a shop where two engravers were at work. One of them was a pale, worn, anxious looking looking man, engaged in cutting a plate for one of the Lowell factories. He was evidently skilful in his occupation. As he spoke to me there was something inexpressibly sad in his countenance. He was confined there for some petty offence committed while he was in liquor—another fearful warning to the intemperate. He had written some verses in his imprisonment. In the first five verses, he recalls the circumstances of his early life, when he was "free and happy," with a wife and children, and a circle of friends. After lamenting the loss of these, he says:—

"And if these erring feet should tread,
Once more upon this world's broad stage,
I'll strive to earn my daily bread,
From precepts in the sacred page;
I'll strive to do by other men,
As I would they should do by me;
And God will make me happy then,
And from a prison keep me free."

I and my companion were sick at heart, and felt glad when the prison door closed behind us.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

No. 1.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S PLEA FOR THE SLAVE.

On the western breezes swelling hear ye not a piercing cry,
Mingled with the clank of fetters? 'Tis the slave's wild agony.
Not alone across the ocean comes that loud, appealing prayer,
It has risen up to Heaven, and it stands recorded there.
Why should *England* pause and listen? she has set her captives free.—
Oh! my Sisters, hear the answer from the bondman o'er the sea.

"Half Columbia's slave-grown Cotton finds its way to England's shore!"
We have worn the blood-stained fabric,—Sisters! let us wear no more.
All unconsciously we aided in America's disgrace,
Help'd to bind the galling fetters upon millions of our race.
Let the time gone by suffice us, we are not in darkness now,—
Never more at Slavery's altar let an *English* woman bow.

Nobly have earth's choicest spirits toil'd in Freedom's holy cause,
Battled with the proud oppressor, fought against his cruel laws;
Yet, despite the stern devotion of these heroes bold and brave,
Still the chain is on the bondman, still our brother is a slave;
And, it may be, that for Woman is reserved the high renown,
To achieve the mighty conquest—hurl the fierce usurper down.

Not as smote the wife of Heber, when the warrior's steps were bent,
Flying from his swift pursuers to the shadow of her tent;
Tongue and Pen *our* only weapons, Love shall point the feather'd dart,
From the bow of Truth outspringing, it shall pierce the monster's heart;
As Philistia's vaunted champion fell before a stripling's might,
Woman's hand *may* speed the arrow for the cause of Truth and Right.

But, if she would win a blessing, her own hand must spotless be,
Free from Slavery's pollution, from her brother's anguish free;
She must stand erect in Freedom, on her brow the light of love,
Wise as is the wary serpent, harmless as the gentle dove;
Then with firm, unfaltering courage she the tyrant's wrath may brave,
Strong in purity of purpose she may battle for the slave.

Let Britannia's daughters rally, "England to the rescue!" cry—
Of the free-grown Cotton woven, lift our stainless banner high,
In God's blessed sunshine waving, on the glad winds floating free,
It may prove the rallying standard of the friends of Liberty.
"Up and onward," is our motto—shrink not from fearful odds;
Not our own the might and power, nor the battle ours, but God's!

A TRIAD OF PAINTERS.

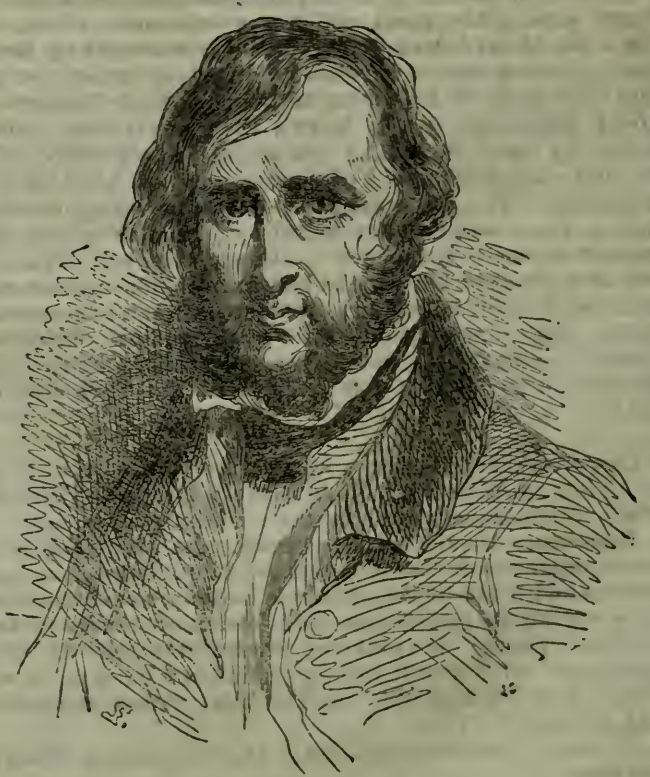
In our last Number we gave a portrait of, and memoir of Benjamin West, the American painter. We now present to our readers the presentments, and some brief notes of the lives of three celebrated artists, one of whom is still living amongst us. What was then said of the importance of art, and the good influence exercised by the artist need not be further enforced; but we may at once proceed to notice a few of the incidents which have contributed to make the names of these three painters worthy of remembrance. We have placed them on the page in the order of their respective births;—of their merits as artists their works are the best evidence.

FUSELI.

Henry Fuseli, the first on the page, was born at Zurich, in Switzerland about the year 1741. Of the exact date of his birth, and of the precise manner of spelling his name, there are some slight differences. The artist himself altered the first from that of his father's, and the last from the register in the parish church where he was christened. His father, John Gaspard Fuessli, was a portrait painter of some celebrity, and one of his ancestors, Matthias Fuessli had, a century before, made himself a name in Switzerland, as a painter of battles, pillages, storms, conflagrations, &c. It was no wonder then, that with an artist for a father, and the name of a clever man in the family, that the youthful painter grew enthusiastic about pictures, and took to painting as naturally as a duckling does to water. When he grew old, he loved to get a willing listener to whom he could impart the struggles of his youth: how, with purloined candles and pencils purchased from his school pocket-money, he would slink away in the night time to make copies of the prints of Michael Angelo and Raphael; how his schoolfellows perceiving his talent for drawing, were anxious to procure specimens of his pencil's vagaries, even though purchased at the expense of toys and sweetmeats; and how, finally, his father becoming acquainted with the fact that his son *would* be a painter, took the very best possible means to bring about such a consummation, by giving him a regular artistic education.

Fuseli's instructor in the arts was Salzer, of Berlin, the author of "A Lexicon of the Fine Arts." At Berlin, whither he had been accompanied by his friend and companion, the then youthful, but afterwards celebrated Lavater, our young artist speedily attracted attention; for, besides being a painter, he was a poet of no mean talent. Among the admirers of his genius was Sir Andrew Mitchell, the British ambassador to the Court of Russia. From this gentleman Fuseli received much kindness, and it was principally by his advice and assistance that he was enabled at the early age of twenty-two to visit England—then, as now, the home of genius. On parting, the physiognomist presented his friend with this piece of advice, inscribed on a card, in the German language:—"Do but a tenth of what you can do, and fame and fortune will be the result."

SIR DAVID WILKIE.



GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Behold the painter in London. His first sensations, he says, were more of overwhelming astonishment and solitude; but these soon gave way to others of a more temperate character,

and in a short time we find our artist in the capacity of tutor, translator, essayist, and critic. In fact, the letters of recommendation with which he was provided by his friends in Berlin, served no other purpose than to make him acquainted with the booksellers, and, through them, with the miseries of a literary man's life in the last century.

In this way he passed several years, alternately in debt and in high spirits, just according to his success or otherwise with the booksellers and the public. But while he pursued literature he did not neglect art. One day, he was introduced by a friend to the studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the then president of the royal academy, and arbiter of taste and excellence in all that concerned the fine arts. To him Fuseli ventured to submit a few of his drawings. Reynolds examined them attentively and kindly, as his manner was, and inquired of the youth how long he had studied in Italy. Being informed that he had never been in Italy, but was a native of Switzerland, and hardly thought it necessary to go to Rome for inspiration —"Young man," said the President, "were *I* the author of these sketches, and were offered a thousand a year *not* to practise as an artist, I would reject the proposal with contempt." So flattering a judgment decided Fuseli, and from that day the *trade* of an author was abandoned for the profession of a painter.

To paint was with Fuseli to attract a fashionable and admiring audience; and but few years passed ere he was considered as amongst the first of his profession. The characteristics of his peculiar style are well portrayed in the following verse:—

"All dark and monstrous shapes
He brings before our eyes;
And crowds his canvass page
With hideous phantasies."*

In 1798 he opened his Milton Gallery, and crowds assembled daily to gaze on and wonder at the genius and extravagance of the painter. All that is horrible and grotesque in the pages of the poet were made more horrible, terrible, and grotesque on the canvass of the painter; and few, who came for merely pleasure's sake, went away from the gallery without a feeling of sadness and gloom,—perhaps as much impressed with the peculiar character of the artist's mind, as informed by his pencil of the attributes of the poet's story.

To attempt anything like a catalogue of the pictures which Fuseli painted—pictures which are esteemed of little value now—would exceed our limits. As a scholar and an artist he was equally esteemed in his day; and for twenty years he held the offices of Professor of Painting and Keeper of the Royal Academy. He is known to the present generation rather by his literary than his artistic productions. Of his singularly eccentric style of conversation—a kind of broken English and French intermixed—there are many anecdotes; but for these we have no particular taste, as they one and all exhibit the artist in a severe, disagreeable, sarcastic, almost Voltairean mood; but that he had warmth of character enough to obtain himself friends, and strength enough to secure them, and genius enough to place his name on the record of the "world's great men," is sufficient praise and sufficient reward. He died on the 16th of April, 1825, in the 84th year of his age."

David Wilkie was born in a country-house, in the parish of Cults, in Fifeshire, N. B., on the 18th of November, 1785. His father was the minister of the parish, and appears to have been a quiet studious man. As soon as Davie was old enough he was sent to school; but, instead of making progress with his books, he used, as Dr. Stoneham—the preceptor of Kettle grammar-school, and now bishop of Toronto —would persist in thinking, "waste his time in drawing pictures." Our youth was determined to be a painter; and although his father did not like the profession and would rather David had been a preacher, his mother encouraged his inclinations, and provided him with the means of studying in the arts.

He was sent in 1799, we are told, to "the Trustee of the Academy in Edinburgh for the Encouragement of Manufactures, with some specimen drawings, and a letter of introduction from the Earl of Leven to Mr. Thompson, the secretary. The drawings were not considered satisfactory, and it was only at the earnest request of the Earl of Leven that he was admitted. But he soon made wonderful progress. Everything he attempted he executed with the greatest precision and faithfulness to leading principles. He showed himself a keen observer of nature, and gave early indications of the after excellence of his *tableaux de genre*. He was a constant frequenter of scenes likely to furnish subjects for paintings of this sort—trysts, fairs, and market-places. In that species of drawing in which taste and knowledge are combined, he was far behind many in the same class who had not a tithe of his talent; but though behind them in skill, he surpassed all his companions in comprehending the character of whatever he was set to draw. He was always one of the first to enter the academy when opened in the morning, and invariably one of the last to depart; and his intense application during the hours of study drew upon him the ridicule of the other students, who frequently bantered him on the subject. When the drawing hours were over he returned to his lodgings, and there laboured during the remainder of the day to carry out what he had begun in the forenoon, by sitting before a looking-glass and copying his own face and hands, and thus endeavouring to blend his impressions drawn from the antique with those derived from a diligent study of nature. He had already begun to perceive the importance of the action of the hands in telling a story; and whenever he was unable to obtain a model which pleased him, he invariably introduced his own. In his picture of the "Blind Fiddler," which is now in the National Gallery, the hands of every one of the figures are drawn from his own, and also the expression of the heads. The girl leaning on the back of the chair is said to be very like what he was at the time.

In 1803 he won the ten guinea prize which had been offered for the best painting of "Callisto in the Bath of Diana." At the sale of his effects after his death this was sold for £48 6s. In the same year he made his first sketch of the "Village Politicians." He also about this time painted a "Scene from Macbeth," where the murderers sent by Macbeth to the house of Macduff meet his wife and child. The expression of the boy who boldly answers their questions was so excellent, that Mr. Graham, the teacher of the academy, immediately on seeing it, predicted that he would one day arrive at eminence from his strong delineation of nature. In 1804, in his nineteenth year, he left the academy and returned home. While there he painted "Pitlessie Fair," in which he inserted one hundred and forty portraits of rustics of the neighbourhood, most of whom he sketched in church for want of a better opportunity. For this he only received £25 from Kinnear, a Scotch laird."

But the time was coming soon when he was to make himself famous in the world. In 1805 he came to London, and became a student of the Royal Academy. He soon secured the patronage of the rich and noble, and was not allowed to waste his energies in ignoble pursuits. The "Village Politician," exhibited at the academy, proved the stepping-stone to Wilkie's fortune, and from that time he earned "golden opinions from all sorts of people." Soon afterwards, he produced that exquisitely natural and well-known picture, the "Blind Fiddler," which was painted to order for Sir George Beaumont. Its success was immediate and immense, and Wilkie was everywhere considered as the first of British artists for domestic subjects.

"That genius might depict
The household feelings well,
Let the 'Blind Fiddler' teach,
Or Wilkie's 'Rent Day' tell."

The public were impatient for other specimens of his happy pencil, and various well-known subjects followed in rapid succession,—all of them distinguished by a most intimate acquaintance with the habits of "the people," a free touch and good eye for grouping and colour, and in fact by the genius of the man. "Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage," for Mr. Davidson; "The Card Players," for the Duke of Gloucester; and "The Rent-day," for the Earl of Musgrave; "The Sick Lady," "The Jew's Harp," &c. The "Village Festival" was painted

* Pen and Ink Sketches of Authors and Authoresses. London: Partridge and Oakey.

for Mr. Angerstein, for eight hundred guineas. In 1809 he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and a member in 1811. His own health was now beginning to decline rapidly from the closeness of his application. He therefore determined upon paying a visit to Scotland, where he remained from August until October. Upon his return to town he took apartments in Kensington. In May, 1812, he opened an exhibition of his pictures, twenty-nine in number, in Pall-mall. The undertaking extended his reputation, but caused him a loss of £414. His father died in December, and he then invited his mother and sister to come and live with him in London, in a house which he took in Kensington. In 1813 he painted "Blindman's Buff" for the Prince Regent. For the "Letter of Introduction" and the "Refusal," both small pictures, painted during this year, he received two hundred and fifty and three hundred guineas respectively.

In 1814 he visited Paris with his friend Mr. Haydon—and "the rest of the fashionable world,"—and during the following year he painted and exhibited "Distraining for Rent;" "The Rabbit on the Wall," and "The Pedlar;" and in 1817 he produced that wonderful work called, "The Chelsea Pensioners." It was painted for the Duke of Wellington, at a cost of 1,200 guineas, and is by many considered as the masterpiece of the artist.

In 1824 he travelled in Italy for the benefit of his health; in 1830 he was appointed painter in ordinary to his Majesty, a post vacant by the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence; in 1831 he exhibited his "John Knox," and his "Columbus;" in 1836 he was knighted by king William the Fourth; and in the next year the world was gratified by the appearance of his "Cotter's Saturday Night," and his "Mary Queen of Scots." In fact, so indefatigable was he in his profession, that every year the Academy Exhibition was graced by two or more of his paintings. In the autumn of the year 1840, he went to the east in company with Mr. Woodburn, and travelled over various parts of that classic region till the spring of 1842. On the 21st of May of that year he embarked at Constantinople on board the *Oriental* for England. On the 26th he arrived off Malta, where he imprudently eat a large quantity of fruit and iced lemonade, and on the first of June, whilst off Gibraltar, he died; and on the same evening his body was committed to the deep, the burial service being read over him by the Rev. James Vaughan, Rector of Wroxall. And there he sleeps

> ——"A calm and peaceful sleep
> With the wild waves dashing o'er him."

We have but little to say of George Cruikshank. As every one knows,

> "With his instructive lines
> He gladdens wit or sage,
> And well may be declared
> The Hogarth of his age."

We do not even know the year of his birth,—though he is apparently about sixty years old,—nor the names of his father or mother—though the great probability is, that he had both. But after all, these are of little consequence—the man and the artist is with us still, and may his memoir remain long unwritten.

In place, therefore, of any laboured or lengthened notice of George Cruikshank and his inimitably humorous productions, we take the following sketchy "bit" from the before-quoted work—merely premising that the writer was at a morning party at the mansion of Samuel Rogers the poet:—

"Ainsworth and George Cruikshank, appropriately enough, entered the apartment together. I say appropriately enough, because they were so intimately connected with each other, as author and artist, that they had, to the public eye, been for some time *Siamesed*. Ainsworth looked much like the portrait of him, prefixed to one of his recent volumes. He is strikingly handsome, his profile is well cut, and his upper lip has much of that regular curve which we see in some of the Byron portraits. His eye is very dark, and piercing rather than brilliant. It is evident that he takes great pains with his hair, which is of jet black, and falls in little ringlets, not altogether natural, I guess, down his neck. His dress was in the very height of fashion—so much so, as to appear somewhat foppish and he sported an abundance of trinkets. Ainsworth's manners were by no means easy, and formed quite a contrast to those of Hook, which were marked with peculiar grace.

"Who has not heard of George Cruikshank? The humorous, ever-toiling, indefatigable George? Some years since, a sketch of this inimitable caricaturist appeared in 'Frazer's Magazine,' where he was represented seated on a cask, and sketching on a piece of paper, placed on the crown of his hat. It was much like him; but as many of my readers may neither have seen that drawing nor the original, I will try to describe him, as he appeared that morning at Rogers's.

"Cruikshank is tall, and rather lanky in person; his head is well shaped, and his face very expressive, but pale and thin. His gray eyes are piercing, and ever moving, or when they do rest on any object, seem at once to look *through* it. He has lightish-coloured hair (which he wears carefully combed back, so as to leave his right temple, which is high and well developed, exposed), and also enormous whiskers. He sports moustachios of a very peculiar cut, which gives to his visage a half-martial appearance. At first sight, most persons would take him for a foreigner; many suppose that he whose comic sketches had so often moved their risible muscles, has something of the humorous in his physiognomical aspect. Such is not the case—he looks more like a Cynic than a comic illustrator. There is a sort of severe expression in his countenance, which at times is almost forbidding.

"I did not get any opportunity of being near him, so that I could not listen to his conversation; but I have heard that he is usually taciturn, and almost morose. I was told that he is seldom to be seen in society; and when we consider the vast amount of work which he gets through, this may easily be credited. For years past he has illustrated the best comic works which have appeared; and not only has he surpassed all others in his own peculiar line, but he has shown that in serious, and even tragic subjects, he is a master of his art. In proof of this, I need only to refer the reader to some of his illustrations in 'Oliver Twist,' especially that striking one of Fagin, in the condemned cell."

The Bamboo.—Scarcely any native product in any part of the world, is turned to more valuable or more various uses than the bamboo. Besides being employed in the construction of the implements of weaving, it is used for almost every purpose to which wood is applied in other countries. It forms the posts and frames of the roofs of huts; scaffoldings for building houses; portable stages used in the various processions of the natives; raised floors, for storing rice and various kinds of agricultural produce, in order to preserve them from damp; platforms for merchandise in warehouses and shops; stakes for nets in rivers; bars over which nets and clothes are spread to dry; rafts; the masts, yards, oars, spars, and decks of boats. It is used in the construction of bridges across creeks; for fences around houses and gardens; as a level for raising water for irrigation; and as flag-poles in bazaars, police stations, akharas, &c. It is the material of which several agricultural implements are made, as the harrow, and handles of hoes, clod-breakers, &c. Hackeries or carts, doolees or litters, and biers are all made of it. The common mode of carrying light goods is to suspend them from a piece of split bamboo laid across the shoulder. The shafts of javelins or spears, and bows and arrows, clubs, fishing-rods, &c., are formed of it. It is employed in the manufacture of fireworks, as rockets, &c. A joint of it serves as a holder for many articles, as pens, small instruments, and tools, and a case in which things of little bulk are sent to a distance. The eggs of the silkworm were thus brought from China to Constantinople, in the time of Justinian. A joint of it also answers the purpose of a bottle, and is used for holding milk, oil, and various fluids; and a section of it constitutes the measure for liquids in bazaars. A piece of it, of small diameter, is used as a blowpipe, to kindle the fire, and by gold and silversmiths in melting metals. It also supplies the place of a tube in a distilling apparatus. A cleft bamboo is employed as a conduit for conveying water from the roofs of huts. Split into small pieces, it is used in making baskets, coops for poultry, birdcages, and various traps for fishing. A small bit of it, split at one end, serves as tongs to take up burning charcoal; and a thin slip of it is sharp enough to be used as a knife in shelling betel-nuts, &c. Its surface is so hard, that it answers the purpose of a whetstone, upon which the ryots sharpen their billhooks, sickles, &c.

THE DEATH OF THE STAG; OR, THE TALBOTS IN TEVIOTDALE.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The blood-hound's deep resounding bay
Came swelling up the rocky way."—LADY OF THE LAKE.

"TAYHO! Tayho!"*

And straightway to the cry responded the long-drawn, mellow notes of the huge French horns which were in those days used by every yeoman pricker, as the peculiar and time-honoured instrument of the stag-hunt, the *mots* of which were as familiar to every hunter's ear as so many spoken words of his vernacular.

It was the gray dawn of a lovely summer morning in the latter part of July, and although the moor-cocks were crowing sharp and shrill from every rocky knoll or purple eminence of the wild moors, now waving far and wide with the redolent luxuriance of their amethyst garniture, for the heather was in its full flush of bloom, although the thrush and blackbird were caroling in emulous joy, at the very top of their voices, from every brake and thicket which feathered the wild banks of the hill-burns, the sun had not lifted a portion of his disc above the huge, round-topped fells which formed the horizon to the north and westward of my scene. That scene was the slope of a long hill—

"A gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity—the last,
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base
But a most living landscape and the wave
Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs."

The hills above and somewhat farther off to the southward and eastward are clothed and crowned with oak woods of magnificence and size so unusual, and kept with such marked evidences of care and culture, that no one could doubt, even if it were not proved by the gray turrets of an old baronial manor and the spire of a tall clock-house shooting up high over the tops of the forest giants, that they were the appendages and ornaments of some one of those ancient homes of England which, full of the elegances and graces of the present, remind us so pleasantly of the ruder, though not less homely, hospitalities of the past.

The immediate summit of the slope I have mentioned is bare, yet conspicuous for a single tree, the only one of its kind existing for many miles in that district—a single white pine, tall enough for the mast of some huge admiral, and as such visible, it is said, from points in the four northern provinces of England, and the two southernmost of Scotland—whence it is known far and wide, in many a border lay and legend, as the one-tree hill on Reedswood.† Below the bare brow of this inland promontory—for such indeed it is—which is covered with beautiful, short, mossy grass, as firm and soft as the greensward of a modern race-course, and used as one vast pasture of two hundred acres, lies a vast track of coppice, principally of oak and birch, but interspersed with expanses of waving heather, where the soil is too shallow to support a larger growth, and dotted here and there with bold, gray crags, which have cropped out above the surface, and amongst these, few and far between, some glorious old gnarled hawthorns, which may well have furnished May-wreaths to the yellow-haired daughters of the Saxon before the nailed-foot of the imperious Norman had dinted the green turf of England. This coppice overspread the whole declivity and base of the hill, until it melted into the broad, rich meadows, which, with a few scattered woods of small size, and here and there a patch of yellow wheat, or a fragrant bean-field, filled all the bottom of the great strath or valley, down to the banks of a large stream, beyond which the land rose steeply, first in rough moorland pastures, divided by dry stone walls, then in round heathery swells, then in great, broad-backed purple fells, and beyond all, faintly traceable in the blue haze of distance, in the vast ridges of the Cheviots and the hills of Tevydale. Along the base of the hill-side, parting it from the meadows, ran a tall, oak park-paling, made of rudely-split planks, not anywhere less than five feet in height, through which access was given to the valley by heavy gates of the same material, from two or three winding wood-roads into the shadowy lanes of the lovely lower country.

Such was the scene, o'er which there arose before the sun, startling the hill echoes far and near, and silencing the grouse-cocks on the moors, and the song-birds in the brake and thicket, by their tumultuous din, the shouts and fanfares that told the hunt was up.

"Tayho! Tayho!"

Tarà-tarà-tara-tantara-râ-taratantara-tantara-rà-rà-râh. Which, being interpreted into verbal dog-talk, is conceived to say—"Gone away! gone away! gone away! away! away! away!" and is immediately understood as such, not by the well-mounted sportsmen only, but by what Scott calls—himself no unskilled woodsman—"the dauntless trackers of the deer, who rush full-mouthed to the cheery clangour, filling all earth and ether with the musical discords of their sweet chidings.

The spot whence the first loud, manly shout, "Tayho" resounded, was almost within the shadow of the one tree, where, as from a station commanding the whole view of the covert, which a powerful pack of the famous Talbot blood-hounds, numbering not less than forty couple, were in the act of drawing, a gay group was collected, gallantly apparelled, gallantly mounted, and all intent, like the noble steeds they bestrode, eyes, ears, and souls erect on the gallant sport of the day.

Those were the days of broad-leaved hats and floating plumes, of velvet justaucorps, rich on the seams with embroideries of gold and silver, of the martial jack-boot and the knightly spur on the heel, and the knightly sword on the thigh; and thus were our bold foresters accoutred for such a chase as is never heard tell of in these times of racing hounds and flying thoroughbreds, when the life of a fox is counted by the minutes he can live with a breast-high scent before the flyers, and the value of a hunter by the seconds he can go in the first flight with a dozen horseman's stone upon its back.

Things then were otherwise; the fox was unkenneled, or the stag unharboured at daybreak, and killed, if the scent lay well, sooner or later, before sunset; runs were reckoned by hours, hounds picked for their stanchness, not their fleetness, horses bought not for their speed, but for their stoutness, and the longest, steadiest, last rider, not the most daring or the foremost, won the palm of the chase, were it brush or antler, when the game fox was run into, or the gallant stag turned to bay.

The gentlemen, who were gathered on the broad, bare brow of the one-tree hill, were, in all, twelve or thirteen in number, all, at first sight, men of gentle blood and generous education, although, as there ever is, ever must be, in every company, whether of men or of inferior animals, there was one to whom every eye, even of the unknown stranger or the ignorant peasant, would have naturally turned as evidently and undoubtedly the superior of the party, both in birth and breeding; he mingled nevertheless with the rest on the most perfect terms, not of equality only, but of intimate familiar intercourse and friendship. No terms of ceremonial, no titles of rank or territorial influence, but simple Christian names passed between those gay and joyous youths; nor was there anything in the habit of the wearers, or the mounting of the riders, to indicate the slightest difference in their positions of social well-being and well-doing. One youth, however, who answered to the name of Gerald, and sometimes to the patrimonial Howard, was so far the handsomer, both in form and feature, the statelier in stature, the gracefuller in gesture, the manlier in bearing, the firmer and easier of seat and hand on his hunter, that any one would have been prompt to say, almost at a glance, there is the man of all this gentle and generous group, whom, if war wakes its clangour in the land, if external perils threaten its coasts, or internal troubles shake its state, foreign war or domestic strife will alike find the foremost, whether in his seat with the senate, or in his saddle on the field, wielding with equal force and skill the statesman's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword—all honoured him, indeed, and he deserved that all should honour him.

I have omitted, not forgotten or neglected, to mention, as first and fairest of that fair company, a bevy of half-a-dozen fair and graceful girls—not like the gentlemen, all of one caste, but, as was evident, not so much from the difference of their grace and beauty—though in these also there was a difference—as from the relative difference of position which they maintained, four remaining somewhat in the rear of the other two, and not mingling unless first addressed in the conversation, and from some distinction in the costliness and material of their attire.

A mounted chamberlain, with four or five grooms, who stood still farther aloof, in the rear of the ladies in waiting, and two or three glittering pages standing a-foot among the latter, in full tide of gallantry and flirtation, their coursers held by the grooms in attendance, made up the party, from which must always be excepted the huntsman, the verdurer, and eight or ten yeoman prickers, in laced green jerkins, with round velvet caps, like those worn by the

* "Tayho!" is the technical hunting halloa when a stag has broken cover, as is "Talliho!" the corresponding cry for the fox. Both words are corruptions from the French "*Taillis Hors!*" "Out of the thicket;" French being used to a very late day as the especial language of the chase.

† In Northumberland, a few miles from the Scottish border.

whippers-in of the present day, and huge French-horns over their left shoulders, who were seen from time to time appearing, disappearing, and reappearing in the glades and dingles of the hill-side covert, and heard now rating the untimely and fallacious challenge of some wayward and wilful puppy, now cheering the earnest and trusty whimper of some redoubted veteran of the pack, as he half-opened on a scent of yester-even.

The hounds had been in the coppice above an hour, and two-thirds of its length had already been drawn blank—the gentlemen were beginning to exchange anxious and wistful glances, and two or three had already consulted more than once or twice their ponderous, old-fashioned repeaters—and now the elder, shorter and fairer of the two damsels, giving the whip lightly to her chestnut palfrey, cantered up to the side of Gerald Howard, followed by her companion, whose dark redundance of half-disheveled nut-brown tresses fell down from beneath a velvet cap, with a long drooping plume, on each side of a face of the most exquisite oval, with a high brow, long, jet-black eyelashes, showing in cold relief against her pure, colourless cheeks, for her eyes were downcast, and an expression of the highest intellect, which is ever found in woman mingled with all a woman's tenderness and softness. She was something above the middle height, with a figure of rare slenderness and symmetry, exquisitely rounded, and sat her horse at once most femininely and most firmly, without the least indication of manliness in her seat or demeanour, yet with a certain of-at-homeness in her position and posture that showed she could ride as well, perhaps as boldly, as the best man among them.

"Ah! Gerald, Gerald," said the elder girl, laughing, as she tapped him on the arm with the silver butt of her riding-whip, "is this your faith to fair ladies, and especially to this fairest Kate, that you deluded us from our soft beds at this untimely hour, with promise to unharbour us a stag of ten within so many minutes, all for the pleasure of our eyes and the delectation of our hearts, and here have we been sitting on this lone hill-side two hours and upwards, to the great craving of our appetites, and the faintness of our hearts, yearning, as the queen's good puritans would have it, after creature comforts. Out on you! out on you, for a false knight, as I believe not, for my part, that there is one horn or hoof from the east to the west on the hill-side—no, not from the 'throstle's nest' to the 'thorny brae.'"

"Ah! sister-mine, art so incredulous; but I will wager you or ere the Talbots reach that great gray stone, with the birch boughs waving over it like the plumes, as our bright Kate would say, of a dead warrior's helmet over his cold brow. We *will* have a stag a-foot—ay, and a stag of ten." And instantly raising his voice to a quicker and clearer note—"See now!" he cried, "see now!" as a superb, dark-coloured animal, not lower than a yearling colt at the forehand, leaped with a bound as agile as if he was aided by wings, on the cope-stone of the dry stone wall which bounded the hither side of the hill coppice, with vast, branching antlers tossed as if in defiance, and a swan-like neck swollen with pride and anger. He stood there an instant, self-poised, self-balanced, "like the herald Mercury new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill"—uttered a hoarse, belling cry, peculiar to the animal in his season, and then sailing forth in a long, easy curve, alighted on the springy turf, whose enamelled surface he scarce dinted, and then swept up the gentle slope almost toward the admiring group on the brow, but in a diagonally-curved line, that would carry him, in the long run, to the south-west of them, at the distance of perhaps a hundred yards.

"Tayho! Tayho!" burst in a clear and cheery shout from the excited lips of Gerald Howard.

And instantly from every part of the hill-side, from east to west, from the throstle's nest to the "thorny brae," from ten well-blown French-horns burst the wild call Tarà-tarà—tara-tantara-râ—tara-tantara-tantara—rā—rā—rāh—"Gone away—gone away—gone awāy—awāy—awāy!" and the fierce rally of the mighty Talbots broke into tongue at once through the whole breadth and length of the oak coppice, as they came pouring up the hills, making the heather bend and the coppice crash before them like those famed Spartan hounds of Hercules and Cadmus,

> "When in the woods of Crete they bay'd the bear—
> So flew'd, so randed, and their heads were hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
> Crook-kneed and dew-lapped, like Thessalian bulls;
> Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
> Each under each."

As fifty separate spots they leaped the wall nearly abreast, but four were, it may be, a spear's length the leaders, and they, laying their head right at the noble quarry, which was still in view, came straining up the hill, making all ring around them with their deep-mouthed thunder. The rest topped the wall one by one, in view too, and on a breast-high scent at once came streaming up the rich grass slope on converging lines, so that as they passed the attentive group to the westward, within a hundred yards, the pack had got altogether within, perhaps, another hundred yards of his haunches, running so that a large carpet might have covered the whole forty couple, and raving with such a din of harmonious discords, such shrill and savage trebles of the fierce fleet bitch-hounds, such a deep diapason of the old veteran dogs, such sweet and attuned chidings of the whole, that not an ear but must have listened with delight, not a heart but must have bounded with rapture at the exulting sounds.

And ever and anon there rang up from the wild-wood the deep, mellow blasts of the French-horns, blent with the jangled cries of the Talbots into a strange and indescribable clangour and crepitation, at once most peculiar and most entrancing.

At the same moment the sun burst into full view above the eastern hills, and, pouring down a great flood of golden lustre over the whole glowing scene, kindled up everything into light and life, tinging with ruddy light the dappled sides of the noble beast as he swept by them now within fifty yards, for he had circled round them, wantoning and bounding to and fro, perfectly unconcerned by the nearer presence of his pursuers, and seemingly desirous to display the miracles of his speed and beauty to the fair eyes that admired him, enlivening the dappled hides of the many-coloured glossy pack, burnishing the sleek and satin coats of the noble coursers, till they glowed with almost metallic splendour, flashing upon the rich laces, the bright buckles, and the polished sword-hilts of the hunters, and gilding the bridle-bits and brazen horns of the verdurers and yeomen prickers, until the whole hill-side was glittering with a thousand gay hues and salient lights, filling the mind with memories of fairy-land and magic marvels.

Hitherto the little group on the brow of the one-tree hill had stood motionless, while the gay, animating scene, revolved around them, a glittering circle wheeling around the stationary centre; but now, when the servants of the chase, huntsman and verdurer, prickers, all streamed up the long hill at their best pace, all wheeled around the tree and its gay company, swelling the din with the flare and braying of their horns, the gallant stag appeared to comprehend that a fresh band of enemies were added to his first pursuers, for he half turned his head to gaze on them, half paused for a moment to snuff the air, with nostrils pridefully dilated, and flanks heaving, not with weariness as yet, but with contempt and scorn, then with a toss of his antlers, and a loud snort of indignation, set his head fair to the north-west, full for the hills of Scotland, and went away at long sweeping bounds, that seemed to divide the green slope, by leaps of eight yards each, soared back again over the rough stone wall, and went crashing through the thickets straight for the tall oak palings and the river, as if he were bound for some distant well-known point, on a right line, as the crow flies it.

And now for the gentlemen the chase was begun, and Gerald Howard led it, like their leader, as he was in all things, and the rest followed him like men, as they were, and brave ones—but to the ladies it was ended so soon as they had breathed their palfreys down the slope to the stone-wall and the wood-side at an easy canter; and they returned to the hill-top, where they found viands and refreshments spread on the grass; and long they lingered there, watching the hunt recede, and the sounds of the chase die away in the far distance. But it was long ere the sights and sounds were lost all and wholly to their eyes and ears, for the quarry still drove on, as straight as the crow flies, due northward—due northward the chase followed.

They saw the gallant stag swoop over the oak-pales, as if they were no obstacle; they saw the yelping pack crash and climb after him; then they saw Gerald Howard, on his tall, coal-black barb, soar over it unhindered; but all the rest turned right and left to gate or gap, or ere they might follow him. The valley was crossed as by a whirlwind, the river swam by hart, hound, and hunters, unhesitating and unheeding, and far beyond, up the green moorland pastures, over the stone-walls, now disappearing over the hill-tops into the misty hollows, now glinting up again into light over some yet more distant stretch of purple heath, and still the chiding of the hounds, and still the wild bursts of the French-horns, fell faintly on the ears as the wind freshened from the westward; but at length sound and sight failed them, and when silence had sunk still, and solitude reigned almost perfect over the late peopled slope of thorny brae and the one-tree hill, the gay bevy of dames and damsels returned homeward, something the more serious, if not the sadder, for the parting, to await the gathering of their partners to the gay evening meal.

Long they awaited—late it grew—the evening meal was over—the close of night had come—the lights in bower and hall were kindled—the gates were locked and barred—long ere the first of the belated foresters returned, soiled and splashed, way-worn and weary, with the jaded and harassed hounds, and horses almost dead from the exertion and exhaustion of the day. At midnight, of the field of all the men save one were collected, though two or three came in on foot, and yet more on borrowed horses—their

own good steeds left in the morass or on the moorlands, to feed the kites and the hill-foxes. Of the pack, all save two mustered at the kennel-gates in such plight as the toil they had borne permitted.

The man missing was Sir Gerald Howard, the master of the pack—the two hounds were its two leaders, Hercules and Hardheart, of whom no rider had ever yet seen the speed slacken or the heart fail.

The old verdurer, who gave out the last, reported Gerald Howard going well when he saw him last, with the stag and two Talbots of all in full view, and this many miles into Scotland, within the pleasant vale of Teviotdale, with the great Scottish hills, grim and gray, towering up before him, and the night closing fast on those dim solitudes.

It was late on the next day when Sir Gerald Howard was seen riding up the road on the same steed he had backed so gallantly, still weary and worn, though recruited, with the huge antlers at his saddle-bow, but no brave Talbots at his heel.

He had ridden far into the darkness, still guided by the baying of the stanch hounds, and, when he could see to ride no longer, had obtained timely succour and refreshment from a stout borderer of Teviotside. At daylight remounted a fresh horse, a garron of the country, to renew the chase; but it was now soon ended. Scarce had he gone a mile on the straight line they had run throughout, ere he found Hardheart stiff and cold on the mountain heather, and not a hundred yards yet onward, ere the great stag lay before him, not a hair of his hide injured, and Hercules beside him, with his head upon his haunches, where he had breathed his last, powerless to blood the brave quarry he had so nobly conquered.

Sixty miles had they run on that summer's day from point; they had died together, and in their graves they were not confounded, for a double tomb was scooped in the corrie or hollow of the mountain-side, wherein they were found, and above it was piled a rough, gray column, whereon may be seen, rudely sculptured, this true epitaph:—

"Hercules kill'd Hart O'Grease,
And Hart O'Grease kill'd Hercules."

For, reader mine, this is a real and true tale, and I, who tell it you, have sat upon the stone, and tempered my cup of Ferintosh from the little rill beside it, with the wild peak of the Maiden's Pass before me, the dark Cheviots at my right, the blue heights of the Great Moor looming away almost immeasurably to the westward, and no companions near me save the red grouse of the heather, and the curlew of the morass—nothing to while away the time that my weary setters slept in the noonday sun, save this old-time tradition.

COLONEL EASY.

AN AMERICAN SKETCH.

Every one knew Colonel Easy. He was familiarly called Easy Colonel. Parson Quiet knew him; Esquire Short knew him; Judge Bluff, of the adjoining county, knew him; and the Honourable Mr. Stiff knew him. It was, "How are you, Colonel, and what news have you?" He lived in a gabled-roof house, just on the corner near the hotel; an old house, sacred to him because his father's father built it; and he was very serious when time crumbled away an old pillar that supported the portico, and obliged him to replace it with modern wood. The interior was pleasant: old family portraits looked down from the walls, and a spread-eagle protected an antique mirror by being perched above, and gazed below with open beak. The kitchen, too, looked south, and its old corners were cozy; and the fireplace, oven, and painted beams above, claimed near relationship by smooth poles stretched from one to the other, supporters for sausages, seed-corn, &c. The Colonel loved this place; and of an evening he smoked a pipe here, and laughed out of his eyes, and chatted with a neighbour and the parson. And told many funny stories. This old kitchen *was* cozy. And then the lawn, with elms, and maples, and oaks. His father played here; he had played here; his sons had played here; every blade of grass was dear to him—why not?

Every one knew the Colonel. The boys in the parish, as he passed, took off their caps and whispered one to the other, "There is Colonel Easy, a good man. I wish he could hear from his son; how long he has been gone! Papa says *he* owes Colonel Easy a great deal, for he got his contract for him; and I know Esquire Short never would have gone to the legislature if it had n't been for the Colonel; and Judge Bluff never would have had the say about hanging 'poor Tom,' if the Colonel had n't got him his judgeship." And so it was. Colonel Easy had inherited an easy property, and, when young, *dashed* some; had always been the poor man's friend; had benefited others and not himself; had placed his parson in a lucrative position, and sent Senator Stiff to Washington, and helped Judge Bluff to the bench, and endorsed for Esquire Short, and a great many farmers; had educated an expensive family, and at the age of sixty found his property dwindled to a small amount; enough, though, he hoped, to bury himself and companion; but he was forgetful of contingencies. If any one found himself in trouble, Colonel Easy was the man; if advice or calculation, why, Colonel Easy could do it; if pecuniary assistance, Colonel Easy; and so it had been until it was a common saying, "Colonel Easy cares for every body and not for himself." Yes! he was a "*clever*" man, and did many *clever* things, hoping, by so doing, to carry out the Scripture admonition, "Love thy neighbour as thyself." He had always granted favours and never asked a return, that his many kind actions might prove bread cast upon the waters in time of need, if such a season should ever come upon him. Human nature smiled in the creation of Colonel Easy; a God-send to many, a blessing to all. Why should he have burdens of sorrow, heavy trials, and sore afflictions? Alas! he was of the earth, earthy, for "the rain falleth alike upon the just and the unjust." The poor Colonel had shed bitter tears over the loss of two noble sons, and he mourned in bitterness for his first-born. Three scions clustered about him and opened a bright future for his old age, but two faded from his sight, and the other strayed from his call. He was childless, and yet his eye spoke kindness; his heart went forth to other's relief, and he was the same good, easy Colonel Easy. Perhaps the uncertain fate of his son Paul agonised him more than the death of his other sons; and sometimes in the gloaming, when the day had passed, a tear could be detected stealing from its covert upon kind wrinkles, yet the sight of his life-partner would clear it up, and the pleasant smile stood over the wreck. On a Sabbath at church, too, when Esquire Short's pew was sometimes the nucleus for all eyes by the return of his son from sea, the lips of Colonel Easy *would* tremble, and his hand shade his eyes; he could not help it; but his devotional air seemed more deep, and himself more contrite. No one inquired of him for Paul, for he had never heard from him since his departure. He had grown up with dissipated habits, and in a wild frolic had wounded a companion and, before the result of his rashness was known, fled his home and country. This was the history of the Colonel's agony, which he had endured for twenty long years. But for his son's wild passion the Colonel had made full amends: the wounded boy he had educated and cared for as for his own. It was no less a personage than the honourable Mr. Senator Stiff; in fact, he looked upon him as a substitute for his lost Paul. Had it not been proven before this unfortunate family trouble that Colonel Easy was proverbially a kind man, his great considerateness might have been attributed to domestic sorrows; but no one, to look upon his face, could discover a *cultivated* nature; it was innate. Not a needy dwelling in the county but had felt the generous aid of this philanthropist.

But the shadows of life began to lengthen and thicken upon the Colonel's pathway. It would appear that, like unto Job, the Almighty had permitted Satan to harass him for His own wise purposes, and with the swift feet of evil had visited his friends, to steel their hearts against his misfortunes as also to bring troubles in frequent repetitions. Senator Stiff, for whom the Colonel had largely endorsed, ever open to the memory of the injury he had sustained, as it were, from his own hand, died suddenly at Washington, with larger liabilities than his assets could cancel. The village merchant, a debtor for heavy cash sums lent, had failed and put an end to his existence. Farmer Worthy's buildings were destroyed by fire, and his delinquencies were fearful; all which riveted the Colonel still more fast in close and awkward circumstances. He began to feel and fear. People said the Colonel had grown old very fast. Poor man! I hope he will find a quick return for his life-long services of devotion to others. Surely Judge Bluff and Esquire Short could easily advance all necessary aid, for the Colonel taught them how to do well in the world. The Colonel lamented that he could assist no more, but must *seek* assistance. A very quiet letter was sent to Judge Bluff, and a note to Esquire Short, couched in manly language of distress. He spoke of no previous business; he touched no chord of memory; it was merely for present assistance, and they

could do it. He was sanguine that all was right. Return of post brought the following reply from the Judge:—

"——*ville, September*, 18—.

"PAUL EASY, ESQ.:

"SIR,—Your letter of the 12th, requesting a loan, is received. I regret, Sir, to say, I have made such a disposition of my ready cash that it would materially inconvenience me to favour you at this time. Hoping your many friends will appreciate your necessities,

"I remain,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. BLUFF."

The Colonel read it, wiped his spectacles, and read it again. It was from a person to whom he had rendered numerous pecuniary favours, and who owed his political position to him. Esquire Short's answer was also before him:—

"*Tuesday morning, Sept.* 18.

"P. EASY, ESQ.:

"SIR,—I was surprised to receive your note this morning, considering your utter inability, present or prospective, to return me at any time the sum you desire. I had supposed that your heretofore honourable course of conduct was a sufficient guarantee against any such equivocal exposure of character. Of course, Sir, my expensive family prevent me from indulging you in such a strange vein. "GEORGE SHORT."

The Colonel had not recovered from this unkind and ungentlemanly reply when the Judge's letter arrived. He could scarcely believe, and yet the truth was before him. He had played the benefactor, and was reaping the usual reward. Other sources failed, and he gave up the game, retiring into a state of feeling, unhappy beyond measure. There was but one more step; he strove to avoid it. He resorted to all his fertile resources, yet there was but one vision before him—an entire relinquishment of his all; the old gabled house, the kitchen, the lawn, the trees. His heart-strings were breaking, but the same pleasant face covered all.

One October day, the inhabitants of the quiet village of ——— read with sorrow the following notice in the county paper:—

"ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—By order of George Short, Esq., Commissioner of Insolvency, the subscriber will sell at Public Vendue, on the tenth of December, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all the right in equity which Paul Easy, an insolvent debtor, has to redeem his farm, lying in ———.

"This farm is one of the most desirable and productive in the county. On it are a large gabled-roof house and two barns.

"For particulars, inquire of O. J. Acton, or the Subscriber, at Kirkstall.

"*October* 10, 18—." "E. B. PUSHMAN.

But the wind was tempered to the shorn lamb. Before the "ides" of December had come, the thick darkness had been dissipated, and the Colonel's eyes were moist with joy and happiness. His lost son Paul had returned rich from a long residence in South America, and the old gabled house, the kitchen, the lawn, and the trees, were still his.

Reader, you have read tales without a moral, but there is one intended here. I need not define it: but do you know any Colonel Easys? Are you the protégé of such a one? Have you received kindness and returned it not? Have you received bread and given a stone? Have you felt the kindness of others, and repaid them in selfishness? Is there any truth in this little tale?

A LITERARY TASTE PROMOTIVE OF A WORKING MAN'S HAPPINESS.

A MECHANIC with a literary taste, says Mr. Alexander Wallace, in the "Bible and the Working Classes," "has a constant source of delightful companionship, and can prosecute bodily and mental labour at the same time. He can fall back upon the books that he has read; he can repeat select passages from his favourite poets, and thus provide himself with cheerful fellowship at all times. He can hold converse with the departed great—the poets sing for him—the orators declaim. By his books he can be in all times, and at all places; and never for a moment relax his labours for an honourable subsistence. His fellow-workmen, who has no such taste for reading, who is illiterate and untutored, has no such resource to fall back upon—he has no proper companionship within himself; for, if his mind is not an utter blank, it is filled with a crowd of trifling and debasing thoughts—gloating over past scenes of sensual enjoyment, a looking forward with impatience for similar pleasures. A man, disciplined like the former—accustomed to think, and to read, and to hold intercourse with a pure and lofty morality—cannot but have a taste for more rational pleasures than his illiterate companion, and cannot but occupy a better vantage-ground for the sure possession of all the social decencies of life.

"The small but well-selected collection of books in the dwelling of the artisan, is a pledge of domestic comfort—of happy fireside influences, and a security for their continuance. The ancient Romans were in the habit of cherishing feelings of great veneration towards certain deities which presided over home, the protectors of household virtues. The images of those divinities were kept sacred in the innermost part of the house. A house without such protection, in the eye of an ancient Roman, would be comfortless and unsafe; but the poorest artisan in the land may now have a far nobler protection for his home—a security for domestic comfort and peace, in a few well selected standard works in the different departments of literature and religion. These are your household deities; and, in the light and beaming intelligence which they will shed around you—in the feelings of kindly interest which they will beget within you, to man and every living thing—in the elevating views which they will give you of the works of God—in the wide field of contemplation which they will open up for you in this world and in the bright world above:—you are protected against the downward tendencies of your nature; your affections are purified, ennobled, and enlarged; and, instead of ignorance and superstition being the shield of household virtues and the protection of home (such as the Penates were to the imagination of the ancient Romans), the holy affections cherished by the companionship of good books, by an elevated literature, and a faith divine—the light of truth pointing you to another and a better world—will be the best protection of every social virtue, and the best security to domestic comfort and peace."

SMALL POTATOES.—Some years ago, a gentleman visiting a farmer in Tolland, Connecticut, took from his pocket a small potato, which by some means had got in there at home. It was thrown out with a smile, and the farmer taking it in his hand to look at it, a curious little boy, of about twelve, asked him what it was. "Oh, nothing but a potato, my boy—take and plant it, and you shall have all you can raise from it till you are free." The lad took it, and the farmer thought no more about it at that time. The boy, however, not despising small potatoes, carefully divided it into as many pieces as he could find eyes, and put them into the ground. The product was carefully put aside in the fall, and planted in the spring, and so on until the fourth year, the yield being good, and the actual product was four hundred bushels! The farmer, seeing the prospect that the potato-field would by another year or two cover his whole farm, asked to be released from his promise. Small potatoes should not be despised, even though there be at first but few on a hill. Everything is little before it is great. The great river was once a small spring bubbling up from the ground, and the tall oak-tree that casts its cool, refreshing shadow on the grass, was only a small acorn, that, perhaps, a hasty footstep pressed into the sod. Never despise trifles.

LITERARY NOTICES.

CASSELL'S SHILLING EDITION OF EUCLID. — THE ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY, containing the First Six, and the Eleventh and Twelfth Books of Euclid, from the text of Robert Simson, M.D., Emeritus Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow; with Corrections, Annotations, and Exercises, by Robert Wallace, A.M., of the same university, and Collegiate Tutor of the University of London, is now ready, price 1s., in stiff covers, or 1s. 6d. neat cloth.

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THE PATHWAY, a Monthly Religious Magazine, is published on the 1st of every month, price twopence—32 pages enclosed in a neat wrapper. Vols. I. and II., neatly bound in cloth and lettered, price 2s. 3d. each, are now ready.

WORK AWAY! WORK AWAY!

Work away!
For the MASTER'S eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day,
Work away!
Keep the busy fingers plying,
Keep the ceaseless shuttle flying,
See that never thread be wrong;
Let not clash nor clatter round us,
Sound of whirling wheels confound us;
Steady hand, let woof be strong
And firm that has to last so long!
Work away!

Work away!
Keep upon the anvil ringing
Stroke of hammer on the gloom—
Set twixt cradle and twixt tomb
Shower of fiery sparkles flinging;
Keep the mighty furnace glowing,
Keep the red one hissing, flowing,
Swift within the ready mould;
See that each one than the old
Still be fitter, still be fairer
For the servant's use, and rarer
For the master to behold—
Work away!

Work away!
For the LEADER'S eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
With the trackless prairie round us,
Dark and unsunn'd woods surround us,
Deep and savage mountains bound us;
Far away
Smile the soft Savannahs green,
Rivers sweep and roll between!
Work away!

Work away!
Bring your axes, woodmen true—
Smite the forest till the blue
Of heaven's sunny eye looks through
Every wide and tangled glade;
Jungle, swamp, and thicket shade
Give to day!
O'er the torrents fling your bridges,
Pioneers! upon the ridges
Widen, smooth the rocky stair—
They that follow far behind
Coming after us, will find
Surer, easier footing there;
Heart to heart, and hand with hand
From the dawn to dusk of day
Work away!
Scouts upon the mountain peak,
Ye that spy the promised land,
Hearten us, for you can speak
Of the country you have scann'd
Far away!

Work away!
For the FATHER'S eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Work and pray!
Pray, and work will be completer;
Work, and prayer will be the sweeter;
Love, and prayer, and work the fleeter,
Will ascend upon their way;
Fear not lest the busy finger
Weave a net the soul to slay;
Give her wing—she will not linger—
Soaring to the source of day,
Cleaving clouds that still divide us
From the azure depths of rest;
She will come again! beside us,
With the sunshine on her breast,
Sit and sing to us while quickest
On and on the fingers move!
While the outward din is thickest,
Songs that she hath learn'd above.
Live in Future as in Present—
Work for *both* while yet the day
Is our own! for lord and peasant,
Long and bright as summer's day,
Cometh, yet more sure, more pleasant,
Cometh soon our holiday;
WORK AWAY!

OLD WOMEN.—If a whimsical or ridiculous story is told of any one, it is sure to relate to an old woman. If a man lacks wit, or is in any way eccentric in his ideas of neatness and propriety, he is called an old woman. A deficiency of firmness of purpose, or timidity in intercourse with the world, subjects one to a similar epithet; and yet what does the common sense of this saying amount to? Simply this, that a man is like his mother! And who, pray, is a real mother? A being filled with devoted and disinterested love for her offspring. Did any one ever hear of a selfish mother?—of one who would not practise self-denial that she might minister to her children? Here, then, is a trait which is, in reality, old womanish, and the only one, in our mind, that distinguishes the peculiarities of the venerable females from those of selfish, bombastic man!

TO COAT IRON WITH COPPER.—A process has recently been invented, by M. Reinsch, by means of which a firm and durable coating of copper may be deposited on iron. This method is as follows:—Polish the iron by rubbing it well with cream of tartar, and afterwards with charcoal powder. Place it then in hydrochloric acid (or muriatic acid), diluted with three or four times its volume of water, in which a few drops of a solution of sulphate of copper have been poured. After a few minutes have expired, withdraw the iron, and rub it with a piece of cloth; then replace it in the solution, adding another portion of sulphate of copper. By following this plan, and adding at each immersion a new supply of sulphate of copper, the layer of copper may be increased at pleasure. Lastly, introduce the coated iron into a solution of soda, then wipe clean and polish with chalk. The coating thus attached will be as firm and durable as that deposited by the electrotype process.

NEW APPLICATION OF THE WATER GAS.—Mr. Samuel Cunliffe Lister, of Bradford, has most successfully applied Mr. White's patent water gas—obtained by decomposing water on incandescent charcoal or coke—to the heating of his machines for preparing and combing wool, in place of using fire from charcoal, as is the general practice in Yorkshire. This must be a very great improvement indeed, avoiding all dust and filth, at present so troublesome from the use of charcoal, and avoiding the very deleterious influence of generating such a mass of carbonic acid, so perilous to the workpeople, and from which so many of them suffer severely. It is stated to be very easily and very rapidly made—one retort of six feet long making 200 to 300 feet an hour, and at a trifling expense, while the intensity of the heat given out is certainly that of ordinary gas. A piece of iron or copper wire held to the jet is almost instantly ignited, while the gas is so pure as in no way to injure the finest machinery with which it comes in contact. We cannot doubt but an improvement so decided must make rapid way in Yorkshire. The same gas for all purposes of singeing is far superior to coal or cannel gas, and never fills up the small apertures of the singeing machines. Messrs. Gardner and Bazley, of Dean Mills, Bolton, are using it extensively for singeing their yarns.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. L. (Newport, Mon.)—You must state for what purpose you need "black and yellow composition" before we can furnish you with a recipe.

MARY SIMSON.—The author of "Reflections on the Works of God" was C. C. Sturm, a German divine, who was born in 1740, and died in 1786. There are several translations of his "Reflections" in other languages besides English.

YOUNG THOMAS.—You have misspelt one of the words in your Latin motto; it should be, *Tempus rerum imperator;* in English, "Time is the ruler of all things." The *Gymnosophistæ* were a sect of philosophers in India who despised bodily pain, and inured themselves to suffer the greatest tortures. "The *Modern Speaker*, by Leman T. Rede," contains selections in prose and verse, and will probably suit you as well as any book we could name.

C. D.—The expense of an application to the Court of Chancery will be at least £50; we fear, in your case, it would exceed £100.

THOMAS.—It was on the last day of March, 1814, that the allied Sovereigns entered Paris. The battle of Waterloo was fought June 18, 1815.

MARY ANN.—If you put a *small* pinch of carbonate of soda into the water in which you place your cut flowers, they will keep fresh eight or ten days; so one of our female acquaintance assures us.

SCORBUTICUS.—We do not profess "skill in surgery;" you should apply to some respectable medical practitioner.

ROVER.—You will be most likely to get the information you need by addressing your inquiries to the Secretary of the Admiralty.

A YOUTH.—Belisarius was one of the greatest generals of Rome at the period of its decline. He died in the year 565. The story of his deprivation of sight, and begging in the streets of Constantinople, crying, *Data obolum Belisario*, is a fiction of later times, altogether unsupported.

ANOTHER "YOUTH" (Burslem).—You have strangely confounded Epoch and Epact. An *Epoch* is the time at which a new computation is begun in chronology and history; an *Epact* is the number whereby we note the excess of the common solar year above the lunar, and thereby may find out the age of the moon every year.

THOMAS C.—The motto you have sent (*Finis rei attendendus*), may be translated thus,—"Mark the end."

A COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.—The term "*O Yes!*" used by public criers, is a corruption of the French word *Oyez*, hear ye! It is used to enjoin silence, and attention to what is about to be proclaimed.

W. KING (Kensington).—Lithographic crayons,—that is, crayons for drawing upon lithographic stone,—may be made thus:—Take hard tallow-soap 7 parts, white wax 6 parts; melt them together by a gentle heat, then add lampblack 1 part, and mould into suitable shape when sufficiently cool.

T. W. (Birmingham).—If you have good reason to believe that your master is exacting from you more time and labour than he ought, you had better apply to a magistrate; especially if, as you say, your master compels you to work at your ordinary calling on Sundays. Consult your indenture carefully, and see whether it be stamped.

CHARLES S.—If you wish to see the House of Lords, you must obtain an order from the Lord Chamberlain.

A YOUNG SURGEON.—We think Sydney or Melbourne are, either of them, places in which you may get a good living.

JULIA.—Many of the shawls and other articles bearing the name of "Cashmere," are imitations. Indeed the price at which they are sold proves this. The fine silky fleece of which the *real* Cashmere articles are made bears a high price; the quantity produced by each goat does not average more than three ounces, and it requires the produce of at least ten goats, male and female, to supply sufficient materials for one shawl measuring fifty-four inches square.

R. W. (Chelmsford).—We cannot undertake to search for the extracts you wish to see published in the "Working Man's Friend." If you will send them to us we will endeavour to find room for them.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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THE

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RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.—II.

AN EPITOME OF RUSSIAN HISTORY.

CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION, MOSCOW.

HISTORY and tradition concur in showing that Europe was peopled by three great families of the human race, who emigrated westward, at distinct periods; the last of these migrations was that of the Sclavonians, who established themselves on the Don, about 400 years before Christ. Herodotus calls them the Sauromatæ, and they were, until the fourth century of the Christian era, known in Europe by the appellation of Sclaves, or Sclavonians. In the days of the Greek historian

their mode of life was exceedingly rude and barbarous; they had no houses, and lived, very much like the Malo or Little Russian of the present day, a nomade and pastoral life, journeying from one verdant spot to another in a long waggon, which contained all their worldly belongings, and stopping at each only so long as they found there was sufficient pasture for their flocks and herds. In time of peace their principal occupations were the rearing of cattle, the chase, and the management of bees, while their chief characteristics seem to have been in a degree analogous to those of their descendants, the modern Russians; they were hospitable, courageous, good-humoured, contented, and immoderately fond of spirituous liquors; like most barbarous nations, however, the courage of the Sclaves frequently degenerated into cruelty, and murder was no uncommon crime amongst them. Their religion was idolatrous, and their mode of worship resembled the gross and degraded form of the ancient Druids; they not only offered up their prisoners as a holocaust to their chief deity, Perune, the Zeus of the Greeks and the Jupiter of the Romans, but would sometimes even immolate their own children to his honour.*

It was not till the fifth century, that the wild Sclavonians, who had overrun a large portion of European Russia, founded any remarkable settlements; these were Novogorod, on the Ilmen; and Kief, or Kiow, on the Dnieper; where they afterwards became distinguished for their commerce, their riches, and their incipient civilisation. Singularly enough, democracy was at this period their established form of government; but, in the ninth century, the inhabitants of Novogorod became divided into several political factions, which weakened their power, and exposed them to the incursions of the surrounding states. In this condition they were induced by Gostomisle, the first magistrate whose name is recorded in the history of the republic, to invite Rurik, a Varago-Russian prince, to come to their assistance; and, accordingly, in the year 864, that prince acceded to their request, took up his residence at Novgorod, and there founded the Russian monarchy, the sceptre of which continued to be held by his descendants for upwards of 700 years. Two of Rurik's followers subsequently left him to seek their fortunes in the south, and on their journey to Constantinople they attacked the town of Kief, gained possession of it, and it thus became the capital of a second Sclavonian kingdom.

Six sovereigns succeeded Rurik, and their congenial occupation seems to have been to make war upon the Greeks and the countries bordering their own. These princes all followed the pagan worship of their fathers, but Vladimir, the seventh in descent, who possessed himself of the throne in 981, was converted to Christianity; a conversion, however, which was accompanied by several acts of capricious cruelty. Christianity was indeed fearfully sullied at its introduction by the conduct of this monarch, and its profession softened but little the coarse pagan temperament of the Russian people, though Vladimir's own conduct was afterwards in a great degree affected by its precepts. His nature became changed, the cruelty of his disposition gave way to clemency and humility, and when awarding punishments for crime, he is said to have exclaimed, "What am I, that I should condemn a fellow-creature to death?" He also endeavoured to overcome the violent prejudices and superstitions of his subjects, by founding seminaries for the education of the nobles; in these he placed professors obtained from Greece, and from that classic land he likewise procured architects, and other ingenious persons, to instruct his people in their several crafts. Such was the conduct of Vladimir, who lived 700 years before Peter the Great. But, as we have already remarked, his example does not seem to have produced any great amelioration in the condition of his subjects, or to have raised their tone of moral feeling; in common with almost all early and barbarous histories, superstition, breach of faith, and cruelty in all their worst forms, continued to be but too prominently displayed. Vladimir, however, deserved well of his country, and the Russian church has enrolled him among the number of her saints. History, also, to distinguish him from other princes of the same name, has considered him worthy of the surname of Great. His son Yaroslaf, who reigned thirty-five years, and died in 1054, at the age of seventy-seven years, was a prince of considerable attainments, and a great patron of the arts; the church of St. Sophia, at Novogorod, was by his order decorated with pictures and mosaics, portions of which are said to remain to the present time. His expedition against Constantine XI., who then held the sceptre of the Eastern Empire, though unsuccessful, as well as his acquirements, and the splendour in which he lived, made his name known and respected throughout Europe. Three of his daughters were married to the kings of France, Norway, and Hungary; and his eldest son, Vladimir, who died before him, had for a wife a daughter of the unfortunate Harold, the last of our Saxon kings. Yaroslaf died in 1054, and divided the empire, as was usually the case, among his sons. Vladimir Monomachus, his grandson, who died in the early part of the next century, did the same; and as the Russian monarchs were blessed, generally speaking, with a numerous offspring (the last-mentioned sovereign had eight children), the country was continually a prey to internal dissensions and strife, and these family feuds were not settled until an appeal had been made to the sword, which, being congenial to the disposition of the people and the temper of the times, was frequently prolonged for years. In the year preceding the death of Monomachus, Kief was nearly destroyed by fire, and from the great number of churches and houses that fell a prey to the flames, that city must then have been of great opulence and extent. This calamity was followed in the succeeding reign by a still greater one, when the sister capital, Novogorod, was desolated by a famine so awful that the survivors were not sufficiently numerous to bury the dead, and the streets were blocked up by the putrid corpses of the inhabitants.

The reigns which followed this period of Russian history, are distinguished by little else than continual wars with the Poles, Lithuanians, Polvoetzes, and Tchudes, with this exception, that the town of Vladimir, built by Yury I., in 1158, became in that year the capital instead of Kief. But a more formidable enemy than the inhabitants of the countries and tribes already mentioned drew near the Muscovite territory, in the person of Tuschki, the son of Zenghis Khan, who, emigrating with his Tartars westward, led them, about the year 1223, from the shores of the Sea of Aral and the Caspian, to those of the Dnieper. The Circassians and Polovetzes having endeavoured in vain to arrest the progress of the horde were at length constrained to apply to their hitherto inveterate foes for assistance, and, the cause being now equally dear to all parties, the Russians made an intrepid stand on the banks of the Kalka. The impetuous attack, however, of the invaders was not to be withstood, and, the prince of Kief treacherously abstaining from taking part in the battle, the Russians were completely routed, and scarcely a tenth part of an army, composed of 100,000 men, escaped. The enemy then pursued his way unmolested to the capital, which he took, and put 50,000 of the inhabitants of the principality of Kief to the sword. The further progress of the Tartars northward was marked by fire and sword, but, having reached Novogorod Severski, they faced about and retreated to the camp of Zenghis Khan, who was at this time in Bukharia. Thirteen years after, Boatz Khan, his grandson, desolated Russia afresh, committing every species of cruelty, and aggravated breaches of faith with the towns who submitted to his arms. In this manner, the provinces of Riazan, Periaslavl, Rostof, and several others fell into his hands; for with incredible apathy, and contrary to their usually warlike inclinations, the Russian princes neglected to raise any troops to dispute their progress; and Yury II., prince of Vladimir, was at this critical juncture occupied in celebrating the marriage of one of his boyards. At length, suddenly roused to a sense of his desperate position, he placed himself at the head of some troops hastily called together, and left his family under the protection of one of his nobles, trusting that his capital would be able to sustain a long siege. He was mistaken: the Tartars soon made themselves masters of Vladimir, and the grand princesses, as well as other persons of distinction, were burnt alive in the church in which they had taken shelter. On hearing of this tragical event, Yury marched with his adherents to meet the foe; the conquest was sanguinary and short, but after performing prodigies of valour they were borne down by overpowering numbers, and the prince was left

* Murray's Handbook for Northern Europe.

among the slain. There was now nothing to dispute the march of the ruthless Tartars, and they pushed forward to within sixty miles of Novogorod, when they again turned round without any ostensible motive and evacuated the Russian territory. The wretched condition into which the southern and central parts of the empire was thrown by these invasions afforded a most advantageous opportunity for other enemies to attack it; and, accordingly, in 1242, and during the reign of Yaroslaf II., the Swedes, Danes, and Livonians, sent a numerous and well-disciplined army to demand the submission of Novogorod; this Alexander, the son of the reigning sovereign, refused, and leaving his capital, he advanced, unaided by any allies, to meet his opponents, and fought the celebrated battle of the Neva, which gained him the surname of Nefski, and a place in the Russian Calendar. The personal courage of Alexander in this battle was of the highest order, and mainly contributed to secure the victory. His memory is still cherished by the Russians, and the order instituted in honour of him is much valued.

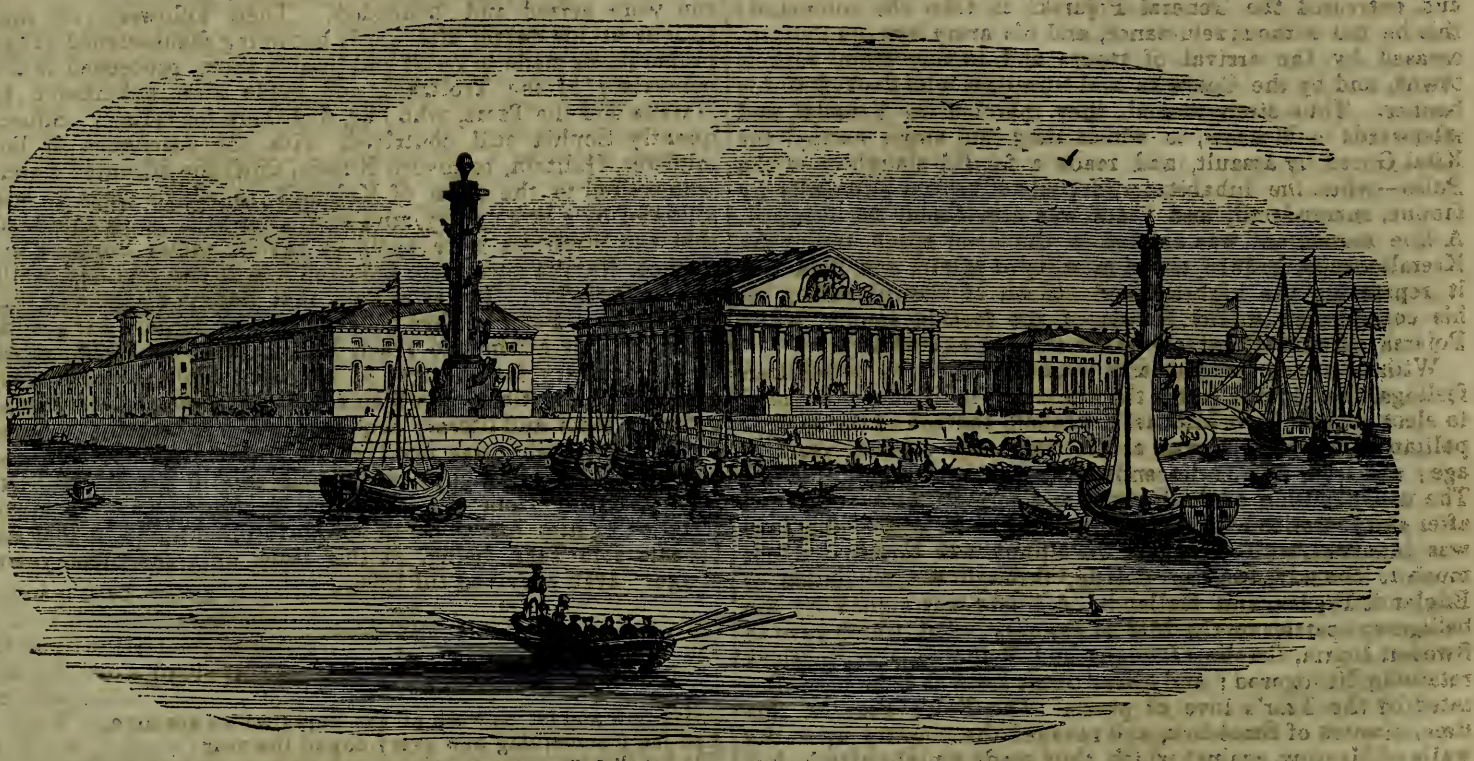
A cruel and constantly fluctuating war with the Tartars, various incursions by the Livonians, Lithuanians, Swedes, and Poles; and the most frightful civil discord amongst the several, almost regal, provinces of Russia consumed fourteen successive reigns, between Yury II., who died in 1237, and Ivan I., who succeeded his father in the Principality of Vladimir in 1328. At times, during this period, the Tartars, adding insult to injury, arrogated to themselves the power of protectors of this or that interest; and, in the case of Ivan I., Uzbeck Khan secured to him the possession of Novogorod, as well as of Vladimir and Moscow. Ivan's father had greatly beautified and improved the latter town, and Ivan followed his example and made it his residence. Here also resided the Metropolitan, and it therefore rapidly advanced in importance. Ivan's reign of thirteen years was remarkable as improving and peaceful, and he exercised a sound discretion by building a wall of wood round the city, which supported a rampart of earth and stone. At the close of his life he took monastic vows, and died in 1341. In the reign of Ivan II., second son of the previous Tzar of that name, Moscow established its pre-eminence as a city, and became the capital of the empire; Ivan died in 1358.

Towards the close of this century the Russians, under Dmitri IV., raised an army of 400,000 men, and met the Tartars near the Don, who were defeated with great loss; the victors, however, suffered greatly, and when Dmitri reviewed his army after the battle he found it reduced to 40,000 men; this success obtained for him the surname of Donski. Subsequent, however, to this victory, the Tartars again advanced, and Dmitri, betrayed by his allies, the princes of the neighbouring states, deserted Moscow, which fell by capitulation into the hands of the Tartars, who devastated it with fire and sword until it was utterly destroyed, no building being permitted to remain except those which happened to have been constructed of stone by the Grand Prince. The character of Dmitri is thus given by the Metropolitan Cyprian:—"He knew," says that ecclesiastic, "how to soften the kingly office by condescension, he was impartial in the administration of justice, and delighted to promote the peace and happiness of his subjects; his learning was small, but the rectitude of his disposition, and the kindness of his heart, supplied the defects of education, and entitle him to a distinguished place amongst Russian sovereigns." It was this prince who caused the Kremlin to be erected of stone, and closed by a wall flanked with towers, which were defended by ditches surmounted with stone. His son, Basil II., who succeeded him in 1389, was also destined to see his country invaded by the Tartars under Tamerlane; but they never reached the capital, for he prepared to give them battle on the river Okha, when they suddenly turned round and retired, as their countrymen had previously done on two other occasions. The Russians attributed this to a miracle performed by a picture of the Virgin Mary, painted by St. Luke. The horde, however, joined by the Lithuanians, afterwards laid siege to Moscow, but were repulsed by the inhabitants, the Grand Prince having retired with his family to Kostroma; exasperated at this defeat, the Tartars in their retreat harassed the surrounding country, and slaughtered the defenceless peasantry. Money was first coined in Novogorod during this reign, hitherto its place had been supplied with skins and pieces of leather; twenty skins of the marten were considered as equivalent to a *grivna*, the value of which was a real pound of gold or silver, of nine and a quarter ounces in Kief, and thirteen in Novogorod.

During the reign of Basil, Kazan was taken from the Tartars, and Russia was thrice visited with the plague and famine, while the ancient city of Novogorod was shaken by an earthquake after the greater part of its buildings had been consumed by fire. Internal dissensions broke out on the death of Basil, a dispute having arisen respecting the succession to the throne between the son of that monarch and his uncle George; this was by the consent of both parties left to the decision of the Khan of Tartary, who determined in favour of the former; nevertheless a civil war followed, and George was for a short time in possession of the throne, when, finding himself abandoned by his party and his family, he restored it to his nephew, and returned to his principality of Galitch. Complicated wars, Russia, and Tartar, followed; the principal incident of which was that Ivan, the Prince of Mojask, in the interest of the traitor Chémaika, induced Basil to stop at the monastery of the Troitzkoi to return thanks on his arrival from the horde, and, having seized him there, he took him to Moscow and put out his eyes. A few years after the Prince of Mojask had committed this savage act, Basil was restored to the throne, and died in 1462. The Tartars under Mahmet again possessed themselves of Kazan in this reign.

The first exploit which Basil's successor, Ivan III., attempted was the reduction of that province, in which he succeeded after two severe campaigns; the next was the subjection of Novogorod, in which he also succeeded, incorporating that city and province with his own dominions, and, having received the oaths of the inhabitants, he carried off with him to Moscow their celebrated town clock, which he suspended in a tower before the Kremlin, to be used only to call the people to their devotions. The next and most arduous undertaking was the destruction of the Golden Horde, under Achmet, which he effected in revenge for the insult offered him by that Khan in demanding the homage which he had received from his predecessors. Ivan spat on the edict and Achmet's seal, and put his ambassadors to death, sparing one only to convey the intelligence to his master, who prepared in the following year to take his revenge; but, awed by the preparations made to receive him on the Okha, he retired for a time, and subsequently took the more circuitous route through Lithuania, from which country he expected support; the Russians, however, met and defeated a part of his horde, and were returning home, when the Khan was met on a different route by the Nogay Tartars, who routed his army and slew him in the battle. His ally, Casimir IV., also brought himself under Ivan's indignation, not only for this war, but because he attempted to poison him, and a raid that he made into the territories of the Polish king was eminently successful. This powerful and ambitious prince also made treaties of alliance with, and received ambassadors from, the Pope, the Sultan, the King of Denmark and Poland, and the Republic of Venice; it was he who assumed the title of Grand Prince of Novogorod, Vladimir, Moscow, and all Russia, and changed the arms of St. George on horseback for the Black Eagle with two heads, after his marriage with Sophia, a princess of the imperial blood of Constantinople. In fact, Ivan III. may be called the true founder of the modern Russian Empire. The Russian historian, Karamsin, thus describes him:—"Without being a tyrant like his grandson, he had received from nature a certain harshness of character which he knew how to moderate by the strength of his reason. It is, however, said that a single glance of Ivan, when he was excited with anger, would make a timid woman swoon—that petitioners dreaded to approach his throne, and that even at his table, the boyards, his grandees, trembled before him;" which portrait does not belie his own declaration when the same boyards demanded that he should give the crown to his grandson Ivan, whom he had dispossessed in favour of a son by his second wife, "I will give to Russia whomsoever I please." He died, very infirm, in 1505, having reigned forty-three years. Wars between the Russians, the Poles, the Tartars, and the Novogorodians again rose on the death of Ivan, and it was not till the death of Basil IV., his successor, and a minority of twelve years had elapsed in the reign of Ivan IV., that internal cabals and intrigues were for

a time suppressed. This monarch, the first to take the title of *Tzar*, married Anastasia, the daughter of Roman Yuryvitch, who in the early part of his reign had the happiest ascendancy over a character naturally violent and cruel. Ivan was at this period affable and condescending, accessible to both rich and poor, and his mental powers under her guidance were employed in advancing the interests and happiness of his subjects. Ivan soon perceived that to preserve his own power he must annihilate the Tartar dominion; to this he felt his unstructed army was unequal: he therefore established, in 1545, the militia of the Strelitzes, and armed them with muskets instead of bows, hitherto their arms, as their name imports, from *Strelai*, an arrow. He then laid siege to and captured Kazan, taking the Khan prisoner. He likewise defeated Gustavus Wasa in a pitched battle near Viborg, ravaged Livonia, taking Dorpat, Narva, and thirty fortified town, and made war on the king of Poland because he had refused him his daughter in marriage. An unsuccessful campaign against this potentate, attributed by the boyards to the unskilful arrangements of the foreign generals, as well as the death of his wife Anastasia, whose controlling influence was no longer felt, led to the unlimited indulgence of his naturally ferocious disposition, and the remaining acts of his life, which this short sketch will not permit us to dilate upon, gained for him, in the history of his country, the surname of "The Terrible." Independently of the many and dreadful acts of barbarity of which he was guilty, he killed his own son in a paroxysm of rage, but died a prey to the grief and remorse which this fearful crime occasioned him, after having endeavoured to atone for it by giving large sums of money to different monasteries; he received the tonsure in his last moments. As a legislator he was superior to his predecessors, having, with the assistance of his nobles, compiled a code of laws called *Soudebnik*. In his reign an English ship, commanded by Richard Chancellor, on a voyage of discovery in the Arctic Sea, anchored in the mouth of the Dwina, and, when the information of this circumstance was forwarded to Ivan, he invited Chancellor to Moscow, where, on his arrival, he was received with marked attention, and presented with a letter to carry back to his sovereign, expressing a desire to enter into commercial relations with England, and to have English artificers and workmen sent to him; it is curious that even at this early period the fair which he established at Narva was so glutted with English, Dutch, and French goods, that some of them were sold for less than the prime cost in their respective countries. Ivan controlled his religious prejudices, and tolerated the Lutheran churches of the German merchants at Moscow; but he never shook hands with a foreign ambassador without washing his own immediately after his visitor had taken his leave. With a character so strongly marked by cruelty, superstition, and caprice, it is remarkable to find not only that he was enterprising and intelligent, but that he should ever have entertained the idea of placing the Scriptures in the hands of his subjects in the mother tongue: he did, however, order a translation to be made of the Acts and Epistles, and had it disseminated over his dominions. "*In the memory of the people*," observes Karamsin, "the brilliant renown of Ivan survived the recollection of his bad qualities. The groans had ceased, the victims were reduced to dust; new events caused *ancient traditions* to be forgotten, and the memory of this prince reminded people only of the conquest of three Mogul kingdoms. The proofs of his atrocious actions were buried in the public archives, whilst Kazan, Astrakan, and Siberia remained in the eyes of the nation as imperishable monuments of his glory. The Russians, who saw in him the illustrious author of their power and civilisation, rejected or forgot the surname of tyrant given him by his contemporaries. Under the influence of some confused recollections of his cruelty, they still call him Ivan "The Terrible," without distinguishing him from his grandfather Ivan III., to whom Russia had given the same epithet rather in praise than in reproach. History does not pardon wicked princes so easily as do people." Ivan IV. died in 1584, having governed the Russian nation for a longer period than any other sovereign,—namely, fifty-one years.



ST. PETERSBURG.

Fedor I., who ascended the throne after his death, and was a feeble and vacillating prince, died in 1598. His successor was Boris Godunof, the brother of Anastasia, the Tzar Ivan's first wife, who, like our own Richard, compassed the death of his nephew, Dmitri, Fedor's younger brother, during that Tzar's lifetime; and therefore in Fedor ended the dynastry of Rurik, which during eight centuries had wielded the Russian sceptre. Consequent upon this deed came all kinds of civil calamities, and in 1604 there arose a pretender to the throne in the person of a Russian monk. This man assumed the character of the murdered Dmitri, and, after having drawn to his standard the Poles and the Cossacks of the Don, met Boris in the field, remained master of it, and in the space of one year seated himself on the throne. Nor was this civil war the only calamity which befell the Russians during the reign of Boris; Moscow was, in 1600, decimated by the most appalling famine that ever devastated the capital of a country; it is

related that, driven by the pangs of hunger, instances occurred of mothers having first slain and then eaten their own children; and it is recorded that a woman, in her extremity, seized with her teeth the flesh of her son, whom she carried in her arms. Others confessed that they had entrapped into their dwellings, and subsequently killed and eaten, three men successively. One hundred and twenty-seven thousand corpses remained for some days in the streets unburied, and were afterwards interred in the fields, exclusive of those which had been previously buried in the four hundred churches of the city. An eyewitness relates that this awful visitation carried off 500,000 persons from this densely-peopled capital, the population of which was, at the time, augmented by the influx of strangers. During this dreadful calamity, Boris, with justifiable violence, broke open the granaries which avarice had closed, and had the corn sold at half its value.

Interminable and inexplicable troubles, a second false Dmitri, and other impostors, led to the occupation of Moscow by the Poles in 1610, who entered the city with Vladislaus, son of Sigismund, king of Poland, elected to the throne by the boyards, on condition that he should embrace the Greek religion. This gave great offence to the national feeling, and Minim, a citizen of Nishni Novogorod, called his countrymen to arms, and entreated the General Pojarski to take the command; this he did without reluctance, and his army was quickly increased by the arrival of troops and money from various towns, and by the Cossacks and Strelitzes who flocked to his banner. Thus strengthened, they marched to Yaroslaf, and afterwards to Moscow, to which they laid siege, carried the Kitai Gorod by assault, and made a fearful slaughter of the Poles—when the inhabitants, driven to the last extremity by famine, surrendered, and Vladislaus abandoned the country. A fine monument was erected in the open space, under the Kremlin walls, in 1818, to the memory of Minim and Pojarski; it represents the high-spirited citizen of Nishni calling on his countrymen to rid Russia of the foreign enemy, while Pojarski listens attentively to the stirring exhortation.

With a vacant throne, and unembarrassed by republican feelings, the boyards, after the flight of Vladislaus, proceeded to elect as their Tzar Michael Romanoff, the son of the Metropolitan of Rostof, who was, at the time, only sixteen years of age; and from him is descended the present imperial family. The usual routine of civil strife and foreign wars continued after the accession of Romanoff; and that in which the Tzar was involved with Gustavus Adolphus was terminated, not much to the advantage of Russia, through the mediation of England, France, and Holland. A treaty was signed by the belligerent parties on the 26th of January, 1616, which gave to Sweden Ingria, Carelia, Livonia, and Esthonia, the Russians retaining Novogorod; and these terms seem to have been dictated by the Tzar's love of peace. The Poles were, at this time, masters of Smolensk, and ravaged the country up to the walls of Moscow, against which they made a night attack, but were repulsed; they remained, however, in possession of Smolensk, after sustaining a siege of two years. Dragoons are mentioned, for the first time in this reign, as forming part of a Russian army, and the Tzar was assisted in his wars by both German and French troops; these regiments served him as models for the organisation of the Russian army, which was further improved by the discipline introduced by the foreign officers in Romanoff's pay. After a reign distinguished by an enlightened policy and virtuous habits, the Tzar died in July 1645, at the age of only forty-nine years. His son Alexis, who was a prince of a mild and benevolent disposition, succeeded him; the chief events of his reign were the marauding expeditions of the Cossacks of the Don led by Rizan, a rebellion in the city of Astrakan, and the appearance of another false Dmitri, who was brought captive to Moscow and put to a violent and cruel death. In this reign shipwrights came over from Holland and England, and a Dutchman named Butler built a vessel called the Eagle, at Didiloff, the first ship that the Russians had seen built on scientific principles. Alexis died in 1676, and was succeeded by his son Fedor III., who died young, in 1682. During the short period allotted him for the exercise of power he evinced every disposition to carry out his father's plans; he directed his attention to the improvement of the laws, and rendered justice accessible to all, and, in the words of a Russian historian, "lived the joy and delight of his people, and died amidst their sighs and tears. On the day of his death Moscow was in the same distress that Rome was on the death of Titus." The sovereignty of the Cossacks was secured to Russia in this reign. Fedor left no children, and named no successor, expecting, no doubt, that his own brother Ivan would succeed him; that prince, however, was both mentally and physically incapable of holding the reins of government, and, in consequence, his sister Sophia was intrusted with the affairs of state by the Strelitzes, who had arrogated to themselves the power of the Prætorian bands, and decided that the Tzar's half-brother Peter, afterwards the Great, the son of Natalia, Alexis's second wife, should share the throne with him: in consequence, the two boys were crowned together by the Patriarch on the 15th of June, 1682, but Sophia actually reigned. Subsequently to this the Prince Khovanski, leader of the Strelitzes, not only neglecting to cultivate the princess's friendship, but allowing her to perceive that he and his men watched her proceedings, she determined upon his ruin, which was further hastened by the intrigue of his known enemy, Miloslavski. This boyard accused him, in a public placard, of having, with his son and his Strelitzes, conspired to effect the death of the two Tzars and the family of Romanoff; and, under this accusation, Khovanski and his son were seized and beheaded. Their followers, at first furious at his death, afterwards becoming disheartened at the preparations made to resist and punish them, proceeded to the monastery of the Troitzkoi, and made their submission to Natalia and the Tzars, who had fled there for refuge. Subsequently Sophia still contrived, with the assistance of her minister, Galitzin, to govern Russia, until she affronted Peter, who retired to the town of Kolomna, to which place he was followed by a large party, and soon after this, being informed that the Strelitzes were again in revolt, under Sophia's influence, Natalia once more removed him to the fortified walls of the Troitzkoi. It was in vain that Sophia disclaimed this accusation. Peter neither believed her nor forgave her; and, failing in her attempt to reach Poland, she was incarcerated in a monastery for the rest of her life. This princess was, considering the times in which she lived, a woman of extraordinary taste and literary acquirements. A tragedy, written by her when she was involved in state intrigues, and apparently absorbed in political turmoil, is still preserved. On Peter's return from the Troitzkoi to Moscow, his brother resigned to him his share in the government, and in 1689 he became sole Tzar, being, at this time, only seventeen years of age. Ivan survived till 1696.

SONG OF THE SCHOOL.

COME now and let us work all the time that we are here,
And learn something new every day of the year;
'Tis for this we come to school, and we wont be lazy knaves;
For none gets praise but he who is busy and behaves.
Then let us read and spell,
And write and cipher well:
Always be busy—
Boys and girls, busy:
And then we shall be honoured all, wherever we dwell.

We'll not come late to school, as the lazy children do,
We'll keep our hands and faces clean, our frocks and jackets too;
Nor will we be disheartened though we get a puzzling sum,
But try again—and try again—until we make it come.
Then let us read and spell, &c.

And should a word be hard to spell, we will not let it pass,
But every day we'll strive to be the highest in the class;
No noise we'll make, nor play in school, for that would not be right,
But wait until the school is out, then play with all our might.
Then let us read and spell, &c.

Then busy, busy, busy, as the busiest bee you'll see,
And quiet, quiet, quiet too, as puss herself can be;
We'll gather, gather knowledge, till our little heads are full,
So happy, happy, happy, that we ever came to school.
Then let us read and spell,
And write and cipher well:
Always be busy—
Boys and girls, busy:
And then we shall be honoured all, wherever we dwell.

THE GENIUS AND CHARACTERISTICS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

At the very heyday of the renown of this great master, some remarks on his general characteristics cannot be out of place. Having, before he reached the age of thirty-five, attained to an unexampled popularity, when at last we might expect that he would become exhausted, or repose on the laurels already won, we find him to possess a fresh alacrity, which belongs to the beginning of a career. He has outstripped those who started before him, and has not been overtaken by any who followed after.

In this respect he stands in marked contrast with many popular writers of his generation. A few, who happen suddenly on some vein of surpassing richness, are only able afterwards to reproduce themselves. Then there is an imitative set, who can create nothing, but so slavishly copy originals as to deceive almost "the very elect." Their race is also short. Again, there are many of decided talent who, from degrading the *Ars Poetica* to a mere trade, seem fairly to have written themselves out; while the early, spontaneous leafing of their genius has become changed to a deplorable seediness of aspect. But of the great writers of fiction who hold their own, there is not one whose reputation is more deeply or solidly established than that of Charles Dickens.

In the ability to illustrate principles of widest application by types or language most universally understood, there is early genius; and thus considered Dickens is destined to stand in the first rank of authors. A genuine sympathy is at the core of his works, and imparts a glowing warmth and vitality to all. That they are universally read is because they are imbued with this universal principle. It is not with fine lords and fine ladies that they have to do; but in depicting life and characters in the humbler classes, they bespeak in advance the most extensive interest. For poverty, which is hardly an accident, but the common lot and natural birthright of the masses, is itself a bond of communion with the many. In the depths of this poverty the author of the Pickwick Papers has discovered his wealth. Hence he has gathered the accessories best fitted to adorn a heart-felt tale; and his illustrations return to common life, from which they came, with a signal stamp and attestation of their verity. Nor does he separate from him any class of readers by such a choice, because for all there is interest in

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

It is true that some mercenary scribblers have mistaken the ground of our author's popularity; and, because he has depicted the humble, they have chosen to grovel with the bad. Because he has unveiled sufferings to deprecate the oppressor, or with a tender solicitude to heal, they have exhibited the leprosy, and sickness, and convulsions of degraded nature for a disgusting show. The romance of such history will occasionally bring its lovers to the prison or the scaffold, while, in a literary point of view, it is worthless, being relieved by no intervening lights and shadows. Dickens's works are favourably distinguished by their universality from any other class of novels. The sentimental romance is neglected now, not so much from changing forms, as from want of substance. It borrowed its old success partly from actual merit, partly from rarity of works, and the listening age of literary childhood. The long-drawn story was followed with fixed attention to the end. It is true that love was the groundwork and staple of the story, as it is to this day: but your sentimental lover is no more the representative of the true lover, than Tytyrus of the genuine swain. If the common reader were interested, it was not by arousing his best sympathies, albeit some "good moral" might be professed or conveyed. It might be because it conducted him into the charmed circle of high life, into the disturbed and shallow vortex of mere fashion, where its votaries were on the surface a little while, from whom he returned shortly to the common world, and sought in vain for any counterpart.

This highest humanity of letters endears us to Dickens almost beyond Scott, although this is saying a great deal: because the works of the latter are also honest, cordial, right-minded, and with the best tendency. True writers write "not for an age but for all time." Shakspeare holds possession of the stage, and is more read and better understood than ever, because he fulfils the definition with which we set out. The unlearned are capable of understanding his knowledge, because he holds the mirror up to common nature. The secret of our entertainment is, not that he depicts men as kings, but kings as men; not men as peasants, but again peasants as men. The student of history does not read his plays because they appertain to periods, but to that which is the same in all ages.

If we examine a few prominent characters depicted in the writings of Dickens, they serve to illustrate the foregoing remarks. Pickwick, the greater and lesser Weller, are endeared to the reader and claimed for immortality by the same breadth of delineation. The adventitious part of the elder Weller is his destiny as a coachman. But M'Adam roads belong to a modern era. Time was when a "pike" was not known; and, *procul dubio*, we are afraid time will be when a pike will no more be known, and the explosion of the whip-lash and rumbling of chariot-wheels be never heard. Our affection is not for the temporality. We are pleased, not because the Weller is a coachman, but because the coachman is a Weller. And what is a Weller? He is a philosopher older than Plato or Aristotle. There is an element in his character worthy of universal imitation. His eye twinkles with a loving humour on the very vicissitudes of life. He may be deceived by a Trotter; he may be a witness to the melancholy defection of widows, to the atrocities of a Jingle; but neither Trotters, nor widows, nor Jingles, can imbue his wisdom with a melancholy tinge. We like him not because he is a figure *sui generis, sed humani generis*. Ever since the world began, a Weller has escorted a Pickwick. In other words, humour and benevolence are apt to be conjoined. This has raised up a dubious boundary-question betwixt smiles and tears. Weller is the articulate voice of a Pickwick. They are, in fact, one; separated only by the artificial distinction of master and man. The same plausible view of the world as it is, brought them into coalition. Mr. Pickwick's humour is of the quiet kind. Mr. Pickwick's heart often reveals itself in a variety of smiles, from the first warmth and faint sunshine of appreciation, to the broadest light of expansive benevolence. In general, he looks with a recognising smile on the lights and shadows of human life. But he wanted some one to drive him safely through the vicissitudes of the world, and to give a running commentary on things by the wayside. Now Mr. Weller was gifted with the keenest observation, and with a style of expressing himself fluent and altogether original. From the days of Solomon down to those of Tupper, it is doubtful whether Weller has ever been exceeded for the profuseness or aptness of his similitudes; and a *cheerful* philosophy is apparent in all he says. He can allude to the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge, where he was forced to sleep in times when he wanted a better shelter, as "unfurnished lodgings," and his progenitor regards perplexities from widows as a capital remedy for the gout. This kind of philosophy runs in the family. Thus, when mother-in-law blows up the governor, he "whistles." When she flew into a passion and broke his pipe, he stepped out and got another. When she screamed "wery loud" and fell into "'stericks," he "spoke wery comfortable till she come to again." A golden vein of benevolence lay under the homely wit of Sam Weller which will be evident on a scanty examination of the pages of the Pickwick Club.

Other characters in Pickwick possess the like universal appreciation, whether they bring you to the verge of tears, or of the most inflammatory laughter. Thus we find the whole book has been translated into Russian, and is extremely relished. It has met with a reception in the palaces of the Czar, in the saloons of St. Petersburg, and Moscow, "that great city," and has been perused, it may be, by the Cossacks and Nomad tribes. It would be difficult to find a work more wedded to our mother-tongue with peculiar idioms, which seem to defy the very thought of transfer. What is Samivel in Russian, or how shall Samivel manage his *we's* (v's)? Though Mr. Pickwick also may speak indifferently in a foreign language, and Sam's loquacity be at a comparative stand, there is still enough about these distinguished personages, by virtue of their partnership, to work their independent way in all parts of Christendom where there are any highways, and where any civilised "human natur" is to be found. John Bull and Brother Jonathan alike claim them; Monsieur delights in them; sunny South cries Bravo; cold and frigid North, where there is no daylight, is warmed into a sunny glow.

Squeers differs altogether from Mr. Pickwick. But does he inhabit Yorkshire only? So thought sundry persons who knew him, and could swear to his personal identity, and besought the Rector of Dotheboys Hall to bring an action for slander. Yet ever since birch flourished, the system of pedagoguism has been associated with it in its application to the tenderer parts. Boyer used to cry

out, "I have a good mind to flog you, sirrah." In fifteen minutes he would leap furiously from his seat on the unsuspecting offender, saying, "and I will, too!" This is the testimony of Coleridge. Yet this was not so much like Boyer, as Boyer was like his whole class. Did Squeers alone discover "richness" in a pot of milk infinitely diluted? Other professors have shown the same keen detection of luxury, when little boys were to be frugally fed. As to the nibbing of a pen, which the artist has illustrated in one of the pages of Nicholas Nickleby, that picture will find its original far beyond the date of Rogers's patent, and is coeval with the goose. The "school-spoon" which Mistress Squeers was in vain searching, when Smike's wits were quickened by having his ears boxed, to suggest that probably it might be found in the lady's pocket, where, indeed, it was—the school-spoon, wherein treacle and sulphur were administered to correct the too exuberant blood of youth, is older than molasses, and contemporaneous with ringworms. The creation of Squeers is one of the most faithful and enjoyable which ever came from the author's pen. The very name is given with a most subtle accuracy and philosophy of nomenclature. As Gazelle is suggestive of the graceful darling, and Lion of a royal look, and Fox is a shrewd word, and Elephant declares the grandeur of the beast; so nobody could be mistaken as to what a Squeers should be. You would recognise him among a variety of animals, though accident had removed him from his birch. Little children would instinctively stand in the attitude of self-defence, and every one who had been blessed with the first rudiments of education would instinctively cry out, "Surely that must be a Squeers!" But even had the author been less fortunate in his christening, never was a picture better drawn. It would be recognised in the back-woods of America, in the wilds of Oregon, wherever youth are indoctrinated, "boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket-money, and provided with all necessaries." Not "Young England," not "Young America," but the whole young world of floggable age, ought to have grateful loins for this picturesque description. Thanks be to Dickens for what he has done for poor *men*, and many thanks for what he has done for poor *boys;* a new and hitherto neglected department of Humanity. He has brought to light the evils which lurked beneath the systems of cruelty. Boy, whether fortified by toughness or shrinking in his delicacy, never tells of the disgraces of the schoolroom, or the stinging, cutting severity of the rod. His highest hoppings, his most agonised wrigglings, the pang of the elastic birch, so exquisite as to be almost pleasure, are concealed from *men*. Many desirable reforms are on the hither side of that point to which legislators have addressed them; in short, before the treble and the bass fight for supremacy in the boy's throat; as early as that year which the shepherd Damon calls *alter ab undecimo*. How much is required to be done, let the form of the dejected Smike answer; the pathetic voice of "Oliver asking for more."

We are willing to appeal to one of the Christmas Stories of Mr. Dickens for the distinctive excellence of the writer, although it is a scanty production, dismissed with a few lines and touches of the pencil, yet full of grace and truth. The sublimity of self-sacrifice is the lesson taught in the "Battle of Life;" and because the proceeding of Marian is thought questionable, and the author has transferred an attribute usually given to uncommon junctures to *common life*, he is thought to have detracted from the consistence of the tale. Yet we cannot see that the crowning act savours less of probability than the other incidents. Noble deeds are often heralded by noble circumstances; but in the valley where the corn grows, or tendrils of the vine clasp the domestic bowers, there is many a more glorious struggle which is never known. Wherever a mother presses a child to her heart, there lives a resolution gigantic enough to drown with it in the water, or perish with it in the flames. The still conquest of any selfishness is better than victory with the clangour of arms.

It is not true that the resolve of Marian is beyond the limits of probability, or that there is any conflict except of one love with another in order to make the nobler triumph. At any rate, is not the lesson Christian? We are willing to acknowledge heroic deeds which belong to some great exigence, or are mingled with the dim fables of history. Rather, we should say, let *every day* witness something which is sublime. Scarce an hour passes when it does not become a duty to undergo some sacrifice, to withhold some glance which might cause destruction, to withdraw some footstep which might fall crushingly, to deny yourself in order that the hungry might be satisfied, or to take up some burden in order that the weary may have rest.

There are certain characteristics of style, a cunning and unprecedented use of words and figures, in which Mr. Dickens excels, which give a stalking animation to objects destitute of life. Herein is a great art, to translate the abstruse idea into the material figure appreciated by the common sense of common men. Thus a *single word* may be pictorial, and successive words become successive pictures. But if all who write for all to read knew this, they would not be able to avail themselves of the knowledge. If they did, they would be using an inverse process, since Shakspeare, and every true genius, had it by intuition. Rules of rhetoric are drawn from pre-existing models, and not the reverse. Personification is used with great effect. How remarkable, for instance, this description of the night-wind: "Wandering round and round a building, and moaning as it goes, trying, with its unseen hand, the windows and the doors and seeking out some crevices at which to enter; and when it has got in, as one not finding what it seeks, whatever that may be, it wails and howls to issue forth again, and, not content with stalking through the aisles, and gliding round and round the pillars, and tempting the deep organ, soars up to the roof, and strives to rend the rafters; *then flings itself despairingly on the stones below, and passes muttering into the vaults.*" Was ever an airy spirit made more visible by witchcraft, and gifted with a "local habitation" and a bodily shape?

Again, the author speaks of "fruiterer's shops," where there were "great, round, potbellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apoplectic opulence. And ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish onions, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish friars; and winking from their sleeves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by, and glancing demurely at the hung-up misletoe. Norfolk biffins, squab and swarthy in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper-bags, and eaten after dinner!" Mark his description of the kettle, in the first chapter of "Cricket on the Hearth." "The kettle was aggravating and obstinate. It would n't allow itself to be adjusted on the top-bar; it would n't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal. It would lean forward with a drunken air, and *dribble, a very idiot of a kettle*, on the hearth." But presently the kettle began to spend the evening; and we should quote more largely than would be consistent with our space, to describe the whole moral conduct of the said kettle, how it grew musical and convivial. Can anything exceed it, except when the writer exceeds himself by going on to describe the contest between kettle and cricket, applying thereto the technicalities of the prize-ring? From first to last we notice the like art of successful personification. Miss Blimber was "dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages. They must be dead, stone-dead, and then she dug them up, like a Ghoule. Doctor Blimber's young gentlemen knew no rest from the pursuit of stony-hearted verbs, savage noun-substantives, and inflexible syntactic passages." The author has a reverse method, no less successfully employed. "Doctor Blimber's establishment was a great hothouse. All the boys blew before their time. *Mental green-peas* were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round. But there was not the right taste about the premature productions." All figures are used, or others hitherto unknown are invented, as the occasion demands. Sometimes a part is put for the whole, and the man denominated by the cravat he wears; and we pause to admire the happy coincidence of thought and expression, in which a sympathetic language yields up the proper word. Such was that "complicated" kick, the last of a series which invested the person of Mr. Stiggins, which, duly analysed, we may suppose to have consisted of motive force, energy, and the application of civil engineering incompatible with passion, yet requisite to make the aim sure. No man falls more happily on the identical phrase, (shining guinea that it is!) like one "born to good luck," or from intuitive erudition, or from deliberate choice. Poets * often gratulate themselves when they

* A disposition is observable in some of the author's later productions to run occasionally into blank verse. Of this, a more curious exemplification than any we have seen, it is to be found in the "Christmas Carol:"

"Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife,
Dress'd out but poorly in a twice-turn'd gown,

have had the like fortune, as Keats clapped his hands for joy when he had invented that

"Lucent syrop tinct with cinnamon."

Our author can use a refined Attic, or, when the scenes of the comedy shift and introduce less polished characters, he puts words into their mouths which neither a Weller, a Swiveller, nor a Mantilini, could wish to repudiate. A few sentences from him are often more suggestive than a whole page of description. How happily does he call up, though merely in passing, the whole mirth and jollity attendant upon a snow-storm! But when he paints, his picture is almost more crowded with quaint minutiæ than any of the immortal Hogarth. No man knows better how to describe those little nestling-places and retired nooks where the river of domestic life flows calm and beautiful: and as you read, the bosom heaves, the tear trembles. It is like being in some delightful garden, where every influence is seductive to the soul, and the birds sing, the bees murmur, and the humming-bird darts down to identify itself with the flowers, "to paint the lily, to adorn the rose." In short, the works of this author will live, not only for the sake of their genius, but because they appeal to our best sympathies, and sustain the cause of the suffering poor. For when the arm of legislation hung down inactive, their powerful earnest pleadings, like those of poor Hood, have not sued for redress in vain. They shall be admired at some later day, not on account of antiquity, but in spite of it; because they have set forth nothing less general than the truth of nature, and appeal to all men by a common bond. They have exhibited, for the most part, neither ghosts vanishing into thin air, nor beings surrounded by conventional graces, nor hateful vice carved into an heroic attitude; but creatures of flesh and blood, bone and sinew, human heart and human affections. They have depicted characters, though good not perfect; though bad, not altogether hopeless; not angels, for then they were too high for our sympathy; not devils, for then they had been beyond the sphere of our regret.

ANOTHER VOICE FROM THE "DIGGINGS."

Adelaide, South Australia
March 30, 1852.

DEAR COUSINS,—I take this opportunity of writing to you, hoping to find you all in good health, as it leaves me at present. This country affords a fine scope for industrious, healthy young men of any capacity. Here a man with £100 may, by frugality and industry, secure an independence for life. Say he buys 40 acres of land, £40; gets his crop in, with the fencing, will cost him £40 more; by the second year, he clears his £100, and has the land to the good to proceed on in after years, the profits of which will add to his 40 acres, or buy some stock such as cows, pigs, fowls, &c.; or a good compositor will get good wages and permanent situations just now. A good boot or shoe maker will get his £2 per week without rations. The aspect of the country generally is very beautiful, more like our parks at home—such as Greenwich or Richmond—it abounds in copper, there is no end of it, and very likely gold, although it is not found yet; there has been a little found, but to no great extent; they are searching now for it, and I have no doubt by the time you get this we shall have a gold-field here. I will tell you the latest news from the gold diggings in the neighbouring colony:—The water is so scarce and bad, that the people are dying in hundreds with dysentery; little is doing except gambling and drunkenness; numbers get shot accidentally by means of others discharging their fire-arms when they come to the tent in the evening; the number of robberies is out of the question; in fact, it is all a lottery; some are fortunate, others are ruined. This colony is almost deserted, but numbers have returned for want of water to wash the quartz wherein the gold is contained. I shall not go till next December, if I go at all. At present I am shepherding. I have the charge of 1,300 breeding ewes; 300 are to be added in a week's time from this. It is an easy, pleasant life, and through the scarcity of men just now, the wages are very high. I have been on the point of marriage twice, but broke off once on account of the fair one whistling, and would not stop when I told her I did not like to hear a female whistle; and the other, because she said she could drink as much as me without being drunk,—rather a bad sign, thought I, and dropt that speculation. When I find one that suits me, I intend to be spliced at once. I have one in my eye now. I read that one man, a tradesman of Adelaide, sold off his stock at half price, and took his wife and family with him to the diggings; he dug 14 holes, each of which you have to pay 30s. for licence; he had been at work for the last seven months, and found nothing, but himself ruined and starving, so made one more hole (in his head) with a pistol-ball, which made 15 holes. This is but one instance out of hundreds. I know the party well. Do not believe the papers; I have every opportunity of knowing the truth. The people pass (to and from the diggings) the station that I am at; besides, I have conversed with numbers of my acquaintance, who have been and come back, and persuade me not to go till next year, when there will be more order restored, better regulations, and plenty of water. They are making creeks—damming up other creeks; so that, by the time the winter is over, there will be plenty of water; and the gold digging is but in its infancy yet. I must have either a golden chain or a wooden-head.

(*The other half of the letter is marked strictly private.*)

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

No. II.—THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

BY GEO. F. PARDON.

CAN I say farewell, O England,
As I sadly leave thy shore?
And thy white cliffs dim receding,
I may never see them more!
Though no tears are on my eyelids,
There's a sorrow at my heart,
Joined to a silent pleasure,
Now I know that we must part;
But there's not a taint of anger
In my mute and sad regret—
Though you've cast me out your bosom,
Hope is smiling for me yet.

Though ten thousand miles divide us,
There may come across the sea,
Kindly words, to make my heart beat,
When I think of thine and thee.
Though no want or sorrow ever-
More may weigh my head with care,—
Though no cold conventionality
May dim my spirits there;—
Yet ever in my memory
Thy fame shall have a place;
And though *they* spurn'd my poverty,
I will not blame my race!

Then, old England, still I'll love thee,
And, in my new-found home,
I'll think of thee with reverence
In all the time to come;—
The happy time in opulence,
When o'er the heaving main,
Pleasant homes and children's faces
May welcome me again.
Yes! I'll love thee for the memory
Of my gone youth's happy time,
And I'll pray for thy prosperity,
Though in another clime!

BOTANY BAY THEATRICALS.—Some years ago, one of the male convicts in Botany Bay wrote a farce, which was acted with great applause in the theatre, Port Jackson. Barrington the noted pickpocket, furnished the prologue, which ended with these two well-known lines:—

"True patriots we, for be it understood,
We *left* our country for our *country's good*."

But brave in ribands, which are cheap, and make
A goodly show for sixpence, and she laid
The cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit,
Second of her daughters, also brave in ribands:
While Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork
Into the saucepan of potatoes, and
Getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-
Collar (Bob's private property, conferred
Upon his son and heir in honour of
The day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find
Himself so gallantly attired, and yearn'd
To show his linen in the fashionable parks."

Thus far the measure is unimpeachable, and would be to the end of the paragraph, with slight liberties, until the slow

"Potatoes, bubbling up, knock'd loudly at
The saucepan-lid to be let out and peel'd."

All this, however, is a mere accident, the natural tendency to his own element, by a poet who writes in prose.

A CUP OF COFFEE.

The first cup of coffee drank in England was brewed by the servant of Mr. Edwardes, a Turkey merchant, in 1652, during the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. But so little was the flavour relished by the friends of the merchant, that coffee did not become the drink of the people for more than half a century afterwards. Its introduction into France is said to have been made as early as 1658, by some Marseilles merchants, but fashion made its use common. Thevenot, on his return from his travels in the east, regaled his friends with coffee after dinner; "but this," says Le Grand, "was but the eccentricity of a traveller, which would not come into fashion among such a people as the Parisians. To bring coffee into credit, some extraordinary and striking circumstance was necessary. This circumstance occurred on the arrival, in 1669, of an embassy from the Grand Seigneur Mahomet IV. to Louis XIV. Soliman Aga, chief of the mission, having passed six months in the capital, and during his stay having acquired the friendship of the Parisians by some traits of wit and gallantry, several persons of distinction, chiefly women, had the curiosity to visit him at his house. The manner in which he received them not only inspired a wish to renew the visit, but induced others to follow their example. He caused coffee to be served to his guests according to the custom of his country; for since fashion had introduced the custom of serving this beverage among the Turks, civility demanded that it should be offered to visitors, as well as that those should not decline partaking of it. If a Frenchman, in a similar case, to please the ladies, had presented to them his black and bitter liquor, he would be rendered for ever ridiculous. But the beverage was served by a Turk—a gallant Turk—and this was sufficient to give it inestimable value. Besides, before the palate could judge, the eyes were seduced by the display of elegance and neatness which accompanied it,—by those brilliant porcelain cups into which it was poured,—by napkins with gold fringes on which it was served to the ladies; add to this the furniture, the dresses, and the foreign customs, the strangeness of addressing the host through an interpreter,—being seated on the ground on tiles, &c., and you will allow that there was more than enough to turn the heads of Frenchwomen. Leaving the hotel of the ambassador with an enthusiasm easily

COFFEE-HOUSE ON THE BOSPHORUS.

imagined, they hastened to their acquaintances to speak of the coffee of which they had partaken; and heaven only knows to what a degree they were excited (exaltés)." Of course so long as coffee was considered as a luxury by the rich, its price, both in England and on the continent, was proportionably high; and we hear of enormous prices being paid for small quantities of the fragrant berry. In 1672 an American, of the name of Pascal, opened the first public coffee-house in Paris. It was arranged on the plan of those at Constantinople, and so much was it patronised by the public, and so numerous were the imitators of the American, that coffee became a common beverage among them, and the sellers of it were erected into a regular society, with special regulations for its government. About the same time that Pascal set up his coffee-house in Paris, the Greek servant of Mr. Edwardes opened a place of entertainment in the city of London, "where gentlemen might indulge in the eastern luxury with little trouble or expense."

"Coffee, the *Coffea arabica* of botanists," says Mr. Crawford, in a paper read before the Statistical Society, "belongs to the same natural order of plants as the different species of Peruvian bark, viz., the Rubiaceæ. Its ordinary appearance much resembles that of a Portugal laurel; its flowers, both as to shape and fragrance, the jasmine; and its fruit, small wild cherries. The trees in a plantation, in order to afford nourishment, light, and air, must be planted not nearer to each other than nine feet. The plant yields fruit at two years old, is in full bearing at four, and its cultivation is worth continuing until it reaches the age of twenty. When it comes into full bearing, its height is about eight or ten feet, but it will live to attain that of twenty. A coffee-plantation in full flower has much the appearance of a grove of evergreens in a temperate climate, on which has fallen a pretty heavy snow shower, superadding heat and fragrance.

There are about a dozen species of the genus to which coffee belongs, some African, some Indian, some American, and some Polynesian, but all of them inhabitants of countries within and immediately about the Tropics. One species alone, the *Coffea arabica*, is cultivated, or at least largely so, and yields the important commercial article. Within the limits described, coffee is a very hardy plant, and seems readily to yield fruit in any tolerably rich soil, over every part of a zone of at least forty degrees around the globe. Its favourite locality, however, is hill-sides, at an elevation of from 1,000 to 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and hence its wide diffusion, its extensive cultivation, and large consumption. As an object of cultivation, it takes the place, within the Tropics, in relation to other objects of culture, that the vine does in the South of Europe, or tea in China.

In comparison with the production of sugar and spirits from the cane, which partakes at least as much of the character of manufacture as of agriculture, that of coffee is a simple process, which may be carried on by small capitalists, and in some localities, from the temperance of the climate, even by European capitalists. The tea of China, of which the production is so immense, is certainly all so produced. Even coffee itself is so produced by the small negro proprietors of Hayti, by the inhabitants of several parts of Sumatra, and by those of Celebes.

Coffee, although taking its name from Arabia, is not a native plant of that country, but of Abyssinia, where it is found both in the wild and cultivated state. From that country it was brought to Arabia, in comparatively very recent times. Mr. Lane states that it was first used there about the year 1450. It was not known to the Arabs, therefore, for more than eight hundred years after the time of Mahomed, and was introduced only between forty and fifty years before the discovery of America. The Arabians called coffee kăhwăh, which is an old word in their language for wine. The unlucky word gave rise to a dispute about the legality of its use among the Mahomedan doctors, who, mistaking the word for the thing it represented, denounced as a narcotic that which was anti-narcotic. They were beaten, and coffee has ever since become a legitimate and favourite potable of the Arabs. In a century, its use spread to Egypt and other parts of the Turkish empire.

For two centuries from its introduction into Arabia, the use of coffee seems to have been confined to the Mahomedan nations of Western Asia; and, considering its rapid spread and popularity among the European nations, it is remarkable that it has not, like tobacco, extended to the Hindus, the Hindu-Chinese, the Chinese, the Japanese, or the tribes of the Indian Archipelago, who no more use it than Europeans do the betel preparation. The high price of coffee, and the low cost of tobacco, most likely afford the true solution of the difference. One striking result of the use of coffee first, and then of tobacco among the Mahomedan nations, is well deserving of notice. These commodities have been, in a great measure, substituted for wine and spirits, which had been largely, although clandestinely used before, and hence a great improvement in the sobriety of Arabs, Persians, and Turks.

From Arabia, which for nearly a century supplied the whole of Europe with the delicious berry, the cultivation of the plant was spread over various parts of the world. The old Dutch East India Company carried on some traffic with the Arabian ports on the Red Sea; and about the year 1690, the Dutch governor-general of India, Van Hoorne, caused some ripe coffee-seeds to be brought to Java: they were planted, grew, and produced fruit. He sent a single plant home from Batavia to Nicholas Witsen, the governor of the East India Company, which arrived safe, and was planted in the Botanic Garden of Amsterdam. where it prospered, produced fruit, and the fruit young plants. From the Amsterdam garden, plants were sent to the Dutch colony of Surinam, and the planters entered on the cultivation of coffee in 1718, or 133 years ago. The authority for this is the celebrated physician and botanist Boerhaave, in his Index of the Leyden Garden. In ten years after its cultivation in Surinam, it was introduced from that colony by the English into Jamaica, and by the French into Martinique. The first coffee-plant cultivated in Brazil, now the greatest producing country in the world, was reared by a Franciscan monk, of the name of Vellosa, in the garden of the convent of St. Antonio, near Rio Janeiro; it throve, and the monk presented its ripe fruit to the Viceroy Lavrado. He, judiciously, distributed it to the planters, who commenced the cultivation in 1774, only 77 years ago.

It was about 1690, as already stated, that the coffee-plant was first introduced into Java. From thence it was conveyed to Sumatra, to Celebes, to the Philippines, and, in our own time, to Malabar, Mysore, and Ceylon. The few coffee-berries brought from Mocha to Batavia are the parents of the vast quantity now produced; and all the coffee that is consumed, save the trifle yielded by Arabia, has the same origin. The success of the cultivation of coffee in the colonies of European nations is a striking contrast to the substantial failure which has taken place in the culture of the vine and the tea plant.

The consumption of coffee in England has varied with the the high or low rate of duty imposed by the state. In 1850, 31,226,840 lb. paid duty. The population of Great Britain and Ireland being 27,452,261, the consumption per head was 1·113 lb. It had rapidly risen down to 1847 but has since been declining, from causes not very obvious. The heavy duties imposed down to 1825, were the cause, no doubt, of the low consumption down to that year. They had, before then, been, on colonial coffee, 1s., on British Indian, 1s. 6d., and on foreign, 2s. 6d., the last virtually prohibitory. With such duties, the consumption in 1824 was 8,202,943 lb. Next year the three different kinds of duty were respectively reduced to 6d., 9d., and 1s. 3d. and the consumption rose at once 11,082,970 lb., and continued to rise until 1847. In 1846 the duty was reduced to 4d. a pound on all British, and to 6d. on all foreign. Next year the consumption attained its maximum, viz., 37,441,373 lb., from which, down to 1850, there had been a fall, 6,214,503 lb. Last year, however, the duty on all coffee having been reduced to 3d. a pound, there has been an increase over the consumption of 1850 of 1,337,324 lb.

The defalcation in the consumption since 1847 has been charged to what has been called the substitution of chicoree for coffee. Chicoree, however, is not a substitute for coffee, for it cannot be used alone, and, indeed, in no way, without coffee. It seems to be only a cheap diluent, and the effect of its use ought to be, not to displace, but to extend the consumption of coffee, by rendering it more accessible to the poorer classes of consumers.

In other countries the use of coffee appears to have been greater or less precisely as it has borne a heavy or light revenue tax. In Denmark the average consumption is about five pounds per head; in the German Union about three-and-a-half pounds; and in Belgium not less than eight pounds. The relative consumption of tea and coffee in the United States of America, and in the United Kingdom, will assist us in understanding what the proportions of the two commodities would be, if England and America, in point of general taxation, were placed under the same circumstances. Neither of these commodities pays a duty in America, and generally the population of the two countries has the same tastes. We must take the consumption of America to be the same as the importation, after deducting re-exportation. The importation of coffee in 1850 was 145,272,687 lb., and the re-exportation having been 15,381,758 lb., there remained for consumption 129,890,929 lb. The population in the same year being 23,300,000, the rate of consumption per head was 5·57 lb. It follows from this, that the proportion of coffee consumed in America is as five to one of that consumed in the United Kingdom.

The tea imported into the American Union in 1850 was 29,872,654 lb., and the re-exportation being 1,673,053 lb., there remained for consumption 28,199,601 lb. The quantity of coffee, therefore, consumed in America, is about four times that of tea, while with us the consumption of coffee is only as 60 to 100.

It can hardly be denied, says our authority, but that the consumption of tea and coffee, and I will add another stimulant, tobacco, of which the effects are to a considerable extent of the same nature, have contributed materially to the sobriety, decency, and even morality of the inhabitants of this country. They all stimulate the nervous system, without producing intoxication, and it is difficult to commit an excess in them. The change in manners effected by them, whatever its extent, has been the work of about two centuries and a half, for before that time every stimulant of popular use had been intoxicating. The actual price paid by the consumer for the three articles in question cannot, I think, be estimated at less than £25,000,000 a year; viz., £12,000,000 for tea, £3,000,000 for coffee, and £10,000,000 for tobacco. Had this enormous sum, chiefly contributed by the middle and working classes, not been expended in these commodities, it must have been so in the intoxicating potables used by our ancestors. It is true that tea, coffee, and tobacco, have not displaced ale and spirits, but it is certain, also, that they have, to a large extent, been substituted for them.

THE PROVERB REVERSED.

"Two of a trade can never agree."—*Old Proverb.*

Maria Walker was usually allowed to be the beauty of one of the small towns round London in the direction of Greenwich, of which ancient place she was a native. Her father had originally practised as a physician in that place, but circumstances had caused his removal to another locality, which promised more profitable returns. The house they occupied was an ancient red-brick mansion in the centre of the town, with a large bow-window, always celebrated for its geraniums, myrtles, and roses, that with a couple of small orange-trees, were the admiration of the whole neighbourhood.

Maria was twenty, and I was not sixteen at the time of which I speak, but we were the best friends in the world. In front of the house of the Walkers had been, a few years before, an open space, which now, thanks to the rapid march of improvement, was being changed into a row of very good houses. There were a dozen of them, and they were dignified with the name of Beauchamp-terrace. They were, about the time I speak of, all to let; the last finishing touch had been put to them, the railings had been painted, the rubbish all removed, and they wanted nothing, save furniture and human beings, to make them assume a civilised and respectable appearance. I called one morning on Maria Walker, her father was out, she had been playing the piano until she was tired, so we sat down in the bow-window and talked.

"So the houses are letting?" said I, who took an interest in the terrace which I had seen grow under my eyes.

"Two are let," she replied, "and both to private families; papa is pleased, he looks upon these twelve houses as twelve new patients."

"But," said I, laughing, "have you read the advertisement:—'Healthy and airy situation, rising neighbourhood, and yet only one medical man.'"

"Oh! yes," smiled Maria; "but sickness, I am sorry to say, in very apt to run about at some time or other, even in airy situations."

"But Maria, you are mistaken, there are three houses let," said I suddenly, "the bill is taken down opposite, it has been let since yesterday."

"Oh, yes, I recollect a very nice young man driving up there yesterday, and looking over the house for an hour; I suppose he has taken it."

"A nice young man," said I, "that is very interesting—I suppose a young couple just married."

"Very likely," replied Maria Walker, laughing; but whether at the fact of my making up my mind to its being an interesting case of matrimony, or what else, I know not.

It was a week before I saw Maria again, and when I did she caught me by the hand, drew me rapidly to the window, and, with a semi-tragic expression pointed to the house over the way. I looked. What was my astonishment when on the door, in large letters. I read these words, "Mr. Edward Radstock, M.D."

"A rival," cried I, clapping my hands, thoughtless girl that I was; "another feud of Montague and Capulet. Maria, could not a Romeo and Juliet be found to terminate it?"

"Don't laugh," replied Maria, gravely; "papa is quite ill with vexation: imagine, in a small town like this, two doctors! it's all the fault of that advertisement. Some scheming young man has seen it, and finding no hope of practice elsewhere, has come here. I suppose he is as poor as a rat."

At this instant the sound of horses' footsteps was heard, and then three vans full of furniture appeared in sight. They were coming our way. As I expected, the van stopped before the young doctor's house, and in a few minutes the men began to unload. My friend turned pale as she saw that the vehicles were full of elegant furniture.

"The wretch has got a young wife too!" she exclaimed, as a piano and harp came to view, and then she added rising, "This will never do; they must be put down at once; *they* are strangers in the neighbourhood, *we* are well known. Sit down at that desk, my dear girl, and help me to make out a list of all the persons *we* can invite to a ball and evening party. I look upon them as impertinent interlopers, and they must be crushed." I laughingly acquiesced, and, aided by her, soon wrote out a list of invitations to be given.

"But now," said Miss Walker, after a few moments of deep reflection, "one name more must be added; *they* must be invited."

"Who?" exclaimed I, in a tone of genuine surprise.

"Mr. and Mrs. Edward Radstock," replied Maria, triumphantly, while I could scarcely speak from astonishment. The rest of my narrative I collected from the lips of my friend, a little more than a year later.

The ball took place to the admiration of all C———. It was a splendid affair. Mr. and *Miss* Radstock came, and were received with cold politeness by both father and daughter. The young man was good-looking, with an intelligent eye, a pleasing address, and none of that pertness of manner which usually belongs to those who have just thrown off the medical student to become the doctor. Miss Radstock, his sister, who kept house for him until he found a wife, was a charming girl of about twenty. She smiled at the manner of both Mr. and Miss Walker, but said nothing. Young Radstock's only revenge for the lady of the house's coldness and stateliness of tone, was asking her to dance at the first opportunity—which certainly was vexatious, for his tone was so pleasing, his manner so courteous, that my friend Maria could not but feel pleased,—when she wanted to be irate, distant, and haughty. They danced together several times, and, to the astonishment of many friends of the young lady, of myself in particular, they went down to supper the best friends in the world, laughing and joking like old acquaintances.

Next day, however, she resumed her original coldness of manner when the brother and sister called to pay their respects. She was simply polite, and no more; and after two or three words they retired, Emily Radstock becoming as stiff and formal as her new acquaintance. From that day Maria became very miserable. She was not avaricious, and did not fear her father losing his practice from any pecuniary motives, but it was pride that influenced her. Her father had for some years monopolised the parish, as his predecessor had for forty years before him; and now to behold a young unfledged physician setting up exactly opposite, and threatening to divide in time the business of the town, was dreadful. *The* physician of the town, sounded better too, than one of the doctors, and altogether it was a most unpleasant affair.

Maria's place was now always at the bow-window, to see if patients came, or if Edward Radstock made any attempt to call about and introduce himself. But for some time she had the satis-

faction of remarking that not a soul called at the house, save the butcher, the baker, and other contributors to the interior comforts of man, and Maria began to feel the hope that Edward Radstock would totally fail in his endeavours to introduce himself. She remarked, however, that the young man took it very quietly; he sat by his sister's side while she played the piano, or drove in his gig; always, when he remarked Maria at the open window, bowing with provoking courtesy, nothing daunted by her coldness of manner, or her pretence of not noticing his politeness.

One day Mr. Walker was out (he had been called to a distance to see a patient who was very seriously ill, when Maria sat at the bow-window looking up the street. Suddenly she saw a boy come running down on their side of the way; she knew him by his bright buttons, light jacket, and gold lace. It was the page of the Perkinses, a family with a host of little children, who, from constant colds, indigestions, and fits of illness, caused by too great a liking for the pleasures of the table, which a fond mother had not the heart to restrain, were continually on Mr. Walker's books. The boy rang violently at the bell, and Maria opened the parlour door and listened.

"Is Mr. Walker at home?" said the boy, scarcely able to speak from want of breath.

"No," replied the maid who had opened the door.

"He will be home directly," said Maria, advancing.

"Oh! but missus can't wait, there's little Peter been and swallowed a marble, and the baby's took with fits;" and away rushed the boy across the road to the hated rival's house.

Maria retreated into her room and sank down upon a sofa. The enemy had gained an entrance into the camp, it was quite clear. In a moment more she arose, just in time to see Mr. E. Radstock hurrying down the street beside the little page, without waiting to order his gig. This was a severe blow to the doctor's daughter. The Perkinses were a leading family in the town, and one to whom her father was called almost every day in the year. They had a large circle of acquaintances, and if young Radstock became their medical adviser, others would surely follow. In about an hour the young man returned and joined his sister in his drawingroom, as if nothing had happened. This was more provoking than his success. If he had assumed an air of importance and bustle, and had hurried up to inform his sister with an air of joy and triumph of what had happened, she might have been tempted to pity him, but he did everything in such a quiet, gentlemanly way, that she felt considerable alarm for the future.

Maria was in the habit of spending most of her evenings from home, her father being generally out, and that large house in consequence lonely. The town of C——— was famous for its tea and whist parties, and though Maria was not of an age to play cards, except to please others, she sometimes condescended to do so. One evening she was invited to the house of a Mrs. Brunton, who announced her intention of receiving company every Thursday. She went, and found the circle very pleasant and agreeable, but horror of horrors—there were Mr. Edward Radstock and his sister Emily; and worse than that, when a lady present volunteered to play a quadrille, and the ladies accepted eagerly, up he came, of all others, to invite her to dance! Mrs. Brunton the instant before had asked her to play at whist, to oblige three regular players, who could not find a fourth.

"I am afraid," she said, quietly, but in rather distant tones, "I am engaged"—the young man looked surprised, even hurt, for no gentleman had spoken to her since she had entered the room—"to make a fourth at the whist table, but—"

"Oh, go and dance, Miss Walker!" exclaimed Mrs. Brunton, "I did not know dancing was going to begin when I asked you to make up a rubber."

Maria offered her hand to the young man, and walked away to the dancing-room. Despite herself, that evening she was very much pleased with him. He was well-informed, had travelled, was full of taste and feeling, and conversed with animation and originality; he sought every opportunity of addressing himself to her, and found these opportunities without much difficulty. For several Thursdays the same thing occurred. The young man began to find a little practice. He was popular wherever he went, and whenever he was called in was sure of keeping up the connexion. He was asked out to all the principal parties in the town; and had Mr. Walker not been very much liked, would have proved a very serious rival.

One morning the father and daughter were at breakfast. Maria, who began to like her bow-window better than ever, sat near it to scent the fragrance of her flowers, and always returned the young doctor's bow when he came out. Mr. Walker had been called out at an early hour, and returned late. He was not in the best of humours, having waited four hours beyond his time for his tea.

"I shall die in the workhouse," said he, as he buttered his toast, with an irritability of manner quite alarming. "This Radstock is getting all the practice. I heard of two new patients yesterday."

"Oh, papa," replied Maria, gently; "I don't think he has got a dozen altogether."

"A dozen—but that's a dozen lost to me, miss. It's a proof that people think me old—worn-out—useless."

"Nonsense, papa; C——— is increasing in population every day, and for every one he gets, you get two."

"My dear," replied Mr. Walker, with considerable animation, "I think you are beginning to side with my rival."

A loud knocking came this instant to the door, and the man-servant immediately after announced "Dr. Radstock."

Mr. Walker had no time to make any remark ere the young man entered the room, bowing most politely to the old gentleman and his daughter; both looked confused, and the father much surprised. He was in elegant morning costume, and looked both handsome and happy—the old doctor thought triumphant.

"Pardon me, sir," said he, "for disturbing you at this early hour; but your numerous calls take you so much out, that one must take you when one can find you. My errand will doubtless surprise you, but I am very frank and open; my object in visiting you is to ask permission to pay my addresses to your daughter."

"To do what, sir?" thundered the old doctor in a towering passion. "Are you not satisfied with trying to take from me my practice, but you must ask me for my child? I tell you, sir, nothing on earth would make me consent to your marriage with my daughter."

"But, sir," said Edward Radstock, turning to Maria, "I have your daughter's permission to make this request. I told her of my intentions last night, and she authorised me to say that she approved of them."

"Maria," exclaimed the father, almost choking with rage, "is this true?"

"My dear papa, I am in no hurry to get married, but, if I did, I must say that I should never think of marrying any one but Edward Radstock. I will not get married against your will, but I will never marry any one else; nothing will make me."

"Ungrateful girl," muttered Mr. Thomas Walker, and the next minute he sank back in his chair in a fit of apoplexy.

"Open the window, raise the blinds," said the young man, preparing with promptitude and earnestness to take the necessary remedies, "be not alarmed. It is not a dangerous attack."

Maria quietly obeyed her lover, quite aware of the necessity of self-possession and presence of mind in a case like the present. In half an hour Mr. Walker was lying in a large, airy bedroom, and the young man had left, at the request of Maria, to attend a patient of her father's. It was late at night before Edward was able to take a moment's rest. What with his own patients and those of his rival he was overwhelmed with business; but at eleven o'clock he approached the bedside of the father of Maria who, with her dear Emily now by her side sat watching.

"He sleeps soundly," said Maria, in a low tone, as Edward entered.

"Yes, and is doing well," replied Radstock. "I answer for his being up and stirring to-morrow, if he desires it."

"But it will be better for him to rest some days," said Maria.

"But my dear Miss Walker," continued the young doctor "what will his patients do?"

"You can attend to them as you have done to-day," replied Maria.

"My dear Miss Walker, you, who know me, could trust me with your father's patients; you know that when he was able to go about I would hand them all back to him without hesitation. But you must be aware that for your father to discover me attending to his patients would retard his recovery. If I do as you ask me, I must retire from C——— immediately on his convalescence."

"No, sir," said Dr. Walker, in a faint voice, "I shall not be about for a month; after making me take to my bed, the least you can do is to attend to my patients."

"If you wish it, sir—?"

"I insist upon it; and to prevent opposition, you can say we are going into partnership."

"But—" said Edward.

"If you want my daughter," continued Mr. Walker, gruffly, "you must do as I tell you. If you wish to be my son-in-law, you must be my partner, work like a horse, slave day and night, while I smoke my pipe and drink my grog."

"My dear sir," exclaimed the young man, "you overwhelm me."

"Dear papa!" said Maria.

"Yes, dear papa!" muttered old Walker; "pretty girl you are; give a party to crush the interloper; faint when he gets his first patient; watch him from your bow-window like a cat watches a mouse, and then—marry him."

"But my dear papa, is this not the surest way to destroy the opposition?" said happy Maria.

"Yes, because we cannot crush him, we take him as a partner," grumbled old Walker; "never heard of such a thing; nice thing it is to have children who take part with your enemies."

Nobody made any reply, and after a few more faint attempts at fault finding, the old doctor fell asleep.

About six months later, after a journey to Scotland, which made me lose sight of Maria, I drove up the street of B———, and eager to see the dear girl, never stopped until I was in her arms.

"How you are grown!" said she with a sweet and happy smile.

"Grown, indeed; do you take me for a child," cried I, laughing. "And you, how well and pleased you look! always at the bow-window, too; I saw you as I came up."

"I am very seldom there now," said she, with a strange smile.

"Why?"

"Because I live over the way?" replied she, still smiling.

"Over the way?" said I.

"Yes, my dear girl; alas for the mutability of human things—Maria Walker is now Mrs. Radstock."

I could not help it; I laughed heartily. I was very glad. I had been interested in the young man, and the *dénouement* was delightful.

The firm of Walker and Radstock prospered remarkably without rivalry, despite a great increase in the neighbourhood, for the experience of the old, and the perseverance of the young man, frightened away all opposition. They proved satisfactorily that union is indeed strength. Young Radstock was a very good husband. He told me privately that he had fallen in love with Maria the very first day he saw her; and every time I hear from them I am told of a fresh accession to the number of faces that stare across for grandpapa, who generally, when about to pay them a visit, shows himself first at the bow-window. And thus was the old proverb reversed—for two of a trade *did* agree after all.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA, THE FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY OF THE JESUITS.

"Who hath not heard of Loyola's sainted name,
Before whom king's and nations bow'd the knee?"—*Southey.*

This celebrated founder of a still more celebrated and very dangerous fraternity, was a Spaniard; he was born (according to some authors) in the year 1491, at the castle of Loyola in Guipuscoa, whis is a part of Biscay, adjoining the Pyrenean mountains: but others place the date of his birth in 1495. In early youth he was distinguished by a pregnancy of wit and discreetness far above his years; with an obliging and affable, but very irritable disposition, combined with an eager desire of renown. His relative, the Duke of Najara, superintended his education, and very early introduced him to the court of Ferdinand V., King of Spain, to whom he soon became a page, and by whom he was afterwards appointed an officer in the Spanish army. In this capacity he signalised himself equally by his valour, and by an eager pursuit of licentious pleasures and vices: he had also a poetic taste, and even composed a poem in honour of his tutelar saint, Peter.

In the year 1521, when he was about thirty years of age, or, as some will have it, in his twenty-sixth year, he was one of the garrison of the city of Pampeluna* when it was besieged by the French. The assailants having made a breach in the wall, Loyola mounted the breach, sword in hand, to resist the attack, when a piece of stone, which was broken off from the ramparts by a cannon-ball, bruised his left leg, and, at the same time, the ball rebounded, and broke his right. This accident was the cause of his quitting the army, and the original means of raising him to that eminence which he afterwards enjoyed as the patron of *the Society of Jesus;* a society which speedily eclipsed the existing institutions dependent on the church of Rome.

Ignatius suffered much from his broken leg, which was unskilfully treated, and consequently long under the surgeon's hands. It is related that, after the wound was cured, the end of a bone stuck out under his knee, and disfigured his leg. Ignatius having been a spruce young gallant, and being desirous to appear again in the most comely fashion, caused it to be cut off, so that his boot might sit more handsomely; nor would he suffer himself to be bound during the performance of the operation.

"When long care
Restored his shatter'd leg, and set him free,
He would not brook a slight deformity,
As one who being gay and debonair,
In courts conspicuous, as in camps must be,
So he forsooth, a shapely boot must wear;
And the vain man, with peril of his life,
Laid the recover'd limb again beneath the knife."
Southey's "Tale of Paraguay."

It is also asserted that, the wound having caused one of his thighs to shrink, Ignatius, fearful that lameness would ensue, put himself for many days together upon a kind of rack,* and, with an instrument of iron, violently stretched and drew out his leg, in order to render it equal with the other. But all these ridiculous effects of his inordinate vanity were as vain in their execution as their intent, as he could never extend the shrunken limb, which ever after remained shorter than the other; and that lameness which he so much dreaded, was permanently settled upon him.

In the course of his confinement with the broken limb, he was obliged to have recourse to books to beguile the tedium of inactivity.

"Long time upon the bed of pain he lay,
Whiling with books the weary hours away,
And from that circumstance, and this vain man,
A train of long events their course began,
Whose term it is not given us yet to see."—*Southey.*

Among others, he met with a romantically written volume of *The Lives of the Saints.* This book made a powerful impression on his mind, and strongly incited him to obtain distinction as an adventurer and a religious devotee. Immediately, therefore, on the re-establishment of his health, he forsook the military for the ecclesiastical profession, and commenced his endeavours to obtain disciples. He first devoutly dedicated himself to the Blessed Virgin Mary, as her knight; after which he performed a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, during which he voluntarily suffered many hardships and privations; his object being to become eminent in afflicting his body. It is recorded that, throughout this pilgrimage, he wore a cassock of coarse canvass, girded with a cord, instead of a coat, and would have gone barefooted, but that he was obliged to wear a buskin† on the foot of the broken leg. Thus habited, and having a bottle and a pilgrim's staff, he performed the weary journey, having first given his horse to the monastery of Montserrat,‡ suspended his sword and dagger at the altar, and spent the night of Lady-day (1522), before the same altar, in watching and prayer.

During this pilgrimage he so mortified and tormented his body, that, from a lusty and strong man, he became exceedingly weak and infirm. It was his custom to live throughout his journey by begging from the poor: he suffered his beard, nails, and hair to grow, without cutting or combing; he slept, if in a house, on the bare ground, or on a board; and, if travelling, he laid himself down wherever he might chance to be when night arrived; but he generally passed great part of the night in watching, weeping, and prayers; scourged himself three times a day, and often spent seven hours together on his

* The capital of the kingdom of Navarre, in Spain. It is a rich bishopric, has a strong citadel, is handsome and populous, and a place of very considerable trade.

* The rack is an instrument of torture, by which the limbs of a criminal are violently stretched till the joints are dislocated. It has long been disused in England, but is still employed in foreign countries. A specimen of the ancient rack is preserved in the Tower of London.

† A kind of rough boot, covering the foot and mid-leg, and tied with thongs underneath the knee. It is generally made with a thick and clumsy sole, and is adapted to either leg.

‡ A mountain of Catalonia, in Spain, on which stands a celebrated monastery of Benedictine monks, and a splendid church dedicated to the Virgin Mary, containing a famous statue of the Virgin. Montserrat is also thickly studded with hermitages on its various romantic heights. This mountain is one of the most singular in the world for its situation, shape, and composition. It stands alone in a very hilly country, towering majestically above all the surrounding eminences. It is composed of numerous steep rocks, which, at a distance, seem indented like the teeth of a saw. From this appearance the mountain derives its name, from the Latin word *serra*, a saw. The beauty, richness, and variety of the landscapes discoverable from the elevated points of Montserrat, are indescribable; but some idea of their extent may be formed, when we say, that the islands of Majorca and Minorca, in the Mediterranean sea, at a distance of sixty leagues, or 130 miles, may be seen from its highest station.

knees. These austerities so debilitated his body, that in 1523 he had become so weak and feeble as scarcely to be able to put one foot before the other. At length, after excessive suffering, often falling in his attempts to drag himself along, he contrived to reach Rome, where he remained fifteen days; after which he journeyed in the same manner to Venice, whence he embarked for Cyprus,* and finally arrived at Jerusalem,† on the 4th of September, 1524.

On his return from Palestine, Ignatius continued his theological studies in the Spanish universities; from whence he went to Paris, where he perfected himself in the Latin language, and in other studies, philosophical and theological. Whilst he resided in France, he composed the institutes of his new order, which he denominated the *Society of Jesus*, and the members of which have therefrom been known by the name of *Jesuits*. These institutes, together with his proposals for the establishment of the fraternity, he submitted to the consideration of the Pope, Paul III., who made many objections to them, but referred them to the examination of three cardinals. This committee violently opposed the measure, and represented it as unnecessary and dangerous. Ignatius, being enthusiastic in his designs, and determined to accomplish his object, immediately made such offers as no pontiff could easily resist. He proposed that, besides the usual vows of poverty, chastity, and monastic obedience, which are taken by all orders of regulars, the members of his society should take a vow of implicit obedience to the Pope, and should bind themselves to go whithersoever he should at any time command for the service of religion, without requiring anything from him for their support.

These proffers were irresistible. The papal see‡ had been, and still was, suffering under the repeatedly successful attacks on its tenets and superstitions, which were violently directed against them by the reformers and their disciples, and several nations had revolted from the papal authority; therefore, at so critical a juncture, the acquisition of a set of men so peculiarly devoted to the see of Rome as the Jesuits would undoubtedly prove, and who would be arrayed in opposition to its foes, was an object of the highest consequence. Consequently, the proposals of the crafty and aspiring Ignatius were instantly acceded to, and, on the 27th of September, 1541, the society received a bull of confirmation from Paul III., and the grant of many very extensive privileges.

Thus was established a fraternity which has, through succeeding ages, proved the bane and terror of the peace and liberties of mankind. Under the specious mask of religious zeal, the Jesuits have constantly concealed the vilest passions. Bigoted intolerance; complete devotedness to the interests of the papacy and their own order; active and general espionage§ into, and interference with, the most secret and important affairs, as well of states and governments as of individuals; the direction, according to their own will, of the education of youth, so as to train them up to their own ends, and to enlist them, when of proper age, in their own interest; consummate duplicity and cunning; passive obedience to their own superiors, and despotic influence over the rest of mankind; these, and all such views, motives, and rules of conduct as would tend to their own interest and to the increase of their power and wealth, formed the profound and artful policy of the Jesuits.

Unhappily for mankind, the vast influence which they acquired by these different means, has been often exerted with the most pernicious effect.

Upon the establishment of this dangerous association, Loyola was naturally appointed its general. In this office, by the institutions of the order, he became possessed of the most despotic power. By his sole authority he could at pleasure appoint or remove every officer employed in the government of the society: in him was vested the sovereign administration of the revenues and funds of the order; every member belonging to it was at his disposal; and, by his uncontrollable mandate, he could impose on them any task, or employ them in whatever service he pleased. His commands were revered as if from a Deity; and, under his direction, the members of the society were mere passive instruments to effect his will. His influence became thus so extended over, not only the secluded brethren of the order, but over the minds of its agents and the people with whom they associated in different parts of the world, that the annals of mankind do not present such another example of perfect despotism.

The zeal of Ignatius and his coadjutors soon advanced the fortunes of the fraternity with an astonishing rapidity, and raised it to a height from which it looked with proud superiority on every other institution that papal authority had incorporated. It was thus eminently qualified for its subsequent attacks on the repose and liberties of mankind.

Ignatius enjoyed this exalted station of power and authority about fifteen years, and at length died on the 31st of July, 1556, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

After his death he was canonised* by the pope, and is now revered as a saint, by the Roman Catholics, who observe the festival in commemoration of him on the anniversary of his decease. Their legends contain many ridiculous and blasphemous fables concerning him; and they foolishly believe that he in his life-time performed, and that his relics still have the power to perform, miracles.

The society of the Jesuits flourished undisturbed in many countries till different periods; but was finally abolished by Pope Clement XIV. in 1773. To the eternal disgrace, however, of the late pope, it was revived in 1816, and still exercises its infamous powers and dangerous interference in secular affairs, though to a less extent than formerly, owing to the increase of knowledge among mankind in general.

THE STAR AND THE LILY:

A LEGEND OF THE OJIBBEWAY INDIANS.

An old chieftain sat in his wigwam, quietly smoking his favourite pipe, when a crowd of Indian boys and girls suddenly entered and with numerous offerings of tobacco, begged him to tell them a story. Then the old man began;—

"There was once a time when this world was filled with happy people, when all nations were as one, and the crimson tide of war had not begun to roll. Plenty of game was in the forest and on the plains. None were in want, for a supply was at hand. Sickness was unknown. The beasts of the field were tame, and they came and went at the bidding of man. One unending spring gave no place for winter—for its cold blasts or its unhealthy chills. Every tree and bush yielded fruit.

Flowers carpeted the earth; the air was laden with their fragrance and redolent with the songs of married warblers, that flew from branch to branch, fearing none, for there was none to harm them. There were birds then of more beautiful song and plumage than now.

It was at such a time, when earth was a paradise, and man worthily its possessor, that the Indians were the lone inhabitants of the American wilderness.

They numbered millions, and, living as Nature designed them to live, enjoyed its many blessings. Instead of amusements in close rooms, the sports of the fields were theirs. At night they met on the wide green fields. They watched the stars; they loved to gaze on them, for they believed them to be the residences of the good who had been taken home by the Great Spirit.

One night they saw one star that shone brighter than all others. Its location was far away in the south near a mountain peak. For many nights it was seen, till at length it was doubted by many that the star was as far distant in the southern skies as it seemed to be. This doubt led to an examination, which proved the star to be only a short distance, and near the tops of some trees.

A number of warriors were deputed to go and see what it was. They went, and on their return said it appeared strange and somewhat like a bird. A committee of the wise men were called to inquire into it, and, if possible, ascertain the meaning of the strange phenomenon.

They feared that it might be the omen of some disaster.—Some thought it the precursor of good, others of evil, and some supposed it to be the star spoken of by their forefathers as the forerunner of a dreadful war.

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*An island in the Mediterranean sea.

† The capital of Judea, or Palestine. It was the scene of our Saviour's sufferings, and is often emphatically called *the Holy City*.

‡ The dominion of the pope.

§ Secret inquiry, and procurement of intelligence.

* *Canonised*—declared to be a saint. The act of declaring a deceased person to be a saint, is called *canonisation*, because the day on which the new saint's memory is to be celebrated, is accordingly noted by the pope in the Roman Catholic *canon*, or ritual for the observance of festivals.

One moon had nearly gone by, and yet the mystery remained unsolved.

One night a young warrior had a dream, in which a beautiful maiden came and stood at his side, and thus addressed him:

'Young brave! charmed with the lands of thy forefathers, its flowers, its birds, its rivers, its beautiful lakes and mountains covered with green, I have left my sisters in yonder world to dwell among you. Young brave! ask your wise and great men where I can live and see the happy race continually: ask them what form I shall assume in order to be loved.'

Thus discoursed the bright stranger. The young man awoke. On stepping out of his lodge, he saw the star yet blazing in its accustomed place.

At early dawn the chief's crier was sent round the camp to call every warrior to the council-lodge. When they had met the young warrior related his dream. They concluded that the star that had been seen in the south had fallen in love with mankind, and that it was desirous to dwell with them.

The next night five tall, noble-looking, adventurous braves were sent to welcome the stranger to earth.

They went and presented to it a pipe of peace, filled with sweet-scented herbs, and were rejoiced to find it took it from them. As they returned to the village, the star with expanded wing followed, and hovered over their homes till dawn of day.

Again it came to the young man in a dream, and desired to know where it should live, and what form it should take.

Places were named. On the top of giant trees, or in flowers. At length it was told to choose itself a place, and it did so.

At first it dwelt in the white rose of the mountains; but there it was so buried it could not be seen. It went to the prairie, but it feared the hoof of the buffalo. It next sought the rocky cliff, but there it was so high that the children whom it loved most could not see it.

'I know where I shall live,' said the bright fugitive, "where I can see the gliding canoe of the race I most admire. Children; yes, they shall be my playmates, and I will kiss their brows when they slumber by the side of cool lakes. The nations shall love me wherever I am.'

These words having been said, she alighted on the waters where she saw herself reflected. The next morning thousands of white flowers were seen on the surface of the lakes, and the Indians gave them this name, *Wah-be-gwon-nee* (White Lily).

Now (continued the old man) this star lived in the southern skies. Its brethren can be seen far off in the cold north, hunting the great bear, whilst her sisters watch her in the east and west.

Children! when you see the lily on the waters, take it in your hands and hold it to the skies, that it may be happy on earth as its two sisters, the morning and evening stars, are happy in heaven."

WATER GAS.

Can gas be produced from water? This question has at length been answered in the affirmative; and the question of supremacy between coal gas and water gas, has, it appears, received a practical solution in Paris. An apparatus, described some years ago a Mr. Jobard, of Brussels, has been erected by Mr. Chillard in the workshops of Mr. Christofle, the well known silver-plater. Gas produces flame by its combination with oxygen; this combination develops heat, and if there are in the gas particles of solid substances, it heats them so much that they give light; but if there be no such particles, the molecules of gas are so far apart, and so small, that the flame is hardly visible, like that of alcohol. Coal gas is a mixture, of which the largest part is carburet of hydrogen, and in burning the hydrogen furnishes the heat which makes the carbon give light until the latter is consumed. Water gas is pure hydrogen obtained by separating the two elements of water, hydrogen and oxygen; and in burning, it develops much more heat than any other substance, but gives no light. The new apparatus consists of a furnace and two retorts of cast iron, into which an iron tube is introduced, intended to let in steam, and whose extremity pierced by a number of small holes, is of platinum, in order to obviate oxydation and obstruction. The retorts being heated red-hot, a layer of powdered charcoal is placed in them, and as soon as they are closed, the jet of steam follows by the opening of a faucet, the steam-pipe being in communication with the boilers of the establishment. Oxygen having more affinity for heated carbon than for hydrogen, leaves the latter, and with the carbon, produces carbonic acid, which gas, mixed with hydrogen, now freed, is pushed out of the retort to the purifier through a large pipe. The purifier, much like those now used for coal gas, contains dried lime, which absorbs the carbonic acid, and produces carbonate of lime. The hydrogen gas, thus rendered completely pure, is conducted to a gasometer, and is ready for use.

The particles here introduced in the flame form a solid body, a resisting and durable substance, consisting simply of a wick of fine platinum wire suspended over the gas-burner; when heated by the flame, it dazzles by its brilliancy. This is made on the principle of the Drummond light.

The lime used in the purifier being transformed into carbonate of lime, a single calcination restores it again, so that the same may be indefinitely used, which is not the case when used for coal gas, since in that gas it absorbs not only carbonic, but sulphydric acid also. The price of coal gas in Paris is ten cents a cubic *metre* (about thirty-eight cubic feet); the cost of fabrication of water gas is 2½ cents. If these results have been carefully observed and proved, they will attract much attention. The importance of the interest engaged in gas-making may be understood by knowing that in the city of Paris alone 100,000 tons of bituminous coal are yearly used in that manufacture, producing twenty-five millions of cubic *metres* of gas, sufficient for eighty-five thousand gas-burners. Coal gas has disadvantages which water gas has not. It is unhealthy and destructive; unhealthy, because in burning it produces not only water but carbonic acid, and often contains sulphydric acid; it is destructive, because sulphydric acid turns all lead paints black, though it has not that effect on the new zinc paints, and it attacks metals. It is true that this acid ought not to be in the gas, but it always gets in, and we have seen the stock of a cutler spoiled by it in the course of a week. The manufacture of water gas, however imperfect, will not leave this acid, since there is none in water or charcoal.

CASSELL'S EDITION OF EUCLID.

For the first time in the history of literature has the work of the famous Greek Geometrician been brought within the reach of the sons of labour. We have here the Elements of Geometry, as comprised in the first six and the eleventh and twelfth books of Euclid, neatly bound in a paper cover, for a shilling, or in cloth for eighteen pence. Of course anything like criticism on such a work would be misplaced; but we may mention, that the text of Robert Simson, the standard editor of Euclid, has been carefully revised and annotated by Professor Wallace, the editor of the *Popular Educator*. The style has been much simplified and modernised, and its technicalities in great part removed. Many new demonstrations of propositions have been given, in addition to those of the original author, and there have been added such explanations and commentaries by the new editor, as tend to render many obscure sentences plain, and many crooked passages straight. Advantages are thus laid open to the purchasers of Cassell's Shilling Euclid, which the readers of the most expensive editions never before possessed. To enlarge on the usefulness of geometry as a science, or to advise working men to pursue it, would be mere commonplaces; but, in the words of the preface, we may conclude by saying, that Euclid is now placed within the reach of all who are desirous of making themselves acquainted with this masterpiece of reasoning, with the foundation of all the sciences, with the basis of all the arts of design and machinery, and with the origin of all the processes relating to the measurement and calculation of surfaces and solids, required both in the arts of life and the arts of production.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art.—The First Volume of this splendidly embellished work, is now ready, and may be had in stiff covers, at 4s. 8d.; handsomely bound, price 6s. 6d., or extra cloth gilt edges, 7s. 6d. It contains upwards of Two Hundred principal Engravings and an equal number of minor Engravings, Diagrams, &c.

History of Hungary, with upwards of Eighty Illustrations.—The First Volume of the New Series of The Working Man's Friend, neatly bound in cloth, price 3s. 6d., contains the completest History of Hungary ever published; also a History of China and the Chinese, with Forty-six Illustrations of the Manners, Customs, Public Buildings, Domestic Scenes, &c, of this most remarkable people; together with numerous instructive Tales and Narratives; Biographies, with Portraits; Scientific and Miscellaneous Articles, &c.

Cassell's Emigrants' Handbook, a Guide to the various Fields of Emigration in all Parts of the Globe, Second Edition, with considerable Additions, and a Map of Australia, with the Gold Regions clearly marked, is now ready, price 9d.

The Pathway, a Monthly Religious Magazine, is published on the 1st of every month, price twopence—32 pages enclosed in a neat wrapper. No. 32, for August, is now ready, and Vols. I. and II., neatly bound in cloth and lettered, price 2s. 3d. each, may be obtained by order of any Bookseller.

Scripture Library for the Young, in Shilling Volumes.—The first two volumes of this instructive series of works, "The Life of Joseph," illustrated with sixteen choice engravings and maps, and "The Tabernacle, its Priests, and Services," with twelve engravings, are now ready. "The Life of Moses" is in the press.

MISCELLANEA.

PEOPLE often wonder why men of great genius often have married very commonplace, unlearned women. It seems to me perfectly natural. No woman however accomplished in the ordinary sense can come within many degrees of a man of great talent. What difference then can it make to such a man whether he be ten miles or only nine miles and three-quarters before his partner? This is one of the miseries of genius, that it can have no companion.

GOOD READING ought not to be confused with what players call "reading." The reading of players is acting, only the acting is in a plain coat and standing behind a table; but this is not what is meant by reading in the ordinary sense.

IN literature be sure you never suffer the "simple" to degenerate into the "silly."

CLEVER SCHOLARS.—"The boy at the head of the class will state what were the *dark ages* of the world." Boy hesitates. "Next—Master Smith, can't you tell what the dark ages were?" "I guess they were ages just before the invention of *spectacles*." "Go to your seats."

IT has always seemed to me to be one of the best proofs of a healthy mind when the spirits rise and are buoyant in the country and by the sea-shore, amidst the scenes of nature. The mind that feels keenly the beauties of creation and is affected by a lively joy and admiration when amongst them must, I think, be much as it was intended by its divine Creator.

CREATOR.—Souls who cannot live out of the smoke of cities, the stink of the lamp, the fumes of the tavern, or the meretricious delights of what is miscalled "life" and "gaiety" are either diseased souls or degraded souls, or probably both. To such people I have a decided misliking, and between them and me a "gulf is fixed." One of the best lines Cowper ever wrote is,

"God made the country, and man made the town."

I am for God's work.

THE porpoise is good eating, though now not used: a steak from it, broiled, eats like a beef steak; not from the finest part of the beef, but short, rich, tender, and well flavoured. Our ancestors gave high prices for this fish.

IT never could be driven into me that the fashionable greenhouse exotic plants, &c., are comparable to our native flowers and shrubs. They are splendid sometimes such as the "camelia japonica" and the different "cacti;" but they want picturesque leaf and want (the best of all) fragrance. What "cactus" or "japonica" is equal to the moss-rose? To me the fine *old English white rose*, which in good soil grows to eight feet high and bears scores of rich flowers, steeping the air in fragrance, is the queen of all flowering shrubs! In horticulture I am a "Lancastrian," determined to honour the old "Temple-garden," where they grew when "the Wars of the Roses" commenced.

THE COST OF WAR.—The cost for powder alone of a single discharge of the armament of a line of battle ship of 120 guns is upwards of £20. The cost for powder alone of the firing of a morning and evening gun exceeds £100 a year.

LIBERTY.—Brasidas, the famous Lacedemonian General, caught a mouse! it bit him, and by that means made its escape. "There is no creature exclaimed he that is so contemptible, but that it may have its liberty, if it will but contend for it?"

FRENCH NOTIONS OF JOHN BULL.—Notwithstanding the constant communication between England and France—notwithstanding the vast number of Frenchmen who have visited London, and the immense number of English always residing at Paris—the French seem to be as much convinced as ever that *milord* John Bull is utterly unlike all the rest of humanity in his way of thinking, acting, dressing, eating, and in every other respect whatsoever. There is not a week in which their newspapers do not make one of his sons the hero of some absurd adventure. The other day, for example, it was gravely stated that one English *milord*, on passing a provision shop, was seen to burst into tears at the sight of a haunch of venison, he having recognised, by a peculiar mark, that it was that of a deer named Billy, which he had tenderly loved, and he immediately rushed into the shop, "with a handful of bank notes," to purchase the haunch and preserve it from the profanation of being cooked. A *feuilletoniste*, hard-up for matter, always brings forward some extravagant *eccentricite*, perpetrated by a *milord* or a *miladi*. On the stage, our countrymen are almost invariably represented as carrying with them a huge bottle of prussic acid, that they may be able to commit suicide whenever the whim takes them. At the Palais Royal there was lately in performance a piece which the Parisians consider a faithful picture of English manners. A French artist, on his last legs, makes his fortune by buying at Smithfield-market the wife of his landlord, and selling her immediately after to a Peer for thirty-fold the cost price. The said Peer (he wears a red Turkish cap as a mark of his dignity) afterwards sells her back to her husband in order that he may marry the daughter of his own brother, who is a policeman!

SHAKSPEARE A PLAGIARIST.—Capel, the commentator, once quoting two lines from a speech in Henry VI., declared that "he who could not discern the pen that wrote them ought never to pretend to discernment hereafter." Unfortunately for Capel, in 1841 there was sold a play by Marlowe, from which it appeared that the whole speech of which he had quoted the opening was Marlowe's, but that it had been appropriated with slight alterations by Shakspeare. Here are the openings of the two speeches:—

MARLOWE.

Glo'st. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sinke *into* the ground? I *had* thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weepes for the poore King's death!
Now maie such purple teares be alwaies shed,
For such as seeke the downefall of our house!
If anie sparke of life remaine in thee, (*Stabs him againe*)
Downe, downe to Hell, and saie I sent thee thither.

SHAKSPEARE.

Glo'st. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor King's death!
Oh may such purple tears be always shed
From those who wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Downe, downe to Hell, and say I sent thee thither. (*Stabs him again.*)

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N.—It is only under very peculiar circumstances that you could obtain ordination as a minister of the Church of England without a regular college education. To enter either of the Universities, you must have a tolerable knowledge of the classics and of mathematics; you must reside there four years, which, with strict economy, will cost you from £70 to £100 a year. The degree of attainment required in a candidate for ordination depends much upon the character and views of the person, the bishop, or his chaplain, by whom you may be examined.

YOUNG THOMAS.—Yes, you may expect to see a good biography of your "favourite Franklin" in an early number of the "Popular Educator."

MARIANNE.—Mrs. L. H. Sigourney is a native of America. She was born at Norwich, Connecticut, and is, if we mistake not, about 50 years of age. The "long poems" you inquire about, must be her "Oriska and Porcanontas," stories founded on the ancient lore of her own country.

J. P. TATE.—You should direct your inquiries to the Secretary of the East India Company, Leadenhall-street.

AN INQUIRER.—"Bear's Grease" is usually recommended for the purpose you name—that of promoting the growth and thickness of the hair. But the fact is, first, that this, in reality, possesses no superiority over any other animal fat; and, secondly, that the mass of that which is sold for "bear's grease" is really hog's lard! The following is an approved recipe:—Hog's lard, 16 ounces; flowers of benzoin and palm-oil, of each ½ ounce; melt together until combined, and stir until cold. This will keep for some time, and may be scented at pleasure.

TYRO.—The *Aborigines* were the original inhabitants of Italy, fabled to have been polished by Saturn, and brought by him from Egypt and placed in Italy. The word is now used to describe the first inhabitants of any country.

MARY.—The sentence you have sent us—*Asutato, e Dio l' asutero*—is an Italian proverb and may be translated thus:—"Help yourself, and God will help you."

A COTTAGER.—The Papers on "Cottage Economy" appeared in the fifth volume of the "Working Man's Friend." They relate to the modes of rearing bees, poultry, rabbits, chicks, and the preservation of eggs.

ELIZABETH.—Descriptions of Niagara abound; you will find a beautiful and original one, written expressly for the "Working Man's Friend," by an eye-witness, in No. 53 of the First Series, or Volume 5, page 11.—Your friend will not be able to obtain any assistance from Government; it assists none but practical agriculturists and farmers.

T. T. T.—We cannot recommend you to apply to the office you mention. The majority of those advertisers who promise to obtain situations for persons sending them certain sums of money, are mere adventurers, who have no power to fulfil their promises. Instances of heartless robberies of this kind are occurring every day.

A WORKING CARPENTER.—There are various modes of protecting timber from the *dry-rot*, but they are not very easy of application by an individual, as expensive apparatus is required. The most successful modes have been those on the principle of impregnating the timber, or filling the pores, with some antiseptic substance—as creasote, pyrolignite of iron, &c. The process called *Paynising*, from the name of the inventor, has recently been much used. This process consists in filling the pores of the wood with a solution of chloride of lime, and next forcing in a solution of sulphate of iron, by which an insoluble sulphate of iron is formed in the body of the wood, rendering the latter extremely hard.

W. F. H.—The office of the "Truss Society" is in Hatton-garden, Holborn. Address your letter to the secretary at that place.

CHARLES.—"*Pompey's* Pillar" was a column erected on the shore of Alexandria, to commemorate certain splendid victories obtained by "Pompey the Great," or "Cneius Pompeius Magnus," a celebrated Roman statesman and warrior, the contemporary and rival of Julius Cæsar.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.—III.

AN EPITOME OF RUSSIAN HISTORY.

THE ruling passion of Peter the Great was a desire to extend his empire and consolidate his power; and accordingly his first act was to make war on the Turks, an undertaking which was at the outset imprudently conducted and, consequently, unsuccessful; he lost 30,000 men before Azoff, and did not obtain permanent possession of the town till the year 1699, and then by an armistice. In the following year he was defeated at Narva by an inferior force under Charles XII., then only a boy of seventeen; and on many other occasions the Russians suffered severe checks and reverses. But at length the indomitable perseverance of Peter prevailed. In 1705 he carried Narva, the scene of his former defeat, by assault; and two years after, by the crowning victory of Pultava, where he showed the qualities of an able general, he sealed the fate of his gallant and eccentric adversary and the nation over which he ruled. 1711 Peter once more took the field against the Turks; but his troops were badly provisioned, and, having led them into a very disadvantageous position near the Pruth, he was reduced to propose a peace, one of the conditions of which was that the king of Sweden should be permitted to return to his own country. From this period to 1718 he was constantly occupied in pursuing with vigour the plans which he had originated for extending the frontiers of his kingdom towards the west; and in 1718 he drove the Swedes out of Finland, made several descents upon the coast near Stockholm, destroyed whole towns, obliged her navy to fly, and, finally, in 1721, by the peace of Nystadt, retained Esthonia, Livonia, Ingria, a part of Carelia and Finland, as well as the islands of Dago, Moen, Oesel, &c. Having now no enemy on this side, he turned his arms eastward, and took Derbend, on the Caspian, in 1724—an inglorious conquest, for only 6,000 men were opposed to his veteran army of 11,000, be-

A WINTER SCENE IN RUSSIA.

sides Cossacks and Kalmucks. This was his last military achievement, for he died in 1725 in the fifty-second year of his age.

We have said the Tzar's ruling passion was to extend his empire and consolidate his power, but he likewise possessed in an eminent degree the national characteristics—a persevering mind and a resolute will, which bid defiance to all difficulties. By the assistance of his foreign officers he succeeded in forming and bringing into a high state of discipline a large army; he found Russia without a fishing-smack, and bequeathed to her a navy to which that of Sweden, long established and highly efficient, lowered her flag; he built Petersburg, which may be said to float upon the waters of the Neva; he caused canals and other works of public utility to be constructed in various parts of his empire, endowed colleges and universities, and established commercial relations with China and almost every other nation on the globe. The Tzar likewise possessed the capability of enduring privation and bodily fatigue to an almost incredible extent, and seemed to act upon the idea that by his own personal exertions and the versatility of his genius he could accomplish for Russia that which it had taken centuries to effect in other countries, and fancied he could infuse into her citizens an immediate appreciation of the mechanical and polite arts, as well as a taste for those things which are seen only in an advanced state of civilisation. Peter devoted his whole attention and energies to this theory, and, though he could not compass impossibilities, he was enabled, by the uncontrolled exercise of the imperial will and inexhaustible resources, to effect a most extraordinary and rapid change in the political and physical condition of his country.

His manual dexterity and mechanical knowledge were great. Against the express wish of his boyards and the clergy, who thought it an irreligious act, he left Russia to make himself acquainted with the arts and inventions of other European nations, and worked with an adze in their principal dockyards —he not only built, but sailed his own boat, which is still to be seen in St. Petersburg, as are specimens of his engraving, turning, and carpenter's work. He rose at four, at six he was either in the senate or the admiralty, and his subjects must have believed that he had the gift of ubiquity, so many and various were his occupations. He had also the virtue of economy, a quality rarely seen in a sovereign. He even found time to dabble in literature, and translated several works into Russian; among these was the "Architecture" of Leclerc, and the "Art of Constructing Dams and Mills" by Sturm; these MSS. are preserved. During the Tzar's visit to London he was much gazed at by the populace, and on one occasion was upset by a porter who pushed against him with his load, when lord Carmarthen, fearing there would be a pugilistic encounter, turned angrily to the man, and said, "Don't you know that this is the Tzar?" "Tzar!" replied the man, with his tongue in his cheek, "we are all Tzars here." Sauntering one day into Westminster Hall with the same nobleman, when it was as usual alive with wigs and gowns, Peter asked who these people might be, and, when informed that they were lawyers, nothing could exceed his astonishment. "Lawyers!" he said, "why I have but two in all my dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of them the moment I get home." His vices were such as to have been expected in a man of his violent temperament, despotic in a barbarous country, and who in early life had been surrounded by flatterers and dissolute associates. But it would be foreign to the purpose of this work to enter into a discussion of this nature. The Russians date their civilisation from his reign; but a slight glance at the history of some of the early Tzars will show that, in many of the points on which the greatness of his reputation rests, he was anticipated by his predecessors. Dark and savage as the history of the country is, an attempt at public education had been made, religious toleration and an anxiety to promote commerce existed, and the institution of a code of laws had already occupied their attention. The untimely deaths of some of these princes deprived Russia of monarchs far more benevolent than Peter, men of finer and more generous minds, and, though not so ambitious, quite as anxious for her welfare. Under their sway no such rush at improvement would have been made; no such influx of foreigners would have taken place; but, if not so rapidly, at least as surely these sovereigns would have effected quite as much real good. Peter left no code of laws established on the broad principles of justice; he travelled in England and Holland, but thought only of their navies, and wholly overlooked the great principles of their government, by which he might have ameliorated the condition of his own. Trial by jury never appears to have attracted his attention. The Tzar, it is true, reigned over a nation of serfs—so did Alfred, and in the 9th instead of the 18th century. The empress Catherine survived him only two years, dying at the age of thirty-nine. The reduction of the capitation tax was the most popular act of her short reign, and Delille, Baer, and the Bernouillis were the most distinguished members of the Academy of Sciences she established. Peter, the son of Alexis, and grandson of Peter the Great (by his first wife Eudoxia, who survived Catherine), died of the small-pox at the age of fifteen; in him the male line of the Romanoffs became extinct. His intellect was good, and, though so young, he gave great promise of being an honour and a blessing to his country. Anne, duchess of Courland, who followed this youthful sovereign, was daughter of Ivan, half-brother of Peter the Great; she died in 1740, after reigning ten years. Her chief merit was in advancing the commerce of the country and establishing silk and woollen manufactories —her chief folly, the building a palace of ice, to which she sent a prince Galitzin, one of her buffoons, and his wife, to pass the night of their wedding-day, the nuptial couch was also constructed of this cold material, as well as all the furniture, and four cannons which fired several rounds. A war which was prosecuted against the Turks in this reign, ended to the disadvantage of Russia, and, as the price of peace, Azoff, Otchakof, and Moldavia were given up to the Porte. Intrigues drove Ivan VI., the infant son of the princess of Brunswick, neice of the empress Anne, from the throne, and in 1741, Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, took possession of it.

Her reign was one series of wars and intrigues, and wholly unfavourable to the intellectual improvement and progress of the people. The Swedes thought this a favourable moment to recover their ancient possessions, but were obliged to agree to a peace on the basis of that of Nystad. Detesting Frederic for some coarse remark levelled at her mother, Elizabeth made war with Prussia, which lasted from 1753 to 1762, the year of her death. The taste of this empress for architecture greatly contributed to embellish St. Petersburg, and the Academy of Painting and Sculpture in that capital was instituted by her; but she was a model of hypocrisy, and, while from feelings of pretended humanity she abolished capital punishments and deplored the miseries her troops suffered in the war with Prussia, she established a kind of star chamber in which justice and mercy were unknown. Peter III., son of the princess Anne, eldest daughter of Peter the Great, succeeded Elizabeth, and, being a great friend of Frederic, he immediately made peace with Prussia; he also suppressed the secret council established for the examination of political offenders, softened the rigour of military discipline, permitted his nobles to travel, lowered the duties in the Livonian ports, reduced the price of salt, and abated the pressure of usury by the establishment of a loan bank, and instituted other salutary and wise measures. He was, however, of a weak and vacillating disposition, and his tastes were entirely German, which amounted to a crime in the eyes of the nobility; this, and the intrigues of his wife, afterwards the empress Catherine II., whom he grossly neglected, led to his downfall, and he terminated his days in the prison of Ropscha in 1762.

The reign of this extraordinary woman is one of the most remarkable in the Russian history. In the early part of it she interfered in the affairs of Poland, which produced a civil war, and ended in the conquest of that country. In 1769 the Turks declared war, which was at first favourable to their arms; they were afterwards defeated with great slaughter on the Dniester, and abandoned Choczim. At this period was fought the celebrated action before Tchesme, in which the Turkish fleet was completely destroyed; an achievement that was mainly owing to the gallant conduct of admirals Elphinstone and Greig, and Lieutenant Dugdale, Englishmen in the Russian service. In another campaign the Russians carried the lines of Perecop, defended by 57,000 Turks and Tartars, and thus obtained possession of the Crimea, and Romanzoff gained several victories in the Danubian provinces. These conquests were, however, dearly purchased; the plague

passed from the Turks into the Russian armies, and the frightful malady was carried by the troops into the very heart of the country; 800 persons died daily at Moscow, and the disease subsided only with the severity of the winter. It was in this year that the Kalmuck Tartars, who had been upwards of half a century settled near the steppes of the Volga, north of Astrakan, suddenly, and to the number of 350,000 souls, left the Russian territory for their old haunts on the Chinese border—an affront offered to them by the empress is said to have been the cause of this extraordinay flight. Every attempt at negotiation having failed, the contest with the Turks was renewed in 1773, and though the Russians again suffered severe losses, Romanzoff brought the war to a successful termination, and, by the treaty of peace concluded in 1774, his country obtained the free navigation of the Euxine, the cession of Kilburn, Yenikalé, with a tract between the Bug, the Dnieper, and the Taganrog. Russia restored her other conquests, and the Turks paid into the Russian Treasury 4,000,000 of rubles towards the expenses of the war; also, they asknowledged the independence of the Crimea, which in the year 1784 fell altogether into the hands of Russia, as well as the Island of Taman and part of the Kuban. Shortly after this, Catherine and the northern courts, with France, jealous of the British maritime power, brought about a combination against England, which was hastened by the following singular incident:—The British minister, fearing that this intrigue was going on, desired Potemkin to lay before the empress a memorial that he had drawn up, which the prince promised to do. Of this memorial the French governess of his nieces contrived to possess herself, and, after allowing the French minister to make his notes in refutation of it in the margin, replaced it in Potemkin's pocket, who, ignorant of the circumstance, laid it before Catherine; when the empress, conceiving the notes to have been made by her favourite, formed a league with Sweden and Denmark, and announced her intention of supporting it with her navy. In 1787 she made, in company with Potemkin and an immense suite, her famous progress to the Crimea, and the following year found her once more at war with the Turks; soon after, Finland was invaded by Gustavus III. This contest was settled by pacification in 1790. In the close of that year Constantinople trembled at the forward movement of the Russians, and the fall of Ismail under Suwaroff, after the ninth assault, closed the war on the 22nd of December. In this extremity Europe combined to save the Porte from destruction, and in 1791 Russia relinquished all the territory she had acquired, excepting that guaranteed by the treaty of 1784. In these wars with the Ottoman Empire there were destroyed 130,000 Austrians, 200,000 Russians, and 370,000 Turks, in all 660,000 men. About this time the intrigues of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, for the partition of Poland, commenced, and, carried on for several years, were brought to a conclusion by two sieges of Warsaw: in the first, Kosciusko was made prisoner, and in the second the Poles, unassisted by his genius, gave way in that fearful assault which, on the 9th of November, 1794, consummated the ruin of Poland as a nation. Catherine's subsequent plans of aggrandisement in Daghestan and the shores of the Caspian were cut short by her death, on the 9th of November, 1796. The great talents for governing which the empress possessed are universally admitted; and, though her energies were principally displayed in carrying out her schemes of foreign conquest, she by no means neglected the interior economy of her empire. Her views on all subjects were far more enlarged than those of her predecessors, and upwards of 6,800 children were educated at St. Petersburg at the public expense. Catherine invited Pallas, Eüler, and Gmelin to survey her territories and describe their characteristics, and requested D'Alembert to undertake the education of her grandson, the grand duke Alexander, which he declined. The empress also confirmed the abolition of the secret state inquisition, and, by dividing the college of the empire into separate departments, facilitated the despatch of business, and rendered the administration in each more efficient. With a view to check corruption, she raised the salaries of the government officers, put down many monopolies of the crown, and issued an ukase, which prevented any proprietor from sending his serfs to the mines, or any distant part of the empire, except for agricultural purposes. Catherine purchased the praises of the French philosophers, corresponded with Voltaire and D'Alembert, and complimented Fox by asking him for his bust, which she placed between those of Cicero and Demosthenes.

Catherine, possessed of great beauty in her youth, preserved the traces of it to the end of her life; in matters of religion she was tolerant from political motives, extravagant in an extraordinary degree, and, with a woman's liberality, paid well those who served her; and, though there are many acts in her reign which cannot be defended, she did more for the civilisation of Russia than any of her predecessors. She was succeeded by her son Paul, whose short reign, to 1801, was not of any great historical importance. At his coronation he decreed a law of hereditary succession to the crown in the male line, and afterwards in the female, instead of leaving it to the caprice of the reigning Tzar. The emperor declared war against the French in 1799, sent an army into Italy to oppose the republican generals, and through the intervention of England, Suwaroff, who had been banished from the capital by Paul, was recalled, and placed at the head of it. But the campaign in Italy, successful at first, ended unfavourably to the Russian arms—when the emperor suddenly became a great admirer of Bonaparte, and, with the same inconsistency that he exiled Suwaroff, he liberated Kosciusko; subsequently the eccentricity of his actions led to the conclusion that he was of unsound mind. Amongst his ukases was one against the use of shoe-strings and round hats; and in the number of queer whims which infected his brain was a rage for painting with the most glaring colours the watch-boxes, bridges, and gates throughout the empire. The career of Paul was closed in March, 1801, at the castle in St. Petersburg, where he then resided—it is now used as a School for Engineers.

Alexander, the eldest son of the late emperor, succeeded to the throne, being then twenty-four years of age. In the same year he recalled the Siberian exiles, suppressed the secret inquisition, re-established the power of the senate, founded in 1804 the University of Kharkoff, and emancipated the Jews In 1805 the emperor joined the Northern Powers against France, and on the 2nd of December the Austro-Russian army was defeated at Austerlitz. In 1806, Mr. Fox having failed in negotiating a peace between France and Russia, Napoleon overran Prussia, and, Benningsen having evacuated Warsaw, Murat entered that city on the 28th of November. On the 26th of December the French were beaten at Pultowsk, and in February, 1807, the severely contested battle of Eylau was fought, each side having three times lost and won; the deciding move being made by Benningsen, who took Konigsberg by assault. On the 28th May, Dantzig capitulated to the French, and on the 14th of June they won the battle of Friedland; ten days after, Napoleon and Alexander met on a raft moored in the middle of the Niemen, and concluded an armistice, which was a prelude to the treaty of Tilsit, concluded on the 27th of July of the same year. Alexander by this act became the ally of France, which enabled the French to carry on their aggressive policy in Spain. But the injury inflicted on Russian commerce by Napoleon's continental system against England, and his interference with Alexander's conquest in Finland in 1809, roused that sovereign to a sense of his true interests. He broke with France, and the invasion of Russia by the French was the consequence. To prepare for and carry on his defence against this, the emperor made peace with the Porte, and re-established his alliance with Great Britain. The operations which took place during this memorable struggle are so well known, that they will only be briefly adverted to here.

On the 23rd of June, 1812, the French crossed the Niemen and pushed on to Wilna, the Russians carefully retreating, and leaving Napoleon to pass that river on the 28th, and enter the town unopposed. Here the French emperor remained eighteen days, and then, after considerable manœuvring, marched on Vitepsk, where he fully expected to bring the Russians, under Barclay de Tolly, to action. The Russian general, however, declined; and Napoleon, instead of following the advice of his marshals, and wintering on the Dwina, crossed the Dnieper and marched on Smolensk. On the 16th of August he was once more in front of the Russian grand army near that town; but the wary and intelligent De Tolly

had occupied it only to cover the flight of its inhabitants, and carry off or destroy its magazines; and on the following morning Napoleon, to his great mortification, learnt that the enemy, in pursuance of his Fabian tactics, was again off. Smolensk was now taken by assault, the last inhabitants that remained having set fire to it before they left. Up to this time the Russian commander-in-chief had been able to adhere to his plan of drawing the French into the country without risking a general engagement until a favourable opportunity should occur—tactics which were not liked by his army; and Alexander, yielding to the clamour, appointed Kutusoff to the command. The battle of Borodino, sometimes called that of Moskowa, fought on the borders of the government of that name, on the 1st of September, was the result of this change of leaders. The combatants amounted on either side to about 120,000, and the killed and wounded in both to about 80,000. On the 12th Bonaparte again moved forward, his troops by this time nearly famished, and heartily tired of the war, for the day of Borodino had given them a clear idea that the enemy would yield only after a desperate struggle. On

VIEW OF THE STEPPES OF RUSSIA.

Sunday, the 13th, the Russian army marched out of the old capital with silent drums and colours furled, by the Kolomna Gate, and left the city to its fate. In the afternoon of Monday the advanced guard of the French army caught the first view of her golden minarets, and starry domes, and the Kremlin burst upon their sight. "All this is yours," cried Napoleon, when he first gazed upon the goal of his ambition, and a shout of "Moscow! Moscow!" was taken up by the foremost ranks, and carried to the rear of his army. In Moscow they bivouacked the same evening. Ere the night had closed in, their selfish maurauding leader arrived at the Smolensko Gate, and then learnt to his astonishment that 300,000 inhabitants had fled, and that the only Russians who remained in the city were the convicts who had been liberated from the gaols, a few of the rabble, and those who were unable to leave it. On Tuesday, the 15th of September, the mortified victor entered Moscow, and took up his residence in the Kremlin; but here his stay was destined to be short indeed, or on the morning of the 16th it was discovered that a fire, which had at first given but little cause for alarm, could not be restrained—fanned by the wind, it spread rapidly, and consumed the best portion of the city. "The churches," says Labaume, "though covered with iron and lead were destroyed, and with them those graceful steeples which we had seen the night before resplendent in the setting sun; the hospitals, too, which contained more than 20,000 wounded, soon began to burn—a harrowing and dreadful spectacle—and almost all these poor wretches perished! A few who still survived were seen crawling, half-burnt, amongst the smoking ruins, while others were groaning under heaps of dead bodies, endeavouring in vain to extricate themselves. The confusion and tumult which ensued when the work of pillage commenced cannot be conceived. Soldiers, sutlers, galley-slaves, and prostitutes, were seen running through the streets, penetrating into the deserted palaces, and carrying away everything that could gratify their avarice. Some clothed themselves in rich stuffs, silks, and costly furs; others dressed themselves in women's pelisses; and even the galley-slaves concealed their rags under the most splendid court dresses; the rest crowded to the cellars, and forcing open the doors, drank the wine and carried off an immense booty. This horrible pillage was not confined to the deserted houses alone, but extended to the few which were inhabited, and soon the eagerness and wantonness of the plunderers caused devastations which almost equalled those occasioned by the conflagration. "Palaces and temples," writes Karamsin, "monuments of art and miracles of luxury, the remains of past ages and those which had been the creation of yesterday; the tombs of ancestors and the nursery cradles of the present generation were indiscriminately destroyed, nothing was left to Moscow save the remembrance of the city, and the deep resolution to avenge its fate." And how the cause of all these horrors conducted himself let his own countryman tell.

"Towards evening," writes Labaume, "when Napoleon no longer thought himself safe in a city the ruin of which seemed inevitable, he left the Kremlin, and established himself, with his suite, in the Castle of Peterskoi. When I saw him pass by, I could not, without abhorrence, behold the chief of this

barbarous expedition, who evidently endeavoured to escape the decided testimony of public indignation by seeking the darkest road; he sought it, however, in vain; on every side the flames seemed to pursue him, and their horrible glare, flashing on his guilty head, reminded me of the torches of the Eumenides pursuing their victims." On the 20th Napoleon returned to the Kremlin, and soon tried to negotiate with Kutusoff, who replied that no treaty could be entered into so long as a foreigner remained within the frontier. The emperor then requested that he would forward a letter to Alexander. "I will do that," said the Russian general, "provided the word *peace* is not in the letter." To a third proposition Kutusoff replied that it was not the time to treat or enter into an armistice, as the Russians were just about to open the campaign. At length, on the 19th of October, after a stay of thirty-four days, Napoleon left Moscow with his army, consisting of 120,000 men, and 550 pieces of cannon, a vast amount of plunder, and a countless host of camp followers, And now the picture of the advance was to be reversed. Murat was defeated at Malo-Yarowslavitz on the 24th, and an unsuccessful stand was made at Viasma on the 3rd of November. On the 6th, a winter peculiarly early and severe, even for Russia, set in—the thermometer sank 18°—the wind blew furiously—and the soldiers, vainly struggling with the eddying snow, which drove against them with the violence of a whirlwind, could no longer distinguish their road, and, falling into the ditches by the side, there found a grave. Others crawled on badly clothed, with nothing to eat or drink, frost-bitten, and groaning with pain. What scenes did not the retreat then present!—discipline was gone—the soldier no longer obeyed his officer; disbanded, they spread themselves right and left in search of food, and, as the horses fell, fought for their mangled carcasses, and devoured them raw like dogs—many remained by the dying embers of the bivouac fire, and as these expired, an insensibility crept over them which soon became the sleep of death—thus thousands perished. On the 9th of November Napoleon reached Smolensk, and remained till the 15th, when he set out for Krasnoe. From this time to the 26th and 27th, when the French crossed the Beresina, all was utter and hopeless confusion; and in the passage of that river the wretched remnant of their once-powerful army were nearly annihilated—the exact extent of their loss was never known, but a Russian account states that 36,000 bodies were found in the river alone, and burnt after the thaw. On the 5th of December Napoleon deserted the survivors. On the 10th he reached Warsaw, and, on the night of the 18th, his capital and the Tuileries, by the back-door. The army that had too well and enthusiastically served him was disposed of as follows:—

Slain in fight	125,000
Died from fatigue, hunger, and the severity of the climate	132,000
Prisoners	193,000
	450,000

The remains of the grand army which escaped the general wreck (independent of the two auxiliary armies of Austria and Prussia, which knew little of the horrors of the retreat) was about 40,000 men, of whom it is said scarcely 10,000 were Frenchmen. Thus ended the greatest military catastrophe that ever befel an army in either ancient or modern times, and which, though on a much smaller scale, was, alas! realised to Englishmen in the gorges and ravines of the Khoord Cabul. To return to Napoleon. Europe was now exasperated, and combined against him; and though in the following spring he gained the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, and on the 27th of August that of Dresden, the wings of his eagles were pinioned on the 18th of October of the same year on the field of Leipsic. On the Rhine the Allies offered him peace and the empire of France, which he was fool enough to refuse, and on the 31st of March, 1814, Alexander had the satisfaction of marching into Paris at the head of his troops. After the general peace in 1815 the emperor devoted himself to the internal improvement of his country, making many judicious alterations in the government, in which he evinced much liberality of feeling. He had good abilities, but not brilliant talent, and his greatness of mind was not fully developed till the invasion of his country by the French; this aroused all his energies, and exhibited him to the world conducting himself with consummate discretion and unflinching steadiness of purpose in that alarming crisis. His disposition was kind and generous, his manners mild and amiable, and his moderation prevented him from ever abusing his unlimited power. Under the influence of his mother, and the empress, the levity and extravagance of the court were materially repressed. Alexander, attended to the last by his wife, died of erysipelas, in a small and humble dwelling near Taganrog, when on a tour of inspection through the southern provinces of his empire. He left a noble example, not only to his country, but to his class; when the news of his death spread over his vast dominions, he was universally deplored, and the murmur of regret in other countries responded to the grief of Russia. He was succeeded by Nicholas I., the present emperor, on the 25th of December, 1825, Constantine, his elder brother, having resigned the crown in his favour.

RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

To a commercial nation, the progress of her manufactures must always be of paramount interest; its direct tendency is to increase the polish of society, improve its union, advance liberal opinions, and add stability to the social compact; because it enables her to exchange workmanship against raw material, as well as for the food and luxuries of other countries, and by thus extending the range of her operations, to become less dependant. This causes an influx of wealth and growing comforts, which spread themselves advantageously throughout the whole community. That man, therefore, be whom he may, who devotes his genius and his ingenuity to discover modes by which they may be rendered more perfect, not only deserves to be well rewarded, but is also entitled to the lasting gratitude of his fellow-citizens, who are by this means essentially benefited; public honours would be most deservedly bestowed upon such individuals; both the monarch and the nation would derive dignity from disposing of them so meritoriously.

A century back, to supply the demand, immense quantities of muslin, calico, and long cloths were annually brought home by the East India Company. Our cotton manufactures were then comparatively of but trifling amount. The magnitude to which they have since swelled, their still increasing value as articles of trade, with their consequence in the employment of labour, has given them an importance in commercial transactions almost unknown to any other branch, while the enormous fortunes which have resulted from their activity has completely astounded the mercantile world.

Time was when those beautiful thin dresses worn by our still more beautiful women, could not have found purchasers unless imported from Asia; these have at length yielded to the improved fabric of Scotland, and have ceased to be in request; an English belle no longer feels ashamed to appear in a costume fashioned in home-made muslin. The superior tact of our workmen, especially in the finer qualities, has given to British cotton goods a decided preference in the European markets; America, North and South, take off large cargoes; our own colonies are by no means unimportant customers; even India itself now consents to receive and to use the products of our industry and ingenuity.

When we call to mind that this flourishing state of things has resulted from the indefatigable industry and perseverance of an almost uneducated man, it would be to clothe ourselves with the besetting sin of ingratitude, not to class him among those eminent characters whose transcendent talents have adorned our island; who rank not merely as the benefactors of their own country, but of the world at large.

Richard Arkwright, so famous for his inventions, was born at Preston, in Lancashire, in 1732. His parents were in humble circumstances, with a family of thirteen children, of which he was the youngest. His education was but indifferent. He was bred up a barber, and in 1760 established himself at Bolton-le-Moor; while there he acquired a little property by the discovery of a chemical process for dyeing hair, and travelling as a hair merchant, in pursuing which it is supposed he became intimate with the cotton manufactory;

little, however, is now known of what caused him to turn his mind to those inventions which raised him to distinction, and immortalised his name.

The people in Lancashire were not always in good humour with the introduction of machinery among them; riots ensued in consequence, and Hargraves, the inventor of the spinning-jenny in 1767, was obliged to quit the county. This machine afforded means to spin twenty or thirty threads at one and the same time, with no more labour than had previously been required in drawing a single thread; this, however, could only be used as weft, not possessing sufficient strength and hardness for the longitudinal threads or warp. It was this deficiency which Arkwright supplied by his invention of the spinning-frame; by this, a vast number of threads of any degree of fineness and sufficient hardness could be spun, requiring no other attendance than to join them when they broke, and to feed the machine with cotton: by the adaptation of the spindle and fly of the common flax wheel to this machinery, a twist is given to the thread, which fits it for the designed purpose, and which could not be effected by Hargraves's jenny. Spinning by cylinders was an original idea, and it would be difficult to say which is most worthy of admiration, the genius which led to so important a discovery, or the consummate skill and address by which it was so speedily perfected and brought into practice. Arkwright's own version of it was, that he derived the first hint from seeing a red-hot iron bar lengthened by being made to pass between rollers; the time at which this occurred is not accurately known, but is supposed to be at the period when Hargraves was engaged in contriving the jenny. Arkwright was not himself a practical mechanic; he, therefore, applied to a watchmaker living at Warrington, by name John Kay, for assistance in preparing parts of his machine, in which he was also aided by a Mr. Atherton, of Liverpool. To avoid the turbulence which had obliged Hargraves to leave Lancashire, he removed to Nottingham, carrying with him his partner, Mr. Smalley, of Preston, and Kay, the watchmaker. Want of capital, however, retarded their progress, and they made but little way. In this situation it was his good fortune to attract the notice of Mr. Strutt, of Derby, who was largely engaged with Mr. Need in the stocking munufacture, and was a gentleman of considerable mechanical skill; he no sooner examined Arkwright's machines than he felt convinced of their extraordinary skill and utility. In consequence of this, a partnership was immediately projected, and a firm established, consisting of Arkwright, Strutt, and his partner Need. The means thus furnished, Arkwright lost no time, took out a patent for spinning by cylinders in 1769, and erected his first mill at Nottingham, which was driven by horses; horse-power, however, was found much too expensive; he therefore built a second factory in 1771 at Cromford in Derbyshire, the machinery of which was set in motion by a water-wheel. Having made several additional discoveries and improvements in the processes of carding, roving, and spinning, he applied for, and obtained, a fresh patent for the whole in 1775, and thus completed a series of machinery so various and complicated, yet so admirably combined, and so well adapted to produce the intended effect, in its most perfect form, that it excited the astonishment, and called forth the plaudits, not only of men of science, but of every one capable of appreciating the ingenuity displayed, and the difficulties overcome. When the importance of these machines became generally known, it induced many to enter the field as competitors, to trespass on his rights by building machines upon his own plan and working them, while some even disputed his claim to the merit of the invention. Thus circumstanced, he commenced an action, in July, 1781, in the Court of King's Bench, against Colonel Mordant, for invading his patent; the defence to which was, that Arkwright had not fully communicated his inventions in the specifications lodged in the patent office as required by law, that, therefore, the patent was invalid; Arkwright admitted that such was partly the fact, but added that the obscurity charged against the specifications had been intended only to prevent foreigners from pirating his inventions; the verdict of the jury, however, went against him, notwithstanding the eloquent exertions of his counsel. A second action, nearly four years after, in 1785, met with a different fate; a decision was obtained in his favour, because he brought a number of talented artists to prove that they could construct machines from his specifications. In consequence of this, an acknowledgment of so much per spindle was demanded from all those who had erected machines for cotton spinning upon his plan; this caused great alarm among the manufacturers, who had by this time embarked extensive capitals, and incurred heavy expenses in erecting machinery. Therefore, to set the question finally at rest, a process was instituted the same year against Arkwright in the Court of King's Bench, in which the whole question, not only on the point of the unintelligibility of the specifications, but on the less technical, but more important ground of his not being himself the inventor of the machines for which he had obtained a patent. After a long and ably conducted trial, a verdict was given against him, and in November, 1785, the patent was cancelled. In despite of all this, neither his most intimate friends, nor those who were best acquainted with his character, ever entertained a doubt with respect to the originality of his invention. Some of them, indeed, could speak to the business from their own personal knowledge, and their testimony was uniform and consistent. This would appear now to be the prevailing opinion among the Manchester manufacturers. He continued his concern with such success, that he was generally supposed to have accumulated half a million of money. The year after, in 1786, he served the distinguished office of high-sheriff for Derbyshire, and was during that time made one of those who have been termed Peg Nicholson's knights. In his capacity of sheriff, he was deputed to present a congratulatory address, from the Wapentake of Wirksworth to George III., on his escape from the attempt made on his life by a maniac named Margaret Nicholson, on which occasion he received the honour of knighthood.

Sir Richard twice entered the temple of Hymen; by his first wife he had a son, the present Richard Arkwright, Esq., of Willersley Castle, near Cromford. His second lady presented him with a daughter, who married Mr. Charles Hurst, of Wirksworth, Derbyshire. His grandchildren are numerous.

He is said to have displayed great personal prowess in his youth at the riots which generally occurred at Preston during the elections, but his health was never good; during the whole of his splendid and ever-memorable career of invention and discovery, he was suffering under a severe and incurable asthmatic affection. At length a complication of disorders terminated a life of great utility. He died at his cotton-works, Cromford, in 1792, in the sixtieth year of his age, universally beloved and respected.

FALSE CONCLUSIONS.

Nothing is sooner arrived at—nothing takes so long to disabuse the mind of—nothing is so common, as a false conclusion; and having once made it, how tenacious we are of its safe keeping, and how offended we are, if any bold people, glorying in their strong-mindedness, dare to hint that what we esteem to be truth is nothing but a flam! What prejudice was ever nursed by the philosophers with half the fondness they exhibited for the false conclusion that the world was a flat plane instead of a sphere? We laugh at these errors now, and esteem ourselves wise in our superior knowledge and freedom of childish notions—and yet we every day, every one of us, give ourselves up, unhesitatingly and unquestionably, to a belief in any species of falsehood that assumes the garb of truth; and this, not because we are deficient in discernment or good sense, but because there is in all of us a natural love of the mysterious and the romantic.

The prevalence of false conclusions is to be attributed to nothing but idleness and love of mental ease; and we accept a dogma without examination, just as a near-sighted traveller might an umbrella at an inn; never discovering its poverty and "looped and windowed wretchedness" till we come to bring it into use. No man, says Hooker, ever attained belief from the mere contemplation of the heavens and earth, for they are insufficient to give us the least spark of light concerning the mysteries of our faith; and so no man can be said to be mentally honest and independent who takes the coin of other men's experiences in the place of his own studied and painfully-arrived-at conclusions.

There is an old story—almost too old to bear repeating—but, like many other old things, it is improved by years rather than otherwise—about two knights meeting in a field where there was a tablet, or scutcheon, or something of that sort, set up in the midst. One maintained that the shield was white, while the other as stoutly argued that it was black. Words ran high—and, as is common in these cases, from words of course they came to blows; and then, when they had sufficiently abused and injured each other, they discovered, to their mutual regret, that they were both right and both wrong—for the tablet had two sides, and neither had taken the trouble to examine his neighbour's. Now, from this old story—we have read it, no doubt, every one of us, when we were children—there is a deep and important moral to be drawn; as there is, indeed, from almost every old tale that is told, and it is this:—whenever we would discover the truth of a question, no matter whether it be great or small, we must be sure to remember to *look on both sides!*

Half the wars that have desolated the earth—half the misunderstandings that have arisen in families—half the popular errors we are prone to cherish, and the weaknesses that we nurse like schoolgirls do their dolls, have arisen in the first place, probably, from some in authority, who should have known better, and were, likely enough, paid for knowing better, arriving at False Conclusions.

Seeing, therefore,—for it is as well to put the matter in regular argumentative shape—that much mischief has arisen, and constantly arises, from the indulgence of that species of mental idleness which is content to take all it hears for granted without inquiring into its truth or falsehood, it will be well in future for he who would possess a mind of his own—not a dictatorial, positive, disagreeable, contradictory sort of way, but a firm and independent manliness—to study well before he gives entire assent to a seeming fact; and, at the same time, never to take that for falsehood which may by possibility be sterling truth.

G. F. P.

THE CELT AND THE SAXON.

(To the Editor of the "Working Man's Friend.")

WOULD you allow me, a Scoto-Celt, to correct an impression, likely to be formed in the minds of our Saxon friends across the Tweed, by perusing an extract in No. 41, p. 235, of your excellent WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, from a speech of a Mr. Mackintosh at the Birmingham Polytechnic Institution, headed as above.

In that paragraph, at p. 236, commencing thus—"In speaking of the religion of the Celts, &c.," he asserts that the Roman Catholic Religion is that of the Highlands of Scotland; from conclusions of his own he assures us that the Celtic mind is fitted for none other; while he allows the Welsh to be Calvinists, if he has ascertained what the religion of the Saxons is, he is silent on that point, or we may judge for ourselves.

The fact of the matter is, the thought of papacy is intolerant to our Gaelic minds; and I consider a person to be ignorant, very ignorant of us, indeed, who for a moment could harbour the supposition. The Highlands is a stronghold of Protestantism, as stanch as the Bible; England, in ratio to the population, having more Roman Catholics than the Highlands; and the few among us here are in the fastnesses of the rocks, where the light of the Reformation never shone; and it is likely enough that previously to the reformation, were alike naturally inclined to the Roman Catholic, both readily giving assent to that system, whereas formerly both were pagans.

Are the English like the Highlanders and Welsh—Calvinistic? The articles of the Church of England are so. Bunyan and the Puritans answer, yes; and see the two parties into which England is divided—the Calvinistic Presbyterians, and Calvinistic Puritans, and the latter ascendant in the person of Cromwell; and are the English more Saxon now than in Cromwell's days? Of course, Mr. Mackintosh knows best.

To compare the Highlanders with the Irish is absurd. It may be said that the Celtic Irish are Roman Catholic, and noted for rebellion and bloodshed; the Teuton being the reverse; and as sure as the Teuton can be marked for the reverse, so sure may the Celtic Highlander be ranked by his side. You may retort, look at the rebellions of 1715 and 1745. I say that is merely a continuation of the English parliamentary wars, and, being settled, is lost sight of for ever. Does not her Majesty cast herself into our arms, and yet both Irish and Highlanders are Gaelic Celts.

In their savage and uncultivated state, Mr. M. (who, by the by, wears a Celtic name: query, has he an antipathy to his brethren?) enumerates the Celtic vices (and what nation has them not) as classed by their Roman enemies, the truth of which is doubtful, but he has told us none of the vices of the Saxon—are they akin? I wonder whether the Cambrian Celt, who works the mines of Cornwall, is less virtuous or intelligent than the Saxon who works in the English coal-pit.

As to the physical peculiarities Mr. M. gives, the falsity of them may be seen, in general, by perusing "Grant's Origin and Descent of the Gauls."

As to mental capacity, every Saxon is not a Milton, a Locke, nor a Shakspeare; nor every Celt a Campbell, a Sir James M'Intosh, nor a Stewart.

And as to commerce, every Saxon town is not a Manchester; nor every Celtic one a Glasgow; nor can Scots spread the circumference of their country to equal England, nor cultivate their barren rocks. When Mr. M.'s speech is considered diligently, one cannot help thinking that he has forgotten Paul's question—"Who hath made thee to differ?"—and that he errs in making cause an effect, and effect a cause. The truth is, the Irish Teutons are good, not because they are Teutons, but because they are Protestants; so with the Irish Celtic Protestants. And the Celtic Roman Catholics are bad, not because they are Celts, but because they are Papists: and Celtic France, why art thou not Protestant? Let the revocation of the Edict of Nantes reply. By acting on Mr. M.'s theory, a missionary might well exclaim, "The heathens are idolaters, because their minds are so inclined; it is useless to try to convert them any other way than by infusing Saxon blood!" This would be a palpable delusion. It shows, also, that Mr. M.'s theory is as bad as that of the "Vestiges of Creation," as it would tend to destroy the common origin of mankind, and the responsibility of man; and if his other statements be as correct as that regarding the Highlanders, and his theory so untenable, good-by to him who would destroy the harmony of a man and his brother—the Saxon and the Celt.

SCOTO-CELT.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

No III.—LABOUR.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark, how creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stayeth its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labour is worship!"—the robin is singing;
"Labour is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labour is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labour is glory!—The flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labour is rest from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens, that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee!
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
Work!—for some good—be it ever so slowly!
Cherish some flower—be it ever so lowly!
Labour! All labour is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

STEAM NAVIGATION.

The Americans boast that the steamboat of Robert Fulton was the first that ever ploughed the waters. It appears, however, that "Fulton's Folly," as it was ironically called by the very clever folk of that day, was not the first vessel propelled by steam—for many years previously, Jonathan Hulls, an Englishman, had obtained a patent for an invention for carrying vessels or ships by steam "out of or into any harbour, port, or river, against wind or tide, or in a calm." This invention of Jonathan Hulls was, in fact, the forerunner of all that has since been accomplished in the way of steam navigation. The vessel which he patented was not, to be sure, a very elegant one, for it had but one paddle-wheel, which was placed at the stern, an ill-constructed steam-engine, a wretched funnel, and no masts, sails, or other assisting apparatus. Nevertheless, by it the fact was asserted that steam could be made to do the duty of oars and sails—a fact which has since become patent to all the world. By this experiment of Jonathan Hulls, a new era was opened in navigation; and though fifty years have scarcely elapsed since the first rude steamboat went doubtfully and unsteadily on its way, the idea then initiated has so rapidly progressed, that the sixteen thousand miles between Old England and Australia are considered no immense achievement for a well-appointed steamer.

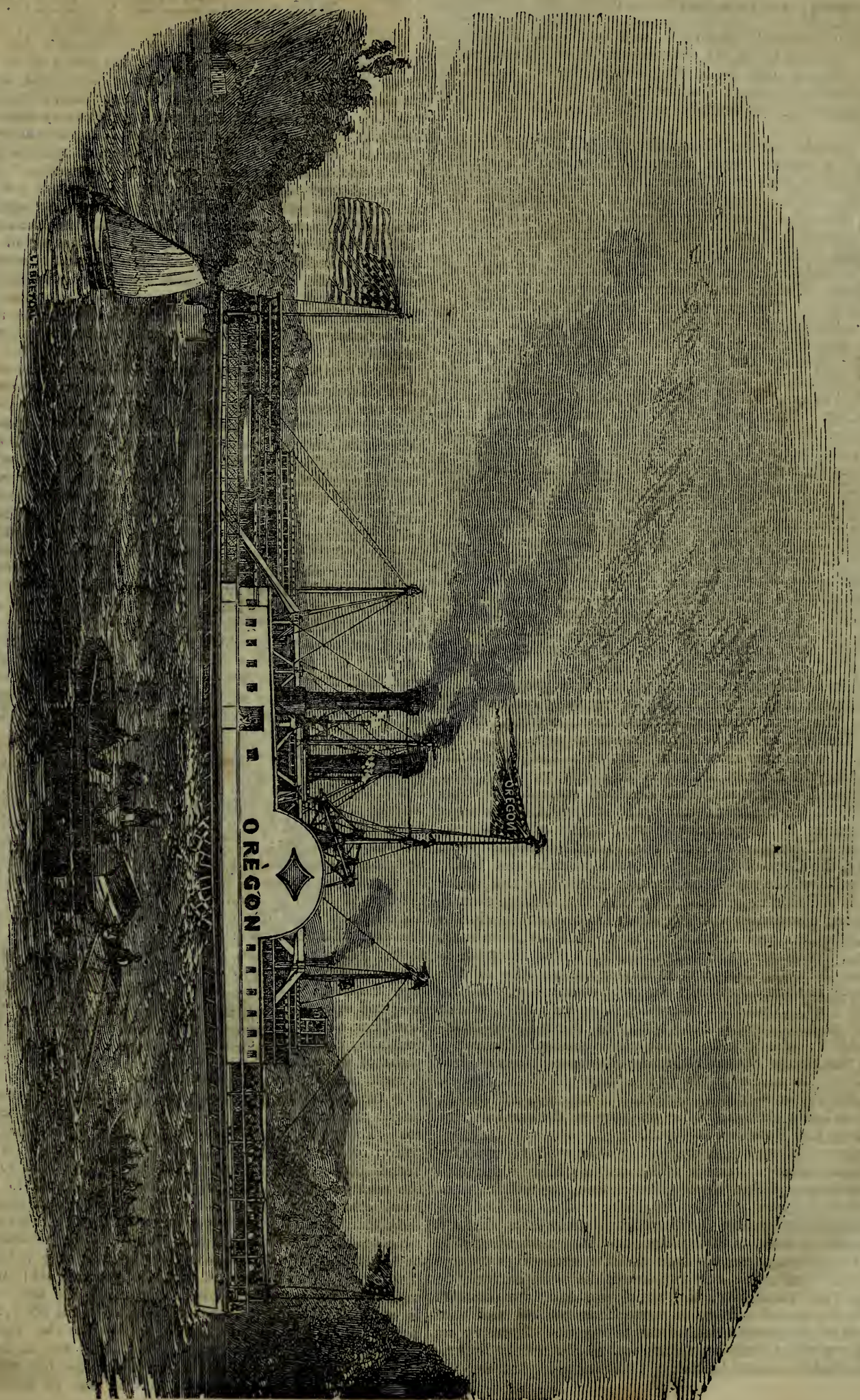
Not to be too diffuse, we may briefly trace the progress of this fact. Symington, a Scotch engineer, having heard of Jonathan Hull's experiments, fitted a small vessel with engines and paddle-wheels, and experimented with it on a small lake. Having attained a speed of five miles an hour, there could be no reasonable doubt that much more might be accomplished; and shortly afterwards, a vessel on the Clyde was propelled at a regular and sustained rate of seven miles an hour. The attention of scientific men, thus called to the subject, was speedily engaged in making experiments with the new power, or rather with the new application of the already serviceable vapour, steam; and the news of these achievements, travelling over the Atlantic, found in Fulton a man who was ready to risk his reputation by carrying them forward. He came to England to test the truth of the reports which had reached him in America; he witnessed what the English engineers had done; and returning to the United States, he, in 1817, launched, on the River Hudson, the first steamboat which had ever appeared in the new world. Its success, however, was by no means immediate or decisive; and it was not till after repeated trials, that the *Clermont*, which was the name of Fulton's steamboat, was allowed by the public to possess any claims above those of an ordinary ship with sails. For a time, however, it ran at regular intervals, between the cities of New York and Albany.

In less than five years the *Comet* was plying on the waters of the Clyde; and, in 1814, no fewer than five steamers made regular passages on the Scottish rivers, neither England nor Ireland possessing one. But the idea progressed—as it could not fail to do—and in 1819-1820, we find that in England there were seventeen steam-packets making regular trips to and from various places; in Scotland fourteen; and in Ireland three. Less than twenty years afterwards—in 1840—the number of steam-vessels in constant use in the three countries respectively were—987, 244, and 79. Many of us can remember when steamboats first became regular means of passenger conveyance on the Thames; and as lately as 1821, it was that the mail service between England and France by way of Dover and Calais, was first performed by steamboats. In the autumn of the same year, the mails between Holyhead and Dublin were also carried by steam. Now, we need scarcely say, steam is brought into requisition, wherever speed is requisite, alike in vessels of war, commerce, and pleasure!

As steamers had crossed the English Channel, the question was naturally asked—Could they not also cross the broad Atlantic? The enterprising men of 1836 speedily answered the question. Of course, as is usual in such cases, the project was considered illusive and dreamy, a very midsummer madness. Scientific men—even Dr. Dionysius Lardner, who has himself since crossed the Atlantic in a steam-vessel—did not disdain to pooh-pooh the project, and array against it all the force of philosophy, backed by figures, notwithstanding that there were steamboats employed on the Mediterranean and other home stations, from which data might have been supplied to show the practicability of the project. The Atlantic had actually been already crossed by a steamer, showing that what what man had done that man might do; but as she had used sails as well as steam, and was a week longer on the voyage than the time occupied by the regular traders, the achievement was held to be worthless either as a precedent or guide. "This vessel was named the "Savannah," and in "Marwood's Commercial Report" for the week, July 21, 1819, is the following note of her arrival at Liverpool:—"Among the arrivals yesterday at this port we were particularly gratified and astonished by the novel sight of a fine steam-ship, which came round at 7½ P.M., without the assistance of a single sheet, in a style which displayed the power and advantage of the application of steam to vessels of the largest size, being 350 tons burden. She is called the "Savannah," Captain Rogers, and sailed from Savannah (Georgia, United States), the 26th of May, and arrived in the Channel five days since. During her passage she worked the engine eighteen days. Her model is beautiful, and the accommodations for passengers elegant and complete. This is the first ship on this construction that has undertaken a voyage across the Atlantic." The "Savannah" visited Copenhagen, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, and Constantinople, and her captain received several magnificent royal presents in recognition of his daring. She was built by Francis Ficket, for Daniel Dodd, and her engines were supplied by Stephen Vail.

The opinion of the philosophers was still adverse to the plan when it was resolved that it should be put to the test of a trial. Accordingly the lines of the "Great Western" were laid down at Bristol, and on the 8th of April, 1838, she was announced to start on her voyage. Her appearance, rather that of strength than of beauty, inspired confidence that she would successfully achieve the passage. She had one thick funnel, and four masts; her deck was 236 feet long, her width between the paddle-boxes nearly 60 feet; the power of her engines was equal to that of 450 horses; her wheels were 28 feet in diameter, with paddles 10 feet long; the whole weight of her boilers and machinery was 300 tons, her burden being 1,340. On the appointed day she sailed from Bristol, having on board 660 tons of coal and seven passengers, to set the question of steam navigation of the Atlantic at rest for ever. She was not alone, however; a smaller vessel, the "Sirius," had started three days before her; and never was such a race known before as now took place over the broad bosom of the Atlantic. Both vessels encountered heavy seas and adverse winds on their voyage, but they bore bravely on. The "Sirius" had a start of about 500 miles; the "Great Western's" average of speed was ten miles an hour, and it was thought she would quickly overtake her competitor. The "Sirius," however, had too great a start, and reached New York the winner, on the morning of the 23rd of April, the "Great Western," coming in the same afternoon. The excitement prevailing at New York was intense in respect of these steamers from the old world; and cheer upon cheer greeted the "Sirius" as she dropped her anchor in the Hudson. The "Great Western" was also received with the most enthusiastic expressions of welcome—shout rose upon shout, the Battery fired a salute of 26 guns, church-bells were set ringing, and it seemed as though the vast multitude collected were quite distraught with the excitement.

Between 1838 and 1843 the Atlantic was navigated by several steamers—many of them larger than the "Great Western"—viz., the "Royal William," the "British Queen," the ill-fated "President," and the "Liverpool." The "Great Western" was built of wood, and when her proprietors became assured of her success, they determined to construct a larger ship of iron, to be propelled by the screw instead of the paddle-wheel. The keel of this intended mammoth vessel was accordingly laid down at Bristol in 1839; and when she was launched, in 1843, she was christened the "Great Britain," by Prince Albert. The total length of this magnificent ship was 322 feet, her breadth 51 feet, and depth 32 feet; she could stow 1,200 tons of coal; her engines were of 1,000 horse-power, and 340 tons weight; and the screw, which worked in a space immediately in front of the helm, weighed four tons: she carried at first six masts, on which she could spread 5,000



THE "OREGON," MISSISSIPPI PASSAGE STEAMER.

yards of canvass; and from kelson to topmast was beautifully proportioned. Her fitting was elegant, though not so expensive as the "Great Western's," and her cost altogether £100,000. Every one knows that she made a few successful voyages in 1845-6, and was unfortunately thrown ashore on her last outward voyage in Dundrum-bay, and that she was thence conveyed a melancholy spectacle to the Liverpool docks.

Shortly after the successful experiments of 1838 had demonstrated that a regular steam communication could be maintained between Europe and America, the English government called for tenders to carry the mails in steamers across the Atlantic. Both the companies to which the "Sirius" and "Great Western" belonged tendered for the service, but the offer of neither was accepted. Subsequently Mr. Samuel Cunard, who had for fifteen years held a contract for the mail service between Halifax and Bermuda, proposed to take the Atlantic contract. The government did not accept his offer at first, but subsequently agreed to give the annual sum of £65,000 for carrying the mails twice a month between Liverpool, Halifax, Quebec and Boston; and on the 4th of July, 1840, the "Britannia," a vessel of nearly the same tonnage as the "Great Western," sailed from Liverpool in commencement of the contract. Thus was formed the nucleus of the now famous Cunard line. The Americans had not hitherto taken any part in conducting the steam navigation of the Atlantic; but the speedy formation of several companies with this object made it evident that they would not continue to allow all the traffic to rest with the British and North American company. Mr. Cunard therefore applied for an extension of his contract, so as to carry the mails once a week, and thereby enable him to meet the expected competition. The proposal was felt to be reasonable; and the British and North American company at length obtained a yearly grant of £145,000 for a service thus regulated:—two departures a month from Liverpool for New York or Boston during the months of December, January, February, and March, and one departure a week during the other eight months of the year. When the harbour works at Holyhead are completed, it is proposed that these steamers shall sail from Liverpool regularly once a week throughout the year without intermission, calling, as at present, at Halifax, *en route*, each alternate voyage.

In conclusion we may remark that out of a budget which, after deducting the interest of the national debt, pensions, &c., does not exceed twenty millions, England annually devotes nearly £800,000 (in the last estimates it is £809,496) towards the maintenance of those lines of mail steam-ships which, extending from Liverpool to New York, from Southampton to Hong-Kong, the Cape of Good Hope, the Brazils, and Chili, concentrate the whole sea-borne correspondence of the globe in the hands of British agents. A portion of this large sum is divided among companies working short lines from London to Ostend, Rotterdam, and Hamburg; from Hull to Hamburg, and Russia; from Liverpool to Dublin, from Southampton to the Channel Islands, &c.; but nearly seven-eighths of the entire amount is shared between six great companies, viz., the British and North American Company (Cunard's line), which receives, as we have stated, £145,000; the West India Company £240,000; the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, £40,000; the Screw Steam Shipping Company (which has recently taken the mail contract to the Cape of Good Hope), £30,000; the Peninsular and Oriental Company, £220,000; and the East India Company, for performing the mail service between Suez and Bombay, £50,000.

The steamer shown in the engraving is a good representation of the hundreds of vessels afloat on the Mississippi and other great rivers of America. The cabins, as will be seen, are built above instead of below the deck; and no kind of contrivance is spared to render the vessel extremely fast. Indeed they are made to draw so little water, that it is a standing joke in New York that some of their crack steam-ships will go across the country after a heavy dew! It need scarcely be said that, with wood fires, light timbers, and low pressure engines the "point of safety," is more than passed and that life is but too frequently sacrificed to speed. Scarcely an American paper but contains an account of "Another Steamboat Explosion." There is such a thing as going rather too FAST.

THE ATTACHMENTS OF POETS.

DANTE, PETRARCH, TASSO, &c.

No records are more interesting than those which tell of the attachments of men of genius—attachments often suddenly formed, and yet as remarkable for their constancy as for their fervency. Years may still speed on, but imagination supplies every charm of which they may have robbed the beloved one; the grave may have withdrawn her from other eyes, but still her pure spirit lingers by her lover's side, in the haunts where they so often met.

Love at first sight was exemplified in Raphael. His window overlooked the garden of the adjoining house, and there he saw the lovely girl who amused herself among her flowers; he saw her lave her beautiful feet in the lake; he fell passionately in love. He soon made his feelings known; his love was not rejected, and she became his wife. He is said to have been so passionately enamoured of her beauty, that he never could paint if she were not by his side. The lineaments of that fair face still live in some of his sublime productions; and thus while she gave inspiration, he conferred immortality.

Though among poets the most remarkable instances of ardent and enduring attachment may be found, their marriages have not, generally speaking, been happy. Milton failed in securing the felicity of wedded love, which he has so beautifully apostrophised. Neither the home of Dante, nor that of Shakspeare, was one of domestic happiness. Racine's tender sensibility met with no responsive sympathy in his partner; and Moliere experienced all the bitterness of the jealous doubts and misgivings which he has so admirably depicted. Yet the poet is of all, perhaps, the most capable of strong attachments. His warm imagination throws its glow over all that he loves; home, with all its fond associations; "the mother who looked on his childhood; and the bosom friend dearer than all,"—are so impressed upon his feelings that they mingle with every mood of his fancy. True, some critics, of more ingenuity than judgment, have doubted the real existence of the romantic attachments by which some of the finest poets have been inspired; and endeavour to explain as ingenious allegories the impassioned and pathetic effusions which find their way to every heart. Beattie—of whom we might have expected better things—sees, in the ardent expressions of Petrarch's devotion to Laura, the aspirings of an ambitious spirit for the laureate-crown; and Dante has been said to have allegorised his energy in the study of theology under the guise of a passion for Beatrice. But the great charm of Dante's poetry is its deep earnestness and truthfulness, and those touches of tenderness which are scattered throughout his sublime work, like the wild flowers of home unexpectedly met with in drear and remote regions; the facts of an imperishable attachment can be traced throughout his whole poetry. It is the custom in Florence for friends, accompanied by their children, to assemble together on the first of May, to celebrate the delightful season. A number of his neighbours had been invited by Folco Portinari to do honour to the day. Dante Alighieri, then a boy of nine years, was among them; young as he was, he was instantly attracted by the loveliness of one amidst the group of children. She was about his own age, the daughter of the host. Through all the vicissitudes of a long and eventful life, that early impression was never effaced—he loved her ever after with an intenseness of passion and unshaken constancy that gave a colour to his whole existence—in the various paths of life which he was destined to tread, her image was ever present, inspiring the desire for distinction; their early intercourse, like the sweet May morning on which they had first met, was bright and happy; the purity and artlessness of youth made it so. The young companions of Beatrice rallied her on the devotion of the youthful poet, and the gay sallies with which she herself treated the ardour of his love, only served to make her the more engaging in his eyes. She was induced to bestow her hand elsewhere; more, it has been said, in accordance with duty than inclination; for it is supposed her heart was not insensible to the love of the gifted youth, whose devotion, purity, and intellectuality might have found their way to one harder than hers. Dante fell sick and slowly recovered; whether her marriage was a subject of which he could not bear to think, it is certain that it is not once alluded to in his poetry. Beatrice did not long survive her marriage; within the year she was borne to her grave. The anguish of Dante was so intense, that it brought on a fearful illness, in which his life was long despaired of. Boccacio mentions that he was so altered by grief

that he could scarcely be known. Beatrice occupied all his thoughts; on the anniversary of her death, he sat alone thinking of her, and portraying "an angel on his tablets." The influence which she had over him was as powerful in death as it had been in life—still to be worthy of loving, and of joining one so good and pure beyond the grave was his constant aim; all that he desired in renown, all that he wished for in fame, was to prove himself not undeserving of having devoted himself to her; in the camp—in the highest diplomatic positions, this was his great object in all his trials, and they were many and severe; this inspired him with a lofty dignity, and supported him under insults and injuries which would have broken many a proud spirit; but sublimed above the concerns of earth, his affection was such as might be felt for one translated to a celestial abode. By continually dwelling on but one subject, his mind became utterly estranged from passing events, and he often fell into such fits of abstraction and despondency that his friends, fearing that his reason would be completely upset, anxiously sought to give him some new interest in life, and at length prevailed on him to marry. This made him still more wretched; he could not if he would, detach his mind from dwelling on her who had been his early and his only love, and to all his other misfortunes that of an unhappy marriage was added.

Like the attachment of Dante for Beatrice, that of Petrarch for Laura was the result of a sudden impression; he had hitherto ridiculed the notion of the power of love, but he was yet to experience it in its most extreme intensity. He was twenty-three when he first saw Laura de Sade, then in her twentieth year; he has himself recorded over and over again the exact hour, day, and year; it was at six in the morning on the 6th of April, 1327; it was at the church of Santa Claire at Avignon. Everything connected with that memorable meeting has been dwelt on with fond minuteness by the poet; the dress which she wore, the green robe sprigged with violets; every movement, every look was for ever treasured in his memory; the celestial beauty of her countenance bespoke the purity for which she was so remarkable in that age of licentiousness, and in contemplating her loveliness, reverence for virtue mingled with admiration. Petrarch and Laura often met in society, and became intimately acquainted; he was charmed with her conversation; she appears to have been in every way capable of appreciating Petrarch, and deserving of the influence which she possessed over him, which was exerted only to exalt his sentiments and strengthen his principles; though unhappy in her marriage, true to her vows, she preserved all that purity of thought which gave such an unspeakable charm to her beauty. The chivalrous spirit of the age encouraged a devotion to the fair sex, and platonic attachments were the fashion of the day, so that the dignity of Laura was not compromised when Petrarch made her the object of his poetical devotions, and the celebrity which he gained by this homage to her charms may have gratified much better feelings than those of vanity; the faith which she had pledged, though to an unworthy object, she held most sacred; she repressed the feelings of the enthusiastic poet whenever they appeared transgressing the bounds of friendship. Once, when in an unguarded moment he ventured to allude to his passion, the look of indignation with which she regarded him, and the tone in which she said, "I am not the person you take me for," overwhelmed him with shame and sorrow. The hopeless passion, of which he only dared to speak in song—and even the allowed indulgence of thus giving it expression, had a fatal effect: his health gradually declined; he grew pale and thin, and the charming vivacity which had been the delight of his friends utterly forsook him; he estranged himself from the society of his former companions, and was no longer met with in the circles of which he had been the darling. At length he made an effort to conquer feelings that were too powerful to yield, and sought in foreign travel and the pursuit of literature to dissipate the inquietude which was consuming him; but still the image of Laura haunted him through all his wanderings, and inspired that poetry whose purity, fire, and tenderness, have been the admiration of the world. He returned to Avignon, but again fled from the presence which was so dear to him, and sought in the solitudes of Vaucluse, to regain the peace which he was never to find. Shut in from the whole world by the rocks and hills, he found that solitude was "no cure for love;" through that sweet valley, among its shades and by its fountains, he sung the praises of Laura. And thus years passed on. It was during this seclusion that he got Simon Memoni, a pupil of Giotti, to take Laura's likeness. So delighted was the artist with the beautiful subject that the same lovely face was recognised in several of his pictures of saints and angels. On the 24th of August, 1340, Petrarch received two letters, each with an offer of the laurel crown; one from the University of Paris, the other from the Roman Senate; he decided on accepting it from the latter. He valued the honour as the meed of his celebration of Laura; all selfish considerations were lost in the one desire that the lover of Laura should be renowned and distinguished. The feelings with which Laura must have heard of the honours paid to the one so long and so devotedly attached to her have not been described, but they may be conceived. Thirteen years had now passed since they had first seen each other. When Petrarch and Laura met, time and care had wrought their changes in both. Petrarch's locks were already sprinkled with gray, and the animation of his countenance was saddened by sorrow; the bloom of girlhood had passed from Laura, and the traces of melancholy which an unhappy lot had left were but too visible; but all the tenderness and sympathy of other days remained. The jealous disposition of M. de Sade prevented Petrarch's being received at his house, but they often met and conversed together; and Laura would sing for him those songs to which he had so often delighted to listen; there was a tender sympathy in this intercourse, soothing to both. Petrarch's allusionto, their last meeting is very affecting; he found her, as he describes in the midst of a circle of ladies; her whole air betokened dejection, and the sorrowful look with which she regarded him, and which seemed to him to say, "Who takes my faithful friend from me?" made an indelible impression on him—his heart sank within him; and they seemed to feel at that sad moment that they were to meet no more. In the following year the plague broke out; Petrarch, who was at Parma, heard that it had reached Avignon; he was haunted by the recollection of the last moments that he had passed with Laura; it seemed to him as if the hand of death had been on her already. The most cruel forebodings tortured him by day and by night; his dreams represented her as dying or dead. The dreaded news reached him—Laura *was* dead! An attack of the plague had carried her off in three days; she had died on the anniversary of that day on which they had first met. In all the bitterness of his grief, he recalled all that had passed at their last meeting; the melancholy solemnity of her adieu seemed to his memory as that of one on the confines of eternity; every kind word she had ever spoken, every kind look she had ever given, was dwelt on with passionate fondness; and the hope, the belief, that he had been dear to her was the only thing which could soothe. His dreams previously to her death appeared to his imagination mysteriously linked with that event; he has most touchingly described one of these visions, when he believed her pure spirit was permitted to visit and comfort him. His pathetic lamentations were heard throughout the world with the deepest sympathy, and wrung the heart of many a one who had in happier days shared "sweet counsel" with him.

The misfortunes of Torquato Tasso commenced in his early childhood; he was but eleven years old when political events obliged his father to quit Naples, and seek refuge in Rome. It had been settled that Torquato should follow him. The banishment from home, and from a mother on whom he doted, were sad trials. Some lines of touching tenderness commemorate the parting, and show how bitterly it was felt. They were never to meet again; in eighteen months after they parted she died. He was indeed a child that must have been regarded with the fondest tenderness and pride. To wonderful acquirements for his age, were added what can never be acquired—a feeling heart, and poetical genius of the highest order, which in all his wanderings, in all his trials, had magic influence to charm a world which had nothing but misfortune for him. His mother best knew how much his sensitive nature required the tranquillity of a home, and the sympathy and endearments of those who loved him. But his lot was to be cast among strangers, and some among them proved implacable enemies. A life of stranger vicissitudes is scarcely to be met with; sometimes courted and caressed, the companion of princes; at other times wandering in almost extremity of want; inspired by a sacred love of liberty, yet condemned to long years of the saddest captivity; with charms and graces to win the love of the fairest and the best, yet destined to feel all the pangs of a hopeless passion! A being more to be admired and more to be pitied than Tasso surely never existed. He was but twenty, when he received the most flattering offiee of employment from Cardinal Luizi d'Este, brother

to the duke of Ferrara, who was anxious to secure the services of one possessed of such genius. Though a connexion with the d'Este family opened a brilliant prospect for a young man, yet the friends of Tasso, dreading for him the dangers of a court, endeavoured to persuade him to decline the proposal; but it was too flattering to be refused, and he hastened to Ferrara, in compliance with the Cardinal's wish, who received him with every mark of distinction, and on occasion of his being appointed legate to France, introduced him at the French court, where he was received in the most flattering manner by Charles the Ninth, who was a warm admirer of his poetry. At Ferrara, Tasso became acquainted with the sisters of the duke, who, intellectual and accomplished, could appreciate the gifted poet. His hours passed delightfully in their society. He has described the effect of his first interview with these fascinating ladies, in a rhapsody given to Tirsi, the character meant to represent himself in his "Aminta," in which the terms of goddesses, sirens, nymphs, minstrels, and luminaries are liberally bestowed, and show at least that the young poet was intoxicated with delight in their presence. On their parts they enthusiastically admired him and his poetry. But there was one among them eminently attractive, whom he soon loved with all the passionate earnestness of which his ardent feelings were susceptible. Many of Tasso's biographers say that she was not insensible to the varied graces of the youth; in truth, his personal advantages, his rare accomplishments, and, above all, the enthusiasm of genius, so captivating and so winning, made him a dangerous companion for the young princesses.

Leonora was the youngest of the three sisters, just and nineteen when she and Tasso met. The princesses interested the Duke of Ferrara in his favour, and he appointed him to a situation in which he was exempt from duty, that he might devote himself exclusively to poetry. There was a handsome salary annexed, and apartments in the ducal palace. An inmate under the same roof with Leonora, the predilection which the young people felt for each other could not but increase. Confessions and vows may have passed between them, or Leonora's heart may have kept its own secret; the delicacy of Tasso's affection is clearly proved by the mystery which rests on those passages of his life in which she was concerned; for while allusions expressed with infinite tenderness, found throughout his poetry, discover the state of his own feelings, there is not one word which can furnish a suggestion relative to hers. He had ventured, in accordance with the custom of the times, to celebrate her praises in verse; this, or some other circumstance, awakened the suspicions of the duke; the intercourse of Tasso with the princesses was abruptly terminated, and they were not suffered to meet. The duke, to put an end to any vague hopes which he might entertain, pressed Tasso to marry, and suitable matches were proposed and declined. He withdrew for some time to Rome; on his return he felt that he was incessantly watched, and his sensitive nature could ill brook the want of confidence which this betrayed, and he left Ferrara again and again, wandering, while absent, reckless and restless, from place to place; and then, impelled by his passion for Leonora, he would return, notwithstanding all his resolutions to the contrary, and regardless of the suspicions and machinations of the duke. His melancholy increased, and his imagination continually represented that plots and designs against him were in agitation; he became irritable, and one day, in a fit of excitement, drew his dagger on one of the attendants; but he was instantly disarmed, and was confined, by order of the duke, within the precincts of the palace—he was, in fact, a prisoner; but on expressing the regret which he felt for the intemperate act, the restraint was removed, and the duke affected to treat him with his former kindness; but Tasso's feelings were too quick to be deceived; he felt that he was the object of the duke's dislike and displeasure. Unhappy and irresolute, he sometimes wished to retire to a convent for the remainder of his life; but thoughts of his early home and happy days would often recur to his mind, and he longed to see his sister, the companion of his childhood, whom he had not met for years; and he resolved to leave Ferrara secretly, and find his way to her. His sister was a widow, living at Torrento with her two children. One evening in the summer, as she sat alone, having sent the children out to amuse themselves, a shepherd brought a letter, which he had been directed to put into her hand—it was from Tasso, and told that he was in the midst of enemies and dangers at Ferrara, and that, unless she could devise some means to save him, his death was inevitable. She questioned the messenger; his recital confirmed the intelligence, and represented the misery to which her brother was reduced in such terms, that, overcome with anguish, the lady fainted away. When she revived, Tasso discovered himself, and in those moments of affectionate recognition, he told her that he would never leave her for a world of which he had had too much; but his resolves were of short duration; Ferrara and its attraction could not be withstood. It was on the occasion of one of his returns from his restless wandering that he saw Leonora; the surprise and delight of being again in her presence were so great that he uttered an impassioned exclamation; this gave the duke the pretext for consigning him to St. Anne's Asylum for lunatics. "None but a madman would dare to act so!" was repeated over again. So hardly was poor Tasso dealt with for having indulged a hopeless, and it may have been an unrequited passion. At that time, and for very long after, the insane were treated as if they were not human beings, and the receptacles for them were under no regulations but those of caprice and cruelty. Tasso gives a most appalling account of his sufferings to his friend Gonzago; it ends with these affecting words: "Above all, I am afflicted by solitude, my cruel and natural enemy, which even in my best state was sometimes so distressing that often, at the most unseasonable hours, I have gone in search of company. Sure I am, that if she who so little has corresponded to my attachment, if she saw me in such a condition, and in such misery, she would have some compassion on me!"

Even this abode of wretchedness could not extinguish his poetic fire, and from his solitary cell poems of surpassing beauty found their way to the world from which he was utterly shut out; they were read in every circle, and the genius of the author extolled; but his misfortunes found no helping hand for seven long years: at length, through the intervention of his friend Gonzago, he was released. During his confinement Leonora had died: sorrow and sympathy may have had their share in bringing her to an untimely grave. Cruelty had done its part; the young and beautiful sank beneath its weight, and the gifted mind had received a shock from which it never after thoroughly recovered. Tasso left Ferrara never to return; like the troubled spirit, he could find rest nowhere; but at length he took up his abode at Naples, his mother's property, which had long been unjustly withheld from him, was restored. The beauties of nature please when nothing else can, and they may not have been without their gentle influence on the stricken heart; but the haunts of childhood must have been mournfully contrasted with the dark scenes of after days. Tasso received an intimation from the pope, that a decree had passed the senate, awarding the laurel crown to "the greatest poet of the age;" "the honour," added the pope, "is to the laurel, and not to Tasso." Tasso accepted the honour with deep melancholy, and left Naples with a foreboding that he should see it no more. Though affliction had not extinguished a spark of poetic fire, it had not left a vestige of ambition; those that would most have delighted in his fame, and taken pride in his triumph were in their graves, and he longed to be with them. The most gorgeous preparations were in progress, not only in the palace and capital, but in every street through which the procession was to pass. Tasso, with a prophetic spirit, declared the preparations were vain. Affliction, and his long confinement, had anticipated the work of years—the infirmities and languor of old age had overtaken him before their time; he fell ill—medical aid was unavailing—he was apprised of the approach of his last moments; he received the intimation with perfect calmness—all earthly concerns were lost in heavenly contemplations, and the only crown to which he aspired was that unfading crown which awaits the blessed in heaven.

The crowds were still collecting—fresh flowers were gathered to weave into the garlands that were to deck his triumph; but ere they had faded away the poet was dead!

GOLDSMITH was once introduced into a club by Samuel Derrick, an Irishman of some humour. On entering, Goldsmith was struck with the self-importance of the chairman, seated in a large gilt chair. "This," said he, "must be the Lord Chancellor at least." "No," replied Derrick; "he's only master of the *rolls*." The chairman was a baker.

TOO TRUE TO BE PLEASANT, PERHAPS.—"What's the matter, my dear?" said a kind wife to her husband, who had sat for half an hour with his face buried in his hands and apparently in great tribulation." "Oh! I don't know, I've felt like a fool all day." "Well," returned the wife consolingly, "I'm afraid you'll never feel any better; you look the picture of what you feel."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A "SCRAP" OF PAPER.

I AM a foundling. At any rate, I have never so much as heard who either of my parents were: I cannot ascribe my being to chance, but am content to leave my pedigree involved in obscurity.

My existence, like that of the butterfly, has known so many vicissitudes, and, like the moon, presented so many phases, that it is with great difficulty I call to mind any incident connected with my younger days. Taking a retrospective view of my transit through this sublunary world, I look back through a vista of no ordinary length or irregularity; in fact I become lost and bewildered when I endeavour to unravel the mystery of what I was, and what I am.

As well as I can remember, I first saw light in the open air—on British soil—I'm proud of that. It was the sun and rain of heaven which first took me, a *flaxen*-haired urchin, in hand, and "taught the young idea how to shoot." Under their care and assistance I progressed wonderfully, and, by the time I was fully grown, I was left to the protection of my first guardian, the other having left the country for a while. I was a very dutiful ward, and obeyed my superior to the letter,—but then he was such a jolly-faced old gentleman, I could not help liking him; besides he used to tell me what a good *son* he had always been; so I tried to follow his example. He was not disappointed: in due time he saw the fruits of his fostering care; but, alas! those fruits were my downfall—I suppose I must have worked too hard, or grown too fast; at any rate, I was cut down suddenly in my prime, and left no issue. But I was not doomed to end my existence here; ah, no! would I had! I had merely passed from the caterpillar to the chrysalis. As returning consciousness dawned upon me, it was only to show me I had been robbed of my *understanding*, and ere I was aware of the *shock* I had sustained, I was thrown neck and *crop* into a pond. How long I remained there I cannot say, but I was suddenly awakened to a sense of my position by being *forked* out of the water, and soundly beaten—why, I could not then conceive. Having now not a particle of skin left, and having been pulled about enough to separate, limb from limb, any man of ordinary *fibre*, I was left for a time to shift for myself.

After a time I changed hands—but not, I am sorry to say, for the better; my new master was as cruel as the last; and the very day he took charge of me, I heard him signify his intention of having me well *milled*. He kept his word. I was pummelled soundly, and tied on more knots than a mountebank. However, I was not solitary, others shared the same fate, and we kept each other company. Our society was a regular patchwork, made up of all classes, and, I am proud to say, I was equal to any of my *cloth*.

My next-door neighbour was a worthless fellow, and being unfit for the *wear* and *tear* which his duty imposed on him, he broke down, and "Fate's scissors cut his thread."

"The world's a stage," says Shakspeare, "and all the men and women merely players," and having now come to the *end of the piece*, played my part well, and so gained my end, I left that stage for another sphere.

I came up to town "in the raw," as most young fellows do, and had to be "licked into shape" before I was presentable. I was accordingly cut off (not with a shilling, but a pair of scissors) and packed off to an humble abode, where I was to be fitted for my future rank in society. I now suffered from a complaint formerly unknown to me—I mean that generally described as "pins and needles." I had no rest—it was incessant—from morning to night, and from night to morning; but, ah! had I known then, as I do now, what a small proportion my sufferings bore to those of my tormentor, I should, I think, have borne it in silence, or wept for her who wept such bitter tears over me.

Having added but little, I fear, to the support of my benefactress, I left her, and passing through the hands of a highly-respectable hosier, made my *début* in tip-top society. I was now in my zenith, and showed as good a front as most people. I had entered the service of a very fashionable young man; we suited each other admirably, and cut a pretty figure at the west end. My companions of the wardrobe envied me, one and all, for I was always the favoured one on great occasions. When my Lady Jinks gave a hop—my studs! didn't I come out strong!

One by one, my comrades wore away, for now our master was in less flourishing circumstances, and would repeatedly "dash our buttons," without repairing the insult. Such behaviour who could stand? The others declined, pined, and were completely laid on the shelf; I held out longest, but felt my time was come—and at last I went the way of all shirts—to the flunkey!

My studs of coral and torquoise were changed for mother-of-pearl; I was roughly handled and worse washed; besides I did not like the smell of the kitchen, and soon began to feel seedy. One day my owner, being in a great hurry, seized me by the tail, and plucking me hastily from my narrow home, split me from arm to arm. He stamped, he swore at me, and threatening things unutterable, threw me into a corner, whence I was snatched the very next morning, only to be exchanged for filthy lucre, and handed over to the tender mercies of a rag-and-bone boy. Oh! the agonies I endured in that wretched bag, during a walk from Cavendish-street to Seven Dials, no tongue can describe. I would now have gladly exchanged it for the offensive odour of the scullery. The day after my arrival in the house of refuge for destitute shirts, I was sent to adorn the black doll, and to be wafted by such of the airs of heaven as chanced to favour St. Giles's alleys. But it was soon evident that, low as I had been brought, my star was still on the decline. They considered me even too shabby for the *Belle noire*, and rudely snatched me from her bosom. My next change is but indistinctly recalled. The chrysalis was approaching its liberation: a dreamy torpor came over me, disturbed only by divers sensations of warmth and pressure; and, at last, being cleaned of all my impurities and worthlessness, I emanated from my state of probation, and, spreading my snowy wings, found myself at liberty to roam where fate might direct. I might now revisit the drawingrooms from which I had been ignominiously ejected—I might again be courted by the fashionables who had discarded me—I might be gently handled and scented by fair fingers,—but such a fate was not reserved for me. No, I was packed off one fine day to the printing-office, that awful and mysterious establishment, where the merits of human creatures, from the throne to the prison, are criticised; and if they have no compunction in hauling royalty, or some half-dozen peers, before the public every week, to be used instead of tennis-balls,—if, I say, they do this with impunity, what mercy could I hope for? Then what was my indignation? How did I, British-born, feel myself insulted, when I was branded on the face with the form and figure of Pio Nono, triple crown, great toe, and all? To be sure I was on the right side of his on the right side of his holiness, as I kept under him, and brought him into subjection; but he, nevertheless, made an impression on me which I have never lost, and which I shall most likely carry with me to my latest moment. I was next sent off, post-haste, with his holiness on my back, to Canton by the overland mail, but, much to my disgust, being well fastened up in a strong box, I saw nothing of the wonderful countries and seas we passed through. On again being blessed with the light of the sun, my old protector, I found myself in the dominions of his majesty Ti-chu, emperor of the Celestial Regions. I was left at the abode of a distinguished mandarin, by name Sing-ho, who is a great favourite at court. He perused me last evening with the assistance of an interpreter, and is to present me at the palace to-night.

The time is fast approaching—how confused I am—to think that I should ever behold the face of so august a personage as Ti-chu. Well, at the hour when the Celestial Empire is steeped in the fumes of the fragrant leaf, I was placed in the venerable pocket of Sing-ho, who, taking the arm of his brother Sing-hi, marched off to the Royal Pavilion. I now began to feel proud, but I said to myself—"don't"—for pride goes before destruction. His majesty was sipping his Pekoe as we entered the audience-chamber, and was pleased to look on our approach, and bid us welcome. The celestial beverage was good, and so was his highness's temper.

I must here pause; I feel my last change advancing; I shall not long waft my wings over the painted fields of the Land of the Sun. Tea was gone, and with stentorian voice the emperor calls for his hookah—it is at his feet in a moment, but it won't light; there is nothing combustible at hand: the royal eyes are fixed on me, and the royal voice exclaims—"*A scrap of paper, look sharp.*" I am in a nightmare or a trance, or there is a spell upon me—I can't move—I begin to feel the force of instinct; like the silly moth (which I have always resembled) I have flown too near the fire—oh! there, he's got me: I am squeezed, twisted, torn, lost—the flames close upon me, and I fall on the mouth of the royal bowl—a heap of ashes, and the victim to adventure! Thus ends my life, and, of course, MY BIOGRAPHY.

EXERCISES FOR INGENUITY.

Solutions to Questions in No. 39, June 26.

1. The Canadas were acquired by General Wolfe in the reign of George II.—year 1759—English possession confirmed in 1763. —W. T. Truscott.—Canada derives its name from the Iroquois word *kanata*, signifying a collection of huts, and which the early European discoverers mistook for the name of the country. Sebastian Cabot, the son of John Cabot, a Venetian, is said to have been the first discoverer, in 1497; but the first settlement made by Europeans was in 1541, at St. Croix's harbour, by Jacques Cartier, a French navigator, who sailed up the St. Lawrence, to which he gave its present name. In 1608 a permanent settlement was made by the French upon the present site of Quebec—Canada being then called New France. From this period, till 1759, the French continued to occupy the country, though much harassed by various tribes of Indians, particularly the Mohawks; but in the year just named, an English army, under General Wolfe, captured Quebec; and by September 8th, 1760, all other places within the government of Canada were surrendered to the British, and the French power in that quarter of the world entirely annihilated. In 1791 Canada was divided into two separate provinces, to be called the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. In 1840 these provinces changed their names to Canada East and Canada West.—Bennet Lowe.

2. Jamaica was discovered by Columbus in 1494, and was acquired by the English in 1655, in the time of the Commonwealth. —W. T. Truscott.

3. Heligoland is the small island in the German Ocean belonging to Great Britain.—H. R.—Heligoland or Helgoland is the name of the island, belonging to the British government, in the German Ocean. It is a long and narrow rock, nine miles in circuit, rising in the centre to a round elevation. It was taken by the English in 1807.—Bennet Lowe.

4. In travelling from Washington to the north of the island of Borneo, thence to New Zealand, thence to California, and lastly to India, a vessel would have to cross the equator four times.—Delta.

5. Rosemary. By several correspondents, some of whom sent poetical answers.

6. When he went into the house he had 5¼d. This general answer is arrived at by a variety of methods by more than 40 correspondents. All the workings are more or less correct in the details. The following by our old friend Mr. Bennet Lowe is perhaps the most exact.

Let x=the number of pence he had at first.
Then $2x$=what he had on coming out of the 1st house.
$4x-18=$,, ,, 2nd do.
$8x-42=$,, ,, 3rd do.
$8x-42=0$
$8x=42$
$x=5\frac{1}{4}$ pence.

7. At 9 o'clock the hands of the clock describe a right-angled triangle whose hypotenuse is =26 inches, 26×26=676 sq. of hypotenuse, which is also the square of the other two sides. The hands being in the proportion of 2 to 3, then $2^2=4$ and $3^2=9+4=13$ and 676÷13=52×9=21·633 inches length of minute hand. Then 21·633×2×3·1416=135·925 inches or 11·327 feet distance gone over by the minute hand per hour. The snail performed the journey in 9 hours; therefore 11·327×9=101·943 feet, height of steeple; 21·633 inches, length of minute finger; 11·327 feet, pace of snail per hour.—Robert Middleton.

When loudly strikes the church-clock nine
An angle right its hands contain;
And inches twenty-six straight line
'Tis said their points extreme would join.

Because their ratio is named
Inversely being as three to two;
A pure quadratic may be form'd
The length of minute-hand to show.

But if some readers still should think
These data are not very clear;
One inch to twenty they may link,*
Its length they'll know then very near.

Its point extreme once passing round
A circle, marks of which I state;
Circumference is nearly found,
To be eleven and one-fourth feet.†

And if the thing I clearly see,
Each hour his snailship ran those feet;
A pace wherewith one thinks that he,
Profusely, rather, must have sweat.

We too are told one third his race
He in three hours exactly run;
Then, if throughout he kept his pace,
He in six more his task had done.

Then nine times what he ran one hour,
Must surely be the steeple's height;
Which is in yards near thirty-four,*
So now that wondrous tale's complete.

Joseph Timms.

8. The letters S. P. Q. R., on the ancient Roman ensigns, signifies *Senatus populus que Romanus*—"The Roman Senate and the Roman People."

9.— 58·1196÷3·1416=18½ inches diameter.
18½×18½×18½×·5236=3315·23885 cubic inches content.
$\frac{1}{40}$=·025, and ·025×·025×·7854=·000490875 in. superficies of end of wire.
3315·23885÷000490875=6753733·33 inches, length of wire.
6753733·33=63360=106·593 length in miles.
106·593×1760=187603·67 yds. at ¼d.=£195 8s. $4\frac{3}{4}\frac{7}{10}$d.
106·593 miles in length.
Answer, £195 8s. $4\frac{3}{4}\frac{7}{10}$d. cost.

10.— 18×3·1416=56·5488 circumference of tower.
$56·5488^2$=3197·766 square of circumference.
10×10= 100 square of height of one apartment.
3297·766√=57·43 length of pipe for one apartment.
57·43×6=344·58 feet. Whole length of pipe.
1·25×1·25×·7854=1·2271875 superficies of end of pipe.
1×1×·7854=·7854 superficies of end of bore, and 1·2271875—·7854=·4417875 in. Superficies of end of lead.
344·58 feet long=4134·96 inches 4134·96×·4417875=1826.773641 cubic inches.
1826·773641×7÷16=799·21347 lb. at 3¼d.=£10 16s. 5¼ ¾d.
Answer, £10 16s. 5¼d. ¾d.

11.— 6272640 inches in one acre.
6272640√²=2504·524×4=10018·096 inches, perimeter of acre.
£20=400 shillings. 10018·096÷400=$25·04524^2$=627·264 ac. area of square.
and 627·264×·7854=492·653 ,, area of circle.
124·611 ,, excess of square.

PROOF.

Perimeter of 627·264 acres=250905·6 inches.
And 627·264 acres at £20=250905·6 shillings.
Circumference of circle=197061·25 inches.
492·653 &c. acres at £20=197061·25 shillings.

Robert Middleton.

12. t=3·14159×√ $\frac{10}{386\cdot4}$ 3864) 10000 (0·026 √=·1612

·1612	
61413	
4836	
161	
64	
2	
1	
0·5064	=time of 1 vibration.
8	
4·0512	
21504	
162048	
20206	
41	
8	

16·4123×32·2=528·47606=feet, or nearly 177 yards.

13. The number of pears the maid had left was 12; then 12−1=11×2=22−2=20×3=60÷2=30−3=27×4=108÷3=36−4=32×5=160÷4=40 answer.—George Walker, W. L., and 19 others.

14. The first land-tax in England appears to have been levied by Ethelred II. All persons holding or owning land above the yearly value of 40s., were subject to pay a certain propor-

* 21·633 inches. † 11·3272 feet.

* 33·9816 yards.

tion of their incomes to the state. This tax was called a Danegelt.

The first land-tax of which we have any record is that mentioned in 2 Kings xxiii. 35—"And Jehoiakim gave the silver and gold to Pharaoh, but he *taxed* the *land* to give the money, and for which tax I find no particular name; but the first land-tax of which we have record in England was in the tenth century, and produced £82,000, in 1018. The original name of it was Danegelt, and was formerly paid to the Danes, arising out of their exactions to stop their ravages in this country. The Danegelt was thus raised. Every hide of land, i.e. as much as one plough could plough,—or, as Bede says, maintain a family one day,—was taxed one shilling.—J. Sowden.

15. 12 and 36. By several correspondents.

16. Any article weighing from 1 to 40 lb. may be weighed with the four following weights: 1, 3, 9, and 27 lb.—W. C.

17. A figure being wrongly inserted in this question renders the answer sent by the proposer also incorrect. As the question stands the answer is 26 lb. 10 ounces, and nearly 3¼ drachmas, which is the weight of a body, at 100 miles above the surface of the earth, which weighed 28 lb. on it.—G. F.—"For as attraction of gravitation proceeds from a centre the diameter of the earth must be halved for the centre, which will be at 3962 miles from the surface (i. e. leaving out fractions). As an attraction of gravitation like all forces proceeding from a centre, decreases as the squares of the distances increase. Then if the 3962 miles, the semi-diameter of the earth, be added to 100 miles, the distance above the surface, the sum will be 4062 miles. Then, as $4062_2 : 3962_2 : : 28$ lb. : 26 lb. 10 oz. 3½ drams nearly, which is the weight at 100 miles from the surface of the earth, which weighed 28 lb. on it."—J.H.P.

Questions for Solution.

1. A May-pole, whose top was broken off by a blast of wind, struck the ground at 15 feet distant from the foot of the pole; what was the height of the whole May-pole, supposing the broken piece to measure 39 feet in length?

2. How many square yards of paving are in a trapezium, whose diagonal is 65 feet, and the two perpendiculars 28 and 33½ feet?

3. Required, the solidity of a square pyramid, each side of its base being 30, and its perpendicular height 25?

4. Place the numerals 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 in such order that, without any of the figures being repeated, the sum of them shall equal one hundred.

5. Who was the inventor of the writing letters now in use?

6. Why does a sudden fright cause the hair to stand erect?

7. What is the reason that an article weighing a pound at the level of the sea, will not weigh a pound at the top of a high mountain?

8. An applewoman being asked how many apples she had, replied, "When I count them by twos I have 1 over; by threes, I have 2 over; by fours, I have 3 over; by fives, I have 4 over; by sixes, I have 5 over; by sevens, I have none over. How many apples had she?

9.— Found long ago, yet made to-day,
Employed while others sleep;
What few would wish to give away,
And none would wish to keep.

10. One-third of the trees in a garden are apple trees, one-fourth pear trees, one-fifth cherry trees, one-sixth peach trees, and six other trees. How many are there in all?

11. Who was the first organist?

12. What king of England conquered Ireland, and when was it fully incorporated with England?

13. Who were the kings of the House of Plantagenet, and why was the line so called?

14. Who was the first of the English earls?

15.— My first is what all ought to be;
My second's in the Arctic sea;
And when united they will show
My whole's what every one should do.
W. H. Eddy, and N. T. Nicholas.

16. What is the length of the side of a cube inscribed in a sphere of 1 inch diameter?

17. Given the radius of a circle which is six. Required the side of its circumscribed rhombus.

18. There is a lamp-post that stands ten feet high. At what distance from it must a man stand who is six feet high so that he may project a shadow of 15 feet.

The answers to questions in No. 44 will appear in the last number of the next month.

In answer to the Charade of the late Mr. Praed, the following has been forwarded:—

Would I could grasp a *Campbell's* lyric pen!
I then might justice do to "arms and men,"
And sing the well-fought field of Agincourt,
Where, hand to hand, mix'd in the bloody sport,
The hosts of France, vain of superior might,
By English valour were o'erthrown in fight,
And bade wealth and fame a long *Good Night.*"

Our kind friend and correspondent, Mr. Middleton, writes us as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—In your last 'Solutions to Questions,' Qu. 9, John Mather says, 'crowns were originally wreaths of leaves or flowers.' I wish he had given his authority. He also says the first golden crown of which he finds any mention, was that worn by Mordecai. But John Mather must surely have begun his search at the wrong end of his bible, for in Lev. viii. 9, it is said that when Moses consecrated Aaron to the office of high-priest, he put on him a golden crown. And in Chron. xx. 2, it is recorded that when Joab took Rabbah, the king of that city had a crown which weighed a *talent of gold;* there were also precious stones in it. Again, in Esth. i. 11, king Ahasuerus ordered queen Vashti to be brought before him with the Crown Royal on her head, which in all likelihood was also of gold.—Yours truly, Robert Middleton."

Our friend Mr. Lowe has forwarded an ingenious answer to a question which appeared a couple of months since:—"The old custom of decking houses and churches at Christmas with evergreens, is derived from ancient heathen practices. Councils of the church forbade Christians to deck their houses with bay-leaves and green boughs, at the same time with the pagans; but this was after the church had permitted such doings, in order to accommodate its ceremonies to those of the old mythology. Where druidism had existed, "the houses were decked with evergreens in December, that the sylvan spirits might repair to them, and remain unnipped with frost and cold winds, until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their darling abodes." Polydore Vergil says that, "Trimmyng of the temples, with hangynges, floures, boughes, and garlondes, was taken of the heathen people, whiche decked their idols and houses with suche array." In old church-calendars, Christmas-eve is marked "Templa escornantur." (Churches are decked.) The holly and the ivy still maintain some mastery at this season. At the two universities, the windows of the college chapels are decked with laurel. (Full particulars and information will be obtained by referring to "Hone's Everyday Book." Vol. I.)—Bennet Lowe.

We are gratified extremely to recognise the interest which our readers take in the Exercises for Ingenuity, and from our success in this particular we think we could organise a regular system of intercommunication between our subscribers on subjects of a more general and interesting character. Perhaps a few of them will be kind enough to ask questions; we have no doubt about obtaining answers. In this way a large number of readers might be instructed on a variety of subjects.

LITERARY NOTICE.

The Science of Botany beautifully Illustrated by upwards of Three Hundred Engravings from Drawings from Nature.—In The Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art, for September 4th, will be commenced a series of chapters on the instructive science of Botany. Each chapter will be profusely illustrated with engravings, carefully executed, These chapters on Botany will not interfere with the general character of the work, which contains first-class engravings, including portraits and specimens of the works of the great masters, in painting, sculpture, and architecture; portraits of eminent characters; views of cities, palaces, and public buildings; natural history; manufacturing processes; machinery and inventions; scientific, including the elements of design, perspective, hydraulics, the stereoscope, &c.; ornamental sculpture, needlework, &c.; with original literary articles, including biographies, descriptions of works of art, details of manufacturing processes and machinery, papers on natural history and other branches of science; and much interesting fragmentary matter. The Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art is published in weekly Numbers, twopence each, or in monthly Parts, 9d. or 11d. each, according to the number of weeks in each month.

MISCELLANEA.

If even the *worst* women be, as they are, to men *tolerable* creatures, what must the *best* be?

If you have daughters and anything to leave them, bequeath part at least in the shape of an *annuity for life;* it is an insurance for good usage from their husbands; and the *only* "insurance" I know.

What is Puseyism?—The late facetious Sidney Smith when asked to define Puseyism, remarked that it was a mixture of posture and imposture, flexions and genuflexions, of bowing to the east and courtesying to the west, with an immense amount of man-millinery.

Clever Boy!—"Here you little rascal, walk up and give an account of yourself. Where have you been?" "A'ter the gals, father." "Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?" "No, sir,—but mother did."

Confidence in Man.—People have generally three epochs in their confidence in man. In the first they believe him to be everything that is good, and they are lavish with their friendship and confidence. In the next they have had experience, which has smitten down their confidence, and they then have to be careful not to mistrust every one, and to put the worst construction upon everything. Later in life they learn that the greater number of men have much more good in them than bad, and that even where there is cause to blame there is more reason to pity than condemn; and then a spirit of confidence again awakens within them,

Excuses for not attending Public Worship.—Overslept myself—wasn't shaved in time. Too cold—too hot—too windy—too dusty. Too wet—too damp—too sunny—too cloudy. Don't feel disposed. No other time to myself. Look over my drawers. Put my papers to rights—Letters to write to my friends. Taken a dose of physic. Been bled this morning. Mean to walk to the bridge. Going to take a ride. Tied to the shop six days in the week. No fresh air but on Sundays. Can't breathe in church, always so full. Feel a little chilly. Feel a little feverish. Feel very lazy. Expect company to dinner. Hurt my great toe. Got a headache.—Caught cold. Must watch the servants. Can't leave the house for fear of fire. Servants up to all mischief when I go to church. Intend nursing myself to-day. New bonnet not come home. Tore my dress coming down stairs. Got a new novel, must be returned on Monday morning. Wasn't dressed in time. Don't like a liturgy—always praying for the same thing. Don't like extempore prayer—don't know what is coming.

Rather Satirical.—"I say, Bill, Jim's caged for stealing a horse." "Sarve him right; why didn't he buy one and not pay for it, like any other gentleman?"

An Actor's Defence.—An itinerant player, possessed of more wit than money, was a few days ago driven by that hard master hunger, to commit the high crime of poaching in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, and was unluckily detected in the act, and carried forthwith before a bench of magistrates, when the offence was fully proved. The knight of the buskin, however, being called upon for his defence, astonished the learned justices, by adapting "Brutus's speech to the Romans on the death of Cæsar," to his case, in the following manner:—"Britons, hungry men, and epicures! hear me for my cause and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honour, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of this hare, to him I say that a player's love for hare is no less than his. If then, that friend demand why a player rose against a hare, this is my answer:—Not that I loved hare less, but that I loved eating more. Had you rather this hare were living, and I had starving died, than that this hare were dead, that I might live a jolly fellow? As this hare was pretty I weep for him; as he was nimble, I rejoice at it; as he was plump, I honour him; but as he was eatable, I slew him." Here the gravity of the court was obliged to give way! prosecutor, spectators, and all burst into laughter at the ready wit displayed by the "poor actor." The information was withdrawn, and the knight of the sock and buskin left the court with pockets much heavier than when he entered it, with the intention of appearing on the stage the same evening in an "entirely new character."

Throw Physic to the Dogs.—"Is there really anything the matter with you?" said a physician to a person who had sent for him. "I don't know how it is," was the reply; "I eat well, sleep well, and have a good appetite."—"Very well," said the doctor, "I'll give you something that will very soon take away all that."

Paper.—In "A Council of Four," paper is described as building-ground for genius; a receiver of stolen goods; the product, the cause, and the preventive of rags; a poor flat much put upon.

Legerdemain.—A noted juggler perceived at the commencement of his performances that he was very narrowly watched by a gentleman whom he knew at once to be a very acute observer. He was embarrassed, and he felt that he could not practise his deceptions with so free and easy a hand as he could if he were not watched by so intelligent an eye. The consciousness of being thus watched distracted his mind, and prevented him from concentrating its energies upon one object. The juggler therefore gave this gentleman a piece of money, telling him that he must look out, or he would get it away from him in the course of the evening. At the conclusion of the exhibition, the gentleman said to the juggler, "Well, sir, here is your money; you see that I have kept it safely." "Yes," replied he, "and I meant that you should; for I chose that you should have something else to watch besides me."

Exact Definition.—"Ma'am," said a quack to a nervous old lady, "yours is a scrutunary complaint." "What is that?" "It is the dropping of the nerves. The nerves having fallen into the pizarintum, the chest becomes torberous, the head goes tizarizzen, tizarizzen." "Oh, doctor, you have exactly described my feelings!"

The Value of a Good Voice.—Bastardini, when engaged at the Pantheon in London (one of the then rival opera-houses), used to receive for each night of her performance of two songs one hundred guineas—an enormous sum at that time. Storace, who was then a boy, studying music under his father, who gave him a bravura song of Bastardini's to copy, was so astonished that fifty guineas should be paid for singing a song, that he counted the notes in it, and calculated the amount of each note at 4s. 10d. He valued one of the divisions running up and down at £18 11s. Jenny Lind is said to have made while singing upwards of £2 10s. a minute.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Artisan.—*Lac* is a species of resin which flows from a tree growing in the East Indies. *Stick-lac* is the substance in the natural state; *seed-lac*, when boiled in water; and *shell-lac* when it has been melted. It is the principal ingredient in sealing-wax.

Juvenis.—The *Parthenon*, the temple of Minerva, is seated on the Acropolis of Athens. It was erected about B C. 448. It is now, as may be supposed, in a shattered and mangled state, but it is still the admiration of the travellers and artists who have seen it. The chief portion of the sculptures of the edifice were removed by Lord Elgin, and are now to be seen in the British Museum.

Noncon.—The *Pilgrim Fathers* sailed from Plymouth in the *Mayflower*, September 6, 1620. After encountering fearful storms and other perils, they landed at a place in New England (to which they afterwards gave the name of Plymouth) on the 8th of December following.

J. L. (Newport).—The best composition for preserving the coverings of carriages, &c., is Indian-rubber dissolved in caoutchoucine, and then coloured as required. But the process of making it is rather difficult and expensive. Mr. Barnard has a patent for it.—The celebrated patent mackintosh garments are made by dissolving Indian-rubber in hot naphtha. Indian-rubber may be dissolved in oil of turpentine, but it dries with difficulty; the solution made with the fixed oils always remain glutinous.

An Encourager.—The comparative weight of hydrogen and common air is most correctly stated in the second article to which you refer, namely, vol. ii. p. 281. Dr. Stöckhardt says, "Hydrogen is the lightest of all gases; 14½ measures of it only weigh as much as one measure of atmospheric air."

W. A. (*Fir-Tree*).—You should get a good dictionary. We will, however, give you the meaning of the three words about which you inquire:—1. *Picnic*: This originally meant an assembly where each person contributed something to the common entertainment. It is now used chiefly in reference to parties travelling, or "gipsying," where each person brings something towards making up a comfortable meal. 2. *Philharmonic*: The prefix *phil* means a lover, and a Phil-harmonic Society is a society of persons loving harmony. 3. *Synchronous*, or *Synchronal*, means happening at, or belonging to, the same time.—Your other question is handed to the editor of the "Popular Educator."

J. A. Amateur.—The best *Lavender Water*, "Eau de Lavande," is thus prepared:—Take three pounds and a half of fresh flowers, picked; put them in one gallon of rectified spirits for a week; then distil the whole. Another very fine form, Eau de Lavande, prepared according to which is said to be used by her Majesty and many of the nobility, is as follows:—Mitcham oil-of-lavender, 4 ounces; essence of bergamot, ¾ ounce; essence of musk, two ounces; rectified spirit, one gallon; mix well. The *Hungary Water* may be made thus:—Rosemary tops *in blossom*, two pounds; fresh sage, ½ pound; bruised ginger, one ounce; rectified spirit, three quarts; water, one quart. Macerate for ten days, then distil eleven pints; or thus: French rosemary flowers, one pound; ditto lavender flowers, one ounce; rectified spirit, one pint and a half. Distil three pounds.

An "Ex-Printer's Devil."—The Supplementary Numbers of the "Working Man's Friend" have long since been discontinued. The whole of the Numbers are published in two uniform volumes, under the title of "The Literature of Working Men."

T. Roberts.—We thought everybody knew the meaning of the French motto, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*," "Evil be to him that evil thinks." It is the motto of a military order, called the Order of the Garter, which was instituted by Edward III. in 1350. The motto is inscribed on a garter which is worn on the left knee of the knights of the order. The sovereign is the chief of the order, and the badge is the highest mark of esteem which the sovereign can bestow on the highest subject of the realm. The story about Edward's mistress dropping her garter, as the origin of the order, is said to be without foundation.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.—IV.

RUSSIA AND THE KREMLIN.

IN continuing this series of sketches, we must beg our readers to understand, once for all, that we have no personal knowledge of the empire of the Tzar, and that what we tell them, we gather from books. In this, however, we believe we are doing them good service; for it is not to be expected that they can have access to the best authorities, or even leisure to examine them if they had. The history of Russia, which in the last Number we brought down to the time of the present emperor, will, we trust, give them such an insight into the constitution and manners of the people of this great empire, as will, with the general view with which we set out, familiarise their minds, somewhat, with a new subject, and prepare them for a further acquaintance with Russia and the Russians.

Without further preface, we proceed to give the reader an insight of Moscow, the capital of European Russia.

In our last some account was given of the conflagration of Moscow on the occasion of the Napoleonic invasion; we may now, however, give a slight *résumé* of the history of the city itself. The history of the Russian provinces through which the traveller has passed on his way to Moscow has reference to that of this ancient capital; for, though the government of Novgorod and Tver were at one period independent, each in its turn, whether republic or principality, was subjugated by this their more powerful neighbour, and in the fourteenth century Moscow became the capital of Muscovy; Kief, and afterwards Vladimir, having till then enjoyed that distinction. The fearful calamities with which Moscow was visited in the early part of its history were of the same character as those which have befallen almost any other capital, though far more intense. In the early part of the reign of Basil II., it was taken and ravished by the Eastern destroyer, Tamerlane; and, on a subsequent occasion, it fell into the hands of the Tartars, who sacked it, and put many of the inhabitants to the sword. In 1536 the town was nearly consumed by fire, and 2,000 of the inhabitants perished in the flames; and in 1571 the Tartars fired the suburbs, and, a furious wind driving the flames into the city, a considerable portion of it was reduced to ashes, and not less than 100,000 persons perished in the flames or by the

FROZEN MEAT MARKET IN MOSCOW.

less lingering death of the sword. In 1611 a great portion of the city was again destroyed by fire, when the Poles had taken possession of it, under the pretence of defending the inhabitants from the adherents of Andrew Nagui, a pretender to the crown. And lastly, in 1812, the indomitable population of Moscow, seeing that they were for the moment unable to withstand the invading hordes of the Emperor of the modern Huns, gave up their ancient and beautiful city to this devouring element—the grandest sacrifice ever made to national feeling. The city was the idol of every Russian's heart, her shrines were to him the holiest in the empire—hallowed by seven centuries of historical associations, it was for Russia's safety given up to destruction with ready and cheerful submission, and this sacrifice was the means of enabling her to take that deep and just revenge on the banks of the Beresina which led to the annihilation of her foe, and allowed the rest of Europe to rise, and, with her, pursue him to his utter discomfiture and ruin.

But we have to describe the city as it is, the hospitals, churches, and gostinnoi dvors, rather than revert to Russian history. The assertion sometimes made, that no city is so irregularly built as Moscow, is in some respects true; none of the streets are straight; houses large and small, public buildings, churches, and other edifices are mingled confusedly together, but it gains by this the advantage of being more picturesque. The streets undulate continually, and thus offer from time to time points of view whence the eye is able to range over the vast ocean of housetops, trees, and gilded and coloured domes. But the architecture of Moscow, since the conflagration of 1812, is not quite so bizarre as, according to the accounts of travellers, it was before that event; nevertheless it is still singular enough. In 1813 the point chiefly in view was to build, and build quickly, rather than to carry any certain plan into execution; the houses were replaced with nearly the same irregularity with respect to each other, and the streets became as crooked and tortuous as before. The whole gained, therefore, little in regularity from the fire, but each individual house was built in much better taste, gardens became more frequent, the majority of roofs were made of iron, painted green, a lavish use was made of pillars, and even those who could not be profuse erected more elegant cottages. Hence Moscow has all the charms of a new city, with the pleasing negligence and picturesque irregularity of an old one. In the streets we come now to a large magnificent palace, with all the pomp of Corinthian pillars, wrought-iron trellis-work, and magnificent approaches and gateways; and now to a simple whitewashed house, the abode of a modest citizen's family. Near them stands a small church, with green cupolas and golden stars. Then comes a row of little yellow wooden houses, that remind one of old Moscow; and these are succeeded by one of the new colossal erections for some public institution. Sometimes the road winds through a number of little streets, and the traveller might fancy himself in a country town; suddenly it rises, and he is in a wide "place," from which streets branch off to all quarters of the world, while the eye wanders over the forest of houses of the great capital; descending again, he comes in the middle of the town to the banks of a river planted thickly with gardens and woods. The exterior wall of the city is upwards of twenty English miles in extent, of a most irregular form, more resembling a trapezium than any other figure; within this are two nearly concentric circular lines of boulevard, the one at a distance of about a mile and a half from the Kremlin, completed on both sides of the Moskva; the internal one with a radius of about a mile, spreading only on the north of the river, and terminating near the stone bridge on the one side, and the foundling hospital on the other. The river enters the barrier of the vast city to which it has given a name about the central point of the western side, and after winding round the Devitchei convent like a huge serpent, and from thence flowing beneath the Tartar battlements of the Kremlin, and receiving the scanty stream of the Jaousa, issues again into the vast plain, till it meets the Oka, a tributary of the mighty Volga, which joins the king of the northern rivers at Nijni Novgorod.

On the north of the Moskva, streets and houses, in regular succession, reach to the very barrier; and though a vast proportion of ground is left unoccupied, owing to the enormous width of the streets and boulevards, the earthen rampart may truly be said to gird in the city. But in the other quarters, and particularly to the south, the city can hardly be said to extend farther than the outward boulevard. Beyond this there are vast convents, the Devitchei, Donskoi, and the Seminofskoi; huge hospitals, the Galitzin, the St. Paul, and the Cheremetieff, the largest of all; the race-course, and the beautiful gardens of the Princess Galitzin along the banks of the Moskva; fields, and lakes, and marshes; but all these are within the outer enclosure of the outer wall. This will account for its seemingly scanty population of 330,000 souls.

The centre of this vast collection of buildings is the Kremlin, which, with its beautiful gardens, forms nearly a triangle of somewhat more than an English mile in circumference. The original founder of the city settled, without doubt, on the Kremlin hill, which naturally remained the nucleus of the city at a later period. Adjoining this to the east comes the Kitai Gorod (Chinese city), which still preserves its ancient fence of towers and buttresses. Encircling these two divisions, and itself bounded by the river and inner boulevard, lies the Beloi Gorod (white city). The space enclosed between the two circles to the north of the Moskva, and between the river and the outward boulevard on the south, is called the Zmelnoi Gorod. Beyond the boulevards are the suburbs.

Previous to the conflagration of 1812, each of the four quarters was surrounded by a wall and bastions; but all perished in that mighty blaze except the embattled enclosure of the Kitai Gorod, which escaped almost unscathed; and the pious veneration of the worshippers of St. Nicholas soon restored the broken walls and crumbling turrets of the Kremlin, "black with the miner's blast," to their present perfect state. The defences of the remaining districts have wisely been dispensed with, and a style somewhat resembling that of its previous architecture was observed in repairing the destruction caused by the fire. But this remark does not apply to the interior of the Kremlin, where the arsenal and the new imperial palace are in modern taste, and quite out of character with the ancient buildings within the walls. Before entering the Kremlin, it will be well to view it from one or two points on the outside, and the most favourable spot for this purpose, on the south side, is the bridge of Moskva Rekoi; from the river that bathes its base, the hill of the Kremlin rises, picturesquely adorned with turf and shrubs. The buildings appear set in a rich frame of water, verdant foliage and snowy wall, the majestic column of Ivan Veliki rearing itself high above all, like the axis round which the whole moves. The colours are everywhere most lively—red, white, green, gold, and silver. Amidst the confusion of the numerous small antique edifices, the Bolshoi Dvoretz (the large palace built by Alexander) has an imposing aspect. The churches and palaces stand on the plateau of the Kremlin as on a mighty salver; the little red and gold church of the Tzars, coquetting near the border like some pretty little maiden, and the paler coloured cupolas of the Michælis and Uspenski churches representing the broad corpulence of a merchant's wife. The Maloi Dvoretz (little palace), and the convent of the Miracle, draw modestly back, as beseems hermits and little people. All these buildings stand on the summit of the Kremlin, like its crown, themselves again crowned with a multitude of cupolas, of which every church has at least five, and one has sixteen, glittering in gold and silver. The appearance of the whole is most picturesque and interesting, and it is certainly one of the most striking city views in Europe.

The northern side of the Kremlin is the least attractive; a plain high wall with two gates separates it from the Krasnoi Ploschad (the red place). The most adorned is the north-west side. Here, in former times, was the Swan Lake. It is now drained, and its bed forms the site of the Alexander Garden, which stretches from the Moskva to the giant wall of the Kremlin.

Though assisted in his wanderings by a good lacquey-de-place, the traveller will not be able to see the sights of Moscow in less than a week, indeed a fortnight may be passed very pleasantly here. Judging from our own experience, that period is not too long to see in comfort everything there is to be seen; for though furnished with tickets and orders from the governor, Prince Galitzin, which acted on all occasions like the *sesame* of Ali Baba, and taken at a capital pace by a good pair of horses, we were a week seeing the sights within

the walls. After a general survey of the city, in a droshky or calèche, the traveller's first object will naturally be the Kremlin, and traversing the wide square in front of the theatre, the white walls of the Kitai Gorod, with their massive buttresses and odd-shaped battlements, will give the stranger the first indication that he is in front of the ancient Tartar city.

What the Acropolis was to Athens and the Capitol to Rome, the Kremlin is to Moscow. It is surrounded by a strong and lofty wall, embattled with many towers and turrets, and several gates. The most important of these is beyond doubt, the "Spass Vorota" (the gate of the Redeemer). It is the *porta sacra* and *porta triumphalis* of Moscow. Through it entered the triumphant warriors of Ivan Vassilievitch, after the conquest of Kazan and Astrakhan, and those of Michælis and Alexis, after the victories obtained in the Ukraine. Over this gate is a picture of the Saviour, under a glass, and before it hangs a large ill-formed lamp, in a massive metal frame; this is suspended by a heavy chain, and under it, to wind it up, stands a complicated old machine, that jarred and rattled here in the time of the Tzar Michæl. A man, whose sole business it is to wind it up, has a table beside him with wax tapers, which he sells to be lighted before the picture. This shrine is an object of the greatest reverence with the Russians, although few know what it represents, it hangs so high and the colours are so faded.

This gate forms a passage through the tower, of about twenty paces long, and every one, be he what he may, Mohammedan, Heathen, or Christian, must take off his hat, and keep it off till he has passed through to the other side. It is a singular sight, to watch the carriages-and-four, coming along at full speed, and slackening their pace as they approach the sacred gate, while lord and lacquey cross themselves reverently, and drive through hat in hand. Any one passing through, and forgetting to uncover, is immediately reminded of the fact, nor would it be safe to neglect the hint; we once forgot the salute, and were reminded of it merely by a gently murmured warning, "Shläpa, shläpa, batiushka" (The hat, the hat, father).

This gate obtained its sacred reputation in the course of centuries, through many miracles wrought by its means. Often, as the people relate, the Tartars have been driven back from it; miraculous clouds have veiled the defenders of the Kremlin, who sought its shelter, while the pursuing Tartars were unable to find the entrance. Even the presence of the temple-plundering Gauls, according to the Russians, only served to increase the renown of this gate. They thought the frame of the picture was of gold, and endeavoured to remove it. But every ladder they planted broke in the middle. This enraged the French, who then brought a cannon to batter down door and picture together; but, do what they would, the dry powder was possessed by the devil of water, who was too much for the devil of fire, and would not explode. At last they made a great fire with coals over the touch-hole. The powder was now subdued, but it exploded the wrong way, blowing the cannon into a thousand pieces, and some of the French artillerymen into the bargain, while gate and picture remained unharmed. The spoilers, now over-mastered by dread, withdrew, acknowledging the miraculous power. Such was the story we heard from the taper-seller at the gate. The origin of the custom of uncapping at the Holy Gate is unknown; and, though several traditions are extant, the authenticity of any fact is lost in the darkness of ages; but the feelings of devotion are still fresh and powerful, and it is to be doubted whether any bribe would be sufficient to induce a Russian to pass this archway either by day or night without uncovering his head. The Emperor himself bares his imperial brow as he approaches the Spaskoi; the officer and soldier in all the pomp and circumstance of war do the same; and thus tradition says it has been since the wooden walls of the first Kremlin were raised. And we would strongly recommend the traveller to do at Moscow as they at Moscow do, or he will either be bonneted by the sentry or some passing mujik, and thus sacrifice his best *André* where it cannot be replaced, or perhaps have the pleasure of being shown the interior of a Russian guard-house instead of the Kremlin.

The greatest care is taken not to allow dogs to enter by the Saviour's Gate, a proof that in a religious point of view the Russians look upon this animal as unclean.

The Nicholas Gate, although not so privileged as the Spass Vorota, has also a wonder-working picture, that of St. Nicholas over it. It was near the entrance of this gate that Napoleon's powder-waggons exploded and destroyed a large part of the arsenal and other buildings. The gate escaped with a rent, which split the tower in the middle as far as the frame of the picture, which stopped its farther progress. Not even the glass of the picture, or that of the lamp suspended before it, was injured. So says the inscription on the gate, and the remarkable rent is eternalised by a stone differing from the rest in colour.

All the gates of the Kremlin are connected by a strong and lofty wall, which encloses it in the form of a vast triangle with many towers. Within this wall are contained all the most interesting and historically important buildings of Moscow; the holiest churches with the tombs of the ancient Tzars, patriarchs, and metropolitans; the remains of the ancient palace of the Tzars, the new one of the present Emperor, the arsenal, senate house, &c., and architectural memorials of every period of Russian history—for every Russian monarch has held it his duty to adorn the Kremlin with some monument.

The two most important remains of the old palace of the Tzars are the Terema and the Granovitaya Palata, the former containing the Gymnaceum, the latter the coronation hall of the Tzars; the main body of the palace was so much injured by the French, that no restoration was possible. In its place a new palace was erected, called the Bolshoi Dvoretz (great palace), or, from its builder, the Alexanderski Dvoretz. The ruins of both the others are by the side of it, and connected with it by stairs and galleries. They were, as our guide told us, "so desolated by the French, that door and window stood open to wind and tempest;" the coronation hall was restored long ago, and the Emperor Nicholas has repaired the Terema, or houses of the peasants.

In Moscow there are markets in every part of the city, but its chief commerce is centred in the Kitai Gorod, where is the *Gostinnoi Dvor* and the *Riadi* (rows of shops). The former, after that of Nijni, is the largest in Russia. It is a colossal building of three stories, and three rows of pillars and shops stand one above another, connected by countless passages and steps. In these courts and galleries there is, during the whole year, a continual fair, and hither the tide of commerce flows from the Baltic, the Black Sea, the Levant, Western Europe, Siberia, China, and Tartary. The mass of the promenaders and purchasers are Russian, and bearded; but the black-robed Persian, with his pointed lambskin cap, and the silken-clad Bokharian may be distinguished in the crowd; the most considerable merchants, who trade here by wholesale, are upwards of 1,000 in number.

Of the various public promenades in Moscow it may be said that the gardens of the Kremlin are to Moscow what those of the Tuileries are to Paris; and in these gardens the *beau-monde* of Moscow promenade in the fine spring evenings. At the foot of the wall a number of artificial hills have beeen raised, where, on holidays, musicians are placed. These hills are hollowed out beneath, and supported by pillars, and the benches with which they are provided afford cool resting-places for the weary.

The Tver Boulevards, surrounding the Beloi Gorod, are not unpleasing, though less agreeable than the Alexander Garden. They are broad walks laid out with trees, shrubs, and parterres, far more rural and pleasing than the formal lime avenues of Berlin, and they will be much handsomer some time hence, for at present the plantations are very young. The different boulevards round Beloi Gorod have an extent of seven versts, or about a mile. During the Easter week these boulevards are greatly frequented by parties in their sledges, and the numerous booths give them all the appearance of a fair. In addition to these may be mentioned the Peterskoi Gardens, already described, and the Summer Gardens of the Empress Elizabeth in the eastern suburb. These are very extensive, but their beauties are in the sere and yellow leaf. The traveller should on no account leave Moscow without having seen the Kremlin by moonlight. There are three clubs at

Moscow, to which foreigners can obtain admission through a member. That called the English, originally established by the merchants of our nation, is a splendid establishment, well planned and skilfully directed in fact, like the clubs of other countries. Twice a week there is a *table-d'hôte*, at three rubles *par tête*, which is well attended. The club of the nobility is also a very handsome structure, particularly the principal saloon, ornamented with pillars and a statue of Catherine II.: in the winter, magnificent balls are given in it; and, during the carnival, morning masquerades with dancing; these assemblies are attended by as many as 2,000 persons, and the room is calculated to hold 3,000.

Should the traveller desire to know what a Russian *château* is like, he may drive to that of *Astonkina*, three miles from Moscow, a seat of the Cheremetieff family, one of the wealthiest in Russia. The dining-hall is furnished in the Louis Quatorze style; and in the drawing-rooms are some good pictures, a Claude and a Rembrandt being the best. There are also some antiques; a Vulcan lays claim to some merit. These country seats bear the singular name of Moscow *appurtenances*, because the habitations twenty-five miles round are considered as belonging to it. The great number of horses kept by the rich, at a small cost, abridges the distance; and many persons who spend the day at a distant country-seat, enjoy at night the pleasures of the city. The "*Allée des Peuples*," outside the barrier, on the Cheremetieff estate, is a great rendezvous for the shopkeepers and merchants of Moscow. One of the prettiest and most picturesque places in the environs is Koonsova; a drive to it, in the summer, will repay the traveller for his trouble. Moscow prides herself on her manufactures, and her intention never to take foreign manufactured goods; that

PEASANTRY OF RUSSIA.

is to say, never to adopt the principles of free trade, nor have, we believe, the Russian manufacturers altered their opinion since the itinerant apostle of that system visited them. The traveller will readily obtain access to the silk and cotton mills; the machinery is frequently under the care of Englishmen.

In our next we shall have more to say of the city of Moscow, and some of its peculiar institutions. The engraving of the Frozen Meat Market, &c., will convey a good pictorial idea of the appearance and costume of the people during the Russian winter.

RUSSIAN TRAVELLING SERVANTS.

A TRUE BROTHER.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

You're rich, and yet you are not proud;
You are not selfish, hard, or vain;
You look upon the common crowd
With sympathy, and not disdain;
You'd travel far to share your gold
With humble sorrow unconsoled;
You'd raise the orphan from the dust,
And help the sad and widow'd mother:
Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
I love you as a brother.

You're poor, and yet you do not scorn
Or hate the wealthy for their wealth;
You toil contented night and morn,
And prize the gifts of strength and health;
You'd share your little with a friend,
And what you cannot give you'd lend;
You take humanity on trust,
And see some merit in another;
Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
I love you as a brother.

And what care I how rich you be?
I love you if your thoughts are pure;
What signifies your poverty,
If you can struggle and endure?
'Tis not the birds that make the spring,
'Tis not the crown that makes the king—
If you are wise, and good, and just,
You've riches better than all other.
Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
I love you as a brother.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK AND THE BETTING NUISANCE.

We were the first to draw public attention to the abominable nuisance of the betting shops,* and it is with pleasure we perceive that our example has been extensively followed by editors of newspapers and influential periodicals. It is true that the newspaper reports had previously teemed with *exposés* of the betting system; true that the streets, courts, and alleys of the metropolis abounded in "offices," where the spirit of vice was fostered in the breasts of the young and inexperienced; true that police magistrates and legislators had lamented their inability to check the alarming increase of the gambling spirit in our youthful population,—but police reports and magisterial frowns had no influence in "putting down" the crying evil which was fast filling our prisons and demoralising our people; and no remedy was found in the law for a state of things becoming day after day more unbearable. What was to be done? To tear down the "lists" was an easy thing enough when they were exposed in the front of the licensed victuallers' bars,—for the magistrates had direct control over that class of tradesmen,—but when houses were taken and showy shops fitted up for the direct and avowed purpose of gambling, and when the conductors of these establishments openly stated, by means of placards in their windows and advertisements in the sporting newspapers, that they were prepared to "give the odds on all the races, and to receive deposits from one shilling upwards," the licensing magistrates were powerless, and no course remained for the well-wishers of morality but direct and immediate exposure of the effects and consequences of a system alike alarming to parents and legislators. That the public did not long remain in ignorance of the abominable doings of the betting-shop gamblers seems natural enough, when we find such men as Charles Dickens and George Cruikshank giving their aid, by pen and pencil, in exposing them in their true colours to the world. Our old friend *Punch* has not, of course, been behindhand in drawing a moral from the betting shops which will long be remembered; but perhaps the most direct hit of all is that last of George Cruikshank's productions—The Betting Book,†—in which he has brought together such a mass of evidence, both literary and pictorial, against the system, as must, we feel assured, do good service in the cause of public morality. If young men would only consider how much they risk, besides their money, when they "back a horse" at the counters of these blacklegs,—character, reputation, virtue, honour, self-esteem,—they would pause ere they crossed the threshold; and if they really do *not* know the extent of the mischief they are assisting in, if they are really *not* aware of the precipice on which they stand when they pause on the betting-shop door-step, we would advise them to purchase and peruse George Cruikshank's little volume,—the drollery of the thing will amuse them, — and, if we mistake not, the moral drawn from the exposure will improve them too. It is a fact that upwards of three hundred "offices" are open in the metropolis and suburbs, where large numbers of persons, chiefly young, including clerks, shopmen, mechanics, errand-boys, and many having the decided marks of "black legs," are continually crowding to examine race lists, and to deposit sums of various extent from one shilling to five pounds, in the hope of gaining twenty, fifty, or a hundred fold; and as every day's Police Court or Old Bailey report furnishes instances of the demoralising and ruinous tendency of the "betting system," we rejoice to find that it has engaged the attention of the moralist, the magistrate, and the satirist. Only a week or two since, a clerk in the banking-house of Messrs. Robarts, Curtis, and Co., was, after ten years' service, convicted of defrauding the firm at various times of one thousand pounds, for the purpose of "making up his betting-book." He pleaded guilty, and is doomed to transportation. The magistrates of the city of London are prepared to address the legislature on the subject early in the ensuing session of parliament; and we trust that ere long we shall be enabled to announce to our readers that the "betting shops" of the metropolis are closed altogether. Our friend George Cruikshank, has, in his little book, brought together a great number of facts, and has founded upon them exhortations and advices which do honour to his understanding and his feelings. He has, of course, illustrated his exposure with "cuts," which are highly characteristic of the eminent caricaturist. If any one can read this pamphlet, and then enter his name in a betting-book, he will sin against faithful warnings, and his sin will be upon his own head!

* See Article entitled "Mr. Alfred Verdant's Gambling Experiences," in No. 27 of *The Working Man's Friend*, New Series."

† Published by Tweedie, 337, Strand.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Whether novelists do, or do not, occupy a high standing in the republic of letters, candour must at least allow, that not only do they furnish abundance of amusement, but also that their works are not always deficient in instruction; among them have appeared some of very superior genius. Provided these mental painters, in sketching character, keep nature closely in view, their entertaining themes will prove very far from an indifferent school for ethics; because it has not unfrequently happened that minds which could not otherwise be operated upon, have been attuned to the beauty of moral rectitude by the perusal of a well-told tale of fiction; and be it remembered, that this was the mode in which the ancient philosophers taught morality. Be this as it may, Sancho Panza has immortalised the witty Cervantes, and Don Quixote will continue to be read and to grace the shelves in the libraries of all lovers of literature. The inimitable Adams, as depicted by the masterly pen of our own laughter-stirring Fielding, of facetious memory, must always remain the juxta-companion to the Knight of the Woful Countenance. The depth displayed by the humorist in his introductory chapters, the truth and richness of his colouring, will render his fame not less enduring than that of the satiric Spaniard; while Black George bears ample testimony to the raciness of his imagination, as also to his intimate acquaintance with the workings of the human heart, and will carry down Tom Jones, as a first-rate production, to the remotest ages. Don Raphael and Ambrose Lamela have encircled the brows of Le Sage with never-fading laurels, and wrested Gil Blas from the withering hand of time. The author of the Waverley Novels, whose memoir we are about to detail, has added another link to that chain of excellence which has so long delighted the reading world.

More than eighty years have spun their course since the illustrious author of Waverley first became a breathing citizen of the world, and about twenty years have elapsed since the remains of this highly-gifted son of Invention were consigned to their kindred clay. He was the eldest son of a writer to the signet at Edinburgh, where he was born on the 15th of August, 1771. His mother was of a literary turn, wrote several poems, and died in the year of the commencement of the ever memorable French Revolution, 1789, which forms an epoch in the annals of the world of the very first magnitude as to its importance in the future destiny of nations. When a boy, he gave but slender promise of his adult fame. Dr. Blair, when he visited the school at Musselburgh, where our novelist received the rudiments of his education, was observed to take particular notice of young Scott, upon which Dr. Paterson, who had then lately succeeded the former pedagogue, said, speaking of the youthful poet, "My predecessor tells me that boy has the thickest skull in the school." "May be so," replied Blair, "but through that thick skull I can discern many bright rays of genius." He was subsequently placed at the High School in the Scottish metropolis, conducted by Dr. Adam, the same fountain at which that luminary Brougham some years after also began to slake his thirst after knowledge; from thence he was removed to the University, where he finished his education under the celebrated professor Stewart. Having completed his clerkship, he was called to the bar, July 11, 1792. By the influence of the Buccleugh family, to which he was allied, he was appointed deputy-sheriff of Selkirkshire. In 1798 he married Miss Carpenter, by whom he had four children.

His politics were in accordance with Pitt, who proposed to invest him with the valuable appointment of clerk of the sessions, but this was frustrated by the death of the premier, which dissolved the then administration before the warrant had passed the seals. Fortunately the new ministry consisted of such men as Fox, Sheridan, Lord Erskine, the present Mar-

quis of Lansdowne, Earl Grey, and many others attached to literature and philosophy, who, to their infinite honour, voluntarily presented their political opponent with the post their predecessors intended for him. His first productions were "The Chase" and "William and Mary," ballads translated from the German, but published anonymously; the next, and to which he prefixed his name, was a tragedy translated from the German of Goethe, entitled "Goetz of Berlenchingen." At nearly the same period he contributed those two romantic and interesting ballads, "The Eve of St. John" and "Glenfinlass," to Lewis's Tales of Wonder. "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" appeared in 1802. His studies then became entirely antiquarian. His deep interest in the history of his country carried him where, perhaps, none had visited before for centuries, at least with the same penetrating eye. This enabled him to treat this subject with so masterly a hand in his historical novels. The first result of this application appeared in 1804, in a metrical romance of the thirteenth century, called "Sir Tristram," by Thomas of Erceldoune. The following year ushered in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," one of his most beautiful, original, and highly-conceived poems; the manners, the pursuits, the vices, the virtues of the ancient chivalry of Scotland are admirably delineated; the introduction of the author's ancestry into the poem giving it a portion almost of his identity, and eliciting all the powerful enthusiasm of his gloomy imagination, swell the picture into reality, and we feel ourselves in a world where romance, religion, individual valour, priestly lore, and ladye love by turns enchant, delight, and exalt the mind. In the same year he published six ballads and lyrical pieces.

His next great production was "Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field," a work of deep interest. In 1810 appeared "The Lady of the Lake," which is undoubtedly the best, and will ever be the most popular, of his poetical productions. Its scenery is fascinating. This poem alone would have procured our author everlasting fame. "The Vision of Don Roderick" in 1811, "Rokeby" in 1812, and "The Lord of the Isles" in 1814, are all inferior to his former productions. Shortly after, he published a smaller poem, "The Battle of Waterloo," and, anonymously, the "Bridal of Triermain" and "Harold the Dauntless," two minor poems of great merit.

In addition to the works above enumerated, he produced "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," "The Border Antiquities of Scotland," "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," and edited the works of John Dryden, Lord Somers's Collection of Tracts, Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers, Poetical Works of Anne Seward, the Works of Jonathan Swift, &c.

The year 1814 may be fairly said to have closed his poetical career. His fame as a poet had now spread over the world; and while he suffered his poetical genius to rest within him, he was preparing to effect a new era in our English literature.

"Waverley" at this time appeared without any author's name, and never did a work of fiction create such a sensation in the minds of the literati and all lovers of this species of composition. In the following year was produced "Guy Mannering," by the "Author of Waverley;" and in this anonymous manner all these ever-celebrated historical novels appeared. Though he was universally believed to be the author of these novels, yet the same was not proved until the unfortunate failure of Messrs. Constable and Co. of Edinburgh, in which he was involved; and the assignees claimed the original manuscripts, *in the handwriting* of Sir Walter. The trustees of the Advocates' Library, anxious to enrich their valuable collection of manuscripts, offered £1,000 for the whole collection. This offer was rejected. They were afterwards offered to the British Museum, the trustees of which would not purchase them. They were subsequently brought forward, for *public competition*, at the sale-room of Mr. Evans, in Pall Mall. The following is the list, with the prices they produced:—

1. The Monastery, perfect	£18	18	0
2. Guy Mannering, wanting a leaf at the end of Vol. II.	27	10	0
3. Old Mortality, perfect	33	0	0
4. The Antiquary, perfect	42	0	0
5. Rob Roy, perfect	50	0	0
6. Peveril of the Peak, perfect	42	0	0
7. Waverley, imperfect	18	0	0
8. The Abbot, imperfect	14	0	0
9. Ivanhoe, imperfect	12	0	0
10. The Pirate, imperfect	12	0	0
11. The Fortunes of Nigel, imperfect	16	16	0
12. Kenilworth, imperfect	17	0	0
13. Bride of Lammermoor, only 61 pages.	14	14	0

Sir Walter meeting Captain Basil Hall, the fortunate purchaser of "The Antiquary," accidentally at Southampton, told him that it was his most favourite novel, and kindly offered, that if he had the manuscript with him he would write a few lines to that effect at the end of it.

As an author he had the happy talent of uniting the old English ballad style with the refined beauties of our language and the graces of modern poetry, and he blended with a tact peculiar to himself subjects the most incongruous in their nature. His fancy was luxuriant and excursive, corrected by a judgment that could not be called in question. Upon the accession of George IV., he was the first person upon whom that monarch conferred the honour of a baronetcy, in 1820. His private live was a tissue of those virtues and amiabilities the exercise of which so endear men to their fellows, that when his name swelled the obituary it was followed by universal regret.

Early in 1831 symptoms of paralysis appeared, a disease hereditary in his family. His physicians having recommended the air of Italy, the government gave him a passage to Malta in the Barham ship of war; from thence he went to Naples at Christmas; in April he removed to Rome; there all hopes of his recovery were at an end, and at his own desire he returned to his own house, Abbotsford, within the walls of which he expired, September 21, 1832.

The farewell address of this child of fancy will speak for itself, and may be found at the conclusion of the Fourth Series of the "Tales of my Landlord."

"The gentle reader is acquainted that these are, in all probability, the last tales which it will be the lot of the author to submit to the public. He is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts; a ship of war is commissioned by its Royal master to carry the Author of Waverley to climates in which he may possibly obtain such a restoration of health as may serve to spin his thread to an end in his own country. Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labours, it seems indeed probable, that at the term of years he has already attained, the bowl, to use the pathetic language of Scripture, would have been broken at the fountain; and little can one who has enjoyed, on the whole, an uncommon share of the most inestimable of worldly blessings, be entitled to complain, that life, advancing to its period, should be attended with its usual proportion of shadows and storms. They have affected him at least in no more painful manner than is inseparable from the discharge of this part of the debt of humanity. Of those whose relation to him in the ranks of life might have ensured him their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more; and those who may yet follow in his wake are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience more especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage.

"The public have claims on his gratitude, for which the Author of Waverley has no adequate means of expression; but he may be permitted to hope, that the powers of his mind, such as they are, may not have a different date from those of his body; and that he may again meet his patronising friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch, which may not call for the remark, that—

'Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.'"

"Perhaps no writer," says a reviewer in the *Edinburgh*, "has ever enjoyed in his lifetime so extensive a popularity. His reputation may be truly said to be not only British, but European—and even this is too limited a term. He has had the advantage of writing in a language used in different hemispheres by highly civilised communities, and widely diffused over the surface of the globe; and he has written at a period when communication was facilitated by peace. While the wonder of his own countrymen, he has, to an unexampled degree, established an ascendancy over the tastes of foreign nations. His works have been sought by foreigners with an avidity equalling, nay, almost exceeding, that with which they have been received among us. The conflicting literary tastes of France and Germany, which, twenty years ago,

seemed diametrically opposed, and hopelessly irreconcilable, have at length united in admiration of him. In France he has effected a revolution in taste, and given victory to the 'Romantic School.' He has had not only readers but imitators. Among Frenchmen, the author of 'Cinq Mars' may be cited as a tolerably successful one. Italy, in which what *we* call 'Novels' were previously unknown, has been roused from its torpor, and has found a worthy imitator of British talent in the author of the 'Promessi Sposi.' Many of them have been translated into French, German, Italian, and other languages.

"In 1813, before the appearance of Waverley, if any one should have ventured to predict that a writer would arise, who, when every conceivable form of composition seemed not only to have been tried, but exhausted, should be the creator of one hitherto unknown, and which, in its immediate popularity, should exceed all others,—who, when we fancied we had drained to its last drop the cup of intellectual excitement, should open a spring, not only new and untasted, but apparently deep and inexhaustible—that he should exhibit his marvels in a form of composition the least respected in the whole circle of literature, and raise the Novel to a place among the highest productions of human intellect,—his prediction would have been received, not only with incredulity, but with ridicule; and the improbability would have been heightened, had it been added, that all this would be effected with no aid from the influence of established reputation, but by a writer who concealed his name. His productions are virtually novelties in our literature. They form a new species. They were, it is true, called Historical Novels; and works bearing that appellation had existed before. But these were essentially different: they were not historical in the same sense; and were as little to be classed with the Waverley Novels, as are a chronological index or a book of memoirs, because the same names and circumstances may be alluded to in each. The misnamed historical novels which we possessed before Waverley, merely availed themselves of historical names and incidents, and gave to the agents of their story the manners and sentiments either of the present period, or, much more commonly, of none.

"One of the points of view in which he is first presented to us is, as a delineator of human character. When we regard him in this light, we are struck at once by the fertility of his invention, and the force, novelty, and fidelity of his pictures. He brings to our mind, not abstract beings, but breathing, acting, speaking individuals. Then what variety! What originality! What numbers! What a gallery has he set before us! No writer but Shakspeare ever equalled him in this respect. Others may have equalled, perhaps surpassed him, in the elaborate finishing of some single portrait; or, may have displayed, with greater skill, the morbid anatomy of human feeling—and our slighter foibles and finer sensibilities have been more exquisitely touched by female hands—but none, save Shakspeare, has ever contributed so largely, so valuably, to our collection of characters;—of pictures so surprisingly original, yet, once seen, admitted immediately to be conformable to nature. Nay, even his anomalous beings are felt to be generally reconcilable with our code of probabilities; and, as has been said of the supernatural creations of Shakspeare, we are impressed with the belief, that if such beings did exist, they would be as he has represented them.

"His descriptions of persons are distinguished chiefly by their picturesqueness. We always seem to behold the individual described. Dress, manner, features, and bearing are so vividly set before us, that the mental illusion is rendered as complete as words can make it. But if we feel thus familiar with the personage introduced, it is rather because the mind's eye has received his image, than because we are endowed with a knowledge of his character. It is the outward, not the inward man, that engages our attention. We comprehend Iago perfectly, without knowing what manner of man he was to look upon. But Varney, Rashleigh, or Christian, must be presented mentally to the eye, as well as to the understanding, before we can feel an equal intimacy. His method has the merit of individualising an imaginary person in a remarkable degree, and is well suited to the nature of the Novel. It effects much of what, in the drama, is supplied by the actor who represents a character on the stage. But it is an inferior art to that of unveiling the recesses of the mind, and presenting to us thoughts, passions, tastes, and springs of action—causing us, in fact, to perceive and know the person not merely as if he stood before us, but as if he had long been our intimate acquaintance. His best-drawn characters make us feel as if we saw and heard them; those of Shakspeare as if we had lived with them, and they had opened their hearts to us in confidence.

"That he was a master of the pathetic, is evinced by several well-known passages. Such are the funeral of the fisherman's son in the 'Antiquary,'—the imprisonment and trial of Effie Deans, and the demeanour of the sister and the broken-hearted father,—the short narrative of the smuggler in 'Redgauntlet,'—many parts of 'Kenilworth,'—and of that finest of tragic tales, the 'Bride of Lammermoor.' We must pause to notice the last. In this, above other modern productions, we see imbodied the dark spirit of fatalism,—that spirit which breathed in the writings of the Greek tragedians, when they traced the persecuting vengeance of Destiny against the houses of Laius and of Atreus. Their mantle was, for a while, worn unconsciously by him who showed to us Macbeth: and here again, in the deepening gloom of this tragic tale, we feel the oppressive influence of this invisible power. From the time we hear the prophetic rhymes, the spell has begun its work, and the clouds of misfortune blacken around us; and the fated course of events moves solemnly onward, irresistible and unerring as the progress of the sun, and soon to end in a night of horror. We remember no other tale in which not doubt, but certainty, forms the groundwork of our interest.

"The plots in the Waverley Novels generally display much ingenuity, and are interestingly involved; but there is not one in the conduct of which it would not be easy to point out a blemish. None have that completeness which constitutes one of the chief merits of Fielding's 'Tom Jones.' There is always either an improbability, or a forced expedient, or an incongruous incident, or an unpleasant break, or too much intricacy, or a hurried conclusion. They are usually languid in the commencement, and abrupt in the close: too slowly opened, and too hastily summed up. 'Guy Mannering' is one of those in which these two faults are least apparent. The plot of 'Peveril of the Peak' might, perhaps, on the whole, have been considered the best, if it had not been spoiled by the finale.

"It may be said of his novels, as of the plays of Shakspeare, that though they never exhibit an attempt to enforce any distinct moral, they are, on the whole, favourable to morality. They tend to keep the heart in its right place. They inspire generous emotions, and a warm-hearted and benevolent feeling towards our fellow-creatures; and, for the most part, afford a just and unperverted view of human character and conduct.

"He has been the master of his imagination, rather than the slave. He has controlled it as with the rod of an enchanter, and compelled it to do his bidding, instead of becoming, like the frantic Pythoness, the utterer of the eloquent ravings which were prompted by the demon that possessed her. His writings display a calm consciousness of power. There is in them nothing of the feverishness of distemper; and they are not sullied and corroded by the operation of human passions. He seems to have looked forth upon nature, serene and unruffled, from the watch-tower of a commanding intellect.

"Time may raise up other writers, whose comparative greatness may deprive him of his present eminence; but it cannot deprive him of the merit of originality, and of having first opened a new and delightful path in literature. Not in a presumptuous spirit of prophecy, but as a token of our present admiration, we will say, that we think his Novels likely to endure as long as the language in which they are written."

PROVERBIAL PICKINGS FOR ANGRY PEOPLE.

"*Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous.*"

RAGE or anger, if it be but a small time deferred, the force thereof will be greatly assuaged; but if it be suffered to continue, it increaseth more and more in mischief, until by revenge it be fully satisfied.

Anger is the first entrance to unseemly wrath. Wrath proceedeth from the feebleness of courage, and the lack of discretion.

Anger is soon buried in a wise man's breast.

A CHAPTER ON DOGS, WITH PORTRAITS OF A FEW OF THEM.

"Down, Rover, down!"

And as my little boy—a fairhaired, chubby fellow of three years—says this, the Newfoundland crouches at his feet; and I, sitting in my easy chair, admire the pair, and fall to thinking about dogs. From thinking to writing is a natural transition with the wielders of the gray goose quill; and so, good reader, you have here the result of my cogitations.

In nearly all civilised countries the dog and the horse are the friends and servants of mankind; and if men prize themselves, in a general way, on their knowledge of any kind of animals, these are the two species they particularly favour. It is not my intention to enter into a very minute description of the genus *Canis*, or to describe their anatomical conformation and geographical distribution, or even to speak of the general characteristics of the dog kind,—from which class I altogether ignore the Wolf,—much less to give a detailed account of the almost endless varieties of animals said to have sprung from one original stock, of which the shepherd's dog is the well-known type. On the contrary, I mean merely to indulge in an anecdotical gossip about some half-dozen well-known kinds of dogs. My predilections are in favour of the larger and nobler descriptions of animals; and, as a consequence, we will start off at once with the HOUNDS.

A distinct group of dogs is that which contains the hounds. In former times two noble varieties of this animal were common in England: the Talbot, or old English hound, and the blood-hound; but they are now seldom seen.

THE STAG-HOUND.

The old English hound has been described as the original breed of our island. It was tall and robust, with a chest of great breadth and depth, ears large and long, and eyes deeply set; a broad nose, and nostrils large and moist, pendulous lips, and a deep, full, and sonorous voice. All who know this fine animal will recognise him by his portrait, if not by our rather wordy description. The general colour of the animal was black, passing into tan or sandy-red about the muzzle and along the inside of the limbs. Shakspeare, when describing the hounds of Theseus, in his "Midsummer Night's Dream," has painted the Talbot to the very life :—

"My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd,* so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed and dewlapp'd like Thessalian bulls;

THE TALBOT, OR OLD ENGLISH HOUND.

THE FOX-HOUND.

* The flews are the large chaps of a hound.

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn."

The great poet was no doubt familiar with dogs of the hound kind. He alludes to them, also, in his "Tempest," and his "Comedy of Errors;" in his "Taming of the Shrew," the lordly attendant to Christopher Sly, says,—

"Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth."

It was with such hounds that our ancestors chased the wild deer and other game, when there was so much of forest and waste on our island. It was, most probably, two dogs of this breed which, on one occasion, we are told, continued the chase of a very large stag in the county of Westmoreland, when, either by fatigue or accident, the whole pack was thrown out. The stag returned to Wingfield-park, from whence he started, and, as his last effort, leaped the wall, and immediately expired. One of the hounds pursued him to the wall; but being unable to get over, laid down, and almost immediately expired: the other was found dead at a little distance. The length of the chase is uncertain: but as they were seen at Red-Kirks, near Annan in Scotland, distant, by the post-road of the time, about forty-six miles, it has been conjectured that the circuitous route they might be supposed to take, would not be less than one hundred and twenty miles! Another calculation makes it about half that distance. The horns of the stag, however (the largest ever seen in that part of the country), were long placed in the park on a tree of enormous size; and hence called Hart-horn-tree.

THE POINTER.

The Stag-hound is the nearest representative of the Talbot. In the time of James I. stag-hounds were hunted in close packs. The more general culture of the country, and the confinement of the stag to close parks, led subsequently to the decline of the chase. It was then confined to the neighbourhood of the scattered forests that remained, and was continued only by the sovereign and a few nobles, of whose establishment, from time immemorial, a kennel of deer-hounds had formed a part. Since the death of George III., who was much attached to the chase, stag-hunting has rapidly declined. The modern hound is handsomer, though somewhat smaller than those of former times, and the breed, having been crossed with the fox-hound, became much faster. They have a large, rather stout head, with a wide nose, loose, hanging, broad, and long ears, muscular hams, round, small feet, and a rush tail, carried high. They are invariably white, with some black and tawny marks about the ears, and on the sides or back, distributed in two or three large spots.

The stag-hound, it is needless to say, retains its shape and colour only by the most careful breeding.

"When the stag first hears the cry of the hounds," says Mr. Youatt, "he runs with the swiftness of the wind, and continues to run as long as any sound of the pursuers can be distinguished

THE HARRIER.

THE BEAGLE.

That having ceased, he pauses, and looks carefully around him; but before he can determine what course to pursue, the cry of the pack again forces itself upon his attention. Once more he darts away, and after a while, again pauses. His strength, perhaps, begins to fail, and he has recourse to stratagem in order to escape. He practises the doubling and the crossing of the fox or the hare. This being useless, he attempts to escape by plunging into some lake or river that happens to lie in his way, and when at last every attempt to escape proves abortive, he boldly faces his pursuers, and attacks the first dog or man that approaches him." Formidable, indeed, is the antagonist with which he has to contend. In 1822 a deer was turned out before the Earl of Derby's hounds, at Hayes Common. The chase was continued for nearly four hours without a check, when, being almost run down, the animal took refuge in some outhouses near Speldhurst, in Kent, more than forty miles across the country, and having actually run more than fifty miles. What endurance these hounds possess is further obvious from the fact, that in consequence of the severity of the chase nearly twenty horses died in the field.

The Fox-hound is the old English hound sufficiently crossed with the greyhound to give him lightness and speed, without impairing his scent. He derives from the greyhound a head somewhat smaller and longer, in proportion to his size, than either the stag-hound or the harrier. "The ears should not," says Mr. Youatt, "comparatively speaking, be so large as those of the stag-hound or the harrier, but the neck should be longer and lighter, the chest deep and capacious, the fore-legs straight as arrows, and the hind ones well bent at the hock."

The Blood-hound is now considered a rather rare animal. It has equal delicacy of scent with the talbot, but its ears are shorter, and its figure is taller, and, perhaps, lighter. Mr. Bell, in his interesting account of British quadrupeds, describes the breed in the possession of Mr. J. Bell, of Oxford-street, as standing twenty-eight inches high at the shoulder, the muzzle broad and full, the upper lip large and pendulous, the vertex of the head protuberant, the expression stern, thoughtful, and noble, the breast broad, the limbs strong and muscular, and the original colour a deep tan with large black clouds. The blood-hound is graphically pourtrayed by Somerville, in his poem called "The Chase," so popular in a former and different age:—

"Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourish'd in air, low bending, plies around
His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried,
Till, conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quick; his snuffling nose, his active tail,
Attest his joy; then, with deep-opening mouth,
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th' audacious felon: foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the list'ning crowd
Applaud his reasonings; o'er the wat'ry ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills;
O'er beaten paths, with men and beast distain'd;
Unerring he pursues; till at the cot
Arrived, and seizing by his guilty throat
The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey.
So exquisitely delicate his sense."

Even now the blood-hound is employed on the continent to follow the scent or the track of a wounded beast of the chase, or to lead the huntsman to the lair before the toils are set; and sometimes even to track out the footsteps of the animal.

Many anecdotes of the remarkable sagacity of these animals might be given, one will suffice. Aubri de Mondidier, a man of fortune, while travelling alone through the forest of Bondi, was murdered, and buried under a tree. His dog, an English blood-hound, continued for several days at his master's grave; but at length, compelled by hunger, he went to the house of an intimate friend of his master's, at Paris. Here he attracted the attention of that gentleman by his melancholy howlings, then repeated his cries, ran to the door, and looked back to see if any one followed him, and by his being alone and his extraordinary movements, induced his master's friend, accompanied by some other persons, to follow him. Conducting them to a tree, scratching the earth with his feet, and violently howling, he induced them to dig on that particular spot, and there they discovered the corpse of the murdered Aubri de Mondidier.

But this was not all. Some time after, the dog seized a man whom he met, by the throat, and was with great difficulty compelled to quit his hold; and whenever he saw that person—the Chevalier Macaire—he attacked him with equal fury. These circumstances awakened suspicion, which was increased by others, and at length the king, Louis VIII., heard of them, and sent for the dog, who was perfectly gentle till he perceived Macaire, in the midst of some nobles of the country, when he rushed upon him with all the violence he had previously displayed. It was now resolved to submit the decision of the question of Macaire's innocence or guilt, according to the practice of the time, to the issue of a conflict between the chevalier and the dog. It was appointed to take place in the Isle of Notre Dame, then unenclosed and uninhabited: Macaire was provided with a great cudgel; and an empty cask was placed as a retreat for the dog. The crisis came: the instant the dog was at liberty, he ran round his antagonist, avoiding his blows, and menacing him on every side till his strength was exhausted; when, with one bound, he seized Macaire by the throat and threw him on the ground; when in the presence of the king and his court, the murderer confessed his guilt; and a few days afterwards he was beheaded for his crime!

This extraordinary story is related by many writers who are entirely free from all charge of substituting fictions for facts; and of it there is a monument in bas-relief, on the chimney-piece of the grand hall, at the castle of Montargis, a well-known town in France, at the confluence of the canals of Orleans, Briare, and Loing.

Among the varieties of hounds which now exist, there are two requiring a few remarks; the beagle and the harrier. No country equals England in the swiftness, spirit, and endurance of its hounds, and nowhere is so much attention paid to the various breeds.

The Beagle was formerly a great favourite with country gentlemen, but is now little used. It is of small stature, but stout and compact in make, with long ears; its scent is exquisite, and when heard at full cry, its tones are said to be musical. It has not, however, the strength or fleetness of the harrier, and still less so of the fox-hound, which was recently described. The beagle is regarded by some as the brachet of the middle ages, and we think it the only species of the long-eared dogs known in the west during the Roman empire. On the continent there is a coarse-haired buff-coloured hound of a mixed breed, figured by Buffon, the naturalist, apparently formed from the French braque and the crisp wire-haired dog. It is now uncommon, probably neglected, because of its want of beauty, though formerly much esteemed in otter-hunting, and in the chase when the country was swampy and intersected by rivers. In Queen Elizabeth's reign, the fanciers bred a race so small that a complete cry of them could be carried out to the field in a pair of panniers. That princess had little *singing* beagles, which could be placed in a man's glove.

The Harrier is well known from its being so commonly connected with the chase of the hare, from which, indeed, it derives its name. Truly has one of our poets said,—

"Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare,
Yet vain her best precaution, though she sits
Conceal'd, with folded ears, unsleeping eyes,
By nature raised to take th' horizon in,
And head conceal'd betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep
In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze, she hears the coming storm,
But nearer, and more frequent, as it heeds
The sighing gale, she springs amazed, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once."

The harrier is smaller than the fox-hound. It is of more recent and artificial breed, probably between the hound and the beagle, and is marked in a manner something like that of the fox-hound, but often the dark colours occupy still more surface.

The Pointer, with its stout limbs, blunted muzzle, stunted tail, and smooth hair, is taught to discover game, and it practises what it has learned with great attention and steadiness. Its scent being very acute, it gently approaches the spot where the game lies; at length it stops, and fixes its eyes steadily upon it, with one foot commonly raised a little from the ground,

and the tail extended in a straight line. So firm is this habit of pointing in some, that the late Mr. Gilpin is said to have painted a brace of pointers while in the act, and that they stood for an hour and a quarter without moving! These were Pluto and Juno, the property of Colonel Thornton. Dash, another pointer, the property of the same sportsman, was sold for £160 worth of burgundy and champagne, one hogshead of claret, an elegant gun, and a pointer, with the proviso, that if an accident should disable the dog, he was to be returned to the colonel at the price of £50! When a bird runs, the dog observes its motions, steals cautiously after it, preserving the same attitude, and when it stops the pointer is again steady.

Many stories are told of this animal's sagacity: the following are accredited by Mr. Jesse.—"An old friend of mine had a very sagacious pointer, which was kept in a kennel with several other dogs. His gamekeeper having gone one day into the kennel, dropped his watch by some accident. On leaving the place, he fastened the gate as usual, but had not gone far from it when he heard it rattled very much; and on looking round he saw his favourite pointer standing with her forepaws against it and shaking it, evidently for the purpose of attracting his attention. On going up to her, he found her with his watch in her mouth, which she restored to him with much seeming delight."

"A gentleman in Nottinghamshire has a pointer dog very eager at all times to go out shooting with his master. His master is a bad shot, and when he has missed his game several times together, and which the dog has had the trouble of finding for him, the animal gets provoked, and has several times attacked his master in a manner not to be mistaken. This," adds Mr. Jesse, "is very much the case with my old terrier, Peter. He accompanies me when I am trolling, watches every throw with much anxiety, and shows great impatience, and some degree of anger, if I am a long time without taking a fish; when I do, he appears delighted."

The SETTER is supposed to have originated in, or been brought from, the peninsula of Spain. The head of this race shows a remarkable development of the brain, and in character we find a corresponding intelligence, affection, and docility; and though somewhat timid, they bear fatigue better than the pointer. Their more ancient colours were dark-chestnut and white, or quite red; in England they are white, or white with black or brown marks; but the least adulterated breeds are still found in Ireland, where high prices are paid for the best dogs of this kind.

To Mr. Bell, we are indebted for the following fact:—"By far the most interesting, and, if I may so employ the term, amiable animal I have ever known, was a bitch of this kind, formerly belonging to my father, which he had from a puppy, and which, although never regularly broke, was the best dog in the field that he ever perceived. The very expression of poor Juno's countenance was full of sensibility and affection. She appeared always on the watch to evince her love and gratitude to those who were kind to her; and the instinct of attachment was in her so powerful, that it showed itself in her conduct to other animals, as well as to her human friends.

"A kitten which had lately been taken from its mother, was sent to us, and on Juno's approach showed the usual horror of the cat towards dogs. But Juno seemed determined to conquer the antipathy, and by the most winning and persevering kindness and forbearance,—advancing or receding as she found the waywardness of her new friend's temper required,—she completely attached the kitten to her; and as she had lately lost her puppies, and still had some milk left, I have often seen them lying before the fire, the kitten sucking her kind foster-mother, who was licking and caressing her as her own offspring. She would also play with great gentleness with some tame rabbits of mine, and would entice them to familiarity by the kindness of her manner; and so fond was she of caressing the young of her own species, that when a spaniel bitch of my father's had puppies, of which all excepting one were destroyed, Juno would take every opportunity to steal the remaining one from its mother's nest, and carry it to her own, where she would lick and fondle it with the greatest tenderness. Poor Bessy, the mother, also a good-tempered creature, as soon as she discovered the theft, hastened, of course, to bring back her little one, which was again to be stolen on the first opportunity; until at length the two bitches killed the poor puppy between them, as they were endeavouring each to pull it from the other; and all this with the most perfect mutual good understanding. Juno lived to a good old age, an unspoiled pet, after her master had shot to her for fourteen seasons."

On the subject of the general faithfulness, courage, and good temper of the dog, much might be said. Neither Rover nor Fanny have any predilections in favour of fine clothes or fine houses, and both love their masters equally well whether they be princes or beggars. The cat is attached to the house, the dog to its owner; but having, by aid of book and memory, almost exhausted the patience of the reader, but not the interest of the subject, we refrain. The little boy has been long in bed and the lamp wants trimming.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

No. IV.

"SEND THE LETTERS, UNCLE JOHN."

A Plea for a Penny Ocean Postage.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

UNCLE John is stout and sturdy,
Uncle John has gold in store;
Mighty fleets upon the ocean,
Merchandise upon the shore;
Lands and houses, sheep and oxen,
Corn in granaries and fields—
All that giveth ease or pleasure,
Or to man subsistence yields.

Uncle John has many children,
Scatter'd widely here and there,
And the language that he speaketh,
It is spoken everywhere.
Wheresoever foot hath trodden,
There the sons of Uncle John
Travel, trade, and preach the Gospel,
Earnest workers, every one.

Uncle's ships are ever passing
And repassing o'er the wave,
And our yearning hearts do ever
Tidings of the absent crave;
News of relatives who travel,
Or the friends afar who dwell,
We would know how feel, how fare they,
How they prosper, ill or well.

Greetings e'er should pass between us,
And the heart's fond interchange,
But, alas! we're poor, and, therefore,
Distance must our hearts estrange;
And the white-wing'd heralds, as they
O'er the Atlantic go and come,
To the watching waiting many,
Upon either shore are dumb.

Uncle John! do send the letters
By your ships that go and come,
Friends abroad would fain be writing
Unto anxious friends at home;
We would wish the absent loved one
In our joys and woes to share;
Send them *for a penny*, Uncle,
It is all we have to spare.

"WILL IT PAY?" Why Uncle! Uncle!
Can you doubt it? look at home,
See how, from all parts, your mail bags
Daily weightier become;
Hear how all your children bless you
For the boon they here enjoy;
Oh, extend it o'er the waters,
And our eager pens employ.

WILL IT PAY? Why fifty letters
Will be sent in place of one;
Fifty pence for *one* poor shilling,
Think of that, good Uncle John!
Think, too, how 'twill foster commerce,
And all friendly ties increase,
Binding nation unto nation
In the bonds of LOVE and PEACE.

HYDE-PARK, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY GEORGE F. PARDON.

HYDE-PARK now consists of about four hundred acres, bounded on the east by Park-lane, which joins Piccadilly and Oxford-street; on the west, by the village and gardens of Kensington; on the north, by Bayswater; and on the south, by the Green-park and Constitution-hill, from which latter it is separated only by the width of Piccadilly; so that, from the Horse Guards at Whitehall to the hamlet of Kensington, there is one continuous open space or park. A glance at the map of London will make this apparent in a minute.

Such other characteristics of the present appearance of Hyde-park, as may be necessary to be noticed, we shall jot down as we go on—plunging at once, and without further preface, into the past.

The earliest authentic mention of Hyde-park is made by Lysons, who tells us that there were "two ancient manors belonging to the church of Westminster, which were called Neyte and Hyde." At the suppression of the monasteries by Henry the Eighth, they became the property of the crown, having been given, together with the advowson of Chelsea, in exchange for the priory of Hurley, in Berkshire. The site of the manor of Hyde, then, is occupied by what we now know as Hyde-park and Kensington-gardens, which latter consisted originally of only twenty-six acres; they were enlarged by Queen Anne by an addition of thirty acres, and by Caroline, Queen to George II., by a further grant of three hundred acres. There was a royal palace at Kensington-gardens as early as 1686. It was originally built by, and constituted the seat of, Heneage Finch, Earl of Nottingham, and Lord Chancellor of England, whose son, the second earl, sold the house and grounds to William of Orange, soon after his accession, since which period they have remained in possession of the crown. William made several alterations in his new house, the most important of which was the entire re-erection of the upper story, under the superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren. A melancholy interest hangs around the irregular pile, for within its walls died William III., Mary his queen, Anne, Queen of England, and her husband George of Denmark, as well as the second George. It was the town residence of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and has the honour of being the birthplace of her present majesty. Kensington-palace is a spacious, rambling, red brick building, and more like what it was intended for, a private gentleman's dwelling, than a royal palace; and if, as Sir John Soane says, monarchs can best appreciate the utility and importance of the noble art of architecture, we should imagine the Hanoverian kings had but small liking to their lodging.

Crabbe, in his journal, says that Kensington-gardens have a very peculiar effect: not exhilirating, but lively and pleasant. This is just the impression that most strangers receive of its somewhat formal walks and flower beds, insterspersed here and there with bits of wild nature and luxuriant meadow; but its great charm consists in its pleasing variety of perspectives, and its glimpses of bright water; and on summer afternoons when the band is playing, and the green sward is crowded with elegantly-dressed men and women—the gardens were formerly confined to pedestrians, but a ride was opened last year during the Exhibition—the scene is well worth looking at, especially if the gazer prefer, as we do, the rustle of silk and satin, and the merry sound of young voices, to the dust and turbulence of the hot highway on July evenings.

It seems, however, that the public had not always access to this pleasant place; for in the "Historical Recollections of Hyde-park," by Thomas Smith, we find a notice of one Sarah Gray having had a pension granted to her of £18 a year, as a sort of compensation for the loss of her husband, who was accidentally shot by one of the keepers, while fox-hunting in Kensington-gardens.

Return we to Hyde-park proper, leaving the crowd in the gardens—

> Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
> And chintz, the rival of the flowery bow—

to amuse themselves as they may; merely premising that the Serpentine, of which we shall speak again, was formed in the reign of George II. (1730—1733) by the union of several shallow swampy ponds, and that the bridge over it was erected in 1826, and completes the separation between the park and the gardens.

The two principal entrances to Hyde-park, as most of our readers know, are the triple archway on the top of Constitution-hill, Hyde-park Corner, as it is called—,and Cumberland-gate, or, as it is more frequently designated, Tyburn-gate, at the junction of Oxford-street and the Uxbridge-road.

It may happen, nay, it is almost certain, that we may be talking to some who have never been in London, much less in Hyde-park; so, like a guest before a strange house, we will linger for a few minutes about these entrances. Merely glancing up at Wyatt's statue of the Iron Duke, on the Triumphal Arch,—about which there was so much controversy, and about which there is still so much diversity of opinion, and which cost, we believe, no less than thirty thousand pounds,—we will pause before the palatial residence of the Iron Duke himself. This has been the London residence of the hero of a hundred fights for above thirty years, and is so called from a house which stood on the same site, built by Henry Bathurst, Baron Apsley, Earl Bathurst, and Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain (Pope's Lord Bathurst), who died in 1794; in 1665, there were cottages on this spot, and the legend goes—though whether it is true or not we have not been able to ascertain—that where the principal doorway in Piccadilly stands, an old woman once kept an apple-stall, and that, when the first house was built, she disputed with the founder his right to the site, and so far succeeded as to procure an annuity by way of purchase-money for the spot of earth on which she was wont to vend her fruit; however that may be, the mansion was erected; and here, with the doorway and knocker still intact, stand the walls of Apsley-house the new, covering and protecting those of Apsley-house the old. On part of the site too, demolished to make room for the present building, stood the Hercules' Pillars, the noted inn where Squire Western, in "Tom Jones," put up when in pursuit of that scapegrace hero:—"While Sophia was left with no other company than what attend the closest state prisoner, fire and candle, the Squire sat down to regale himself over a bottle of wine with the parson and landlord of the Hercules' Pillars, who, as the Squire said, would make an excellent third man, and could inform them of all the news of the town." And here, too, "that bluff, brave soldier," the Marquis of Granby, who died in 1770, is said to have spent many a merry and convivial hour in the midst of his boon companions. The western front of Apsley-house is ninety feet long, and was built by the nation for the Duke of Wellington, after the designs of the Brothers Wyatt, and is principally remarkable for a certain air of massive grandeur, as if in accordance with the character of its owner. During the reform riots, the duke was unpopular, and his windows were destroyed by the crowd. The bullet-proof iron shutters were put up about that time—in anticipation of another ebullition of popular feeling, probably—and have never since been taken down, the precaution having, as it is often the case, outlived the danger. Within that long dark chamber, however, rest some of the finest pictures in the world, among the most prominent of which is a portrait of Napoleon by the celebrated David, and the battle of Waterloo by Sir David Allan, in which Bonaparte is the foremost figure. The duke bought the last at the Royal Academy Exhibition, and his terse criticism—"Good, very good, not too much smoke," has stamped it as the *chef-d'œuvre* of battle-pieces. There are also several specimens by the old masters; and one, the portrait of the first Lady Lyndhurst, by Wilkie, has become historical from the fact of having been so much injured by a stone during the above-mentioned riots as almost to defy repair.

According to Spence, Alexander Pope was a little while at Mr. Dean's academy, at or near Hyde-park Corner, where he signalised himself by a satire on his schoolmaster. It appears that, as now in that part of the New-road near Regent's-park, Piccadilly was once famous for statuaries, for in the "New Guide to London," published 1726, we are told that the statues at Hyde-park Corner is a sight worth seeing. There is an interest of another kind, however, attaching to this spot, for near here, though within the brick wall of the park, a fatal duel took place between Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton, on the 15th of November, 1712, in which both combatants fell. There has always been somewhat of mystery attached to the cause of this quarrel, though politics were no doubt at the bottom of it: men killed each other for opinion's sake in those days.

But the other principal entrance possesses by far the greatest amount of interest; for here stood, near the spot now decorated by the marble arch from Buckingham Palace, the most conspicuous monuments of the extravagances of George IV., "the greatest gentleman in England"—the Tyburn gallows, the "deadly never-green" tree. The gallows took its name from a brook that

rose near Hampstead, and emptied itself into the Thames near Chelsea (now probably King's Scholars sewer), and the street through which the criminals passed to execution took its name from the gallows, for all Oxford-street was formerly known as Tyburn-road, and was so called by our grandfathers. What is now called Park-lane, was originally Tyburn-lane; and many a blood-stained criminal on his way to death has passed the portals of Holdernesse-house.

About Tyburn gallows a volume might be written; indeed, a vast deal has been written on its history, and the novels and poems of the last two centuries are full of allusions to its fame. It existed as a place of execution as early as the reign of Henry IV.; it was a wooden triangular erection, with a stage for the hangman, and the precise spot where it stood is now occupied by a handsome row of houses called Connaught-place. In Minsheu's Dictionary, published 1617, its derivation is given as having been so called of bornes and springs, and tying up men there; and in "Love's Labour Lost," Shakspeare makes Biron say—

> "Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner cap of society,
> The shape of Love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity;"

and Taylor, the water poet, says of it, in his "Praise and Virtue of a Jayle and Jaylers," 4to, 1623,—

> "I have heard sundry men oft'times dispute,
> Of trees that in one year will twice bear fruit;
> But if a man note Tyburne, it will appeare
> That that's a tree which bears twelve times a yeare."

To give merely a list of the celebrated criminals who have suffered here would fill a column.

On Tyburn tree were hung the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, at the Restoration. Their dead bodies were dragged from their graves in Henry VIII.'s chapel, in Westminster Abbey, whence they were taken by night to the Red Lion Inn, Holborn, carried on sledges the next morning to Tyburn, and suspended at the three angles of the gallows till sunset, to be afterwards beheaded, their bodies buried beneath the gallows, and their skulls exposed on the top of Westminster Hall!

In the last picture of Hogarth's Idle and Industrious Apprentices, we have a view of the triple tree, and its usual accompaniments.

To Tyburn, Henrietta Maria, the Queen of Charles I., made penance, walking bare-footed through the park; though the fact has been denied by the Marshal de Basompierre, the French ambassador. Poor queen, she might well be glad to escape to France during the stormy period that followed her husband's death, whether this story of the penance be true or not.

The daring of the highwaymen of the last century was the frequent subject of conversation in all circles. We have a vivid picture in Boswell's "Life of Johnson," of the impression made in even literary circles. Boswell asks his patron if he does not think Gray's poetry towers above the common mark! "Yes, sir," replied the great cham in his own peculiar way; "but we must attend to the difference between what man in general cannot do if he would, and what every man may do if he would. Sixteen-stringed Jack towered above the common mark." After this long palaver at the gates, methinks we can safely enter the park.

Turning round, naturally enough, to see the effect of the marble arch from the inside, we catch a glimpse through the opening of the churchyard belonging to the parish of St. George's, Hanover-square; in the centre of which, Laurence Sterne, the author of the "Sentimental Journey," lies buried. There is an ordinary-looking head-stone erected to his memory. He died at the "silk-bag shop" mentioned by him in "Tristram Shandy," 41, Old Bond-street, on the 18th of March, 1768. The shop is now kept by a cheesemonger: alas, poor Yorick! In the same street, 146, with Sterne, lived the brave Sir Thomas Picton, who fell at Waterloo; and in the same churchyard with Sterne he was buried —though fifty years divided the tenancy of each, of both home and tomb.

But we are now fairly in the park, and luxuriating in the sunshine. Well, it is a noble place, and worthy the World's Fair. Rather different in appearance now to what it was three hundred years ago, when the French ambassador hunted with King Edward VI., and the Duke Casimir "killed a barren doe with his piece in Hyde-park, from amongst three hundred other deer!" And what a contrast it presents in our day to what it did in that of Charles I., when horse and foot-races round the Ring were the principal source of amusement to the frequenters. The second Charles, however, introduced a better style of pleasure in Hyde-park; and it was during his reign that it was first regularly laid out in walks and drives, and became celebrated as a place of fashionable promenade—a reputation it has ever since retained. And we need only cast our eyes around on the gay equipages in the Ring, the spirited horsemen and horsewomen in Rotten-row, and the delighted pedestrians everywhere, to justify our previous good opinion of the taste which chose this most noble of parks as the temporary home of the Crystal Palace.

Hyde-park was first enclosed in a brick wall during the reign of the second Charles, having been previously only fenced in with what are called indifferently "park palings" and "deer fences." The present open iron railings were erected by desire of George IV.; in whose reign also the so-called statue of Achilles, "inscribed by the women of England to Arthur Duke of Wellington, and his brave companions in arms," was erected. The statue was cast by Sir R. Westmacott, R.A., from cannon taken from the enemy during the Peninsular war, and the cost of erection was entirely defrayed by a subscription raised among the fair sex, which is said to have amounted to upwards of £50,000. It is a fine figure, though there is little of originality of conception in it, it being a good copy merely of one of the fine antiques on the Monte Cavallo at Rome. When reviews are held in Hyde-park, they usually take place in the open space behind and to the left of the Achilles statue.

Making our way towards the Ring, which was planned in the time of Charles I.,—and somewhat defaced in order to get room to complete the Serpentine, though several of the original trees are still standing,—we come in full view of what constitutes the great charm of an English park;—not trees and water alone, nor gravelled paths and well-kept rides, but the green luxury of beautiful meadow free to all, from prince to peasant. If in days past Oliver Cromwell, "accompanied by his secretary, Thurloe, and some few gentlemen," was wont to "take the air" and show off his skill in coachmanship, even to the detriment of his own limbs and the spraining of his secretary's ankle (for which fact search in Thurloe's State Papers, vol. ii. p. 552, "and when found, make a note of it"); in our day, Thomas Smith, or Robert Jones, or John Robinson, citizens and householders, can drive their dear partners, or sweethearts, or children, in the "chay" on Sundays, without let or hindrance, and with probably much less chance of a tumble than the parliamentary soldier had.

Better than any regular history of the Park are the snatches of gossip we find in the works of the poets and playwriters of the last two centuries. Glorious old Pepys and famous John Evelyn make frequent mention of the sports common to the spot in their day; but, though they were contemporaries, we much prefer the authority of Pepys, because he kept his diary day by day, while there is internal evidence to prove that Evelyn sometimes neglected to insert anything in his note-book for weeks together. Now, although the fact is nowhere positively stated, it is certain that at one time, the privilege of riding in the Park was a purchaseable one; for under date April 11, 1653, Evelyn says he "went to take the aire in Hyde-park, where every coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse sixpence, by the sordid fellow who had purchased it of the State as they were call'd." And five years after (May 20th, 1658), he tells us that he "went to see a coach-race in Hyde-park, and collationed in Spring-garden." Shortly afterwards it appears that the shilling tax was taken off, and the coach-races discontinued; for two years later (August 10th, 1660), we learn from the diary of the immortal Pepys that running matches were common in the park:—"With Mr. Moore and Creed to Hyde-park by coach, and saw a fine foot-race three times round the park, between an Irishman and Crow, that was once my lord Claypoole's footman." Three times round the park probably meant three times round the Ring. It was the custom in Hyde-park in that day, it appears, to sell milk and so on at the lodges, as it has been of late years in various parts of St. James's-park: for Pepys tells us that on the 25th of April, 1699, he took his wife to Hyde-park, and "there in our coach (he set up a coach of his own in this year), eat a cheesecake and drank a tankard of milk." It must not be supposed, however, that the good old chronicler always confined himself to such simple beverages; by no means—for the master of the Clothworkers must needs have been a "jovial soul," else he would not have presented his company with the silver "loving cup" out of which they still quaff their sherbet on state occasions.

That Hyde-park was a fashionable place of meeting in Charles II.'s reign there are heaps of satisfactory evidences. De Gram-

mont tells us that all who had sparkling eyes and splendid equipages constantly repaired thither, while young Bellair, in Etherege's "Man of Mode," says, the most people preferred Hyde-park to the Mall (in St. James's). Many curious customs of our ancestors are incidentally mentioned in these notices;—for instance, we are told by Colley Cibber, that the ladies were in the habit of taking Kynaston, the actor who played the female parts in Shakespeare's plays, with them in their carriages in the Park after the play, and that on such occasions the actor wore his theatrical habit. Lest people should doubt as to ladies riding in the park *after* the play, Cibber goes on to tell us that they could do so easily, "because plays were then used to begin at four o'clock: the hour that people of the same rank are now going to dinner. Of this truth I had the curiosity to inquire, and had it confirmed from his (Kynaston's) own mouth in his advanced age." It does not say much for the delicacy of the language used at the theatres in Charles's age, when the fact of the ladies going thither in masks is mentioned; nor does the publication of the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Post Boy*, June 8th, 1695, say much for public morality:—"Some days since, several persons of quality having been affronted at the Ring in Hyde-park, by some persons that rode in hackney-coaches in masks, and complaint thereof being made to the Lord Justice, an order was made that no hackney-coaches be permitted to go into the said park, and that none presume to appear there in masks;" an order which has never since been rescinded.

The Ring in Hyde-park is memorable as having been the place of meeting between Wycherley and the Duchess of Cleveland. Pope tells the anecdote in a piquant way: "Wycherley's acquaintance with the famous Duchess of Cleveland commenced oddly enough: one day as he passed the duchess's coach in the Ring she leaned out of the window, and cried out loud enough to be distinctly heard by him, 'Sir, you're a rascal! you're a villain!' Wycherley from that moment entertained hopes." It must be explained, here, that when the duchess called the poet a villain and a rascal she was quoting a line from one of his own songs; and, for that reason, possibly, he had ground for hope; at any rate, events proved that his hopes were well founded. In the Ring, too, was fought the celebrated duel between Samuel Martin, M.P., and John Wilkes, in which the latter was wounded in the stomach. The cause of dispute was a passage in Wilkes's paper, the *North Briton*; and the event made a great noise at the time (November, 1763). With one other remark we will quit the Ring and make our way to the Serpentine, in which, before eight a.m., we have often plunged. The water is too dirty now. In Pope's "Rape of the Lock" he says—

> "Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park circus grow,
> Than wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;"

which distich clearly indicates the tendency of mankind to *go west*.

> "The river, the river that ceaselessly flows,
> Where the nightingale warbles, the violet blows,"

is far from an applicable rhyme for the Serpentine river; for a more unfit stream for all the purposes of health, recreation, or utility, it would be difficult to find near London. It is a wonder how the foreign-looking ducks and wild fowl contrive to live on its bosom—but perhaps dirty water suits their constitution. At any rate it has been proved over and over again, that the fifty acres of water here collected is in a high degree dangerous to the sanitary condition of the surrounding neighbourhood. In the summer of 1848, a commission was appointed to consider the propriety of cleansing the Serpentine, and Sir John Rennie estimated the cost of removing the mud deposit from the bottom of the stream, reducing it throughout to one uniform depth, and insuring a constant stream of pure water, at not less than £30,000. And when we consider how many thousands bathe in these waters, and how many more thousands inhale the insensible miasma while walking beside what appears to be a clean running-stream, but which is in reality a partially stagnant pool, we cannot but regret that considerations of expense should weigh with the government, nor forbear the expression of our hope that this memorable summer will not pass over without something being done to alleviate this crying evil.

We have already said that the Serpentine river was formed by order of Caroline, Queen of George II., but we forgot to add that when the supply from the Bayswater sewer was cut off, in 1834, the loss of water was so great that the river was fed by pipes from the Chelsea water-works, and that to this partial and insufficient supply are to be traced nearly all the evils attendant on the present state of this artificial collection of water. In 1820 the waterfall at the east end was erected, though it is often dry and dumb for weeks together. The neat classical edifice erected by Decimus Burton for the Royal Humane Society, and the boat-house, where boats are let for hire, are on the north side; while the Palace of Glass, now in course of removal, was built on the slip of ground between Knightsbridge and Rotten-row, having a small grove of trees between it and the high road. What is called the ornamental water in St. James's-park, as well as that in the private gardens of Buckingham Palace, is supplied from the Serpentine, the depth of which varies from one to forty feet; a fact which renders a bath rather a perilous undertaking, if the bather does not happen to swim. In 1783, Price's Lodge (interesting only in connexion with the deaths of Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton) was taken down, "together with part of the grove, in order to complete the Serpentine river." The last words are quoted from the *Daily Post*, April 20th, 1733.

We are not acquainted with any other historical fact connected with Hyde-park of sufficient importance to warrant our lengthening this already-too-long paper, and it is foreign to our purpose to speak of the sad uses to which weary humanity has too often put the Serpentine river; but we must not conclude without expressing a hope that our gossip will be acceptable to those who are acquainted with Hyde-park; with those who are *not* we are quite sure to find a welcome.

Here's a quotation from Byron quite *apropos* as a finish:—

> "When its quicksilver's down at zero—lo!
> Coach, chariot, luggage, baggage, equipage!
> Wheels whirl from Carlton palace to Soho,
> And happiest they who horses can engage;
> The turnpikes glow with dust, and Rotten-row
> Sleeps from the chivalry of this bright age;
> And tradesmen, with long bills and longer faces,
> Sigh—as the post-boy fastens on the traces."

MISSISSIPPI STEAM-PACKETS.

In our last week's Number we gave some few particulars of steam navigation, with an engraving of an American iron steamboat. In that article we refrained from making many remarks on the peculiar vessel on which our cousins of the west so pride themselves,—simply for the reason that we could say nothing on the subject from our knowledge; the publication, however, of a new volume,* and the arrival of a file of American papers, enables us to add a few particulars, which may be considered authentic. In the following extract we have an interesting description of the incidents of Mississippi steamboat journeying.

"A rainy and unpleasant day; I went down to the Levee (*i. e.* quay), and inquired on board one of the Orleans packets, the 'William Noble,' when she would start, as the printed board intimating in eight-inch letters that 'the William Noble for New Orleans this day,' had been, or may have been stating the same thing for any indefinite number of days previously. The nearest approach to certainty is to be had only by examining the quantity of freight on board, and on the levee for shipment, and conclude accordingly. If she lies high, and there is a good deal of freight to go aboard, with only a few passengers entered, you may read this day, as in five days, and so on, according to circumstances; it graduates down, until, eventually, it may be held to signify, to-morrow. Sometimes you will perceive the dense smoke, and hear the bustle of preparation to be off; you conclude she is going now, sure; but no—you need not hurry, it is only a pleasant fiction of the captain's: they are merely firing up, as the finale of advertising stratagems; it is merely a puff, and coming evening ends in smoke. With all this experience in view, I did, nevertheless, ask the clerk when she would start. 'This evening, sir, at five o'clock precisely, sir," said he, with the emphatic precision of a man that considered five minutes after five as a perfect impossibility: perhaps I asked deprecatingly, 'Six o'clock will be time enough to come down?' 'We start at five, sir,' was the oracular response, with the addenda, 'if you wish to go with us, sir, you had better be on board at a quarter to five o'clock.'—Having paid our fare, with an inherent longing

* Two Years on the Farm of Uncle Sam; with Sketches of his Location, Nephews, and Prospects. By Charles Casey. London: Richard Bentley.

after the wonderful, we were on board at fifteen to five, but there she lay, smokeless and steamless; her gangway filled with a stream of strong men, rolling in heavy barrels, boxes, &c. We went up to the saloon, sat down at the stove, and counted the minutes (not that we had the most remote idea of departure), but to demonstrate to our own satifaction, that we had once and again hoped against fate, by relying on the clerk's promise. 'How soon will you get out, sir?" said a new comer to my precise friend.—'After dark, I expect, sir!' replied the infallible official. Whereupon we mentally hugged ourselves, from a knowledge of the superior experience which we had bought and *paid for*. At nine o'clock we were to start in the morning, and in the morning we were to be off at ten o'clock, which said ten o'clock eventually came in the familiar shape of four o'clock in the afternoon, when we at length slipped off down the Ohio; and as we watched the receding town, and the beautiful banks, we could not help philosophising a little on the uncertainty of terrestrial things in general, and the emphatic uncertainty of the starting time of Orleans boats, in particular; and as the shades of evening rendered the outlines of our course dim and shadowy, and we watched the two volumes of brilliant sparks, that showered in a cascade of fire, from the tall chimneys, shooting hither and thither in mazy, serpent-like masses, we found we had arrived at a settled conviction, which we hold to this day, that, with the captains' clerks and other officials of steamboats, hyperbole is a natural form especially on subjects appertaining to the capacity, safety, speed, and starting time, of the particular boat with which they are connected. But to every question there are two sides, nor do we think there is unmixed evil in the world. The saloon of the western steamboat runs clear fore and aft the length of the boat; it is elegantly fitted up, and has a succession of two berthed state-rooms at either side for the whole length. The table is good, and the general comfort provided for. The charges are particularly moderate, being from 10 to 15 dollars for an Orleans passage (1,500 miles), including board, attendance, &c."

On the subject of the actual danger encountered by the voyagers in these light and elegant vessels we present our readers with an extract from the *New York Herald* of August 7th. In the following table is given a list of steamboat accidents in America within the present year,—a period of little more than six months:—

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENTS IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1852.

Jan. 9.—Boiler of steamer Magnolia exploded at St. Simon's Island, Georgia. 13 persons killed, 11 injured.
14.—Boiler of steamer George Washington exploded near Grand Gulf, Miss. 16 lives lost, ten persons injured.
14.—Steamer Martha Washington burnt near Memphis, Tenn. 5 lives lost.
23.—Steamer Pitzer Miller's boiler exploded at the mouth of the White river. Several persons killed.
25.—Steamer De Witt Clinton struck a snag near Memphis, Tenn. 40 lives lost.
31.—Steamer General Warren wrecked at Astoria, Oregon. 42 lives lost.
Feb. 14.—Steamer Caddo sunk near New Orleans. 5 lives lost.
29.—Steam towboat Mary Kingsland's boiler burst below New Orleans. 5 lives lost, 3 persons injured.
Mar. 26.—Steamer Pocahontas collapsed her flues near Memphis, Tenn. 8 lives lost, 18 persons severely scalded.
26.—Steamer Independence wrecked in Matagorda Bay, Texas. 7 lives lost.
April 3.—Steamer Redstone's boilers exploded near Carrollton, Ia. 21 lives lost, 25 persons injured.
3.—Steamer Glencoe blew up at St. Louis. Number of lives lost unknown.
9.—Steamer Saluda's boiler exploded at Lexington, Mo. 100 lives lost.
11.—Steamer Pocahontas burnt near Choctaw Bend. 12 lives lost.
25.—Steamer Prairie State collapsed her flues on the Illinois, killing and wounding 20 persons.
May 19.—Steamer Pittsburg's cylinder heads broken, killing 1 and injuring 3 persons.
June 14.—Steamer Forest City collapsed a flue at Cleveland. 3 lives lost.
July 5.—Steamer St. James's boiler exploded near New Orleans. About 40 lives lost.
July 12.—Propeller City of Oswego run into by another steamer, near Cleveland, and sunk. 20 lives lost.
28.—Steamer Henry Clay burnt near Yonkers, on the Hudson. About 80 lives lost, and about 20 more or less injured.

THE MELANCHOLY RESULT IN FIGURES.

	Number of Steamers.	Lives Lost.	Persons Injured.
January	6	116	21
February	2	10	3
March	2	15	18
April	5	143	35
May	1	1	3
June	1	3	..
July	3	140	20
Total	20	428 (!)	100 (!)

"The numbers lost by the disaster to the Pitzer Miller and Glencoe, not being known, are not included in the foregoing list; but there can be little doubt, that if added to the other cases which have been ascertained, the aggregate would amount to at least five hundred human beings sent prematurely to their account, with all their imperfections on their heads. We give this frightful table in order to draw the attention of members of Congress to the subject, in connexion with the bill now before them. We learn that this bill, though very valuable, is found to be deficient in some points, and that the attention of Congress will be directed to the subject, in order to cover those points, and to render the bill as perfect as possible. Now is the time for action on the part of Congress: and the country looks to their wisdom and humanity for a measure that will give ample protection to the whole travelling community of the United States."

We are unwilling to add a word on this subject. The facts, as stated, speak for themselves.

LITERARY NOTICE.

THE SCIENCE OF BOTANY beautifully Illustrated by upwards of Three Hundred Engravings from Drawings from Nature.—In THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART, Number 36, is commenced a series of chapters on the instructive science of Botany. Each chapter will be profusely illustrated with engravings, carefully executed. These chapters on Botany will not interfere with the general character of the work, which contains first-class engravings, including portraits and specimens of the works of the great masters, in painting, sculpture, and architecture; portraits of eminent characters; views of cities, palaces, and public buildings; natural history; manufacturing processes; machinery and inventions; scientific, including the elements of design, perspective, hydraulics, the stereoscope, &c.; ornamental sculpture, needlework, &c.; with original literary articles, including biographies, descriptions of works of art, details of manufacturing processes and machinery, papers on natural history and other branches of science; and much interesting fragmentary matter. The ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART is published in weekly Numbers, twopence each, or in monthly Parts, 9d. or 11d. each, according to the number of weeks in each month.

CASSELL'S SHILLING EDITION OF EUCLID.—THE ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY, containing the First Six, and the Eleventh and Twelfth Books of Euclid, from the text of Robert Simson, M.D., Emeritus Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow; with Corrections, Annotations, and Exercises, by Robert Wallace, A.M., of the same university, and Collegiate Tutor of the University of London, is now ready, price 1s., in stiff covers, or 1s. 6d. neat cloth.

THE POPULAR EDUCATOR.—AN EXTRA EDITION of this extraordinary work, on fine paper, at 1½d. per Number, or in Monthly Parts, in a neat wrapper, at 7d., or when Five Numbers 8½d., is now published, and is issued without the weekly headings. Persons wishing for this edition must be careful to order the "*Extra* Edition." The whole of the Numbers may now be obtained, or the first Three Parts.—Part I., 7d.; Part II., 8½d.; Part III., 7d. The Common Edition, at One Penny per Number; Monthly Parts, 5d., or 6d., is regularly issued. The First Volume of THE POPULAR EDUCATOR will be ready Oct. 1st. Common Edition, with Weekly Headings, 3s. 6d.; Extra Edition, without the Weekly Headings, 4s. 6d.; or strongly bound, 5s.

THE PATHWAY, a Monthly Religious Magazine, is published on the 1st of every month, price twopence—32 pages enclosed in a neat wrapper. Vols. I. and II., neatly bound in cloth and lettered, price 2s. 3d. each, are now ready.

BITS OF MY MIND.

I HAVE sometimes wondered whether *Methuselah* went on through *his* life, thinking worse and worse of human nature, all the time?

MEN believe any religion, rather than none, however absurd, for the same reason that if compelled to set out on a voyage of which they absolutely know *nothing*, they would take the directions of *any old woman* who professed to know *something*, rather than none.

THERE is a certain class of men whose great apparent *serenity* is nothing more than an habitually repressed *irritability*.

"A STATE" is only the aggregate of the virtue and intelligence of its citizens. If they cease to be "citizens" and become "self-seekers" merely, there must soon cease to be a state.

To teach young women to prattle learnedly, about science or any other recondite topic always seems to me to be like teaching *canary birds* to go through the military exercise, fire cannons, &c. One wonders to see it done at all; but still more at the misplaced pains that produced it.

UNDER the head of "feeling" there are three classes of persons. *First*, persons who can feel for others, as well as what immediately pertains to themselves. *Second*, persons who can feel for themselves and and those depending immediately upon them. *Third*, people who can neither feel for themselves nor anybody else.

I NEVER could understand the notion of generals holding "councils of war," as they are called. In my mind the general's or admiral's office is *sole* and cannot be communicated to others without certain and probably immediate mischief. Thus all great generals have viewed it. Napoleon, Wellington, and Nelson, in modern times, and Hannibal, Scipio, Marius, and Cæsar, in ancient ones, never listened to "councils of war."

NEVER be "talked into" doing anything that is irrevocable; for this plain reason,—because if it do not answer the representation you cannot be *talked out of it again*.

I WOULD rather associate with *good-hearted* people, however moderate in talent or deficient in shining qualities, than with the most accomplished *heartless* coterie in the universe.

THERE is one marked and remarkable feature of Astronomy; and that is, that multitudinous as seem to be t e stars (suns or worlds be they) planted over the vast visible universe; various as must be their attributes, products, natures, and bases; yet in one or two grand points they all agree and are one and the same—*They are all spheres! They all give out or reflect light.*

I FANCY it will hardly be denied that *authors*, even upon the most ordinary estimate of the utility of their labours, have been the *worst paid* of all labourers of whom we know anything. Now what does this prove? That, after all, appearances deceive and that a *plough* is a far preferable thing to a pen; or that *money payment* is not applicable to labourers so transcendental as those of mind? If it proves neither of these alternatives, I wish somebody would tell me what it *does* prove: for, from so astounding a fact, we ought, if we are able, to deduce *something*.

"SLANG" sticks to coarse and vulgar minds just as "burs" stick to duffle coats.

To treat prosaical things in a poetical way is often called "eloquence;" I am by no means sure it is not ill-taste.

I WOULD no more advise any man to show that he is in advance of his neighbours, either in point of knowledge or virtue, than I would advise a soldier to stand in advance of his regiment, when they were about to fire a platoon of ball cartridge.

THE horse outstrips the man the first day; but in a journey of fifty days, the man out-walks the horse. So noise and bombast tell on the crowd at first; but in the end, common sense prevails and leaves mere rhetoric behind.

THERE is an old saw, that "he who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing.' That is to say, he who goes on "tick," finds it in the end to be "tic doloureux!"

BEWARE of those (man or woman be they) who think their home a prison. The odds are that they, and all connected with them, nearly, will, in the end, get a prison for their home.

PERHAPS the most valuable part of the true English mind is its *clearness*. France, Italy and Germany, have produced mighty minds; but are they not inferior in this respect to our English reasoners? To our Lockes, our Humes, our Newtons, our Edwardses, our Cobbetts, and our Paines?

IT is strange but there are some men, nay many—ay, and clever men too, who either give the world credit for so much understanding, or so mistake their own, that they will render obscure that which they ought to make clear, and be ashamed to utter truth save in dark oracles and adumbrated sayings.

I HAVE heard it maintained that no man, nor woman either, could attain a fine English style, unless he (or she) knew a good deal of Latin and Greek. This is sad pedantry! Shakspeare, the greatest master of the English poetry, knew little or no Latin: and Cobbett, one of our very best prose-writers, none at all.

LET political economists turn, twist, subdivide and perplex the matter as they will, it is clear enough to me that a nation can only be enriched by its own direct industry and toil;—that chicane has nothing to do with it, but in appearance; and that foreign trade is only a roundabout road to the same end.

IT is one of the wonderful privileges of men of genius to make friends *at a distance* amongst kindred minds, without even seeing or being seen by the owners of these sympathetic minds. This is *to compensate* for the paucity of the persons capable of sympathising with them, with whom they come into frequent, actual contact. How mysteriously is this world governed! How wonderfully managed!

A SAILOR in a surtout and a fish out of water are synonymous terms.

THE world is undoubtedly "a jostle" but a good government makes it a friendly and pleasant jostle; like the crush for the supper-room at a ball, where though *some* get *best* in, and first served, *all* get in and are comfortable at last.

WHEN a man says "he believes he may say a thing with certainty," he means he is somewhat *uncertain* of it.

ONE of the worst of mistakes is the notion that people may go on living in the constant practice of *absurdity* without accompanying *mischief*.

IT is a very common observation that poets, indeed men of genius in general, are "not fit for the world." Be it so. But, let it also be granted that the converse proposition holds good; and the world is "not fit for them."

IT always appeared to me that La Fayette was the "Sir Charles Grandison," of the French Revolution.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MACEDONIA.—The immediate successor of Washington as President of the United States of America was John Adams. He was elected in March, 1797, and remained in office till March, 1801. There are 32 states in the union. The Congress consists of a Senate, composed of two members from each state, and a House of Representatives, composed of one representative for every 70,680 persons in each state, and one additional representative for each state having a fraction greater than one moiety of the said ratio. Members of the Senate are chosen for six years, one-third of them being elected biennially. The representatives are elected for the term of two years. The number of vessels of war of the United States navy is thus given in an American navy-list now before us:—Ships of the line, 11; frigates, first class, 12; frigates, second class, 2; sloops of war, 22; brigs, 5; schooners, 8; bomb-vessels, 5; steamers, 13; storeships and brigs, 6. Your other questions we must answer in our next number.

A LABOURER.—The lowest scale of outfit required by the government commissioners from free passengers (males), is 6 shirts, 6 pairs of stockings, two pairs of shoes, two complete suits of exterior clothing, towels and soap. And in return for the deposit of one or two pounds, they supply each emigrant with a mattress, bolster, blankets, counterpane, canvass bag, knife, fork, and drinking-mug.

A CONVALESCENT.—Without doubt the "bitter ales" contain a portion of alcohol; quite enough to intoxicate if taken in sufficient quantities, and quite enough to injure and to excite a desire for stronger liquors, if taken in any quantity. "Pale" and "bitter ales" may be free from strychnine, and yet possess other injurious properties.

C. TURNER (Mile-end).—If the nuisance of which you complain existed before you took the house, we fear you have no remedy. It is not a case in which the Commissioners of Sewers would interfere.

A YOUNG MECHANIC.—If, as you say, you can get constant employ at 24s. a week, pray keep to your work, and abandon the idea of seeking employment 3,000 miles off.

AN APPRENTICE.—If your master is dead, and your mistress does not see that you are properly instructed in your business, you had better apply to a magistrate and get your indentures cancelled.

S. R. W.—Hobbs's patent locks may be obtained at his office, recently opened in Cheapside.

W. T. A.—As you have been refused your certificate as a bankrupt, without protection, you certainly are at the mercy of any creditor. You should endeavour to make arrangements with them, giving them reason to believe that you intend henceforth to act honestly and honourably.

A SINGLE MAN.—We have no influence with the authorities at the General Post Office. It is not easy to obtain a situation there.

A YOUTH (Hackney-road).—The Spitalfields Government School of Design is just the institution you require. Show your sketches to the secretary. You will have more than an hour's instruction three days in the week, at the small charge of 6d. per week for the morning lessons, or 3d. per week for those in the evenings.

W. KINGSTON.—The portraits you want are scarce. Inquire for them at Evans's, corner of Great and Little Queen Streets, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

A WHEELWRIGHT.—You may safely reckon upon constant employment in Australia. The sum you say you have saved will take you there in comfort, and enable you to take with you some axles, tires, springs, and other articles ready-made, the possession of which will render your services most desirable immediately on your arrival.

A REFORMER (Chelsea).—"The Standard of Freedom" is discontinued; but you are welcome to search our file, if you can call at our office.

A TEETOTALER.—Yes. A subscription of 5s. a year entitles you to membership in the London Temperance League, and to the use of the library, &c., at the reading-room, 337, Strand. The Rev. Albert Barnes declines attending any public meetings during his stay in this county, on account of the delicate state of his health.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 335, Strand, London.

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THE

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RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.—V.

MOSCOW.

As an intimate acquaintance with a great city cannot be made in a single visit, so neither can we hope to exhaust the interest of a subject, so large and various as the description of Moscow, in a single article. Without attempting, however, anything like a description of the numerous attractions of this city, we may follow the footsteps of the intelligent traveller, and jot down our conclusions by the way.

The palaces of Moscow of course claim precedence over all other kinds of buildings. Next to the Kremlin, the Terema, as that part of the old palace of the Tzars is called, demands attention. The word Terema, or Terem, is applied, in every peasant's dwelling, to that part of the building round which runs a covered balcony; but the word is, *par excellence*, applied to the palace of that name in Moscow. It consists of four stories, of which the lowest is the largest; the upper ones diminish, pyramidally, till the uppermost contains but a single apartment. On the space thus left by the retreat of the upper story from the ceiling of the lower, is formed a kind of balcony both within and without the building, the steps of which proceed from the ground to the roof of the building. The lowermost rooms consist of the throne and audience chambers of the old Tzars; the next floor contains the rooms devoted to the education of the Tzarovans or princesses, while those above consist of the apartments of domestics and officers of state. The Terema is now used only as a kind of show palace, just as the greater part of our Windsor Castle is, and it is therefore decorated in a most gorgeous style—arabesque ornamentation in the manner of the Alhambra, gold, silver, flower, scroll, and figure work mingling together in a kind of semi-barbarous splendour. In the Terema are preserved the portraits, armorial bearings, and other trophies of the ancient Tzars: besides heaps of knick-knackeries of a kind and variety which would have delighted the heart of Horace Walpole, being crowded into every imaginable corner, and stowed away in every conceivable space. From the roof of this building a fine view of the city

PUNISHMENT OF DRUNKARDS IN MOSCOW.

may be obtained; and it was from its topmost terrace that Napoleon looked down upon its crowded streets and houses on his arrival in Moscow, and contemplated the splendour and beauty of his unholy conquest. A little time elapsed, and he stood at one of the windows of the Kremlin and watched the burning of the devoted city; and, as the flames mounted higher and higher, and twined their snake-like tongues about the fair outlines of many a beautiful dwelling, it may be that he felt a pang of remorse for the result of his own towering ambition, mingled with an involuntary feeling of respect and admiration for a people who were patriotic enough to sacrifice their houses and wealth, rather than acknowledge allegiance to the Corsican.

We mentioned the Granovitaya Palata (see p. 355); this is a singular building of a quadrangular or cubical form, which was formerly attached to the great palace. It contains the coronation-hall of the Tzars, and in it the present emperor was crowned. The crimson velvet hanging used on that important occasion still decorate its principal apartment, and the throne of the emperor, under a velvet canopy, is shown to the visitor. After the ceremony, the kings of Russia were wont to sit in this apartment in their imperial robes, and entertain the principal personages of the realm. After the royal banquet the room is unused and untrodden, except by the foot of the curious stranger; and no kind of ceremonial takes place within it, till death calls the monarch away, and the luxurious table is spread anew for his successor.

The palace erected by the emperor Alexander is situated on the spot where the old Tartar palace once stood. It is called the Bolshoi Dvoretz, or greater palace, and is distinguishable simply by its lofty façade, and its rather ambitious style of ornamentation. The interior, however, is comparatively mean and insignificant, and it is principally used as a sort of lesser royal palace. Of course, the visitor to Moscow wishes to see all that is worthy of observation; and for that reason he seldom misses a sight of the private apartments of the various crowned heads who have from time to time made the palace their home. Here may be seen the throne-room and the bath of the empress Maria; and in almost every apartment are preserved memorials of various great personages—here a scent-box of a queen, there a handkerchief which once belonged to an emperor; everywhere some personal memorial, more or less affecting according to the renown of the original owner, or the knowledge and taste of the visitor. In this palace is shown the apartment, from the windows of which Alexander addressed the assembled multitude on his return from Paris in 1814, with the news of the complete overthrow and banishment of the emperor Napoleon.

There is attached to the Granovitaya another palace called the Maloi Dvoretz or little palace. It was built by the emperor Nicholas, and is considered a kind of private residence for the monarch. The principal things in this palace which will attract the attention of the visitor, are the pictures, and, as in the larger building, the personal properties left by its various occupants, all of which are shown to the stranger without fee or reward. The bed on which the present emperor lies when he visits this palace is quite a curiosity in its way, if only for the extreme plainness of its style, and the tremendous hardness of its mattrass. The gilded couches in which kings are said to take gentle slumbers to the sound of delicious music are evidently quite unknown in Moscow. The library of the emperor is small but valuable, as it contains a copy of every principal work which has been written on the subject of the Russian empire.

In Number 47 we gave an engraving of the Church of the Assumption—the Aspensi Sabor, as it is called, in the Russian language. It is difficult to say how many churches and chapels are to be found in Moscow. Many of them are extremely beautiful, especially the Angel Roi Sabor—the church of the Archangel Michael—on the height of the Kremlin. Next in beauty and importance is the Church of the Assumption. It was founded in 1325, and rebuilt in 1472. In it are the tombs of the patriarchs of the Greek church, one of whom, St. Philip, is said to have bearded Ivan the Terrible in his palace with these remarkable words—"We respect you as an image of the Divinity, but as a man you partake of the dust of the earth." The church, like most large Russian buildings, is full of gold and silver ornaments, statues, and relics. "The cathedrals and churches of Russia," says the Marquis of Londonderry,* "are decidedly amongst the objects well worthy of examination. The Church of Vassehir Blagenon is of all others the most singular and remarkable. I should not forget to allude to the enormous bell which is close to the Kremlin Cathedral, in commemoration of a horrible famine in Russia in 1600. This bell was destroyed by the French in 1812, but was afterwards repaired and put into its tower again, from which place you can see thirty-two large cathedral or church spires.

"The institutions are composed of three classes: those established by the government for public instruction; those that are formed by general and individual philanthropy; and those that are purely military, and for branches of the public service. Those which I inspected are the following:—

"1st. The Foundling Hospital, which is on a much greater scale than anything I ever could have imagined; it is in perfect order and under the most judicious management.

"2nd. The Establishment des Demoiselles Nobles.

"3rd. The Military Hospitals.

"4th. The Cholera Hospital.

"5th. The Lunatic Hospital.

"6th. The Corps des Cadets.

"At Moscow, as elsewhere in Russia, the most talented persons from other countries have been engaged to be placed at the head of the institutions. Russia shows sense and dexterity in availing herself of all the advantage which can be derived from the information, superior knowledge, and acquirements of other countries. Moscow is governed by a senate and a synod, and a College des Affaires Etrangères (all under the civil and military governor), who correspond with and receive their orders direct from the departments of Petersburg.

"The number of public institutions is beyond belief. I was informed there were upwards of 1,000 professors, and 16,000 élèves in the different seminaries. There are 7 cathedrals, 300 churches, and 700 chapels; and the population is about 280,000. The convents are 21, 14 of which are for monks, and 7 for nuns. There are 168 large streets, 654 small, and 54 squares; 9,000 shops, 500 hotels or inns, and 300 restaurateurs; also 33 public and 600 private baths. This may give some idea of the magnitude of the place. Many beautiful châteaus and palaces are in the neighbourhood, which I was unable to visit. The Château Petrokshi, built by Catherine II., the Château Isantsque, erected entirely by Potemkin for the empress, the Château Kolomenskir Celo, the Château Askhangkelsk, and various others, are very worthy (as I was informed) of examination, possessing great riches in pictures and other valuables.

The St. Sauveur Bridge and another form the communication between the Kremlin and the citadel; the latter, called La Belle Place, has in itself formidable works. The garden of Alexander, and the boulevards which surround the town, afford beautiful drives and walks. The magnificent Bazaar of Moscow (which resembles the Gastinodivor of St. Petersburg) is situated in the Place Rouge or La Belle Place. It contains all the depôts of merchandise, persons of all nations, denominations, and tribes. The Exchange is conspicuous, and connected with the *Raidhi*, the name of the bazaar. The next two important streets are St. Basbe and St. Elve; and not far from these the Grand Place of the Theatre, called Petroisskaia. The representations here are often equal to those of St. Petersburg, especially in national pieces; and the building is of the largest description. Not far off the theatre is the most extensive riding-school perhaps in the world, in which a large body of cavalry may be exercised. There is, besides, an extraordinary large ball-room, called L'Assemblée de la Noblesse. The city is divided into twenty sections. The houses in the suburbs are of wood, but the fine palaces and buildings in the city of stone. The pavement is bad, and the lighting indifferent; but twilight in this northern clime is so long, that this inconvenience is not much felt.

"In the two Russian capitals,† Moscow the ancient and Petersburg the modern, there is a freshness of colouring," says Captain Frankland, "which does not exist elsewhere; the façades of all the houses, and the towers of the churches, are either white, yellow, stone-colour, pink, or French gray;

* Recollections of a Tour in the North of Europe in 1836-1837; by the Marquis of Londonderry. London: Bentley.

† Narrative of a Visit to the Courts of Russia and Sweden in the years 1830-31. By Captain C. Colville Frankland. London: Colburn.

the roofs are light green or deep red. The effect of this elegant colouring is amazingly heightened in Moscow by the bulbous, swelling, inverted-balloon-looking domes of the churches and monasteries, covered, as most of them are, with glittering gold; many of them, for the sake of contrast, are painted blue, and spangled with golden stars; others are green or red, and surmounted by filagree crosses standing upon a crescent. The beauty of their graceful groupings is hardly to be conceived. Surely the Russo-Greco architects must be born with an intuitive conception of the beautiful. I take it that these inverted-balloon-looking domes are of Indian or Tartar origin; for such are those of the great temples of Agra and Delhi, of which I have seen drawings. There are, however, many Italian, and some few Byzantine cupolas, mixed up in the panorama.

"Nature has done a great deal for Moscow, as its site and environs are very diversified and undulating. However, there are no streets here to compare with the *Prospekts* of Petersburg, neither can the quays and rivers of the Moskwa and the Yausa compare with those of the lovely and limpid Neva. As a painter I should say that Moscow bears away the palm of beauty from her sister of the Baltic; but as a mere lounger, that Petersburg is far superior to Moscow.

"I wandered about until dark, exploring various streets, and strolling along another public promenade which intersects the Tverskoia at no great distance from my hotel. I was almost the only lounger. I observed, however, in the course of my day's ramble, that the *beau sexe* here is not so *ugly* as in Petersburg. The troops are few and shabby; they look like provincial militia, as compared with the soldiers of the guard in the capital. Most of them seem to be veterans, and are badly clothed and equipped enough.

"In short, one must go into the interior, if he wishes to know anything of Russia. In that splendid city all is for effect, all is delusion; and although the system of *decoration* is carried to a great extent even along the vast line of road between the two capitals, yet it so forcibly contrasts with the real wretchedness and poverty of all around, as to make its very beauties appear absurd by the comparison too forcibly obtruded upon the eye of the traveller. And so it is, I fear, in beautiful Moscow; its general effect is superb, splendid, unrivalled, but its details are poor and mean."

In Moscow the vice of drunkenness exists to an extent unknown in any other part of Russia. All classes drink to excess in spite of legal enactments and degrading punishments. It is not an uncommon thing to observe well-dressed people sweeping the crossways of the streets, under the strict surveillance of police officers. This kind of punishment is awarded to the drunkards of the better class; the peasants and mechanics undergo the torture of the knout, if they are brought frequently before the authorities charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct in the public streets.

The Russians are in general tall and robust, the men of course much more so than the women. "It is rare," we are told by the Marquis, "to see a thin person, and you hardly meet with deformity. The Russian countenances are not handsome, but they have a steady, quiet, enduring look and manner. Generally they have small eyes and short noses, and the greater part light hair. The rigour of the climate lessens their perception of taste and smell, and the great plains of snow evidently affect their sight. Their hearing, on the other hand, is remarkably quick, and they have great strength of limb, with hardy constitutions, capable of enduring great privations. Their diet is simple, and their general beverage *krass*, but their passion is *eau-de-vie;* the consequence is general inebriety, when they are not at work or on duty. The dress of the men is of sheep-skins, inside and out, made loose, and tied round the middle by a long sash. They universally wear boots, or shoes covered with fur-skins. When their spirits are excited, they are excessively jovial, remarkably intelligent, deeply alive to their own interest, scrupulously religious and attentive to the smallest ceremony of their church, although I did not perceive they had any great respect for their clergy. They unquestionably possess the art of imitation, and improving on any given ideas or plans more than any other people; but their manufacture does not appear to be as solid and as good as that of other countries, especially England. Their efforts are concentrated in making the articles for sale look elegant and pleasing; but in solidity, use, or durability they are sadly deficient. I should say that this observation applies nearly to all articles of luxury made in Russia.

"The natural and innate capacity of the people is very great. As a specimen of this daring activity, you may see artificers and common workmen stuccoing or whitening their houses in buckets from the roofs, and some sit across a plank suspended by ropes, changing their position on it with wonderful agility, their axes and tools in their girdles, nor do they ever seem at a loss for any dexterous effort.

"Extraordinary superstition seems to reign amongst them, and I think this pervades the higher classes as well as the lower. They are fond of gipsies, and of having their fortunes told, and have great faith in omens. A salt-cellar overturned, or thirteen at table, create an inconceivable sensation in the high classes; and every sort of delusion of necromancy is produced amongst the lower orders. The hospitality of the country is remarkable, as also the universal charity and readiness to relieve the poor which prevails. This is a singular contrast to their seeming cupidity; but it is not more remarkable than the violence of their temperament, when contrasted with the great charm and politeness of their manners."

"Pouschkin (the Russian Byron)," says Captain Frankland, "seems to be throughly versed in the political, civil, and literary history of his country, and is also fully aware of the faults and vices of Russian administration. He is of opinion, however (as are all wise and good men), that no great and vital change can take place in the political and social state of this vast and disjointed empire, but by gradual and cautious steps, each one of which must be placed upon the firm basis of increased civilisation; or in other words, upon the enlightening of men's eyes, and the extension of their understandings. Much yet remains to be done among the higher classes; when they shall be taught their true interests, and those of their poor serfs, then something may be done to ameliorate the condition of these latter,—all this requires time. No change can be lasting which is not based upon a good and solid foundation. The Russian serf is not yet in a condition either to desire or to deserve emancipation from bondage; the greater part would either willingly or necessarily return to the yoke, were they even once freed from it. The protection of the seigneur is like the wing of the mother extended over her helpless offspring; often, very often, do they from their private stores bear the expense of maintaining whole villages, whose harvests may have failed, or which may have suffered from sickness or other calamities. Liberty, it is true, is an inestimable blessing to the civilised man; but is the barbarian in a state to appreciate it, to profit by it, or to maintain it? The fact is, that Russia is still governed *socially* by the feudal system under which the west of Europe so long groaned. Europe threw off the feuds by slow degrees, and at last only by the influence of the wealth, the intelligence, and civilisation of the burgher classes of free towns (societies which had never been subject to the barons), aided by the sovereign, who was always happy to assist in the humbling of the said turbulent and powerful nobility. Such classes are appearing gradually in Russia, and in all probability will, some day, with the help of the crown, work out the emancipation of their fellow-countrymen. Commerce and manufactures are rapidly finding their way into the heart of this empire, and these great means of civilisation must sooner or later produce their effect. Unfortunately, the perpetual wars of Russia retard the nation in its march towards prosperity; they are a terrible drain upon the agricultural and manufacturing classes. They decrease very sensibly the means of population, which is still so lamentably deficient. When they shall cease, the sovereign may have time to turn his undivided attention to the interior and vital interests of his country, but not till then.

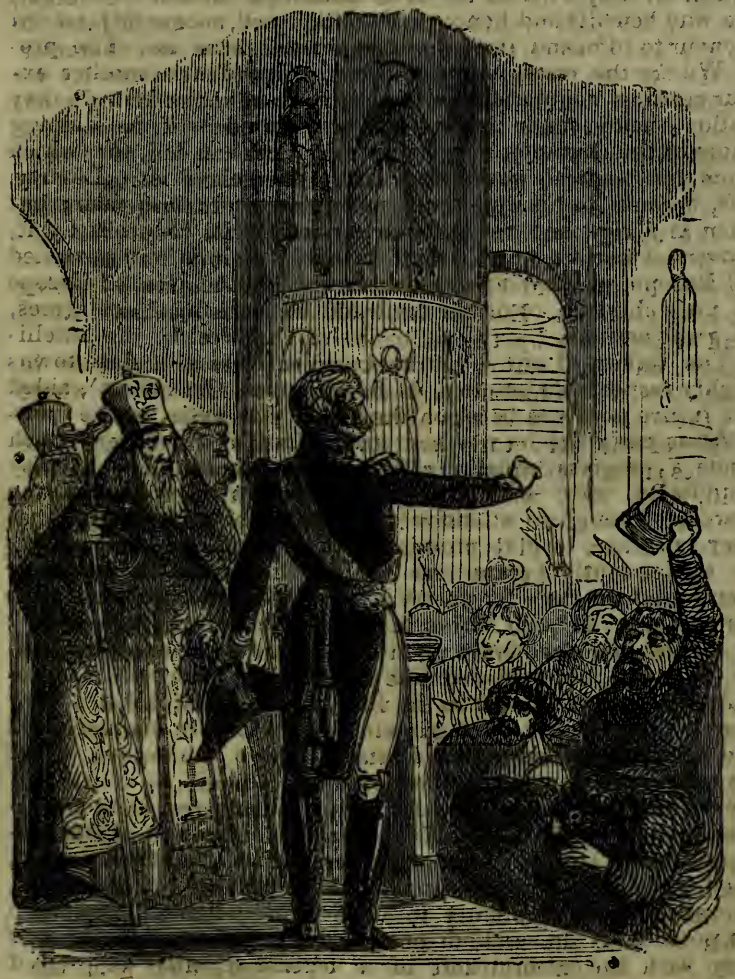
"Upon those estates, belonging to rich non-resident proprietors, the serfs are completely governed by the patriarchal system. They have a council of elders, and a sort of local chief, called starost. The starost and the elders collect the obrok, or annual sum due from the serf to the seigneur, and when this is paid, the residue produced by the farm of the serf (for each agricultural serf has a certain quantity of ground allotted for him to till), belongs not to the seigneur, but to himself.

"Many serfs are known to be extremely rich; nay, some of

them are *des millionaires*, but these are generally engaged in commerce, and are domiciliated in the great towns.

NAPOLEON AT THE KREMLIN.

"Each serf who may wish to absent himself from his village to drive his trade of yamshick (carrier), or ishvochick (pro-



ALEXANDER AT THE BOLSHOI DVORETZ.

prietor of carriages), or merchant, or any other profession, in the towns or on the coast, must be provided with a passport from his seigneur, and as long as he pays his obrok to his lord, he is as free as the air he breathes; so that the idea of slavery

RUSSIAN MECHANICS.

is purely a bugbear; the evil lies in the word, not in the reality. The Russ serf is migratory by nature, seeing the immense distances he has to carry his goods to market.

RUSSIAN PEASANTRY.

"The obrok in no case exceeds twenty-five roubles a year, and in most cases is infinitely below that sum. The agricul-

tural peasant may be said to be a copyholder, who, as long as he can pay his annual fine, retains possession of his farm. When the Russ serf cries for emancipation, he means that he is to become possessed of a freehold, that is, he is to pay no more obrok to his seigneur. The seigneur is responsible to the crown for all government taxes; and very often, as in cases of bad harvests, or visitations of Providence, all the weight falls upon him, and not upon the serfs.

"The seigneur is entitled to three days' labour from his agricultural serfs out of the week; the other three days belong to himself, and more particularly the Sunday, which he is sure to turn to account; the numerous festivals of the Russo-Greco church ensure plenty of idleness to the peasant, who in no case can be overworked."

JOHN MILTON.

We fear there are but few of our readers who will not, at first sight, deem us guilty of something very like paradox in stating it as our opinion, that not one of the great lights of our literature has received such scant measure of justice as the illustrious John Milton. Such is, nevertheless, our firm and well-considered opinion.

We are well aware that "Paradise Lost" is widely known and fully appreciated; and we would fain believe that the glorious "Sonnets" are scarcely less so—though of that we are by no means so certain. But, to the majority of readers, the giant power of Milton, his mighty prose, that

"Pure well of English undefiled,"

is as though it had no existence save in name. And yet, if we had to chose between the loss of Milton's poesy—even including his exquisitely-beautiful "Comus"—and that of his prose, we much doubt if we should not be more easily reconciled to the former loss—vast as it would unquestionably be—than to the latter. For, though we are far from being lovers overmuch of the ultra-utilitarian spirit which, of late, has manifested itself as strongly in our literature even as it has in our politics, we should not easily find in *any* poesy, however sublime or beautiful, a sufficing substitute for the stern vigour and masculine eloquence of Milton's prose. Differing from that mighty master, in not a few of his opinions on matters of both Church and State, we are not the less sensible of the value of his general zeal for the true, the lofty, and the free; and never, in our bard's history, was there a time when such a spirit as breathes and burns through his his splendid and nervous argumentation was more requisite to the healthfulness of the public taste than it is at the present. It is requisite to preserve our literature from becoming effeminated and trivial; the very abundance of our literature—and especially of our periodical works, devoted principally or chiefly to the merely amusing—rendering us less fitted than we ought to be for painful and sustained research; and, at the same time, in appealing with undue frequency to our imagination, making truth less prominently and especially the object of our search and of our worship.

The stern severity of Milton's mind would do not a little to ridding us of the fatal habit of reading for the present pleasure rather than for the future profit; and when we consider what treasures of eloquent truth are contained in his prose works, we cannot but deem that the comparative neglect into which they are fallen is unjust to their illustrious author, and a misfortune, as well as a discredit to an age in which books are multiplied to an extent without previous parallel, and in which the veriest namby-pamby of rhymed twaddle, and prose fiction no less twaddling, finds type and paper for a second and third edition. No! Milton has *not* yet received due honour at the hands of the English people; nor will he have done so, until the beauties, at least, of his prose works shall be published at such a price, and in such a form as to be accessible to every English reader who is really deserving of that name.

If ever man was perfectly well qualified to write the Life of Milton, Dr. Johnson was that man, could he but have divested himself for the time from his fierce, though honest, and, in fact, unconscious prejudice. He had the vigorous and acute judgment, the fervent detestation of cant and hypocrisy, the undying and indomitable love of truth and of learning which should have made him the most fervent of Milton's admirers; and he had the comprehensive mind and the perfected taste which should have rendered him the ablest of all Milton's numerous expounders. But his prejudice prevented this; and, notwithstanding its frequent felicity of criticism, and its invariable beauty of style, we are compelled to consider his Life of Milton not only inferior to most, if not all of his other "Lives of the Poets," but a decided failure, even when viewed as a single biographical essay.

It is not possible for us, even were we otherwise fully qualified for so important a task, to give, within our extremely narrow limits, anything like a detailed and critical biography of such a man as Milton; a man whose literary genius, vast as that was, can scarcely be considered so extraordinary as the stern high courage with which, in most troublous and perplexed times he did all, dared all, and bore all that seemed to him to be due to that cause which he—however mistakenly and however unfortunately for his country, and the cause of monarchy and real liberty—deemed to be the just and the righteous cause. But, though we cannot aim at supplying this important and discreditable want in our literature, we deem it not the less our duty emphatically to point it out to those who have it in their power to remove this reproach from our nation, and to put an end to the injustice, of so long-standing, done to one, of whom, proud as our nation justly are of other great men, they have as yet neglected to show themselves fully worthy. Praise, it is true, and monuments, whether of the sculptor's or the rhetorician's reading, are inevitably powerless to

"—— soothe the cold, dull ear of death;"

but the debt of gratitude is due to the memory of the mighty dead notwithstanding, and in paying that debt we not only do justice to our own higher and better feelings, but, at the same time, best consult our own interests, by showing to the living and the struggling, that whatever may be the immediate effect of their exertions upon their worldly circumstances, and whatever may be their lot as to achieving present reputation, he who benefits and honours his nation will, sooner or later, do honour to him, and, in so doing, do justice to its own character.

We are the more inclined to insist upon the necessity for our reading population, and more especially the rising generation, being made intimately acquainted with something more of the character and views of Milton than can be gleaned from his poetical works and a dry and meagre sketch of his life, because, in his own time, he was known far less as a poet, than as a ripe and real scholar, armed at all points for controversial warfare; and a high authority among the learned of all Europe, whether upon a question of the scholastic training of little children, or of the civil and ecclesiastical institutions of great nations.

The father of our illustrious subject was a scrivener in highly respectable practice, in Bread-street, Cheapside, where the future poet was born, on the 9th of December, 1608.

At an early age he was sent to St. Paul's School, where he made a progress equally creditable to himself, and to the foundation upon which so many eminent men have been reared. Though so attentive to his classical studies, as, at a very early age, to give promise of that scholarship for which he subsequently became so famous, he at the same time manifested his taste for poetry. Fortunately for all who love his poesy, or, in other words, for all who have taste, judgment, or feeling, his devotion to polite literature was not repressed by his father, but nurtured and encouraged.

At the age of seventeen, in 1625, he was considered sufficiently proficient in scholastic studies, to go to the university, and he was duly entered of Christ's College, Cambridge. To his college he seems, by no means, to have borne, in after-life, the affectionate feelings which many other great men have cherished and expressed. Even at this early period of life he seems, in fact, to have been of a stern and self-relying turn of mind, examining, with a spirit of perfect independence, where he was expected implicitly to assent; and putting himself in the position of an equal disputant, where he was expected to obey with the promptitude of a dependent, and with the humility of a child.

However disinclined to submission to the strict and unquestioned discipline which is so indispensable in scholastic establishments, Milton gave his college no reason to blush for him

as a scholar; and his bent was so obvious to his father, that that sensible and indulgent parent, who retired from his professional avocations with a sufficient—though not very large—fortune, easily consented to forego the desire he had expressed to see his son a minister of the church. In truth, all mere taste being left wholly out of view, the opinions of Milton were so determinedly hostile to episcopacy, that he could not, without being guilty of the most flagrant and disgraceful hypocrisy, have enrolled himself among the supporters of the church, or availed himself of any chance he might have had of obtaining church preferment.

Milton's father, on retiring from professional business, settled at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, and here the young and ardent votary of learning resided for several years—the happiest probably of his life—studying again and again the chiefest of the Greek and Latin classics, and, at the same time, making an intimate acquaintance with the most important of the arts and sciences. It was while he was thus peacefully and profitably employed that he composed the exquisite Masque of "Comus;" "Lycidas," perhaps the most perfect monody in our language; "Il Penseroso;" and "L'Allegro."

It seems most likely that, so far as Milton's own happiness was concerned, it would have been well for him if his splendid talents and vast scholastic acquirements had never attracted the notice of persons sufficiently powerful and influential to withdraw him from his studious and delightful obscurity. But a genius such as his could not long escape the notice of the great, and, in 1638, ere he had attained his thirtieth year, some powerful friends of his father, including Sir Harry Wotton, Provost of Eton, advised that the young poet should travel in Italy. To that poetic and famous land he accordingly proceeded, and the letters of recommendation with which he was furnished, procured him, immediately on his arrival, the attention and the interest of the learned and eminent; an attention and interest which his great talents and winning manners soon warmed into a zealous and sincere friendship. From his earliest youth, Milton had been singularly addicted to the study of languages, and was fully as successful as he was zealous in that particular kind of study. So qualified, it is not to be wondered at that he studied the mellifluous language of Italy; and he did so with a success which won him the admiration of his contemporaries. How well warranted that admiration was, is abundantly proven by his beautiful Italian sonnets, of which it is by no means speaking too highly to affirm, that they would do no discredit to the very greatest poet of the especial land of poesy.

His residence in Italy by no means tended to abate his dislike to episcopacy: indeed, it is one of the few, but serious, errors which are fairly chargeable upon Milton's intellectual character, that he was not a little given to confounding together the just and scriptural authority of a tolerant and enlightened religion, and the usurped power and unholy arts of a gross superstition.

On his return to England in August, 1639, he took a "garden house" in Aldersgate-street, where he educated a few youths, sons of some of his most influential friends. This circumstance was subsequently laid hold of with a most virulent and discreditable eagerness by certain of his opponents, who took the occasion to stigmatise him as a mere "schoolmaster." Upon this point it is only requisite to remark that there is no surer proof of the general goodness of a man's morals, than is afforded by the circumstance of his enemies seizing upon some petty conventional sophism as their weapon against him. To have tamed down his mighty and glowing intellect to the irksome, though important, task of communicating knowledge to children, is surely not the least creditable of the doings of the Bard of Paradise; and they who used the term "schoolmaster," as one of reproach to him, only showed that they little deserved such schoolmaster skill as *had* been bestowed upon their juvenility, and that they would have been all the better for a very much longer subjection to the pedagogue and the ferula.

Alienated from the church at a very early period, Milton, most unfortunately, was environed by circumstances but too well calculated to increase his puritanical tendencies. The fierce contests between Charles I. and his equally deluded and unjust people having terminated in the ruin of both the monarchy and the church, not a few of the most violent opponents of episcopacy were for erecting a spiritual despotism of their own peculiar fashion; and, had not their virulence been kept within bounds by the stern, strong hand of the most accomplished and resolute impostor of either ancient or modern times, it is pretty evident, from what *did* take place, that after having persecuted to the death all who preferred religion to cant, and social order to anarchy, they would have fallen upon each other, sect upon sect, and impostor upon impostor, until outraged humanity could no longer endure the sights and wounds of horror, or until the disgraced and depopulated land had fallen an easy prey to Holland, or to whatsoever other foreign nation should have deemed fit to profit by English folly, and to trample upon English weakness. But Cromwell was not the man to allow cant and violence to go one step farther than suited his own purposes; and the most attentive consideration induces us to believe, not only that Milton was perfectly sincere in the detestation he professed of the attempts of certain of the ultra-puritanical to set up a spiritual despotism, but, also, that in giving his adhesion and his aid to Cromwell, he really acted worthily and wisely—*circumstanced as the nation then was.*

Being appointed Latin secretary to Cromwell, Milton became a personage of first-rate importance in the political and diplomatic world; and when the celebrated Salmasius published a bitter—because just—invective against the people of England for the shameful murder of their sovereign, Milton replied to it, with the utmost ability as a writer, but with scant measure of justice, indeed, whether as a jurist or as a moralist. The controversy between our poet and Salmasius was so keen and so eagerly kept up, that Milton, who, from his boyhood, had injured his sight by night-study, aggravated his complaint of the eyes until it terminated in a hopeless case of *gutta serena*. Blessed with daughters with minds scarcely inferior to his own, as far as the love of study was concerned, even blindness did not interrupt his studies. He was read to, and his dictation was written from; but, though he bore his calamity with a firmness worthy of a Christian and a philosopher, we may easily see in his pathetic bursts, both in "Paradise Lost" and in "Samson Agonistes," that, however well he *bore* the stroke, he *felt* it in all the fulness of its terrible severity,

Either wearied with the mere ephemeral labours of the controversialist and the politician, or haunted by the consciousness of a fitness for higher achievement, he pondered for some time on the fittest subject for an English epic poem. Nobly he chose his theme; thrice nobly did he treat it. For this—*the* English epic—he received in the first instance only £5, and all that he or his received for it from first to last was only £15!

After he had published "Paradise Lost," his friend Elwood suggested to him the subject of "Paradise Regained." Such a subject, treated by a Milton, could not be treated otherwise than well; but, we fancy there are few readers who will agree with the great poet in preferring his "Paradise Regained" to his immortal "Paradise Lost."

The Restoration of Charles II. reduced Milton to much distress, and, for a time, put him in some peril; but on the passing of the Act of Indemnity, he appeared once more in public. From this time his life was passed in constant ease and study. His diet was simple, his beverage chiefly water, and he lived to the age of sixty-six, nearly free from disease. His conscientious life—however erroneous some of his judgments must be deemed—secured him calm in his old age, and at his death, which took place on the 10th of November, 1674.

Of the prose works of this truly sublime writer, we hope to take an early opportunity to speak. Of his great poem, no higher character can be given than is contained in the words of his anything but favourable critic, Dr. Johnson, who says, "His great works were performed under discountenance and in blindness; but difficulties vanish at his touch. He was born for whatever is arduous; and this work is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it is not the earliest."

A *curious discovery* was made last year at the fine old Roman station of "Risingham" (Habitancum), on the banks of the Reed, near Horsley. In a bath, a large mass of *coal* was found, evidently placed there for the purpose of fuel. All the hydrogen was gone; but it was very *bituminous*. From this it would seem that the Romans really worked coal.

THE BEAUTY OF SELFISHNESS.

"How little and how lightly we care for another!
How seldom and how slightly, consider each a brother!
For all the world is every man to his own self alone
And all besides no better than a thing he does n't own."
MARTIN F. TUPPER.

HE must be a bold man indeed who could glory in his selfishness, or make it his boast that he considered his own peculiar interest before and beyond that of all else beside—who could calmly stand upon the principle of his own self-love being an estimable quality, and the egotisms of all other men mere amiable weaknesses. Such an avowal in a man would be as rare and unlooked for as the confession of a lady's age after twenty, or the admission of a leaning towards the world in the Rev. Mr. Cushionthumper. But even were he bold enough to tell the naked truth about the matter—and we have grown so refined now-a-days that boldness in matters of opinion is considered rather heretical—he would scarcely be believed in polite society; in fact, while all deplore the existence of selfishness in the mass, we deny it *in toto* when we come to consider it as an individual failing. So that, while we are eating and drinking, and buying and selling, and marrying and dying, and destroying and setting-up, and peddling and carping, and doing all manner of meannesses for the sake of pelf and self—getting rich as fast as we can, and scraping together dirt, as some call gold, with fingers and toes—lying prone upon our bellies before the god of wealth, and despising all besides, there is no such thing as individual selfishness in all the wide and beautiful world—at least, if we may believe the evidence of our ears!

But why is this? why should we wilfully shut our eyes to the beauty of selfishness? Is not the world sufficiently inured to new doctrines in physics—electricity, and galvanism, and steam, and photography,—to bear the shock of a new truth; or must it, like a little child, be kept from a knowledge of forbidden things till it grows a year or two older? No; sooner or later it must come out—at some time or other, now or at some other while, as the case may be, the doctrine must be taught—and here, then, we avow, shading our face a little from *very* straight-laced moralists, that selfishness, properly considered, is one of the cardinal virtues!

But the proof, the proof;—ay, there's the rub. Well, let us consider. Very deep metaphysicians with all their senses perfect,—acute philosophers looking through wise specacles at themselves,—have found it difficult to prove that they themselves existed and were not mere animated plants, carrying their earth-boxes about them, a sort of peripatetic botanical curiosities; how, then, shall we make it evident that selfishness is not a giant vice, as has been taught, but a great good, if properly examined?

Why, thus-wise:—it's a dangerous doctrine, and we wouldn't sign our name to it for the world; we should expect to suffer moral martyrdom, at the very least, if we did,—but then, are not all new views dangerous? Was it not dangerous for Harvey to say that the blood flowed in the veins? was it not dangerous for Lady Mary Wortley Montague to preach inoculation? was it not dangerous to say that steam-carriages could travel twenty miles an hour? was it not dangerous to talk of getting gas from coal and sugar from potatoes? In truth, it is dangerous to do or say anything that is opposed to old-fashioned prejudices—dangerous to think for one's self—and much more dangerous to print one's own impressions: free speaking is dangerous; a talent for observation is dangerous; love and religion are dangerous, if they be pursued in an original manner, and the only safety is in a gentle mediocrity.

But, coming to the point without further beating round the bush, let us see whether, as we said, we cannot *prove* our position. Selfishness, *per se*, is a virtue. A man loves a woman, why shouldn't he?—though, by the way, what a pity it is that the passion should not be brought under proper control, and not be put aside as something to be ashamed of? why should it not be made a part of education, like dancing or the rule of three? why should the world go on as if it didn't exist, and wasn't the main-spring of all our best desires? Why should the fact be burked by the pulpit, the bar, the school-room and the state, and forced to take refuge in stage-plays and fashionable novels?—Well then, he would be a clever fellow who could bestow his heart's affections on a woman entirely for *her own* sake—bow down to a shrine for the sake of the beautiful idol on the top; the thing is impossible, sheer moonshine and improbable nonsense. Of course, love is pure selfishness; we love a woman for our *own* sake and no other, and selfishness is a great virtue. We love her and desire to possess her: she loves us and has a similiar feeling, only a little more etherealised—both affections are eminently selfish, yet who shall say the passion is a vice?

Learning is a fine thing; a most desirable possession; a key to open otherwise locked and close shut-up doors; a pickaxe and mattock to work with in the mine of truth; a light to lighten the darkness of the people; a resting-place in a weary land of sorrow and covetousness; a possession which pays no taxes—though the paper-duty rather cramps its circulation;—a purse of riches which requires no strong box or patent Bramah lock to keep it safe; a joy over which acts of parliament have no control; a pleasure in which there is no alloy; a friend who never reproaches us, and a mistress who can feel no jealousy;—and yet learning is pure selfishness, after all; for no man ever learned a science, or a language, or an art, or a mystery, for the sake of others *only*. Therefore, learning is self-interest entirely, and selfishness is a virtue.

Of faith, hope, and charity,—those most amiable and never-to-be-too-much-cultivated selfishnesses,—we need only say, that their indulgence goes further, and their prevalence does more, to support and elucidate our theory than anything hitherto advanced. How could faith be properly exerted, or hope beneficially exercised, or charity healthfully bestowed, if self had no part in their manifestations? as far as *they* are concerned, therefore, the argument requires no further illustration.

Trade and commerce are the wheels and cranks of the social machine, but selfishness is the motive power—the fire and water that keep it moving. But who shall say that trade and commerce are anything but good and estimable? Who shall accuse the merchant princes of Mark-lane and Liverpool of unworthy motives, or breathe a syllable against the character of a Baring or a Rothschild; and has not Mr. Loyd been made a peer? None dare avow that the Lombards and Venetians, the pioneers of commerce and refinement in Europe, were actuated by vicious motives when they traded in silk and lent money at fifty per cent.; and yet it was pure selfishness that prompted all their actions.

And so through all grades and classes of men: the father loves his child, but he is selfish in wishing her well married; the mother loves her son, but it is selfishness that makes her dream of his one day growing to be a great man; the brother loves his sister, but it is selfishness in his knowing that she is his sister and no one else's. And, taking a wider scope, the virtue of selfishness is seen pervading all society. The politician mixes up a little (often a great deal of) selfishness in his patriotism; the lawyer does not study *only* for his client—nor the physician waste his health and shorten his life *only* for his patients; the preacher does not think *only* of the souls of his followers, and forget altogether the loaves and fishes of material life; the master has other thoughts than of his servant's welfare, and the servant has an eye to one day setting up as master for himself. But instead of all this being vile and scandalous, it is really good and proper; and provides just the sort of stimulus which prevents men from becoming mere machines, vapid do-nothings, dumb-dogs, and idle time killers.

Imagine a state of society in which the virtue of selfishness had no place. The idea is too stupendous, really. The London markets would be unsupplied; for no market-gardeners, or butchers, or clothiers, or artisans, or agriculturists, or manufacturers, or tinkers or tailors, or soldiers or sailors, would feel self interest enough to trouble themselves about the keeping up the balance of trade—and commerce and kindly feeling would soon be insolvent and go through "the court." Reforming your tailor's bills would be a farce, and the linendrapers would feel no further wish to "shave the ladies;" love, patriotism, public spirit, energy, perseverance, education, cleanliness, morality, religion, and loyalty, would go by the board, as the sailors say, and we should sink into mere do-littles and ridiculous nonentities. Ships would rot in the harbours, and we should not trouble ourselves to build more; houses would go to ruin and fall to pieces; banks would fail, shopkeepers would smoke pipes at noonday, fashion would go out of fashion, opinion would sink into lethargy, toryism would die away, chartism would become extinct, land would lie uncultivated, churches would be empty, theatres shut up, prisons useless, law forgotten, and equity obsolete; we should be too idle even to look after our health; too much eaten up with *ennui* to abuse the rich or foster the poor; too foolish to acquire wisdom and too conceited to discover our own ignorance; all virtue and nobleness would decay, and sporting men would be too lazy to take the "odds about the Derby." In a word, the world would resolve itself into its origi-

nal chaos, and we should go unwashed and unshorn to our unwept graves!

In fact, the principle of selfishness enters so largely into all our transactions with the world—and not with the world merely, but with our hopes of heaven; for we are taught to expect crowns and thrones and sceptres, even there, though in a metaphorical sense, of course—that we should do well in future to look upon it in the light here faintly shadowed forth. And that we should commence the study in a straightforward and proper way, we would counsel the teaching the virtue of selfishness in all our schools, and immediately erect professorships of selfishness at our colleges, so that our youth might matriculate without delay. It would be a great triumph for the writer, if some far-sighted teacher, after perusing these brief hints, should add to his circular of terms a line addressed especially to parents—SELFISHNESS TAUGHT ON THE MOST APPROVED PRINCIPLES.

To put an end to this,—for even the best of things must have an end at some time or other,—once let selfishness be admitted among the virtues, once let it be brought under proper control, once let it be put in training like other good things,—for even good things become vicious when in excess,—once let it be made part of our regular education, and the prejudice against it will vanish away like a fog before a noonday sun. For the want of a systematic classification and control, this virtue has degenerated and come to be considered a vice—just as a good man falling into bad society comes at last to be reckoned up with the vile crew of sinners with whom it is his misfortune to come into contact. Selfishness, properly governed, is a real blessing to the world; but in the present state of society, and without careful looking after, it produces thefts, murders, lies, profanities, and other disagreeables not to be mentioned to ears polite. In its highest manifestation, selfishness is a splendid virtue; in its lowest, it is a filthy vice.

G. F. P.

AN IMAGINARY EXTRACT

From the next Number of Mr. DICKENS'S "*Bleak House.*"

"PODGERS had been upon the Atlantic before. 'He knew the sea,' as he said himself, 'intimately.' That was enough. No person could speak of any ocean that he, JOHN PODGERS, had crossed, except in a respectful manner. It was a peculiarity in his temperament, that when an idea got rooted in him it was apt to run all over his mind, like a bean. It grew, in fact, to be a part of himself, and he claimed for it a corresponding degree of respect. Consequently, he would take an ocean or a continent which interested him under his protection with as much care as he would take a lady under his umbrella. There was one thing for which he had the highest regard. It was a pronoun; first person, singular number. When he said '*my* baker' or *my* tailor,' you somehow got an idea of a baker or tailor as much the exclusive property of JOHN PODGERS as his own pocket-book. As for his father—senior partner of PODGERS AND SON, drysalters, No. 3, Fetterlock-lane—he looked upon him as a sort of heirloom; and in regard to his mother, I believe he would have given a chattel-mortgage upon her without the slightest compunction. 'Mrs. JELLYBY,' said he, 'when I was acquainted with Niagara, there was a feeling between me and that cataract that would have surprised any one unacquainted with the parties.' Viewing everything as he did upon extensive principles—that is, upon a scale commensurate with himself—it is no wonder that he took TUNKLES to task when that individual ventured to remark, 'he considered a passage across the channel as being, he should say, rather unpleasant.' 'TUNKLES,' said he, untying his choker and re-tying it into a double bow-knot of offended dignity: 'TUNKLES, a man does not know what it is to feel unpleasant until he gets upon the ocean. When I stepped on board of my packet, sir, and saw my native land fading from my sight, and the waves rolling under my feet, I felt a sensation, sir, which it is impossible to describe. Retiring to my berth, sir, to avoid any unfavourable impressions of an element I had been taught to respect from my infancy, I endeavoured to keep down my feelings, but I found I could not contain myself. There was a smell of fresh paint, sir, in my state-room, mingled with an odour which I should call decidedly fishy; and I was assailed in this manner, sir, for fourteen days, until I almost imagined I was on a sea of turpentine, full of salt mackerel. Then I had a storm, sir; a storm that lasted fourteen days more. My wind, sir, should come from the north-east; but this wind came from the north-west, sir. Consequently, I could make no head-way, sir; my canvass was torn from my bolt-ropes, my topmasts went by the board; and although my helm was lashed down, I expected to be on my beam-ends every moment. Fortunately the wind abated just as it was discovered I had sprung a leak, sir. Fortunately also, it was in my side, and soon stopped. When I got an observation, sir, I was off the coast of Africa. I had been praying for a calm, and there's where I got it. Off the coast of Africa, sir, with an African sky over my head, an African ocean under my feet; and my sun, sir, was such a sun as a man knows nothing about who has never been in the tropics. Think of that, sir; think of a calm that lasted fourteen days,' continued Mr. PODGERS, thrusting his wrinkled neck out of his white choker, and suddenly drawing it back like a terapin; 'think of that, sir! Becalmed fourteen days off the coast of Africa!' Mr. PODGERS came down upon the coast of Africa with such astonishing emphasis that it aroused Mrs. JELLYBY.

"'In the vicinity of Borioboola Gha?' said that lady, with her fine eyes on the tin candle-sticks.

"Latitude 18.6, longitude 35.59,' said Mr. PODGERS sententiously.

"'Ah!' replied Mrs. JELLYBY.

'Mr. PODGERS resumed: 'When I left my native land, I was a stout man, sir; when I left my African climate, I could have crept through the armhole of my own waistcoat. I had rain, sir, from the time I left Africa until I arrived off Fire-Island light, and then I had snow. I made Sandy-Hook, sir, and then I had a wind that blew me three hundred miles out to sea again. When I did get ashore, it was in a life-boat, at a place called Barnegat. A man dressed in my clothes, sir, with my watch in his pocket, very kindly gave me a light half-guinea out of my own purse, sir, to keep me from starving on my way to New York. Mr. TUNKLES,' continued Mr. PODGERS, insinuating his right fore-finger into the fifth left-hand buttonhole of that person's coat, 'don't do that again! Don't speak of the channel as being, certainly by any sane person, considered as—unpleasant. The ocean, sir, which I have crossed, is the only institution that merits that distinctive epithet. And if I ever cross it again'—here Mr. PODGERS buttoned his lower lip over his upper, took a long breath, looked at Mrs. JELLYBY out of the corner of his left eye, and then said very softly but emphatically—'———!'"

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

No. V.—BUILD NOT ON THE SAND.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis good to wed,
For so the world has done.
Since myrtles grew, and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, ye young and fair,—
Be sure you pledge with truth;
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth.

For if we give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've play'd the "unwise" part,
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of shining stuff;
For charity is cold.

But place not all your hope and trust
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust
Unmix'd with purer things.

And he who piles up wealth alone,
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffer chest, and own
'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe where'er we can;
Fair speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.

But stay not at the gentle words,
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds,
Should scatter crumbs as well.

The mercy that is warm and true
Must lend a helping hand,
For those who talk, yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

MY FIRST SUNDAY IN MEXICO.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A VOLUNTEER OFFICER.

I HAD reached the goal of my hopes and my ambition, and was comfortably quartered in the city of the Montezumas. There, in that proud and ancient capital, and surrounded with so many of the comforts and luxuries of life, I almost forgot the toils and sufferings of the march and the bivouac, and here, for a while, in comparative ease, "the pomp, pride, and circumstance, of glorious war," which is so fascinating to the untried soldier, seemed almost realised. The American army had occupied the city long enough to establish order, by a well-regulated and efficient military police, and the enemy having retired some distance, the officers and men began to extend their sphere of observation beyond the limits of the capital, when off duty, to the beautiful suburban towns and villages near by.

I spent my first Sunday in sight-seeing, in a visit to the somewhat celebrated city of Guadalupé de Hidalgo, about four miles to the north of Mexico. It is situated at the foot of a rocky mount, called Tapeyac, in the midst of a romantic but not very fertile country, and is approached by one of the six causeways which lead out from the city. They are broad, straight, finely macadamised, and planted on each side with shade-trees, and have been constructed through the waters of the lake at great expense. In

COSTUMES OF THE MEXICANS.

point of size this place is not of much importance, and does not contain more than a thousand inhabitants all told. Besides the church erected there, dedicated to the patron saint of the country, and a few religious establishments, the buildings are of mud and reeds, inhabited by a miserable and filthy population. Here it was the "Virgin of Guadalupé" is said to have made her miraculous appearance, and here, once every year, a great festival and celebration is held in honour of her, which is looked upon as one of the most important days in the church. The manner in which the "Virgin" made her first appearance is very remarkable, and the story, as related by one of the early bishops, seems quite as incomprehensible to us, who are without the pale of the church, as the myths which come down to us from pagan antiquity. But since the priesthood appear to put full faith in the *modus operandi* of her advent, the people of the country, as a matter of course, believe it.

The legend runs as follows:—"In the year 1531, an Indian, named Juan Diego, was passing by this mountain of Tapeyac, on his return home from the city, when the Most Holy Virgin appeared to him, and directed him to go back to the city and tell the bishop to come out there and worship her. The bishop refused to admit him into his presence, having no faith in the miracle. In passing by the same spot a few days afterward she appeared to him a second time, and told him to return to the bishop and say that, 'I, Mary, the Mother of God, have sent you.' Again the bishop refused to admit the Indian to his presence, being still incredulous, but required some token of the annunciation. The Virgin appeared to the Indian the third and last time, two days afterward, and ordered him to ascend the mountain and pluck roses therefrom and present them to the bishop as his credentials. Now, this mountain is a barren rock, without a particle of vegetation upon it. The Indian, however, went as he was directed, and there found flowers, which he threw into his *tilma*, a sort of apron worn by the inhabitants of the country. He returned to the city and was admitted into the presence of the bishop, but when he opened his *tilma*, instead of the roses which he had gathered and put into it, there appeared an image of the Holy Virgin, which is said to be preserved to this day in the church which bears her name. From the name of the town she was called the Virgin of Guadalupé, and has been made the patron saint of the country. This is the history they give of her appearance, and it is as bad as rank heresy for Catholics to disbelieve it. With them she is all-important, and appears to have a powerful influence over all the affairs of life. With the great mass of the population she is the only identity in religious reverence, the alpha and omega, the beginning and the end of all their faith and worship. She is appealed to on every occasion, and her name is given to nearly half the females in the country; her image is hung up in every house, and even in the butcher-stalls and drinking-shops she occupies a conspicuous place, where her presence is supposed to preserve the meat sweet in the one, and to bring customers to the other."

On Sunday, the 12th of December, 1847, I rode out to Guadalupé, to witness the ceremonies in honour of this saint. I mounted my horse at an early hour, and set out alone, but by the time I had reached the Garita and turned upon the causeway, I found myself in the midst of a crowd tending the same way. It was as pleasant and beautiful a morning as ever broke over that lovely valley, and everything reminded me of spring-time or early summer. The air had that balmy softness peculiar to the season of opening flowers, and the gentle zephyrs which came from the shining bosom of lake Tescoco, were loaded with a delightful odour. The trees and bushes and grass were dressed in their garb of living green, and the merry-hearted songsters were singing their sweetest melodies in honour of the opening day. Such a delightful season in winter seemed like reversing the order of nature. The crowd which came pouring out of the city was immense, and as checkered in appearance as ever made pilgrimage to the shrine of a saint. From their appearance there were all sorts and conditions of persons, and every class of the proud capital was fully represented, ranging from the caballero to the lepero. Here might be seen an elegant

carriage, drawn by sleek-looking mules, the smiling inmates looking the very personification of luxury and ease—there came a rude, country cart, lined with raw hide and filled with the family of some poor ranchero, drawn by a rawboned ox made fast by thongs around his horns—here ambled by a crowd of donkey cavalry, whose riders, with feet trailing on the ground, urged the animals forward in hot haste towards the scene of festivities—then thousands came on foot, some carrying children strapped to their backs, some bending under loads of nick-knacks for sale. Men, women and children, mules, donkeys and dogs, were all mingled together in one throng, and the noise of confused sounds reminded me somewhat of a modern Babel on a small scale. Among this mottled group were many American officers, in their neat uniforms, and mounted on prancing steeds. On each side of the road, up to the very gates of Guadalupé, booths were erected for the sale of cakes, drinks and sweetmeats, and where all kinds of buffoonery were being performed; gambling-tables were numerous, loaded with shining coin, and here and there I noticed pits for cock-fighting, with anxious crowds assembled round to witness the cruel sport, and bets seemed running high on the favourite chickens. The whole assemblage seemed enjoying and amusing themselves to the utmost of their capacity in eating and drinking, gambling and dancing. The dancers were assembled under the shade of the wide-spreading trees, where, to the music of the harp and guitar, they performed their national dances with much spirit, dressed in the romantic costume of the country. Inside the enclosure, where the sacred edifice stands, was a perfect jam of men, women, and children, old and young, white, yellow, and black, greasy and well-clad, who had come up here to do honour to the saint who rules over their destinies.

When I arrived at the gate leading into the enclosure where the performance was to take place, the procession of the Host was passing, and if it had not been a religious ceremony, I could not have prevented myself from laughing loud, the scene was so ludicrous and ridiculous. The image of the Virgin was borne aloft on a pole, followed by a number of priests in their stove-pipe hats and sacred vestments—then came a platoon of filthy-looking soldiers, with a band of music playing some national air, the whole brought up in the rear by a crowd of "red spirits and white, blue spirits and gray," shooting squibs and hallooing at the top of their voices. It reminded me much more of a Fourth of July celebration, or a militia training in a frontier settlement of the United States, than a religious festival. Dismounting, I gave my horse to a soldier standing near, to hold, while I went in and witnessed the performance. On entering, I found much difficulty in getting through the crowd, but by dint of a good deal of pushing and elbowing, and also rapping a few stubborn, greasy-looking fellows over the shins with my sabre, who were slow to make room, I at last reached the door of the sacred edifice. The crowd was as dense within as without, and it seemed wholly impossible to be able to enter; besides, an odour, not as pleasant as the ottar of roses, arose from the assemblage. These considerations were sufficient to induce me to turn back and retrace my steps. This was no easy matter, as the crowd had closed up again immediately, and I found myself in as dense a throng as ever. However, return I must, and putting full faith in the old adage, that "where there is a will there is a way," I set about the matter in good earnest, and in a short time I found myself at the point from which I had started. I again mounted my horse, but was uncertain which way to turn. Just then, I was joined by two officers of my regiment, who proposed to ride round the base of the hill towards the left, and, if possible, ascend it on horseback. We spurred our horses through the crowd, which opened to let us pass, and turning to the right, rode along the base until we had reached a point nearly opposite to the place from which we started. The hill of Tapeyac is some six or eight hundred feet in height, and is a mass of rocks of igneous origin, the surface being quite smooth and bare of vegetation. It rises up from the plain abruptly, and is steep in its most sloping part. We found the ascent much more difficult than we had anticipated, and it required a great deal of hard labour to get up it. We kept in the saddle for some distance, but at last were obliged to dismount and lead our horses up the steep slope. It was really painful to see the poor animals struggle up the smooth surface of the rock, and now and then it seemed almost impossible for them to keep their footing. Thus we laboured upward, and at last stood upon the summit, when man and beast rested from their toil. And while we sat down, holding in our hands the reins of the faithful animals, we looked abroad upon the varied scene below us and enjoyed the beautiful prospect. It was really magnificent, and fully repaid us for the toil we had in ascending. The elevation of our position brought under our view the famous valley of Mexico for many miles in every direction. To the south lay the city, with the bright sun shining in gilded rays upon the steeples and cupolas of the cathedral and churches, giving them almost the appearance of burnished gold and silver. More distant, in the same direction, the two snow-capped mountains of Popocatapetl and Ixtaccihuatl loomed up in stern grandeur into the clear, blue sky, and stood out from all their fellows in beautiful relief. To the left, the eye swept over the sparkling surface of lake Pezcoca, which washes the eastern barrier that shuts in this fair Eden of the New World. Nearer, to the front and to the right, the eye rests upon a wide expanse of plain, variegated with cultivated fields, with their irrigating ditches, like threads of silver, meandering through them. Here and there flocks and herds were grazing on the verdant pasture, or seeking the shade of the trees to shield them from the sun. Such, in a few words, is the nature of the beautiful landscape which opened to our view from the rocky summit where we were seated, and for the reader fully to appreciate it, he must be aware of the freshness and enchantment the balmy air and crystal skies of that clime lend to every scene. We enjoyed it to the utmost stretch of human capacity to enjoy the beauties of nature, and as we descended the rocky mount, so loth were we to have it shut from our sight, that we cast "many a longing, lingering look behind," ere we reached the level of the plain.

On nearly the highest point, on the spot where the Indian is said to have plucked the roses, a small church has been erected, which tradition says, sprung up out of the rock in a single night. It is a dark-looking stone building, built in the heavy Spanish style of two centuries ago. It is reached from below by a winding stairway, cut in the solid rock, considerably crumbled by time, and worn by the footsteps of the thousands who pass up to worship at the shrine of their favourite saint. We entered the sacred edifice, and found it thronged with devotees, mostly half-naked Indians, who had come from the mountains and valleys beyond, on this their annual pilgrimage to the Mecca of their spiritual hopes, and who, like the devout Moslem who yearly kneels at the tomb of his Prophet, having finished his mission, is ready to lie down and die. They jostled and pushed each other in their anxiety to approach the altar and touch the garments of the image of the Virgin, and deposit their offering of money in the dish ready to receive it. Parents, anxious that their little ones should behold the great saint, lifted them up over the head of the multitude, and at a given signal the whole assemblage prostrated themselves on the hard paved floor to receive the blessing of the good father who ministered there. The poor Indians gazed in mute astonishment at all they saw, but to them the riddle was not to be solved, they were taught to believe, not to inquire. When they had deposited their offerings, and received a blessing, they turned away to make room for others who were continually pressing on.

Turning away from this scene, we led our horses down the stone stairway into the enclosure below. The crowd was not so dense as before, and we now found no difficulty in making our way through. Giving our horses to a Mexican to hold, we entered the sacred edifice dedicated to the Virgin of Gaudalupé. The building was yet crowded with people, and the high dignitaries of the church were performing some solemn ceremony, commemorative of the occasion. In appearance this church is by far the most magnificent one I was in, in Mexico. It seemed almost one blaze of gold and silver in the bright sunlight which streamed through the windows, and played upon the rich decorations. The whole ceiling, and especially the dome, is painted in the most beautiful fresco, and so life-like are the images, that they appear almost to speak from the panels. Above the altar, at the east end of the church, in a framework of solid gold, is an image of the Virgin as large as life. Her dress is spangled with precious stones, and inside the frame are strips of gold running the whole length, thickly studded with diamonds, pearls, and emeralds—golden rays issue from each side, and suspended above it is a silver dove as large as an eagle. The altar is of finely-polished marble, and highly ornamented, and in front runs a railing of silver. On both sides of the middle aisle, extending from the altar to the choir, some sixty feet, is a railing covered with pure silver half an inch in thickness. In addition to these, there are many silver lamps suspended from the ceilings, silver candlesticks before and around the altar, and some of the sacred desks are beautifully wrought in the precious metals. The choir is made of a beautiful dark wood, richly carved and ornamented, and the ceiling is supported by several marble pillars, highly polished, and of great beauty. As we crossed the threshold, the rich deep tone of the organ, accompanied by the sound of many voices chanting a song of praise, swelled beneath the lofty dome, and impressed the listeners with feelings of reverence and thanksgiving. The building was odorous with the perfume of the scattered incense which had a few minutes before been cast abroad over the worshippers, and numerous priests, in their rich robes, were ministering around the altar. The anxious gazing multitude, within the temple, seemed fully impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and conducted themselves with much propriety. We remained there a short time, and then returned to the yard to look at one or two objects of interest before we rode back to the city. Not far from the church is a "holy well," over which a small chapel

has been erected. The water is supposed to be sacred, and to have the power of healing wounds and preserving all who are touched by it. Crowds were gathered there, some dipping the tips of their fingers in, and crossing themselves, others applying a handful to the face, while some of the anxious mothers plunged their dirty children in, in order that the influence of the holy water might be sure to spread throughout the whole system, that is, if the dirt of the little urchins did not prevent it from penetrating. Being now tired of Guadalupé, and the dirty crowd we met there, we rode out of the enclosure, and galloped down the causeway toward Mexico, where we arrived in time to dine.

Having indulged in a short siesta, I again mounted my horse toward evening, and in company with General C., rode to the Alemeda and Passeo Nuevo. The Alemeda is a public square, in the western part of the city, planted with trees and shrubbery, adorned with shady avenues, fountains and statuary, and beautifully laid out in walks and drives. It contains about ten acres, and is the most pleasant place of resort in or near the city. The shrubbery is kept neatly trimmed and attended with great care, and is odorous the live-long year with the perfume of opening flowers. The trees clothed in their perpetual green foliage are fairly alive with birds of bright plumage and sweet song, which carol their morning and evening hymns free from harm. In the centre of the square is a large fountain, surmounted by the Goddess of Liberty, which spouts pure water high up in the air, and at its base crouch four lions, from whose mouths spout up smaller jets; a semicircular row of seats surrounds the fountain, and the surface of the space within is paved with large flat stones, laid in tasteful figures. From this point the paths and gravel-walks radiate in every direction, which are again met by others running from other centres, the point where they cross being adorned by smaller fountains. In pleasant weather hundreds of children assemble in this charming place in the afternoon, and amuse themselves with their innocent gambols in the shade of the wide-spreading trees. Hither the beauty and fashion of the capital, who seek pleasure on foot, resort toward evening, to promenade through the shady avenues. There the student carries his book, and, in some quiet secluded corner, apart from the fashionable world which rejoices around him, he sits alone and pursues his favourite study; and there also the lovers repair at the enchanting hour of eventide, and whisper anew their vows of faith and constancy. A numerous throng were gathered there, enjoying themselves in many ways, apparently unmindful that "grim-visaged war" had erected his shrine in their beautiful city, and that foreign soldiery were overlooking them on the corner of every street. We rode through these shady avenues, and then passed out at the south-west angle into Passeo Nuevo, with the crowd which moved that way. This is one of the fashionable and most frequented public drives of the city; it is a beautifully macadamised road, half a mile in length, planted on each side with fine shade-trees, and adorned in the centre by a fountain, which spouts four jets of water. Seats are placed at intervals along each side of the drive, and opposite to the fountain, for the accommodation of foot people. Here all the world of Mexico may be seen toward evening, on a bright afternoon, in carriages and on horseback, and a lively, animated scene it presents. Rich equipages glitter in the declining sun, noble steeds, superbly caparisoned, and ridden by gay caballeros, proudly prance along, and beauty smiles upon every beholder. Everybody who can command any kind of a vehicle drives to the Passeo, and sometimes it is so much crowded, as to be quite difficult to drive or ride along it. The equipages which throng this path of fashion are various, and some of them are quite unique; and it is not uncommon to see the elegant turn-out of the English minister, side by side with a common country cart, lined with ox-hide, and drawn by a poor old apology for a horse that would hardly dare to look a vulture in the face. Yet both parties are enjoying themselves in the fashionable world. The custom of this drive is somewhat peculiar, which all follow to the very letter of the law; it is to drive the full length twice, stop in the centre opposite the fountain to salute your friends, as they pass by, and then return home. To show our knowledge of the fashionable world, we conformed as nearly as possible to the ways of those who were initiated into the mysteries of the Passeo, and thereby, no doubt, passed for current coin. We spent one hour thus, in seeing and being seen, pleased with the animated scene we had witnessed, and then returned to our quarters. Thus I passed my first Sunday in the city of the Montezumas, and although not as religiously kept as would have been done at home, it had no evil effect upon the spiritual or moral man.

As the greatest tyrannies that ever were perpetrated have been committed under the forms and name of "freedom," so some of the greatest nonsense that ever was uttered has been talked under the garb and form of "science."

VISIT TO THE VALLEY OF CONSTANZA,

In the Cibao Mountains of the Island of St. Domingo, and to an Indian Burial-ground in its Vicinity.

BY SIR ROBERT H. SCHOMBURGK.

We left the small hamlet Pedro Ricart, at the foot of the mountain Barrero, on the 20th of July, at noon. The breeze wafted occasionally to us the report of guns and the sound of bells from the adjacent village Jarabacoa. There the multitude were feasting in honour of Nuestra Senora del Carmen, to whom this hermitage is dedicated.

The ascent of the Barrero commences almost immediately behind the hamlet. I saw on the wayside some large granitic boulders:—perhaps a shock of an earthquake—to which the country is subject—had hurled them from the mountain-top to a situation so low. The narrow path up the mountain is a continuous zigzag. Ramon, our guide, led the way on his sturdy pony, decked in a dress befitting the occasion, and very different from the finery in which he was attired the previous day at the fête of Nuestra Senora del Carmen. I followed with my companion,—and then came the servants, and the peons or attendants to the cargo-horses, with their beasts of burden in the rear.

The leaves (or needles, as they are called in the German language, in consequence of their linear structure) of the pine-trees which covered the path rendered it very slippery; and as the ascent made, in spite of the zigzag, often an angle exceeding 30°,* the greatest caution was necessary.

The pine-trees of the tropics, like their congeners of a more northern clime, allow but few plants to grow beneath the shade of their branches. I observed principally a few grasses and sedges, and here and there a scarlet *Salvia*. A kind of gully was overgrown with bushes; and between them I observed tufts of an *Alpinia*, with rose-coloured flowers and deep-black berries. A few arborescent ferns were noted between the Alpiniæ.

We had continued the ascent for an hour, but the prospect was by no means extensive. Through the column-like trunks of the pines the vista presented occasionally the hamlet, with its surrounding plantain and banana cultivations, but apparently so close in a line below our feet that we really were disposed to wonder how we got up there.

The narrow path wound now round a gorge, when a mass of bright scarlet flowers attracted my attention and raised my curiosity to such a degree, that I passed honest Ramon on his slow steed, though an unpleasant tumble into the gorge below was very imminent to both of us, as a consequence of my movement. The flowers were those of a splendid fuchsia (perhaps *F. racemosa*), their drooping elegant blossoms nearly two inches long, and, to enhance the beauty, there were sometimes a dozen of these splendid flowers on each branchlet. The fuchsia is one of our favourite flowers in Europe. As a stranger, it is there carefully raised in the conservatory of the rich, and cherished in the enclosure in front of the poor cottage. The bride twines it in her hair with the orange-flower and the blossoms of the rose. Yet here in its native soil I met with this plant for the first time to-day. I had wandered over mountain and dale under the tropics—the former much higher in elevation, the latter much richer in vegetation—yet no scene had hitherto presented me with a fuchsia.

The red soil bespeaks the ochreous nature of the Barrero, and it seemed to me as if Flora herself had adopted this hue as her favourite colour. Higher up, where a deep and narrow cutting exposed the formation of the mountain, I found slaty clay tinged with iron. Soon after we reached the highest pass, where we halted. The cargo-horses arrived half an hour later. It was then half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, and the thermometer stood at 69° Fah.†

Here we allowed our panting horses a short rest, and a fine carpet, formed of the favourite grass of the equine race (*Eleusina indica*), was eagerly resorted to by them. In a little recess of the mountain—perhaps hollowed out by former tor-

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* I measured in one instance 35° by the clinometer.

† I had an anerold barometer with me; but, as I have not yet calculated the elements, I do not venture to state the height.

rents of rain—were assembled a variety of interesting plants. The splendid fuchsia neighboured the psychotria, with its large lovely panicles of flowers of the finest azure blue—that colour so scarce in Flora's empire—its footstalks of bright crimson, its leaves large, and of a dark, shining green. How beautiful was this when combined with the scarlet fuchsia! From the midst of this bouquet, planted by the hand of Nature, rose the symmetrical form of the royal palm (*Palma real* or *Oreodoxa oleracea*). The alpinia clustered at its foot, and the pliant branches of a tropical grape-vine hung from shrub to shrub in natural festoons. A few fern-trees completed one of the finest pictures of vegetation that I had beheld under the tropics.

It is strange to a European to see himself surrounded at once with the products of the two extreme zones—the pine and the palm-tree. Yet, may not this picture have presented itself in former geological eras in the north of Europe; and to that may we not ascribe the occurrence of trunks of palms in its coal measures?

We mounted our horses, and followed the narrow path that led along the side of the hill. The strong wind blew the rain, that now descended in torrents, into our faces. The thermometer had sunk to 55°. The storm could not have overtaken us in a more exposed situation; and we found some difficulty in maintaining ourselves on our horses, for the large trees bent around us like reeds. So we halted, and placed ourselves to the lee of the horses, until the storm should have ceased.

The rapid atmospherical changes so common on high mountains presented, shortly after, a splendid view through the opening between the Barrero and the Jagua mountains. The summits of the high elevations that formed the background of the picture in the west were encircled with white fleecy clouds; the sky in that direction was of a dark blue, which gave to the scenery a similar tint, and showed the outlines of the mountain-chain with greater sharpness; streams of light, similar to the fitful bands of the auroral phenomena, played over the sky to the north-west, and at our feet the little village of Jarabacoa was lying in full sunshine. The course of the river Jimenoa showed like a broad silvery thread, fringed with dark-coloured pine-forests.

These mountains are peculiarly formed. The main direction of the chain is east and west, but there are so many interlacings, by sharp-ridged offsets, that one who had not seen the chain from the distance, so as to form an idea of its longitudinal direction, would find himself bewildered in seeking the points of the compass to which this backbone of the island of Santo Domingo really stretches. I feel inclined to describe it as a net of mountains—the extreme northern and southern sides forming the frame, and the connecting-links the meshes. Narrow deep valleys on each side of the interlacing ridges force the traveller to continue on their summits, although he is, in consequence, obliged to make long detours; and instead of advancing steadily towards the south-south-west—which is his true course to Constanza—he is often obliged to follow the ridge to the north and eastward before he is able again to continue to the south-south-west. Our guide had already told us, that so eccentric are the ways of these mountains, that two friends meeting in the morning, the one coming from Constanza, the other from Jarabacoa, in opposite directions, and having each parted on his several way, might at noon have another opportunity of saying, "How d'ye do?" across some chasm, in consequence of the twistings and turnings which both had to take. We did not understand what he meant at the time, but it became clear to us now.

We arrived after four o'clock at a spot called Cristobal. Here stood formerly huts to receive and shelter the way-worn traveller; but some guerilla troops, who were to guide these mountain fastnesses during the late invasion of the Haytians, had wantonly set fire to them. It was very chilly, the thermometer at 69° F. We found, luckily, that some of the posts were only half burnt; and there being a large number of palm-trees in the neighbourhood, a hut or rancho was ready before nightfall. The pine forest gave plenty of materials for maintaining a bright fire: the more requisite as it rained until after midnight, and we found soon that our roof was not waterproof.

The morning was bright. The rain-drops on the scarlet bells of the fuchsia glistened in the rays of the sun, and the delicious morning song of the silguero (*Cyphorinus cantans*, Cab.) resounded through the forest. Our road was of a description similar to that of the previous day, the vegetation, however, more varied. Near to our camp I observed the guava (*Psidium pomiferum*)—a very pretty clitoria, the numerous blue pea-shaped blossoms of which formed garlands for the trunks of trees and underbushes,—the white-blossomed bastard ipecacuanha (*Asclepias curassavica*), an orange-coloured lantana, and several other plants from the valley below. The psychotria, with its azure-blue flowers, was most luxuriant, presenting a mass of flowers which, seen through the dark-green foliage, seemed to be surrounded with a brighter light than was observable around other plants. This optical illusion is, no doubt, ascribable to the strong contrast between the colour of the leaves and the lively blue of the flowers. It is not possible to convey an idea of the gorgeous appearance of this shrub, which, in all my wanderings in South America and the West Indies, I had never met with before. There were two other species of the same genus, one with yellow flowers, the other pale rose-coloured. Among the trees I noticed a species of sumach (*Rhus arborea?*), fern-trees—those true children of a moist tropical clime, alpinias, begonias. The trunks of the pine-trees were covered with purple-leaved Tillandsias, and the gigantic Dyckia, which just put forth its flower-stem, resembling in appearance an agava in miniature. A pretty orchidea grew in groups among the long grass, the flower-stems richly set with pink-coloured blossoms.

During my previous excursions I had frequently observed in the beds of the rivers which descended from the Cibao range, masses of granite of larger or smaller size, but I had never met it *in situ*. I saw it here for the first time; indeed, the sharp ridges of the mountains were all granitic. One of the projecting points of the mountain was composed of calcareous sandstone. Soon after, large boulders of a close-grained blue sandstone crossed our path. The direction was east and west. It was in masses and denuded, and seemed almost as if it had been ejected from between the granite.

A conical hill was pointed out to me as Redondo, or "el Castillo Frances," the French Castle. Here, tradition says, the French had a fortification, but at what period I have not been able to learn. It was certainly not during the middle of the last century, as of that period there are still eye-witnesses living. I consulted a person now ninety-eight years of age, who had frequently passed the road when young. Even then, he said, no vestiges of the walls were to be seen, and the place was overgrown with pine-trees.

A better situation for hindering an enemy from availing himself of the mountain-pass, to penetrate from the western parts of the island to the eastern, or *vice versâ*, could not have been selected. The conical hill is connected by a ridge scarcely a foot wide with the other mountains, and rises considerably above those in the neighbourhood. The hill consists of decomposing granite, and its summit affords a splendid mountain view. The trench, or fosse, is still visible, but nothing can be discovered of mason-work. The fortifications must have been very circumscribed, as the summit does not afford much room. It is now overgrown with centenarian pine-trees, from the branches of which "old man's beards" (*Tillandsia usneoides*) hang down to a most respectable length.

We traversed the Jimenoa, here much reduced in size from what we had seen this river near Jarabacoa. The banks of these mountain-streams are generally thickly lined with palm-trees; and as the sun's rays cannot penetrate to the soil below their feathery branches, we find usually a deep morass in such situations. The right bank of the Jimenoa seemed so inviting, and presented such a fine tuft of grass to our horses, that we resolved to breakfast here. It swarmed, however, with musquitoes and sandflies, which rendered our halt irksome, and we hastened to ascend the hills before us. I observed here a pommerose tree (*Jambosa vulgaris*), and further on some coffee-plants. If I was rightly informed by General Reyes, the pommerose-tree was introduced from Jamaica only in 1751. It has now so spread over the island, that it might be considered indigenous by one not acquainted with its eastern origin. I have found in some parts whole acres covered with this tree.

The chain which we had traversed separates the tributaries of the river Yacki from those of the Yuna. We now descended to the Tireo, which flows into the Yuna, unquestionably the

largest river in the Dominican Republic. It disembogues into the great bay of Samana. Shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon we halted at Pontezuela, and enjoyed the first view of the Valle de Constanza. The pass of Pontezuela (or little bridge) is the connecting-link between the two mountain-chains that encompass the valley. We had now entered the system of rivers which empty themselves into the Atlantic on the south side of the island. The little rivulet that flowed sparkling valley-ward to the W.S.W. entered the river Limon, a tributary of the little Yacki, which flows into the Bay of Neyber, while its larger namesake passes the city of Santiago, from whence it takes a west course, and flows into the Bay of Manzanillo. At the time of Columbus—indeed, until 1804—it disembogued into the Bay of Montechristo, and the great discoverer called it the Golden River.

The view from Pontezuela over the valley is lovely. The bright yellowish-green of the savannahs produces an admirable effect among the sombre pine-trees which encompass them. Mountains of a dark blue, whose summits tower into the sky, form the background of the picture.

We descended, and passed for some distance through forests. The ground was now quite level. After half an hour's ride, we issued from the forest and entered on the savannah. The contrast is great. The view, previously bounded by high trees, is now free, and the eye glances with some astonishment to the summits of the mountains, which, in grotesque forms, encircle the valley in the figure of an elongated ellipsis.

The savannah was alive with grazing cattle; and a number of young horses, under the guidance of their dams, approached to reconnoitre our cavalcade. On the attack of our dogs, they threw out their hind legs most lustily, and scampered back into the forest. The grass on the savannah is short, but much coveted by animals. It seemed to consist principally of *Panicum horizontale*, *Leptochloa*, and *Eleusina indica*. These grazing-grounds, as I learned afterwards, are surpassed by none. The cattle thrive, and the meat is described as possessing a superior flavour. For this reason the secluded valley to which access was so difficult was selected as a pasture as long ago as 1750, and has continued such to this day.

Our path led once more through pine-woods; and we reached, soon after, the western mountain that sets a boundary to the valley. At its foot flows the rivulet Pantufo, on the banks of which we discovered a wretched-looking "buhio," or hut, covered with palm-leaves, which, nevertheless, I was told, is the best of the six that are to be fouud in the valley. A single family has resided permanently for the last two years at Constanza; the others come hither only occasionally, to look after the cattle, to brand the young ones, and to carry such as are fit for the market to the plains. The proprietors of the cattle and horses reside mostly in Jarabacoa and Pedro Ricart. With the exception, then, of the family mentioned, there are periods when the valley is without inhabitants. I had no choice but to put up at the "buhio." The brother of the proprietor, with the mayoral and six herdsmen, were there, all of whom, with ourselves, servants, and peons, had to find room in a hut not thirty-five feet square, and open to the winds. It swarmed, moreover, with fleas, from the large number of dogs that belonged to the farm. However, Senor Juanico was obliging, and willing to afford us all the accommodation which his mountain-hut possessed. Night approached, and our cargo-horses had not arrived. Except our slight breakfast on the banks of the Jimenoa, we had not tasted food, and all our stock was with the beasts of burden. We addressed ourselves, therefore, to our obliging host, to know if he could furnish something to satisfy the cravings of our stomachs. But he informed us, with wo-begone face, that there was "un poco menos que nada" (a little less than nothing) in the hut. He had neither fowls, nor plantains, nor batatas.—"For heaven's sake," said I, "then, on what do you live here, for none of you seem to be in a starving condition?"—On milk and cheese principally. We receive occasionally cassavi bread and plantains from Jarabacoa, the arrival of which constitutes a feast."—"Have I been deceived in my supposition that the soil is fertile?"—"No, it is extremely fertile."—"Why, then, do you not cultivate it?"——"El Volcan!"—It then occurred to me that I had heard in La Vega of a remarkable blast which occasionally sets in, and by its icy current destroys the leaves of the trees and kills every plant of tender growth. The destroyer appears during the night, without previous warning, when the sky is clear and the air calm. The course of its path can be distinctly traced, though it is variable in its direction. It comes, however, generally, in December and January, from the eastern high mountains, and sweeps over the valley, seemingly exhausting itself on the opposite hills. In the morning, the leaves of all trees, with the exception of the pine, are yellow, and drop; and in a day or two, the naked branches present the picture of our northern winter. The noble stems of the banana and plaintain first droop, and afterwards fall,—their vessels over-filled with watery juice. A similar fate meets the other culinary plants. This blast has received the name of Volcano, from the circumstance that the vegetation assumes a yellow hue as if fire had passed over it:—at least so Senor Juanico told me. This phenomenon struck me as very remarkable, as the absolute height does not warrant frost. It can be ascribed only to local causes, to investigate which would require more time than I can give to it. On making further inquiries, on my return to Jarabacoa and La Vega, I was told by well-informed people that it is always known, from the chilly dry air that prevails, even at the foot of the mountains, that "el Volcan" has passed the Valle de Constanza. Sometimes a couple of years pass without the occurrence of this phenomenon, at other periods, it takes place several times in the course of a year.

Under these circumstances, I was not a little astonished when the permanent resident of El Valle de Constanza, a mulatto of much intelligence, brought me next day a dray of fine cabbages which would have done honour to Covent Garden market, thyme, onions, shalots, celery, with batatas, and other tropical productions,—accompanied by a nosegay of some centifolia roses, pinks, and tuberoses. I began to doubt the effects of "el volcan:"—but Senor Antonio explained to me his success in the following manner.—"I am," he said, "a native of San Juan, close to the Haytian frontier. The late wars between the Haytians and Dominicans deprived me of all I possessed; and when Soulouque approached the frontier anew, I resolved to fly to the mountain recesses of Constanza. On my arrival with my family at this spot about two years ago, one of the blasts of which you speak had just swept over the valley,—and all vegetation was destroyed. It was a gloomy sight for a man who intended to settle here and cultivate the ground for the maintenance of his family. Nevertheless, I took good heart. Better, thought I, to contend against nature than against savages like the Haytians,—who, in the dark of the night, fell upon my farm, stole away my son, drove off my cattle, and set fire to my buhios. So I fell on my knees, and made a vow to Nuestra Senora de la Merced,—which she has heard:—for since I came here the destroyer has not once swept over the valley. Nevertheless, I must leave it,—for since I am the only one who works, all the rest wish to live on me,—and my provision-grounds are constantly robbed."—I have a good opinion of Antonio, and leave unquestioned his faith in Nuestra Senora de la Merced, I believe his tale to be true.

The remains of bygone tribes that once peopled the countries from which Europeans, under the plea of introducing the Christian religion and charity, have extirpated the indigenous inhabitants, have always been of the highest interest to me. On approaching the hut of Juanico, I observed some earth-works on my right. On inquiry, I learned that these were the remains of the palace of the Indian queen Constanza:—so, at least, it had been reported from father to son. Constanza took now additional interest in my eyes:—a female chieftain of that name lent it new lustre. I had considered the name of the valley accidental, but it seemed now to possess historical interest. My inquiries, however, to find out who Queen Constanza was proved fruitless. She seems to have been converted to the Christian religion:—at least so the name would indicate.

"Oh," said Juanico, "there is likewise an Indian sepulchre, or burial-ground, in the neighbourhood." This I was very anxious to see; but there seemed to be a great unwillingness to visit it, and I had to insist on guides being given to me. Antonio and a boy at length showed themselves ready to serve as guides, and we turned towards the foot of the southern mountains of the valley. An hour's good walking through the pine-forest brought us to a rivulet:—here I observed earth-walls of a semicircular form. Crossing the brook, I saw on a

hill-side traces as if a broad path in zigzag form had led to a mount, from the foot of which the burial-place of a thousand or more of the aborigines spread in a circular form, bounded by the mount, the rivulet, and the pine-forest.

The tumuli are of a rounded shape, or rather oblong; covered invariably with fragments of rocks, among which I particularly observed greenstone. This I think has been brought from a distance, as I did not discover any of it *in situ*. The graves have an east and west direction. The greater number are of dimensions calculated for only a single individual; but there are others which, judging from their appearance, may cover several persons. What shall we say to this discovery:—had the aborigines an idea of family sepulchres?

I have said that I stood on the burial-place of a thousand or more. The number of graves in the more open place, where only here and there a pine-tree sprouts, from spots containing

Saat, von Gott gesät, dem Tage der Garben zu reifen,

are underrated if assumed only at a thousand. They extend in the adjacent forest to the rivulet's banks, and there may be probably double the number altogether. I did not disturb the ashes: this I must leave to others. Time was sparingly measured to me; and the absence of proper instruments for digging, as well as the unwillingness of my guides, prevented.

I left the burial-place with strange feelings. Perhaps I was the first European that had ever approached and wandered amongst the resting-places of proud warriors who ruled over these regions. Save these grave that speak of their extinction, not a trace is left of their existence.

My guides spoke of an old sweet orange tree planted by the Indians. The forest was full of sour orange, but this they said was of excellent taste, and had a trunk larger than a man's body. After much search it was found; the guides had not been there for some years. The mother plant had fallen to the ground from old age, and was lying withered on the earth; but a shoot about thirty feet high, and of quite healthy appearance, bore a few fruits. They were of excellent taste, and the greater number had no seeds. This is sometimes the case with old trees. The mother trunk must have been of very large size: the heart of the wood, which had withstood decay, measured nearly three feet in circumference. This was no doubt the first sweet orange tree ever cultivated in this part of the island, Few trees are longer lived; and it is well known that the orange-groves of Spain contain trees 600 years of age.

On my return to the "buhio" I measured the earth-walls of "La Casa de la Reyna Constanza." The longitudinal direction of the two walls is W.N.W., the sides, which are open, N.N.E. The walls are about 6 feet high, 286 feet long, and stand 165 feet apart. About 158 feet from the northern end, there seems to have been an entrance, and a corresponding one opposite. Several old pine-trees grow now from the top of the walls, attesting the antiquity of the structure. It stands close to a hill, the side of which bears traces of a broad path having led up to its first platform-like elevation.

[The above excellent article is extracted from the *Athenæum*.]

THE INFIRMITIES AND DEFECTS OF MEN OF GENIUS.

The modes of life of a man of genius, says the elder Disraeli, are often tinctured with eccentricity and enthusiasm.* These are in an eternal conflict with the usages of common life. His occupations, his amusement, and his ardour, are discordant to daily pursuits and prudential habits. It is the characteristic of genius to display no talent to ordinary men; and it is unjust to censure the latter when they consider him as born for no human purpose. Their pleasures and their sorrows are not his pleasures and his sorrows. He often appears to slumber in dishonourable ease, while his days are passed in labours more constant and more painful than those of the manufacturer. The world is not always aware that to meditate, to compose, and even to converse with some, are great labours; and, as Hawkensworth observes, "that weariness may be contracted in an arm-chair." Such men are also censured for an irritability of disposition. Many reasons might apologise for these unhappy variations of humour. The occupation of making a great name is, perhaps, more anxious and precarious than that of making a great fortune. We sympathise with the merchant when he communicates melancholy to the social circle in consequence of a bankruptcy, or when he feels the elation of prosperity at the success of a vast speculation. The author is not less immersed in cares, or agitated by success, for literature has its bankruptcies and its speculations. The anxieties and disappointments of an author—even of the most successful—are incalculable. If he is learned, learning is the torment of an unquenchable thirst, and his elaborate work is exposed to the accidental recollection of an inferior mind, as well as the fatal omissions of wearied vigilance. If he excels in the magic of diction and the graces of fancy, his path is strewed with roses, but his feet bleed on invisible yet piercing thorns.

Rousseau has given a glowing description of the ceaseless inquietudes by which he acquired skill in the arts of composition; and has said, that with whatever talent a man may be born, the art of writing is not easily obtained.

It is observed by M. La Harpe (an author by profession), that, as it has been proved there are some maladies peculiar to artists, there are also sorrows which are peculiar to them; and which the world can neither pity nor soften, because it cannot have their conceptions. We read, not without a melancholy emotion, the querulous expressions of men of genius. We have a little catalogue *de calamitate literatorum;* we might add a volume by the addition of most of our own authors.

The votaries of the arts and sciences are called, by Cicero, heroes of peace; their labours, their dangers, and their intrepidity, make them heroes; but peace is rarely the ornament of their feverish existence. Some are now only agreeable, who might have been great writers, had their application to study and the modes of their life been different. In Mr. Greaves's lively recollections of his friend Shenstone are some judicious observations on this subject. He has drawn a comparison between the elevated abilities of Gray, and the humble talents of Shenstone; and he has essayed to show, that it was the accidental circumstances of Gray's place of birth, education, his admittance into some of the best circles, and his assiduous application to science, which gave him that superiority over the indolence, the retirement, and the inertion of a want of patronage, which made Shenstone, as Gray familiarly said, "hop round his walks like a bird in a string."

Men of genius are often reverenced only where they are known by their writings. In the romance of life they are divinities; in its history, they are men. From errors of the mind and derelictions of the heart, they may not be exempt; these are perceived by their acquaintance, who can often discern only these qualities. The defects of great men are the consolation of the dunces. For their foibles it appears more difficult to account than for their vices.; for a violent passion depends on its direction to become either excellence or depravity; but why their exalted mind should not preserve them from the imbecilities of fools, appears a mere caprice of nature. A curious list may be formed of

"Fears of the brave, and follies of 'the wise.'"—*Johnson.*

In the note underneath, I have thrown together a few facts which may be passed over by those who have no taste for literary anecdotes.*

But it is also necessary to acknowledge, that men of genius

* Essay on the Literary Character, by Isaac Disraeli.

* Voiture was the son of a vintner, and, like our Prior, was so mortified whenever reminded of his original occupation, that it was said of him, that wine, which cheered the hearts of all men, sickened that of Voiture. Rousseau, the poet, was the son of a cobbler; and, when his honest parent waited at the door of the theatre, to embrace his son on the success of his first piece, the inhuman poet repulsed the venerable father with insult and contempt. Akenside ever considered his lameness as an insupportable misfortune, since it continually reminded him of his origin, being occasioned by the fall of a cleaver from one of his father's (a respectable butcher) blocks. Milton delighted in contemplating his own person, and the engraver not having reached our sublime bard's "ideal grace," he has pointed his indignation in four iambics. Among the complaints of Pope, is that of "the pictured shape." Even the strong-minded Johnson would not be painted "blinking Sam." Mr. Boswell tells us, that Goldsmith attempted to show his agility to be superior to the dancing of an ape, whose praise had occasioned him a fit of jealousy, but he failed in imitating his rival. The inscription under Boileau's portrait, describing his character with lavish panegyric, and a preference to Juvenal and Horace, is unfortunately known to have been written by himself.

are often unjustly reproached with foibles. The sports of a vacant mind are misunderstood as follies. The simplicity of truth may appear vanity; and the consciousness of superiority, envy. Nothing is more usual than our surprise at some great writer or artist contemning the labours of another, whom the public cherish with equal approbation. We place it to the account of his envy; but perhaps this opinion is erroneous, and claims a concise investigation. Every superior writer has a manner of his own, with which he has been long conversant, and too often inclines to judge of the merit of a performance by the degree it attains of his favourite manner. He errs, because impartial men of taste are addicted to no manner, but love whatever is exquisite. We often see readers draw their degree of comparative merit from the manner their favourite author does the same; that is, he draws it from himself. Such a partial standard of taste is erroneous; but it is more excusable in the author than in the reader.

This observation will serve to explain several curious phenomena in literature. The witty Cowley despised the natural Chaucer; the classical Boileau, the rough sublimity of Crebillon; the forcible Corneille, the tender Racine; the affected Marivaux, the familiar Molière; the artificial Gray, the simple Shenstone. Each alike judged by that peculiar manner he had long formed. In a free conversation they might have contemned each other; and a dunce, who had listened without taste or understanding, if he had been a haberdasher in anecdotes, would have hastened to deposit in his warehouse of literary falsities, a long declamation on the vanity and envy of these great men.

It has long been acknowledged that every work of merit, the more it is examined, the greater the merit will appear.

The most masterly touches, and the reserved graces which form the pride of the artist, are not observable, till after a familiar and constant meditation. What is most refined, is least obvious; and, to some, must remain unperceived for ever. But, ascending from these elaborate strokes in composition, to the views and designs of an author, the more profound and extensive these are, the more they elude the reader's apprehension. I refine not too much when I say, that the author is conscious of beauties that are not in his composition. The happiest writers are compelled to see some of their most magnificent ideas float along the immensity of mind, beyond the feeble grasp of expression. Compare the state of the author with that of the reader; how copious and overflowing is the mind of the one, to that of the other; how much more sensibly alive to a variety of exquisite strokes, which the other has not yet perceived; the author is familiar with every part, and the reader has but a vague notion of the whole. How many noble conceptions of Rousseau are not yet mastered! How many profound reflections of Montesquieu are not yet understood! How many subtle lessons are yet in Locke, which no preceptor can teach!

Such, among others, are the reasons which may induce an author to express himself in language which may sound like vanity. To be admired, is the noble simplicity of the ancients (imitated by a few elevated minds among the moderns) in expressing with ardour the consciousness of genius. We are not more displeased with Dryden than with Cicero, when he acquaints us of the great things he has done, and those he purposes to do. Modern modesty might, perhaps, to some be more agreeable, if it were modesty; but our artificial blushes are like the ladies' temporary rouge, ever ready to colour the face on any occasion. Some will not place their names to their books, yet prefix it to their advertisements; others pretend to be the editors of their own works; some compliment themselves in the third person; and many, concealed under the shade of anonymous criticism, form panegyrics as elaborate and long as Pliny's on Trajan, of their works and themselves, yet, in conversation, start at a compliment, and quarrel at a quotation. Such modest authors resemble certain ladies, who, in public, are equally celebrated for the coldest chastity.

Consciousness of merit characterises men of genius; but is it to be lamented that the illusions of self-love are not distinguishable from the reality of consciousness? Yet, if we were to take from some their pride of exultation, we annihilate the germ of their excellence. The persuasion of a just posterity smoothed the sleepless pillow, and spread a sunshine in the solitude of Bacon, Montesquieu, and Newton; of Cervantes, Gray, and Milton. Men of genius anticipate their contemporaries, and know they are such, long before the tardy consent of the public. They have also been accused of the meanest adulations; it is certain that many have had the weakness to praise unworthy men, and some the courage to erase what they have written. A young writer, unknown, yet languishing for encouragement, when he first finds the notice of a person of some eminence, has expressed himself in language which gratitude—a finer reason than reason itself—inspired. Strongly has Milton expressed the sensations of this passion—"gratitude." Who ever pays an "immense debt" in small sums?

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Echoes the ev'ning hymns of thankful birds;
And roving bees return with sweets compress'd,
While 'neath the cliffs repose the friendly herds.

Oh, holy scene! a placid calm like this
Absorbs my soul, and bids life's cares retreat;
This hour I'll consecrate, so full of bliss,
To God who swells my soul with joys complete.

To heaven I'll raise my thoughts where cherubs sing
Of love and truth in symphonies divine;
There shall I soar on contemplation's wing,
And catch their spirit as they flying shine.

Oh! may life's ev'ning hours unruffled roll
Lit by heaven's ceaseless unexhausted ray,
Which penetrates with light and hope the soul,
Illumes the grave, and points to endless day!

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Cassell's Elements of Arithmetic, will be issued early in October, price 1s. in stiff covers, or 1s. 6d. cloth, uniform with Cassell's Edition of Euclid, edited by Professor Wallace, A.M., of the University of Glasgow, Editor of Cassell's "Euclid," the Popular Educator, &c.

SWEEPINGS OF MY STUDY.

IT is a pity, on many accounts, that the ancient Cornish tongue has been suffered to be lost. The Phœnicians are believed to have worked the Cornish tin-mines; and, if so, this ancient dialect may have been partly Phœnician. Now, it is pretty clear, that the Carthaginians possessed that district called by the Greeks *Phoinike*, and spoke a dialect of Phœnician. That this bore a close affinity to Hebrew is the opinion of Sir William Drummond, who says of St. Augustine that, "had he understood the Punic tongue, he could never have been puzzled, as he confesses he was, with the Hebrew." This opinion is common to many other scholars. The curious thing would have been to have *compared* the *Cornish vocabulary* with the *Hebrew;* a comparison which might have given some singular results. All that is now known of this Cornish language is, that it was *very different* from either Welsh, Gaelic, or Erse, and yet it was a living language in Cornwall up to the eighteenth century. Nay, later than that.

THERE is no truth more important to writers and public men of all descriptions than this—you cannot take the prejudices of mankind "*by storm.*" "Sap and mine" are *here* the *only* strategy.

OF all pedantic words, "ancillary" is one of the vilest. "Ancilla" is the Latin for a servant-maid. Therefore, to say a thing is "ancillary" to some other thing, is equivalent to saying, that it is "servant girlary" to some other thing. "Ots splut," as Sir Hugh Evans says, "what phrase is this?"

BE he who he may — or of what consequence soever—who quarrels with the world, let him be sure he will come off *second best*—and find, in the end, that the world is of more consequence to him than he to it. "Secessions," unless they be like that of the Roman "Populi" to Mount Aventine, seldom or never succeed. That of Sir William Wyndham and others from the House of Commons, in Sir Robert Walpole's time, advised as it was by Lord Bolingbroke, failed ludicrously. That of Fox and others, during Pitt's ministry, was just as unfortunate. The secession just now (1843) from the Scotch church will probably share much the same fate; but it is not like a "parliamentary secession." The men are *not silenced.* That is in its favour, doubtless.

THE greatest tempest that ever raged in England, seems to have been that which blew in the reign of Queen Anne, in 1703. It blew down whole streets in the Metropolis, so that hundreds, nay, thousands, were perishing amidst the ruins. The loss at sea was enormous, some hundreds of merchantmen were wrecked or foundered, and no less than fifteen sail of the line suffered; amongst which was Admiral Bowater's flag-ship, in which he perished with all his crew. So awful was the tornado, that two persons committed suicide in sheer madness of terror. All this is commemorated in an annual sermon preached in London. It is called "The Storm-Sermon."

IT is a disagreeable thought—but, I fear me, too often a true one,—that literature and corruption frequently reach their height together in a nation, and that a splendid literary era is oftentimes the epoch, also, of the commencement of national decline. With *Rome* it was thus; literature broke out just as the two Cæsars subverted the vestiges of the republic. At *Athens* it was much the same, though less marked. *French literature* blazed out under the gaudy tyrant, Louis the Fourteenth. In *England*, literature first made great head after the despotic Tudors had subverted what remained of Anglo-Saxon freedom.

I HAVE often seen persons who had fallen from wealth into poverty, exceedingly grieved, because many persons who formerly paid them attentions, ceased, after that, to do so. This seems very absurd. All that the cessation proves is, that the former attentions were *not* paid to the *man himself*, but to his *wealth*. Why, therefore, should he grieve, because he apparently loses that which he *really never had.*

THE cormorant is still tamed in China for the purpose of fishing. It was anciently used in England for the same purpose. Charles the First had a "Master of Cormorants," as well as a Head-Falconer. Our modern cormorants are of a different species, and trained under different officers. They hunt *loaves* as well as *fishes.*

I HAVE never found it possible in composition to refrain from the use of that inexplicable looking thing—"the dash"—in writing, though I have often tried to tie myself down to the legitimate pace of comma, semicolon, colon, and period. I fancy that, after all, "the dash" *is* a necessary part of what is called punctuation. The ordinary stops are enough, no doubt, to fix the sense; but this is not all. To give a sentence its *full* effect, a pause, not requisite for fixing the more abstract *sense*, is often absolutely required. This pause the dash denotes, and therefore, I am, after the best review I can give to this matter—*for* "the dash."

IF you get any thing of cloth or silk daubed with mud, do not attempt to clean it hastily, but hang it up in a warm place for several days until the dirt be thoroughly dry, when you will find it brush easily off, without damage to the cloth or stuff, whatever it may be. Even thus, *injuries* not hastily resented, but patiently borne, will *cease to be injuries at all.*

NOTHING shows so strongly the great opinion which was entertained of the medical skill of the famous Dr. Radcliffe, as the treatment he met when Queen Anne died. Radcliffe was a violent Whig, and in the queen's last illness, when the case grew desperate, was summoned to the royal chamber, but, being himself very ill, refused to go. The queen died, and the most violent threats were uttered against the doctor, who, it was alleged, could have *saved* the queen, *but did not choose*, because her death was also that of the Tory administration of Harley and Bolingbroke. This prejudice was so strong that it is believed the vexation of it hastened Radcliffe's end. It was the highest compliment to his skill, but at the expense of his character.

TIME—the soberer of all that is extravagant—has much the same effect upon a finely-constituted mind, that it has upon a finely-painted picture. It does not obliterate a tint in the one, but it mellows, refines, and blends them. In the other, it does not blot out a hope, an aspiration, or a feeling; but it sobers down their extravagances. Experience, the fruit of time, acts, in short, like a "gloze," or "medium-tint," upon the hues, which youth has spread with too much brilliance, or passion has touched with too vivid a light.

DEAN SWIFT was one of the few men, Tacitus was another, who have been *far too good for their age and period.* Swift as an honest and wise man was leagues beyond Pope, Harley, Arbuthnot, St. John, and the rest of them. He evidently *felt* the heartless corruption of courts.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUSSEX.—We decline furnishing you with directions for "making and sending up fire balloons." The practice is dangerous, and is a misdemeanour punishable by law.

R. L. (Berwick).—The sentences you have sent are Latin; the first, "*Miseris succurere disco.*" means, "I learn to succour the unfortunate;" the second, "*Nisi dominus,*" is only a portion of a sentence, the first two words of the 127th Psalm, —"Unless the Lord," &c.

JAMES SMITH.—We believe the trade you mention is as good as many others; but it is quite impossible for us to say whether, if you were apprenticed to it, you would be sure to get a situation when out of your time. There is good room for improvement in your *writing* (not "*written*"), and also in your spelling.

MACEDONIA.—The "Salic law" was a law made by King Pharamond of France, or, as some say, by Philip the Long, by which females were excluded from sitting on the throne. As the character of the people of that age and country was peculiarly martial, it was probably thought inconsistent to have a female ruler. The law is still in force in France, in Germany, Hanover, &c.

G. WEBB.—You had better put you inquiries as to the prices of certain books to a bookseller; our answering them would subject us to the advertisement duty.

J. JAMES (Halsted).—We fear that there are too many shops in the "general line" in the vicinity of London to make it worth your while to leave your present business for the purpose of trying the experiment. We are not aware of the existence of any society "to assist tradesmen whose capital is limited;" most of the "loan societies" are conducted by rapacious adventurers.

JONADAB.—A warehouseman is hardly likely to find employment either in America or Australia. For particulars as to rates of passage, &c., you should get the last edition of the "Emigrants' Handbook," published at our office.

J. RATHBONE.—We have no society in London of the description you name. As to rules, &c., you had better apply to *Tidd Pratt*, Esq., Temple, London, who is appointed by the government to attend to such matters.

A MINER.—Your young friend the chemist,—begging his pardon,—is a fool, and is trying to make a fool of you. Bring common sense to your aid.

A CONSTANT BATHER.—We think your practice of "bathing in a tepid bath four times a week, staying in the water half an hour each time," is calculated to injure your constitution very seriously. *Cold bathing*, for a few minutes at a time, is much more likely to benefit you.

A VOYAGER.—The most effectual preventive for sea-sickness is *not to go to sea.* You may, however, greatly allay the disagreeable sensation by remaining in the horizontal position. Excess in eating and drinking should be avoided.

G. PASS (Burslem).—You will find a good receipt for *varnishing* water-colour drawings in No. 40 of the "Working Man's Friend," p. 224. If you wish to *polish* them in addition, you must lay on two or three coats of the varnish. Your work may then be polished with the soft pulpy part of your hand, previously rubbed with a very small portion of fresh butter.

T. J. D.—*Liquid glue* is made thus:—Dissolve a quarter of a pound of shell-lac in three ounces of naphtha; put the lac into a wide-mouthed bottle, and pour the naphtha upon it; cork it up; stir it with a piece of wire two or three times during the first thirty-six hours. When thoroughly dissolved it will be about the thickness of cream, and forms a liquid glue always ready for use, and peculiarly applicable to pattern-makers, joiners, or carpenters, and perfectly waterproof.

A YOUNG PAINTER.—*Caoutchoucine* is an inflammable liquor procured from caoutchouc (Indian-rubber) by distillation. When mixed with highly-rectified spirits of wine, it is a ready solvent for all the resins, even copal, and that without heat. As it mixes readily with oils, and dries quickly without injury to the colours, it will, no doubt, answer your purpose well.

G. PASS.—Sir John Franklin left England on his last expedition, about the middle of May, 1845, in the *Erebus.*

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.—VI.

PETERSBURG.

PETERSBURG is situated on the Neva, at its outlet into the gulf of Finland, and has a strongly fortified island a few miles westward called Cronstadt, which is the chief naval station of the Russian Empire, and commands the whole entrance outwards into the Baltic. Petersburg is the seat of the imperial government and was intended by its founder, Peter the Great, to form the capital of the empire. It is situated about 500 miles north-west of Moscow, and contains according to the legal authorities, about half a million inhabitants. Although irregularly built, it is considered one of the most splendid cities in the world. The beauty of the entrance into St. Petersburg, we are told by Mr. Jerrmann—the most entertaining and recent of northern visitors—cannot easily be paralleled.*

First, magnificent Cronstadt, with its harbour full of countless ships, its docks without end, its remarkable towers and works, rising in wonderful strength and beauty out of the depths of the open sea, strikes us with admiration. A little farther we pass the beautiful palace of Peterhof, with its delightful gardens, its pleasant park, its fairy-like buildings. After several hours' sail up stream, and after passing the splendid building appropriated to the mining school, we reach the majestic English quay, where the steamer stops, just opposite to the Exchange.

RUSSIAN COURIERS.

The delay occasioned by the revision of passports, before which no one is allowed to quit the vessel, and by the subsequent inspection of baggage at the custom-house, is disagreeable, especially as the glimpse one gets of the city excites the strongest desire and most impatient curiosity to examine it more closely. The anoyance of the detention is lessened, however, by the obliging courtesy with which the officials per-

* Pictures from St. Petersburg, by Edward Jerrmann. Translated from the original German, by Frederick Hardman. London: Longman and Co., 1852.

form their duty, assisting the travellers, after its completion, to repack and arrange their property. If there be any truth in the oft-repeated tales of the horrors of the Russian custom-house, they at least can apply but to the inland frontiers, where, perhaps, Cossack usages still prevail. When entering St. Petersburg by water it is only in cases where information of fraud has been received, that harshness and severity are displayed; otherwise, and as a general rule, the treatment is considerate and humane, and might be substituted with great advantage for the petty annoyance inflicted by the Austrian customs' officers. The customary formalities at an end, it is usually still broad daylight when you reach the interior of the city. Most strangers proceed thither along the quay, across the Isaac Square, by the fine statue of Peter the Great, the imposing building of the Admiralty, and the wonderful Isaac Church, to the Newsky Perspective. However much accustomed to Paris and London, the stranger cannot but be struck, impressed and delighted by the spectacle that here presents itself to him; by the remarkable beauty of this street, its immense width, including a double line of carriage ways floored with wood, and footpaths ten or twelve feet broad—by the magnificent palaces and palatial houses bordering it on either side: by the elegance of the rows of shops, each vying with the other in luxury and richness, fronted with the clearest glass, illumined at nigh with floods of gaslight, and filled with the most costly objects that luxury and refinement can devise. Still more is he astonished at the constant stream of life which flows along this great artery of the city; at the throng of passengers on foot and on horseback, in carriages drawn by six and by four horses, in smaller vehicles of every kind, in *droschkis* and *istworstschiks*. If the stranger, extricating himself from this noisy bustling scene, succeeds in finding accommodation at the Hotel Coulon or the Hotel Demuth, the only foreign hotels in St. Petersburg, he may live there comfortably enough until he can settle himself in more permanent quarters. But if, through want of room at those houses, or ignorance of the locality, he betakes himself to a Russian hotel, he has speedy opportunity of studying one of the most disgraceful sides of life in St. Petersburg. Short of a forest cavern, a foreigner could hardly meet with anything more uninviting and unpleasant than the aspect of one of the caravanserais, or with anything more dismal than its arrangement and distribution. He is ushered into ill-lighted rooms, betraying a sad want of the careful and cleansing hand of a tidy hostess; and where the elegance of the furniture is by no means so great as to make amends for its extreme scantiness. The absence of anything like a bed particularly strikes him. Russian travellers do not miss this, for they invariably carry their own beds about with them, as Maximilian the First carried his coffin, and thus accustom hotel-keepers to dispense with beds in their apartments. At last, after many delays, and at the urgent and agonised entreaty of the weary foreigner, such a bed is provided as the German, accustomed to the snug eiderdown of his fartherland, shudders to contemplate. The painful impression of this first reception is but very partially surmounted, when he becomes aware of another cause of discomfort and annoyance. The attendance is execrable. In these Russian hotels there is seldom a living creature who can speak anything but Russian; and foreigners are at their wit's end to make themselves understood. There is little hope for English, French, and Italians. Only the German, if his good genius suggests to him to visit the kitchen, may chance to discover there a Finland woman. These are skilful cooks, and most of them speak German. He will hardly get a better supper for this, however; and ultimately will be fain to have recourse to the hospitality of his countrymen resident in St. Petersburg, and which assuredly will never fail him. If the stranger has letters, or even only a single letter, of introduction, which it is natural to suppose will in most instances be the case, he is rescued, immediately on presenting them, from the purgatory of his inn, either by the offer of a room in the friend's house to whom he is recommended or by being provided with a furnished apartment, of which there are plenty to let in St. Petersburg, chiefly in German houses, and where he will usually find himself very comfortable.

Should any one who reads these lines ever visit St. Petersburg without introduction or acquaintance, let him go to the first wine-house or *restaurateur* he meets with (there is no lack of them), and inspect the bill of fare, upon which the names of eatables and drinkables are inscribed in German as well as in Russian. In such places, too, there is generally an attendant who can speak German. Let the stranger walk in, seat himself at the first unoccupied table he comes to, and order his breakfast in German, and in rather a loud voice. He may be pretty certain that, before he has half finished his repast,—and provided he be not too entirely engrossed in its discussion—he will observe some one of the persons present call the waiter, and whisper a few words in his ear. The waiter replies by the same sort of pantomime usually performed by a German court-chamberlain when his royal master asks him why the people do not cheer as he goes by. The *habitué*, having received this shoulder-shrugging answer to his inquiry, seems to consult a moment with his companions, then empties his glass, fills it again, rises from table, approaches the stranger, and greets him as a countryman. Some conversation ensues, and if there be anything in the new comer's mode of speaking, occupation, country, journey, or manner, to inspire the slightest interest, it may safely be wagered that before his interlocutor has emptied his glass, he has invited him to join his party. If, in the intercourse which then follows, he justifies, ever so little, the good opinion which his new acquaintance are well-disposed to entertain of him, he is asked to call upon them, and thence-forward it only depends upon him to consider their houses, if he so pleases, as his own. There is little ceremony used with anybody. A stranger is invited only once to dinner. If he does not please his entertainers, they nevertheless, for that once, endure him with a good and hospitable grace. If, upon the other hand, he makes a favourable impression, on leaving table his host says to him, with a cordial shake of the hand, "Do not wait for another invitation; your knife and fork will be laid here daily, and the oftener you come and use them, the greater the pleasure you will do us." And when this is said, the guest may feel assured that it is meant literally as spoken. Nor need he ever fear to inconvenience his hospitable entertainers; go when he will, he will be welcome. His place is ready for him: if oysters and champagne are upon table, his host smiles, well-pleased that he has come on a day of good cheer. But though beef and potatoes alone be on the board, the lady of the house betrays not a sign of vexation or embarrassment. *Enough* there always is; how it is managed I know not; but the entrance of half a dozen unforeseen guests neither excites surprise nor occasions inconvenience. On the other hand, however homely the repast, the hostess never deems an apology requisite. What she gives is freely given, and she therefore makes sure that it will be contentedly received. How she would laugh, could she witness, in some German household in Dresden or Berlin, the housewife's deadly agony when her husband unexpectedly brings home from 'Change a friend or two to dinner! Such agony, for such a motive, is unknown in St. Petersburg; unknown, too, there, is the German custom of making trifling presents to servants as often as you take a meal in a friend's house. At Christmas and Easter it is customary to make calls at the houses of your friends, and then money is given to servants, and in handsome amounts; ten or twenty rubles to each, or even more, according to the means and inclination of the donor. If the two customs come much to the same in the end, at any rate that of the Russians is more seemly and convenient.

Conversation at Russian dinner-tables is not very striking or diversified. This may be partially accounted for by the separation of the sexes. Be it observed that I here depict the manners of the middle classes. He who desires to learn those of the nobility—not only of Russia, but of the rest of Europe—has only to study the usages of Parisian society, and he then knows those of all other aristocratic societies. In the burgher circles at St. Petersburg, the two sexes usually group themselves very much apart from each other. Even at meals the gentlemen take one half of the table, and the ladies the other. I will not venture exactly to praise such an arrangement, but certainly it spares many an old graybeard, or busy merchant, engrossed with agios and percentages, the trouble of having to entertain a simpering sixteen-year-old neighbour.

The chief subjects of conversation with the ladies of St. Petersburg, at the dinner-table, and in the circle they subsequently form round their coffee-cups, are music, theatricals, the gossip of the town, a very little literature, and, above all,

the fashions. On this last subject they are inexhaustible, and truth demands the confession that they do not cultivate a barren soil. They do not, as many a distinguished national assembly has done, waste their time in fruitless theories. Every project devised speedily becomes an accomplished fact; plans are no sooner sketched than carried out; theory quickly blossoms into practice; no undertaking is too difficult, no obstacle insurmountable, no sacrifice too great for these devoted priestesses of the Graces.

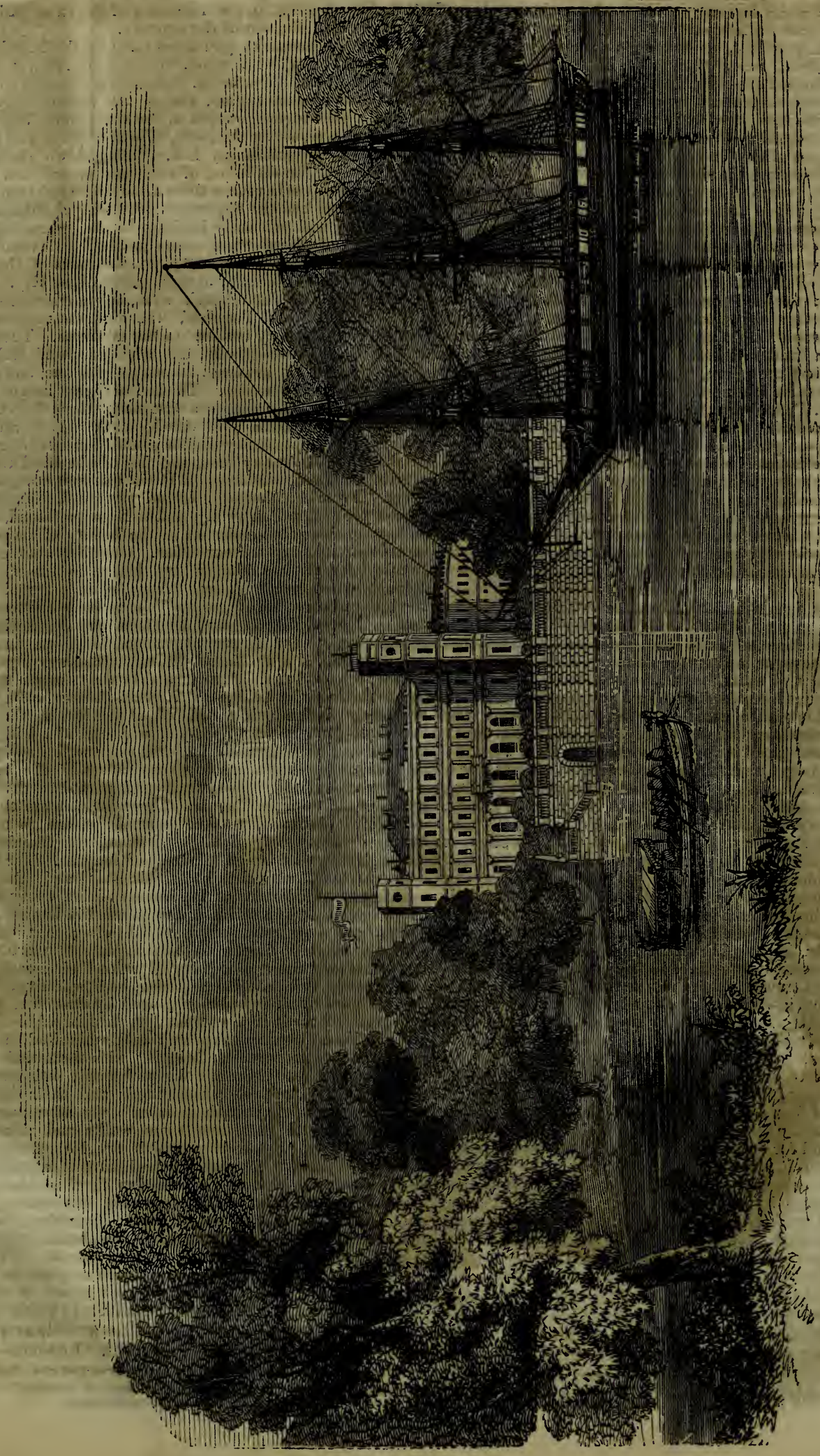
In St. Petersburg people do not live abroad. Public gardens, boulevards, bazaars, and so forth, are there unknown. There everybody minds his business, and stops in his house; and when the cares and toils of the former are at an end, he does his utmost to transform the latter into a paradise. Freedom is an indispensable condition of such transformation, and of freedom the Petersburger enjoys, in his own house, an ample measure; not only in the complete liberty of his social life, not only in his complete abandonment to his individual inclinatons, but also in respect of political controversies, which in his domestic circle are often carried on with such keenness and unreserve, that the hearer fancies himself transported into some German republican club. Freedom is far greater in St. Petersburg, in this respect, than is generally supposed. Considering the licence of expression indulged in when conversing on political subjects before strangers and servants, it is quite inconceivable that the vigilant police should never have become aware of, or taken umbrage at it; and that there should be no instance on record of a domiciliary visit in the house of a German resident in St. Petersburg. It is probable enough, however, that the authorities are aware of those conversations, but intentionally take no notice of them, knowing the character of Germans, and that, with them,—words do not lead to deeds.

When politics, into which conversation at St. Petersburg usually ends by gliding, have been fairly exhausted, play is resorted to as a pastime. In this the women are in no way behindhand with the men; but on the contrary, have usually organised their tables of whist, boston, ombre, or *préférence*, long before the politicians have finished their discussions. *Préférence*, especially, is a favourite game with the St. Petersburg fair ones. With unremitting assiduity they play on from seven or eight in the evening till two in the morning, then sup, and separate at four to get up again at daybreak,—that is to say, according to German time, at nine in the morning; for I here speak of winter parties only, seeing that in summer, at St. Petersburg, there are neither parties nor inhabitants.

When the St. Petersburger has thus introduced a stranger into his house and shown him his domestic interior, the chief subject of his pride, he proceeds to display to him the second thing in which he glories, namely, the beauties of the capital. A day is fixed, the droschki is brought to the door,—few Petersburgers in comfortable circumstances are without an equipage,—and the foreigner is driven all about the town. First, through the Newsky Perspective, already referred to, to the majestic Newsky Convent, where repose the bones of St. Alexander Newsky, which were miraculously cast ashore, so runs the tradition, on the Neva's bank, by the Baltic's tempestuous billows. In costly silver relievos, the hero's exploits are perpetuated upon his coffin. Returning hence, the stranger's guide points out to him, on the left of the Perspective, the Kasan church, one of the most beautiful ornaments of the city. In its front stand four colossal stone statues of apostles, models for four statues of the like gigantic size, which are to be cast in silver. The metal for this purpose is already stored up in the vaults of the Church, and is a pious present from the Cossacks of the Don. On entering the sacred edifice, the eye is at once fettered and dazzled by the magnificence it meets. Pillars, walls, floor, and ceiling, all of the costliest marble: a great barrier, three feet high, and of wrought silver, in front of the sanctuary, and behind it pictures of saints, partly cut out according to the Russian fashion, and having head, neck, and breast, as well as the frames, studded with precious stones of great price. Various trophies, conquered in the wars with Turks and French, decorate the Church; amongst others, the marshal's baton of Davoust, the sight of which once incited a Frenchman, fanaticised by false patriotism, to commit a church robbery. He was detected; and although the offence is one of those most severely punished in Russia, the authorities contented themselves, in consideration of the extenuating motive, with sending him out of the country.

From the Kasansky you drive through the Morskoy, paved, like the Newsky, with wood, to the *Etât Major*,* one of the handsomest buildings in St. Petersburg, opposite to which, on an immense open square, stands the enormous Alexander's Pillar. Thence you proceed to the sumptuous Winter Palace, whence the view over the Neva, Wasili-Ostrow, and the Petersburg bank, is exceedingly fine. Going down the quay, you reach the Champ de Mars, of such vast extent that I once saw the Emperor pass in review there a body of 80,000 men of all arms. Whoever has had the opportunity of seeing the Russian guards manœuvre, will assuredly hesitate before expressing German contempt of those "barbarous hordes." Several days are requisite for even a superficial examination of the principal sculptural and architectural monuments of the city. Then it is the turn of St. Petersburg's charming environs;—Sarskojè-Sélo, Jelagyn, and Peterhof, the summer residence of the Court, whose beauty borders on the fabulous. Thence comes a visit to Apothecary's Island, with its wonderful botanical garden, in whose immense conservatories one fancies oneself transported to the tropics. To the intelligent zeal of the court-gardener, Mr. Tellmann, a German, these hot-houses are indebted for a care and development which render them probably unsurpassed by similar establishments in any country of the world. At any rate, nothing of the kind that I have seen in Potsdam, Vienna, and Paris, can bear comparison with them. From Apothecary's Island you reach Kamini-Ostrow, thence proceed to Petrowsky, and so from one island to another, each surpassing its neighbour in the beauty of its plantations and elegance of its summer villas. Certainly art alone is to be thanked for all this beauty and bloom in the far north of Europe, where nature does nothing; equally certain is it that the glory of these lovely gardens last at most but ten or twelve weeks. Not on that account, however, are we to withhold our recognition of the Beautiful, wheresoever we find it; but rather prize and appreciate it the more, because our enjoyment of it is to be so brief. And assuredly the stranger, crossing for the first time the bridge of Kamini-Ostrow, pausing in its centre, and looking right and left at the lovely villas, built in the most graceful Italian style, and embedded in luxuriant vegetation and beauteous flowers, may well imagine, as his astonished gaze wanders over the shores of the arm of the Neva, that he has been suddenly transported to the seductive banks of Arno or of Brenta. These islands are the summer abode of the inhabitants of the capital; where no one, whose business will possibly admit his absence, ever remains between the beginning of June and the end of August. The oppressive heat, combined with the intolerable dust, and, above all, the pestiferous exhalations of the canals, drive every one forth. These canals, of great width, and encased in handsome granite quays, are very ornamental to the city; but they render residence there during the hot season perfect torture. Accordingly, towards the end of May, all make their escape; and if I have already had occasion to praise the hospitality of the town, I must now admit it to be surpassed by that exercised in the country. There it is a common practice for whole families to quarter themselves, unexpected and uninvited, upon their friends and acquaintances, bringing with them their servants, horses. and dogs. They are always heartily welcomed, kindly received, and hospitably entertained; and their departure is sincerely deplored, though it occur only after many weeks' stay. The rural amusements are walks and rides, bathing, bals champêtre, fire-works—which are let off almost every evening, especially towards the beginning of autumn—music, singing, somewhat more conversation than in town, because less time is passed at cards, somewhat less reading, because one is almost constantly out of doors. Gambling, however, is not entirely given up, and moreover the abstinence in summer is amply compensated by the winter's excess. With the exception of Mexico, there is assuredly in no place in the world more gambling than here. True, that games of chance are strictly prohibited, and are played neither in public places nor at private clubs; but games of skill, especially *préférence*, are played so abominably high that scarcely an evening passes, in

* *Generalstab*, military head-quarters, officers of the staff: in England, the Horse-Guards is the only analogous establishment.



IMPERIAL PALACE OF GATCHINA.

BLESSING THE NEVA.

the winter-time, without a few hundred thousand rubles* banco exchanging hands at the card-tables of the English club and other establishments of the kind. These profuse and habitual gamblers play—especially the Russians—with wonderful coolness, and with the utmost apparent indifference as to the result.

* A Russian ruble is equal to 10d. English, nearly.

A circumstance that comes greatly in aid to the hospitality of the Petersburgers, is the abundance of provisions and their consequent cheapness. One can hardly form an idea of the plenty that prevails. On Twelfth Day, when midnight chimes, the peasants of the whole empire set out upon their sledges, well packed with fish, flesh, and game, and preserved fruits, which latter are no where so well prepared and of such good flavour as in Russia, and repair to the towns, especially to St. Petersburg, often performing journeys of 2000 or 3000 versts. There they usually sell their goods at very advantageous prices, and then, in large caravans, in high spirits, and somewhat elevated by drink, retrace their steps homewards. These journeys, however, take place only in what are called fine winters, by which the Russians understand a steady cold of 20 deg. to 24 deg. Reaumur. Then the sledging paths are firm and smooth; the peasants' little horses, not bigger than a bull of a year and a half old, drag them briskly and without fatigue to the capital, where their eatables arrive fresh and in good order. If, upon the other hand, a thaw sets in, these poor people are greatly to be pitied. The results of the year's toil are inevitably lost to them. And even when it freezes again directly, so that the provisions reach their journey's end seemingly well preserved, the thaw has nevertheless caused distrust as to the state of the meat, and sale and price are alike diminished. With respect to fish, not the slightest deception can take place, for the Russian knows by the very first look at the fish's eye, and by pressing it gently with his finger, whether the fish has been thawed, and if it has he will not purchase it at any price. In remarkably mild winters, when there are frequent intermissions of thaw and frost—as happened, for instance, in the winter of 1841-2—the police institute a rigid examination of the provisions before they are allowed to enter the city. And so it came to pass that in that unfortunate winter many hundreds of sledges were excluded from St. Petersburg, their contents were thrown into the water or buried in the earth, and their unhappy owners had no choice but to sell horse, sledge, and harness, and to retrace on foot, sorrowful and a-hungered, the weary journey to their distant homes. Happily such *bad* (mild) winters are of very rare occurrence. The one I have just referred to, during which the Neva twice thawed and twice again was frozen, was unparalleled in the memory of the oldest man in St. Petersburg.

The cheapness of the principal necessaries of life, such as bread, potatoes, meat and fish, extends also to the more delicate vegetables, to fruit, and to poultry, and the smaller sorts of game, (especially a species of partridge, heathcocks, &c.), particularly if one does not run after things which have only just come into season. This explains the abundance observable on the tables of St. Petersburg, even upon those of the middle classes. Fuel is also very cheap, and rents, compared with those demanded in Vienna and other capitals, are by no means high.

The ordinary necessaries of life are decidedly cheap. But very costly, upon the other hand, are all objects of luxury, particularly those manufactured in foreign countries. Men's clothes, and more particularly women's clothes, are made in St. Petersburg even better than in London and Paris; the fashions of course coming from the latter places, and being most conscientiously imitated by the Russian artists. But they are enormously dear, as are all kinds of dress, millinery, and ornaments and as are also French wines and books. The dealers in these last, for instance, reckon the Prussian dollar as equivalent to the silver ruble, which is at once an addition of six or seven per cent to the price, and moreover, lay on a profit of twenty-five and often thirty-three per cent. By these exorbitant charges the sale of books is much injured. Foreign wines in general are anything but cheap, especially champagne, the regular price of which is three silver rubles a bottle, or more than half as dear again as in Germany; and what makes this expense still more felt, is the extravagant use of that wine. The first thing that a Russian places before a stranger is champagne, and as the German is of an imitative nature, and this custom flatters alike his palate and his vanity, the use of the luxury is carried to profusion. An effort has been made to substitute a Russian product for this expensive drink; and a wine is fabricated out of the excellent grapes of the Crimea which is called Russian champagne and which exactly resembles the original so far as colour and effervescence go. But there the likeness ends. In flavour the difference is so notable that the Russian sets the Crimean wine only before those guests whom he does not desire again to receive, but the repetition of whose visits the sacred laws of hospitality forbid him to decline.

"The arsenal and docks of Cronstadt," says our entertaining informant, "must be included amongst the finest public works of St. Petersburg; and after them the attention of the stranger is forcibly arrested by the multitude of splendid churches and public buildings of all kinds, the Winter Palace being prominent amongst the latter. I shall not weary my readers by a dry and detailed account of things which they may find better described in any guide-book. I will but pause a moment at the public hospitals, selecting especially that of Abuchow, which I had special opportunities of inspecting through the kindness of one of its directors, Counsellor Götte, who was distinguished alike as physician, administrator, and man; but who now, unhappily, is no more. These St. Petersburg hospitals strike the visitor so forcibly at a first glance, by their extreme cleanliness and convenience, that he is unavoidably prepossessed with a most favourable idea of the treatment experienced there by the sick. This treatment is, indeed, so excellent, the care and attendance so first-rate, that I do not hesitate earnestly to advise such strangers as may be thrown upon their own resources in St. Petersburg—living at hotels or in furnished apartments—to take refuge, in case of illness, in one of the public hospitals. There, at a very reasonable rate, they may obtain a room and attendance for themselves, such as they assuredly could not obtain—especially the attendance—in any other way.

"The style of building of the St. Petersburg houses is peculiar, very suitable, but expensive. Although building materials—stone, wood, iron—are there infinitely cheaper than in Germany, houses yet cost much more. In St. Petersburg the owner of a stone house is looked upon as a man well off in the world. The term 'stone,' used as a distinction from 'wooden,' will soon fall into disuse, for in the heart of the city there are scarcely any wooden houses remaining, and in streets more distant from the centre they will gradually quite disappear, substantial and extensive repairs of such houses being no longer permitted. When these becom necessary, the owners are bound to take down the houses and rebuild them of stone. The expensiveness of building arises from high wages, and from the great solidity of the buildings. St. Petersburg is built partly on swampy and partly on sandy ground; houses of any size require, therefore, enormous foundations. When one reflects that, a century ago, a bottomless morass existed where now stands the mighty Kasansky Cathedral, a morass which swallowed whole forests of trees before the erection of so colossal a monument could be ventured upon, one marvels at the boldness of the mind which could plan and carry out the erection of such a city on such a spot. Even as the idea of its foundation originated with Peter the Great, so was he also the animated spirit at the carrying out of the plan. He resolved to found an immense commercial city, a second Amsterdam; he would have his merchantmen, freighted in India, discharge their cargoes in the heart of his capital at the door of his merchants' warehouses. Direct from the vessel's hold should the bales of rich eastern produce be craned up into the store. With this view did he plan the three broad and proportionably deep canals which intersect St. Petersburg in every direction."

Amongst the best and richest shops in St. Petersburg are provision shops—somewhat resembling our Italian warehouses—where an immense variety of edibles and potables, the choicest spices and most expensive wines, delicacies of every kind, as well as butter, cheese, and other common articles of consumption, are exposed for sale. Goods, to the amount of many millions of rubles, are heaped up in these shops, most of whose keepers, themselves *millionnaires*, are serfs of Count Scheremetiew, in whose name the business is carried on, since by Russian law no serf can trade. When they began business, they were aided by the count's money and credit, and in return they pay an annual poll-tax, in like manner with the serfs who till the ground, and with those who, by their owner's permission, take service or employment in the towns. Five rubles (four or five shillings), was the yearly sum they paid,

when they first set up their shops, for each male—women being exempt from the impost. They pay the same and no more now that they roll in wealth, inhabit sumptuous mansions, and drive in elegant carriages.

"Besides the imperial palaces," says Mr. Jermann, "the churches, the buildings appropriated to the use of the admiralty, the military staff, and the senates; besides the theatres, barracks, and so forth, the educational establishments deserve especial mention. Their annual cost to the State amounts to a sum such as Russia only could afford for such a purpose. The immense expense can be understood only by calling to mind that Louis XIV.'s saying, '*L'Etat c'est moi!*' is also that of the emperor, who takes as much care of the State as he could do of his own person. Besides the various civil and military schools, those of the Mining and Forest Corps are excellent educational institutions for youth. These two remarkable and palace-like buildings are provided with everything that can contribute to the health and comfort of their inmates; and the treatment of the scholars completely fulfills the high expectations which the imposing exterior of the edifices is calculated to awaken. There is no great difficulty in obtaining the admission of lads. The interest of the State is the main object kept in view; and the State, it is considered, cannot have too many able servants. From the day of his entrance into these corps, every material and moral want of the pupil is fully supplied, not only until his education is completed, but in some sort for his whole life. By the fact of his entrance into one of these schools, he becomes bound to serve the State a certain number of years. This includes a reciprocal obligation on the part of government to provide the young man, when his term of service is expired, with a suitable position. The system of education in these corps is, as in the Polytechnic School at Paris, entirely military. It is usual in Russia for every government servant to hold military rank. From this arrangement springs an official aristocracy, which, in social estimation and value, is far superior to the aristocracy of birth. The official aristocracy occupy an important middle station between the nobles by birth and the burgher classes. In addition to the imperial educational establishments already existing, the duke of Oldenburg founded, some twelve or fourteen years ago,* a school of law, which, under his auspices, has had the happiest results. It has sent forth a large number of legal officials, who enjoy, especially by reason of their incorruptibility, the high respect of the nation. There can be no higher recommendation of such an official, nor one tending to inspire greater confidence in him, than to have been educated at the Oldenburg legal school. Stimulated by the success of this undertaking, in the year 1840 the noble duke founded, at Kalomeja, nine versts from St. Petersburg, a school of agriculture, which has also been signally successful. The young men who there receive theoretical and practical instruction in the various branches of farming are sent, after completing the course, to distant provinces of the empire. There, installed as teachers or government officers, they exercise an advantageous influence on the progress of agriculture. Of such institutions there are several in the country; but that which advantageously distinguishes those of the duke of Oldenburg above them, is their superior moral standing, and the circumstance that they annually send forth a number of young officials whose incorruptibility has become proverbial; assuredly a great benefit for a country where there is by no means a superfluity of that virtue.

"The public schools—called corps in Russia—are under the special protection, and indeed, it may be said, under the personal superintendence of the emperor. By day and by night, they are never safe from his domiciliary visits. Often does Nicholas rise in the middle of the night from the iron camp bed upon which he invariably reposes, get into his one-horse droschki, and make a solitary tour of inspection of the various public schools. Not unfrequently he goes forth on foot, and takes the first vehicle he finds plying for hire in the street. Thus it was, that upon a certain snowy night an Istworstschik, drove him in his sledge to a remote quarter of the city. The sledge had long to wait for him, and when the emperor returned, and, before getting in, would have paid the driver, he found that he had no money about him. The grinning Istworstschik declared that was not of the least consequence, and when the czar, throwing himself into the sledge, absently called out, 'Na domo!' (*Home!*), the man drove his little Finland horse full trot to the Winter Palace, in whose immediate neighbourhood he suddenly stopped, and looked inquiringly round at his fare. The emperor got out, rather surprised, ordered him to come to the same place on the following evening, and asked him, as he walked away, 'Do you know me?' A sly 'No' was the reply, and the next evening the sledge-driver received princely payment—less, assuredly, for his readiness to give credit than for his cunning discretion.

"At these nocturnal visits to the schools, rigid investigations take place. The emperor's first glance on entering the corridor is at the thermometer; and woe betide those who are responsible, if it does not stand at the prescribed fourteen degrees. Then he visits all the rooms, to see if there be everywhere light, and if the officers on duty be vigilant. The beds of the scholars are next examined; the emperor pulls off the bed-clothes, and, holding a light in one hand, with the other he turns the children from side to side, strictly investigating the cleanliness of the linen, and of their persons. Often, in order to try their bodily strength, he challenges them to wrestle with him, and, for a stranger who should suddenly enter, it would certainly be no uninteresting sight to behold the despot of all the Russias, with five or six lads clinging to his gigantic form, and exerting their utmost strength to throw the ruler of forty millions of men upon the floor. Henry IV.'s reply to the Spanish ambassador: 'You are a father? Then I can continue my game!' has helped to fill all sorts of grammars and vademecums down to the present day; of the paternal sports of the mightiest of European potentates with lads who are total strangers to him, nothing is known but the wildest and most ridiculous tales that idleness and a rage for gossip ever engendered.

"Startling contrasts abound in St. Petersburg. One morning, before four o'clock, I was driving to the Neva baths, when, on the Camino-Most, the stone bridge, my progress was impeded by a long procession of temporary emigrants, proceeding into the country in their carriages. Still under the influence of the impression this scene had made upon me, and meditating on the temptations and perils to which the children, and especially the daughters, of the poor are exposed in this age of luxury and corruption, I drove past the magnificent Kasansky, and reached the Newsky Prospect, stretching away, in its vast length, beyond my range of vision, and, at that hour of the morning, hushed in a stillness which was not without a certain solemnity. Suddenly, to my astonished eyes, the strangest scene presented itself. I beheld before me an *al-fresco* ball. A number of elegantly attired ladies, some in handsome shawls, and with feathers in their hats, were performing the strangest sort of dance, which they accompanied with a sort of bowing motion, incessantly repeated. I could recognise no French or German dance in their singular evolutions. Could it be some Russian national dance? I thought. What kind of dance could it be that was thus danced in broad daylight on the public highway, and without male dancers? A few men were certainly there, but merely as lookers-on. I touched the arm of my Istworstschik, called his attention to the group, and made an interrogative gesture. The explanation he gave me was doubtless very lucid and circumstantial, and would have been highly satisfactory, had it only been intelligible to me. Unable to understand a word he said, I ordered him, by the vigorous articulation of 'Pachol,' to drive up to the strange ball before the weary dancers should seek repose upon the stones at the street corners. Drawing nearer and nearer, I yet heard no sound of music; at last we reached the Anitschkow Palace, and found ourselves close to the scene of this untimely activity. A repulsive and horrible sight met my eyes. A number of young women, apparently still fresh and blooming, with ruddy cheeks—but whether of artificial or natural colours their incessant monotonous bowing movement prevented my distinguishing — elegantly dressed in silks, jewels, and feathers, were sweeping the Newsky-street under the superintendence of policemen. Some of them appeared overwhelmed with shame, others stared at me, at the Istworst-

* It may here be proper to remind the reader that, although Mr. Jermann's book was first published in the year 1851, some of its chapters had been written several years earlier.

schik and horse, with perfect indifference, and seemed rejoiced at our passage, which suspended for a moment their painful and disgraceful occupation. They were a detachment of nocturnal wanderers, who, when returning too tardily to their homes from pursuing their wretched calling, had fallen into the hands of the patrol, had passed the remainder of the night in the watchhouse, and were now atoning, broom in hand, their untimely rambles. I hurried off to the bath, glad to escape from this degrading and deplorable spectacle."

The winter palace at St. Petersburg is, as the name imports, the winter residence of royalty. It is a splendid massive pile, and may be considered as, *par excellence*, *the palace* in a city of palaces. In 1837 it was destroyed by fire; but such is the power of wealth in Russia, that it was rebuilt in a year! Previous to its destruction, it is described by Kohl as being so complete a labyrinth of apartments, that even the chief of the household, who had been in his post for more than twelve years, was unacquainted with all the nooks and corners of it. As in the forest of the great landholders, many colonies are settled of which the owner takes no notice, so there nestled

RUSSIAN BOATMAN.

many a one in this palace not included among the regular inhabitants. For instance, the watchmen who had charge of the roof built themselves huts between the chimneys, took their wives and families there; and even kept poultry and goats, who fed on the grass which grew in the interstices of the masonry. It is said, that at last cows were introduced! but all these anomalies have been swept away since the palace has been rebuilt.

The cause of the fire is said to have been the destructive construction of some of the flues; but under the hand of the architect, Kleinmichael, and the industry of several thousand workmen, the winter palace soon assumed its former commanding elevation and imperial grandeur.

The Imperial Palace of Gatchina was the summer residence of the Tzar Nicholas, is situated about twenty-eight miles from St. Petersburg, in the suburbs of a town of the same name, containing about 4,000 inhabitants. This magnificent château was built by Prince Gregory Orloff, and at his death came into the possession of the Empress Catherine, by whom it was presented to the son, the Grand Duke Paul, in 1784. When Paul ascended the throne, he erected the château of Galchina into an imperial palace; and around it there speedily arose a town; with churches, and hospitals, and villas, and Russian luxuries innumerable. Gatchina has been for many years the favourite summer retreat of the royal family.

Having already outrun our space, we will conclude this paper with a notice of the curious religious ceremony of blessing the waters. We take the description of the Marquis of Londonderry, who was an eye-witness of this extraordinary rite:—

"The 6th of January, old style, is the day set apart throughout the empire for blessing the waters. In every city and place in Russia, this solemn religious ceremony takes place on this day. I repaired by invitation to the palace at eleven, and was placed, as before, among the aides-de-camp généraux of the emperor. Lady Londonderry had received a special letter of request from Prince Volkonski to attend at the empress's apartments to see the procession, and afterwards to inspect her Imperial Majesty's jewels. The troops of the regiments of the guards in garrison at St. Petersburgh were formed pretty much in the same manner as they were on New Year's day. They lined the saloons of the Palais d'Hiver, and the officers assembled, as before, in *la salle blanche*. At eleven the emperor, accompanied by Prince Charles of Prussia and the Héritier, arrived, and the column of procession was formed to the palace chapel, where high mass was performed. On this occasion (the only one in the year) the archbishop or metropolitan performs the service himself, and it is done with all due pomp and solemnity. The high priests and clergy assisting were clothed in more costly robes than on any former occasion. The metropolitan, who is a man of small stature, seemed buried under the weight of his garments of gold, and of his cap, in which every jewel of the East seemed to be concentred. The emperor and Prince Charles stood together near the altar, the Grand Duke behind them; and all others present formed a circle around them. No ladies were present. The mass being ended, and the *Te Deum* chanted, the great banners of the chapel were taken up by the attending clergy, to be borne out upon the waters, together with the sacred cups, books, and the symbol of the host, which were lifted up and carried

by the priests. The young boys of the corps of choristers next struck up a hymn of praise, and formed three abreast, followed by the gentlemen singers in like order. They marched through the whole of the rooms of the palace to the great staircase leading to the Neva. After the above, appeared all the sacred emblems borne by the priests, two and two, of whom more than 300 filed off, carrying these offerings and rich religious relics. Their rear was closed by the metropolitan himself, with train-bearers, &c. After the head dignitary of the church, the emperor came in Cossack dress, with his head bare; behind him followed his aides-de-camp généraux, and all the civil and military officers of the empire in the capital. On coming to the grand door of the palace, the cold was near twenty-eight degrees, and the snow was falling in thick masses; the atmosphere was dense and foggy, and yet, notwithstanding all this inclemency of weather, countless multitudes appeared on the quay, on the banks, and on the waters of the Neva. The emperor stopped on the staircase, and ordered Prince Charles of Prussia and the Grand Duke not to go out of doors and expose themselves to the tremendous weather that was raging. They obeyed his imperial majesty's orders. He was kind enough to address me in a similar strain. I replied that his imperial majesty had been so obliging as to place me among his aides-de-camp généraux, and I trusted he would allow me to attend his person as they did.

"We left the palace, and walked in solemn procession amongst the mass of the inhabitants of St. Petersburg, without cloaks, and bareheaded, in splendid uniforms and diamond decorations, in cordons of all colours, and in uniforms of all classes and descriptions, in one of the most pitiless snow-storms that ever descended from the heavens, along the terrace and quays of the Neva, for a considerable distance, until we were opposite the windows of the empress, where her imperial majesty and her ladies were assembled. We then turned to the Neva, and proceeded on the ice to a temple which was erected on the river. The clergy and the head of the *cortège* assembled around and within it. A loud mass was then sung; at its conclusion, the metropolitan, taking off his upper garments and seizing a large basin and tankard, descended a staircase leading from the inside of the temple to the water, a large hole having been made in the ice under the temple. His eminence shortly appeared from below, having blessed the waters; and bearing them in the jug and salver, he proceeded to the emperor, who plunged his face and hands into the vessel; then the grand priest, dipping a brush into the water, sprinkled his imperial majesty all over, invoking at the same time the blessing of heaven on Russia and its monarch. The metropolitan next proceeded to sprinkle and give his benediction to all the standards and colours which had been collected round the temple, and afterwards to the officers, civil and military, who were besprinkled in a similar manner. During this period, salutes of artillery from the fortress continued to be discharged, but the multitude remained in breathless awe and silence. One of the officiating clergy had been despatched, so soon as the metropolitan had blessed the waters of the Neva, to the empress within the palace, bearing vessels and goblets for her imperial majesty and the ladies, filled with the holy water; and when the procession resumed its way back to the palace, the whole populace rushed to the temple to drink or to touch the waters.

"It is difficult to account for the extreme superstition which pervades the lower class of Russians, even to this day, in regard to this ceremony. Children that are born on the night preceding this consecration, are sent with their nurses and plunged into this hole under the ice, and it is believed, if they endure it (which many do not), that they will be free from every danger through life. The little ones occasionally perish from the effects of this experiment, and in some instances the frozen hands of those who plunge them under the waters are not able to hold them, when slipping from their grasp they perish, and are immediately considered as angels on high. How long this will last amongst a people whose nobles and higher classes are every day rejecting the obsolete and barbarous notions of early times, it is impossible to pronounce. Nothing, however, can excite more astonishment and wonder in the mind of a Protestant Christian than the scenes I have described.

"In this ceremony of blessing the waters at the pavilion on the Neva, the children carry thick birch brushes and bundles of clean linen, and the effect of seeing them all flocking and running to the ceremony, urged on by superstition such as this, is very remarkable.

"The emperor, cold and wet to the skin, with all the *cortège* covered with snow, and entirely drenched, in all their splendid ribbons, stars, &c., now returned to the palace, the troops and procession falling in as at first, the standards and colours being carried back to the centre of their corps. After a general salute, the clergy, priests, and choristers disappeared with their symbols and emblems into the sacristy behind the altar; the troops of the guards filed off before the emperor and prince Charles. His imperial majesty next went to the apartments of the empress, where a *déjeûner à la fourchette* was provided; and her imperial majesty and the grand duchesses, with the greatest kindness and amiability, displayed all their jewels, and whatever was costly and precious within their apartments, to their visitors."

ONLY A TRIFLE.

"That's right," said I to my friend Simpkins, the baker, as the sickly-looking widow of Harry Watkins went out of his shop-door with a loaf of bread which he had given her—"that's right, Simpkins; I am glad your are helping the poor creature, for she has had a hard time of it since Harry died, and her own health failed her.

"Hard enough, sir, hard enough; and I am glad to help her, though what I give her don't cost much—*only a trifle, sir!*"

"How often does she come?"

"Only three times a week. I told her to come oftener, if she needed to, but she says three loaves are plenty for her and her little one, with what she gets by sewing."

"And have you any more such customers, Simpkins?"

"Only two or three, sir."

"Only two or three; why, it must be quite a tax upon your profits."

"Oh no, not so much as you suppose; altogether it amounts to *only a trifle.*"

I could not but smile as my friend repeated these words; but after I left him, I fell to thinking how much good he is doing with "*only a trifle.*" He supplies three or four families with the bread they eat from day to day; and though the actual cost for a year shows but a small sum in dollars and cents, the benefit conferred is by no means a small one. A sixpence, to a man who has plenty to "eat and drink, and wherewithal to be clothed," is nothing; but it is something to one on the verge of starvation. And we know not how much good we are doing when we give "*only a trifle*" to a good object.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

No. VI.—THE PRAYER OF POVERTY.

BY W. H. PATCHING.

O Thou who ever lookest down with equal eye on all,
On coronet, or queenly crown, or cottage-homestead small,
We ask, that in our fatherland thy blessings may endure,
We humbly pray on bended knee,—O God! protect the Poor!

Thou mak'st thy glorious sun to shine upon the vile and just,
The seasons' changes are all thine,—in Thee alone our trust;
Thy providence on every hand, thy mercy ever sure,
Encompasseth abroad the land,—O God! assist the Poor!

We envy not the titled great their acres of our soil,
Nor would we shun our lowly state of hard but honest toil;
We willingly with sweat of brow would sustenance procure,
But even this oft faileth us,—O God! preserve the Poor!

Is our sole heritage of worth the birthright which thou gave?
Our only portion of thy earth, that *one lone spot*—the grave?
Yet such hath been the bitter part, the taunt which we endure.
Oh soften Thou that iron heart,—O God! help Thou the Poor!

But Thou *hast* heard the needy cry; for sorrow, want, or pain,
Hath never uttered prayer or sigh, or sued to Thee in vain:
And Thou hast taught to wealth and pride the evils they may cure,
By scattering thy blessings wide,—O God! uphold the Poor!

Light is dawning!—praise to Thee! yet more that Thou hast shown
The might, the *right* of Poverty,—not *right* of wealth alone!
It doth not brand with shame our brow, with aspiration pure
To *Thee*, and *Thee* alone, we bow!—Thou *God who lovest the Poor!*

EDWARD JENNER, M.D.

Health is allowed on all hands to be a blessing of inestimable value; consequently, disease must be viewed as a drawback of a most painful description upon happiness. If the one be an enviable good, the other must be a most deplorable evil. Therefore, to preserve the first, and mitigate the latter, are objects of the deepest interest to society, and those individuals who devote their time and talent to the attainment of such desirable ends, are justly entitled, not only to the applause of their own countrymen, but to the lasting acknowledgments of mankind at large.

When we reflect upon the destruction of human life caused by the confluent small-pox, when we call to mind the disfigurement of person occasioned by its virulence, when we take into account its ravages upon the beautiful features of the most lovely portion of our species, we feel we cannot be too grateful to the individual by whose exertions and perseverance so great a scourge was, if not entirely, at least in a great measure disarmed of its malignancy, and its operation on the human form rendered less mischievous; or it may, perhaps, with more accuracy be said, our gratitude is due to the man whose philosophic mind suggested the idea of employing a milder disease as an antidote to one of a severer kind, thus lessening the concomitant ills of life.

The numerous, multiplied, and reiterated attempts made with a view to frustrate the scientific labour of the philanthropist who is the subject of this notice, and to smother his truly valuable discovery in its cradle, have been sufficiently exposed in the controversial publications upon this most important subject. It was, however, most fortunate for the human race, that these attacks, not very creditable to those who conducted them, proved complete failures; especially when it is considered that they had a powerful auxiliary in the untoward circumstance of there being two sorts of vaccine matter, one of which was fit for the designed purpose, therefore called the true kind; the other unfit, designated the false, the use of which latter caused the commission of many errors, the effects of which not only injured the cause, but deceived some of the most eminent physicians in different countries, who were otherwise friendly to the new practice; indeed, the French were ignorant of the veritable cow-pock, until the journey to Paris of our own Dr. Woodville, made expressly for the purpose of making them acquainted with the essential difference between the two. It is, moreover, a debt of common justice due to the Spanish government to say, that so heartily did they enter into the immense advantage it would prove to the world generally, that it was owing to their truly generous and disinterested policy, that vaccination obtained currency in Asia, Africa, and America, and that it received countenance even in our own island of St. Helena. Dr. Sacco, a Milanese physician of no common celebrity, was also an able supporter of the new practice, seeing that he was indefatigable in collecting facts and disseminating the result of his experiments, which proved highly favourable to the introduction of vaccine virus.

Edward Jenner, so celebrated for the discovery of vaccination, was born in Gloucestershire, 17th May, 1749, the youngest son of a clergyman; as he was intended for the medical profession, at a proper age he visited the metropolis for the purpose of finishing his studies in the usual manner, by rendering himself familiar with hospital practice, and it was his good fortune to attend the lectures of that almost unequalled anatomist, the immortal John Hunter. It is pleasing to think that the fame of both pupil and professor will descend to the latest posterity with undiminished lustre, and that future ages will do homage to the talent through the exercise of which the human family has been so greatly benefited.

On his return to the provinces he settled at Berkeley, where he obtained a character as an intelligent and ingenious practitioner, and was generally considered a man of talent and sound science. It was in the year 1776, then a young man of twenty-seven, that he made the world acquainted with that important discovery which at once raised him to an enviable situation among the benefactors of the human race, and gave him location in the temple of fame, from which alone he can be removed by the destruction of our globe. Twenty years from the commencement of his investigation into the means to render variolus virus unnecessary, Dr. Cline, the then surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital, introduced vaccination into the great metropolis of the British empire, where it has ever since maintained its ground with increasing reputation as a mild substitute for an afflicting scourge; and its practice was soon afterwards adopted into the army and navy.

Its author now began to reap the harvest of his indefatigable zeal. To reward his meritorious services, a parliamentary grant was made in his favour of twenty thousand pounds; the university of Oxford, as a tribute to his acknowledged ability, presented him a diploma, constituting him a doctor of medicine. He was chosen a fellow of the Royal Society and of other learned associations in Europe and elsewhere; an institution was also established for the promotion of his scheme, which bears his name, called the Royal Jennerian Society: he thus became the pride of his own country, and the admiration of others, was universally respected, and his opinions had the weight of reason, together with the sanction of the medical talent distributed over the four quarters of the globe.

Society was deprived of this enlightened member and ingenious discoverer on the 26th January, 1823, when he died suddenly of apoplexy, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, to the regret of a numerous and valuable acquaintance, after having lived to see the perfect establishment of his own patriotic and philanthropic system.

Never was any system intended for human benefit more obstinately or more virulently opposed. Books were written, disgusting cases adduced, by influential and professional men, for the purpose of showing that it was inadequate not only to the prevention of variolus eruption, but that it was calculated to entail frightful diseases on those who were submitted to the operation. The adverse feeling was kept so constantly before the public, so unremitting in their exertions were its enemies, that parents became alarmed, dreading lest their children should become monsters of deformity, and be inoculated with a filthy disease that would attach to them through life. The intrinsic merit of the method, however, outrode the storm; reason prevailed, and the practice was generally brought into use.

To account for such dogged pertinacity might be difficult; it would, perhaps, be ungenerous to say it proceeded from envy, that an obscure country practitioner should have made a discovery of such importance to the world, while it had escaped the keen penetration of men who had long been deemed the most skilful of their class.

A DAY'S ESCAPE.

"Let us escape from city ways, and take a little holiday in the country."—Lambe.

The love of country scenes and country pleasures exhibits itself in various phases of our city life; and, whether we gaze upon a picture in a gallery, or, escaping from the bustle and turmoil of the dusky streets, taste the pure air of heaven that's "lying by the violet," the feeling is the same; and this unquenchable, unextinguishable love of nature it is, amid all the foul temptations of the world, that keeps us pure, and teaches us that the glory of God's handiwork is better than the gain of silver and gold. This feeling it is that crowds our parks on summer evenings, and fills the vans to overflowing that wend their dusty way to suburban pleasaunces like Hampton Court and Richmond—and we never gaze upon a picture representing trees and water, hill-side landscape or rustic porch, the deep forest glade or the tiny bit of garden before a labourer's cottage, the breezy downs or even the well-stocked farmyard, without thanking God in our hearts that he has made us so pleasant an abiding place.

It is not that there is a deficiency of rare sights to be seen, or piquant excitements to be experienced, or anxieties to be suffered in the crowded towns, that the escape into the country becomes a pleasant relief; it is that the inaudible and noiseless foot of Time, travels more slowly to our senses amid the woods and green leaves murmuring; it is that the spinners and knitters in the sun—the bee and butterfly and gaudy-coloured moth, and humming insects of a thousand hues—are never seen amid the din and bustle of the crowded highway: it is that the roses of the spring throw out their scent more bountifully when no dull house-wall intervenes between them and the sky; it is that the faint gleaming of the dappled east

—the mountain's misty top, where wild birds wheel and whoop—the music of the sunny air, that thick around the woodland copse hums gloriously—come welcome to the sad and weary senses of the town-kept wanderer; it is that beside the brink of haunted stream or down among the depths of woodland dells, the voice of nature comes in gentlest whisper and breathes into our heart of hearts, saying to our envyings, and heart-burnings, and ambitions, and hatreds, and littlenesses, and covetousnesses—Peace, be still!

Now, if the contemplation of a picture, or a little trip out of town give rise to good and improving thoughts; if they make a man return to his daily toil with a better resolution and a firmer hope, then are picture-galleries and railroads, steamboats and covered vans, especial messengers of comfort to the world.

And this occasional "escape" has other and more important 'missions" to fulfil; it teaches the world's workman that there are better things to occupy his mind than the sordid cares of life—it gives him hope to bear the brunt of the battle and the heat of the day—it inspires him with manly courage to face the dangers and disagreeblenesses of poverty—it disarms temptation of half its seductive power, and makes him feel himself, as he stands erect in the fields beneath God's sky of blue, that, though a little lower than the angels, he is made in the image of his Maker.

The world has been a long time considering this knotty problem—a long time debating this question of a people's amusement; and there are some—they are of the old fashion, though, and slow to understand that which they were never taught—even now, who doubt the "good" that comes of parks and pleasure-gardens for the poor; some who cannot comprehend what mere workmen want of elegances—who think that the poor have nothing to do but work, and go to church on Sundays in their best. They lie under a great mistake—a wilful and most destructive error—which, unless it be corrected speedily, will bear upon its darkened wings the tempest and the cloud of disaffection. No; it is a better thing that men should lift their voices up to heaven in fields, and woods, and pleasant places in humble thankfulness and praise, than that they should meet together in the crowded and pestiferous byeways of great cities to curse the rich and grumble at the hard times. The rich cannot do *everything* to ameliorate the condition of the poor, but they can do *much*; they can teach men that labour is honourable—that toil is the natural inheritance of the sons of Adam—that they feel and sympathise with honest industry—that they are willing to encourage all who aspire to good—that the barriers of society are not erected in a proud and exclusive spirit, never to be broken down; in a word they can bestow upon their striving fellow-men a noble and enduring gift, a gift beyond all reckoning and estimation, the gift of Education—

"That source of sterling joy,
That poverty itself cannot destroy."

G. F. P.

AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD.

THE present prime minister of Parma, in Italy, was once a stable boy; and his elevation to his present rank may be considered not only a singular instance of the mutability of human affairs, but of the tendency of the Anglo-Saxon race, when transplanted to foreign countries, to emerge to eminence, and surpass others by the homely but rare qualities of common sense and unfaltering energy.

Ward, as your readers are perhaps aware,—says the correspondent of a daily newspaper—was a Yorkshire groom. The Duke of Lucca, who obtained, by his fall from horseback in Rotten-row, the familiar *sobriquet* of "Filthy Lucre," spying the lad's merits, took him into his service, and promoted him through the several degrees of command in his stables to be head groom of the Ducal stud. Upon Ward's arrival in Italy with his master, it was soon found that the intelligence which he displayed in the management of the stables was applicable to a variety of other departments. In fact, the Duke had such a high opinion of Ward's wisdom that he very rarely omitted to consult him upon any question that he was perplexed to decide; and the success which never failed to crown Ward's advice gave him, in the eyes of the feeble descendant of the Spanish Bourbons, the prestige of infallibility. As Louis XII. used to answer those who applied to him on any business by referring them to the Cardinal d'Amboise, with the words "Ask George," so Charles of Lucca cut short all applications with "Go to Ward."

The expenses of the stables having been reduced to less than half under the administration, while the Duke's horses were the envy of all Italy, it struck the Prince, naturally enough, that it would be a good thing if the same economy could be introduced into other departments. So Ward tried his hand on one thing and the other, continually enlarging his sphere of influence, until from household matters he passed to those connected with the State—which, indeed, is such a miniature affair, that it does not greatly pass the limits of some private domestic establishments. Ward, now become factotum of the Prince, won, in the disturbances which preceded the revolutionary year 1848, a diplomatic dignity, and was despatched to Florence upon a confidential mission of the highest importance. He was deputed to deliver to the Grand Duke the act of abdication of the Duke of Lucca. At first the Grand Duke was doubtful whether he could receive in a diplomatic capacity a messenger of whom he had only heard in relation to the races of the Cascine, where Ward had been in the habit of riding as a jockey. But it soon appeared that the Lucchese Envoy had in his pocket a commission making him the Viceroy of the Duke's States, which was to be acted upon in case the Grand Duke made any difficulty, or even if he refused to receive Ward as the ambassador of the States of Parma at the capital of the Medicis.

Soon after, in 1849, when the Duke of Lucca resigned his other States to his son, Ward became the head counsellor of the hopeful prince, who has thus been able to follow out a sporting bent under the best auspices, while he had a minister whose shrewd sense was more than a match for the first diplomatists in Italy.

Ward was on one occasion despatched to Vienna in a diplomatic capacity. Schwarzenberg was astonished at his capacity; in fact, the *ci devant* Yorkshire stable boy was the only one of the diplomatic body that could make head against the impetuous counsels, or rather dictates, of Schwarzenberg, and this was found highly useful by other members of the diplomatic body. Among others, Meyendorff, the Russian ambassador, cultivated him greatly. An English gentleman, supping one night at the Russian ambassador's, complimented him upon his excellent ham. "There's a member of our diplomatic corps here," replied Meyendorff, "who supplies us all with hams from Yorkshire, of which county he is a native." Ward visited England. The broad dialect and homely phrase betraying his origin through the profusion of orders of all countries sparkling on his breast, he rarely ventured to appear at evening *soirées*. Lord Palmerston declared he was one of the most remarkable men he had ever met with.

Ward, through all his vicissitudes, has preserved an honest pride in his native country. He does not conceal his humble origin. The portraits of his parents, in their homespun clothes, appear in the splendid saloon of the Prime Minister of Parma.

DO GOOD.

GOOD men are pillars of the earth—the valiant and the strong,
Who battle with the deeds of sin, of darkness and of wrong—
Whose helmet is their love of truth—their armour, hate of crime;
Then, brother, make their warfare yours, and untold bliss is thine.

Do good: The grain of mustard-seed thou scatterest in the earth
Shall to a thousand priceless gems give unreluctant birth;
Like springs upon a barren land, like sunshine to the cloud,
Thy deeds shall come; and earth shall tune thy praises long and loud.

Do good: To banish Envy's reign, and Hatred's threefold power,
And foul Corruption's withering blast—the blight of every hour;
Stem grosser thought and wanton pride—outstretch thy willing hand
To plant Religion's purity in this, God's pleasant land.

Do good: Grim Malice to subdue, and Lust with bloated eyes,
Though hard the road and sharp the thorns that in thy pathway rise;
Though shadowy glooms come round thy way, let not thy heart despair;
Heaven's light, a lantern to thy feet, shall guide thy footsteps there.

Do good: To stay the raging sea of Crime, whose stormy wave
Round youth's frail barque tempestuous rolls—stretch out thine arm to save
The weak, the helpless, and forlorn from Sin's ingulfing tide,
And more than conqueror thou shalt be through all the world beside.

Do good: And let thy kind words lull the weary heart to sleep,
And dry the fountains of those eyes which sorrow maketh weep;
Love's gentle words be thine to turn the hard, rebellious will,
And sceptic hearts shall yield—confess that God is with us still.

Do good: A world of human joy shall flood thy spirit o'er,
And those unfeignedly rejoice bow'd down with grief before.
Do good—and airs from Eden land shall their sweet voices bring
To bless thee in thy pilgrimage and guide thy wandering.

RUDOLF OF HABSBURG.

BY PARSON FRANK.

Troublous times were in store for Germany when Frederick II., that unflinching foe to the over-reaching papacy, was gathered to his fathers. Misfortunes in war during the latter part of his eventful reign, crushed his hitherto indomitable spirit. The crowning blow was dealt when he discovered that his old friend and confidant, Peter de Vincis, designed to poison him, by the agency of a certain physician in the pay of Rome.* His countrymen recur with affectionate respect to the memory of this able prince; and one of the most patriotic amongst them affirms that the lustre of the seven crowns that adorned his brow (viz., the diadems of Rome, Germany, Lombardy,† Burgundy, Sicily, Sardinia, and Jerusalem), was far surpassed by his intellectual gifts and graces.

Frederick died A.D. 1250,—and the glory of the empire perceptibly declined. The Roman see abetted the cause of faction; anarchy prevailed; and in the year 1257, "the imperial dignity was literally sold by the electors to Richard, brother of Henry III. of England."‡ At his decease occurred an *interregnum* characterised by social disorder and lawlessness. The electors were fully aware of the peril involved in a continuance of this state of things, but were unwilling to exchange their individual licence for submission to a new and supreme master. In the year 1273, however, they agreed to elect Rudolf, Count of Habsburg (a castle in Switzerland), the founder of the house of Austria, by whose vigorous policy order was again made a possibility within those realms.

Rudolf was born at a castle on the borders of Alsatia, A.D. 1218. The father of this future emperor was a bold warrior—distinguished in the internecine feuds of the turbulent barons in his vicinity, and by his gallant bearing when following the standard of Frederick, unfurled in defiance of the apostolic see. He repaired to the Holy Land when a new crusade was proclaimed, but fell a victim to the climate of the East. Young Rudolf had been early inured to martial pursuits. It was his appointed business and his cherished pleasure to wrestle with his comrades from day to day—to exercise limbs and lungs in running matches—to try the mettle of every steed he could lay hands on, and indoctrinate it with despotic convictions of the Rights of Man over it and its kind—to dare his fellows to trials of skill in hurling the javelin and like passages of arms—

> "No braver youth
> Descended from Judean heights, to march
> With righteous Joshua; nor appeared in arms
> When grove was felled, and altar was cast down,
> And Gideon blew the trumpet, soul-inflamed,
> And strong in hatred of idolatry."§

He loved to follow, fleetest of the fleet, "the red deer driven along its native heights, with cry of hound and horn." "Such and so glorious did this youth appear."

It was but a petty inheritance that fell to his lot on the demise of his father. The limits of the district called Habsburg are not easily to be defined; they certainly comprised a smaller territory than that to which the same name was given after the aggrandisement of the family. At this period Rudolf does not seem to have been an exception from

> "The good old rule,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can;"

his caste were notorious at that time of day as a set of pillaging lords whose object it was to feather well their "iron nests" on the castle hill, by falcon flights at contiguous prey, which they duly plucked when the descent was successful. "For some time," says Archdeacon Coxe, "Rudolf found no respite from war; he was either engaged in protecting the surrounding states from the incursions of banditti and depredations of the powerful barons, or under various pretences invading the possessions of others, and defending his own property from the encroachments of ambitious neighbours." In 1245 he married Gertrude, daughter of an Alsatian count; and for several years seems to have led, as was becoming, a comparatively tranquil life. By some historians he is said to have been the master of the horse to the king of Bohemia, and to have passed a considerable time in his court.

In 1259 we find him at his old trade of arms, heading the citizens of Strasburgh against their bishop, and carrying all before him, to the infinite delight of the Strasburghers (who erected a statue to their champion), and to the overwhelming chagrin of the prelate, who did not long survive the disaster. While identifying Rudolf to some extent with the marauding barons, we must mention an important distinction between him and the majority of that grim brotherhood; it is the same distinction that separates Robin Hood and the Saxon outlaws of Sherwood's forest glades from the vulgar herd of footpads and cut-throats. We are told that Robin was born

> "Amang the leaves sae green."

and in the woods he passed his life, at the head of several hundred archers, formidable to the earls, viscounts, bishops and rich abbots of England, but beloved by the farmers, labourers, widows, and poor people. He and his "merry men" granted peace and protection to all who were feeble and oppressed, shared with the indigent the spoils of those who fattened on other men's harvests, and, according to the old tradition, did good to the honest and industrious.*

> "From wealthy abbots' chests, and churche's abundant store,
> What oftentimes he took, he shared amongst the poore."
> (Robert Brune's *Chronicle*).

And thus says Robin in the old ballad, when confronted with Richard Cœur-de-Lion (the Locksley and Black Knight of *Ivanhoe*):—

> "For I never yet hurt any man
> That honest is and true;
> But those who give their minds to live
> Upon other men's due.
> For I never hurt the husbandmen
> That use to till the ground;
> Nor spill their blood that range the wood
> To follow hawk or hound."†

In like manner, Coxe asserts that Rudolf did not follow the example of the plundering barons who harassed the peasants with incessant pillage, and robbed defenceless travellers; but that, on the contrary, he adopted a system of conduct which distinguished him with honour in those times of misrule and confusion,—delivering the highways from numerous banditti, and protecting the citizens and free men from the tyranny of the nobles; and that he principally levelled his attacks against the turbulent barons or the haughty prelates who concealed their ambitious designs under the sacred name of religion.‡ By this course of action he secured the confidence and attachment of the burghers and hardy mountaineers, who applied to him more than once to mediate in their dissensions, to curb the rapacity of the noblesse, and to check the guerrilla exploits of Italian brigands. With admirable address he carried on a succession of sieges, stratagems, and spoils,—gathering golden opinions from all sorts of men by his demeanour amid moving accidents by flood and field. "The wars which he waged," says Dr. Miller, "were the enterprises of a friend of order, not the ravages of a plundering chieftain. The singularity of this conduct drew upon him a very general attention; the citizens of the neighbouring republics gave him their entire confidence;§ and he began to be considered as the protector of liberty against the violences of the barons."‖ The latter allied together in self-defence against this potent adversary; but, at last, struck with terror, exclaimed, "All opposition is useless; Rudolf is invincible!" It was while engaged in punishing the Bishop of Basle (who had massacred several nobles of Rudolf's family at a recent tournament), that news reached him of his regal destiny, being informed by his nephew, at midnight, that he was unanimously chosen king of the Romans by the electors of Germany. After some deliberation,

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* "He ordered the medicine prepared for him to be given to a malefactor, who instantly expired. 'This proof of infidelity extorted a bitter lament from the aged king. 'Alas!' he exclaimed, 'I am abandoned by my most faithful friends. Peter, the friend of my heart, on whom I leaned for support, has deserted me, and sought my destruction. Whom can I now trust? My days are henceforth doomed to pass in sorrow and suspicion.'"—Menzel's *History of Germany*, xi.

† The famous iron crown.

‡ Miller's *Philosophy of History*, xiii.

§ Wordsworth.

* Thierry's *Norman Conquest*, Book xi.

† Evan's *Old Ballads*, i. 218.

‡ *House of Austria*, Chap. i.

§ *Ex. gr.* Uri, Schweitz, and Underwalden, the future confederacy of Switzerland.

‖ *Philosophy of History*, xiii.

he accepted the dignity, amid general acclamations. The bishop, mortified at his enemy's swelling renown and fast-increasing dominion, bitterly and profanely exclaimed, "*Sede fortiter Domine Deus, vel locum Rudolfus occupabit tuum!*" (Sit fast, Lord God, or Rudolf will occupy Thy throne!)

The founder of the Austrian dynasty was now in his fifty-fifth year. He was crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, A. D. 1273. At the same time were celebrated the nuptials of three of his six daughters; people were eager to form matrimonial alliances with the great man of the day—the observed of all observers. His main design at the outset of his career was to subdue Ottocar, king of Bohemia, whose subjection had been one of the conditions annexed to the grant of the crown.* Ottocar had been Rudolf's rival in this matter, and was formidable from the extent of his domains, reaching as they did from the confines of Bavaria to Raab, in Hungary, and from the Adriatic to the Baltic sea. After prolonged struggles Rudolf gained the day, and compelled Ottocar to submit to humiliating terms of peace. The latter was merely to hold Bohemia and Moravia in fee of the emperor. Menzel, in his *History of Germany*,† repeats as authentic the story of his degradation, in these words:—"In 1276 Ottocar came, attired in the royal robes of Bohemia, to an island on the Danube, where Rudolf, meanly clad as a horse-soldier, received him under a tent, which, whilst the king was kneeling at his feet, and taking the oath of fealty, was raised at a given signal, in order to degrade the monarch in the eyes of the people; a mean and dastardly action; and the reproach of vanity can be cast only on the emperor, the king of Bohemia having merely appeared in a garb suited to his dignity, on an occasion which, far from elevating his pride, deeply wounded it."‡ Ottocar's queen incited him to resent this insult, and the contest was renewed, to the imminent peril of Rudolf, against whom were now arrayed fresh allies to Bohemia. On August 26th, 1278, was fought a bloody conflict, wherein both sovereigns distinguished themselves by signal intrepity. In this battle of Marchfield, as it is called, above fourteen thousand lives were lost. Rudolf was hard at death's door; and Ottocar, after a valiant defence, was taken, stripped of his armour, and slain; his body, defaced with wounds, "a piece of bleeding earth," was (with Rudolf's sanction) borne to Vienna, embalmed, and buried with august display at Prague. During the war, the superior skill of the emperor in the art of war is said to have surprised both friends and foes. Gerbert tells that nothing seemed more astonishing than the portable bridge of boats which he had previously used in his wars on the Rhine. The reader will remember that a similar feeling was excited on our own shores, four hundred years later, when William of Orange came over to find a throne in Britain.§

Rudolph kept his triumph at Vienna, where great excitement prevailed and games were celebrated;

> "Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
> In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
> With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
> Rain influence, and judge the prize."‖

On this festive occasion, a knight who had numbered one hundred summers, Otto von Haslan, tilted with one of his own great grandsons; while

> "In the air
> A thousand streamers floated fair;
> Various in shape, device, and hue,
> Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,
> Broad, narrow, swallow-tailed, and square,
> Scroll, pennon, pensil, bandrol, there
> O'er the pavilions flew."¶

The emperor's next care was to conciliate the pope, who watched with boding apprehension the rapid successes of the once inconsiderable count. Rudolf used to remark that Italy had destroyed many kings of Germany, saying, "Rome is like the lion's den in the fable; I discover the footsteps of those who went toward it, but none of those who return."** The hatred borne by the reigning pontiff (Martin IV.), to the Germans was such, that he openly expressed his wish that Germany were a pond full of fish, and he a pike, that he might swallow them all—a truly decorous aspiration on the part of the father of the faithful! Surely he mistook his lineage when he traced his descent from an apostle, and overlooked his consanguinity to that Nero* whose throne he occupied.

When Rudolf was at last permitted to direct his undivided attention to the restoration of internal tranquillity, he exerted the utmost vigour in prosecuting this important aim.† He manifested an activity seemingly incompatible with his advanced age in traversing, with this mission, the length and breadth of the empire. He demolished more than threescore castles of bandit notoriety in Thuringia, and a still larger number in other districts. He inflicted summary punishment on the marauding barons; and when attempts were made to alter his stern decrees, on the plea that the offenders were nobles, Rudolf refused to discriminate between robbers of high and of low degree. "True nobility," he said, "is faithful and just, offends no one, and commits no injury."

Distractions in Bohemia and Hungary troubled his declining days. The refusal of the electors to comply with his wishes as to the disposal of the imperial crown embittered his last moments. He died July 15, 1291, in the 73rd year of his age, after a reign of nineteen years.

Rudolf was a man of striking personal appearance. He was tall and slim, bald-headed, pale, and noted for a conspicuous aquiline nose, which occasioned popular jokes at his expense. The people love to dwell on some physical peculiarity of their rulers—hence the names of William *Rufus*, Edward *Longshanks*, Louis *le Gros* and *le Debonair*, Philip *le Bel*, &c. Like our William III., this emperor was serious and composed in aspect—though, like him, he could become warm and animated. The Austrian greatly surpassed the Dutchman in the art of pleasing: it was the fervent aim of the former to gain the esteem of all with whom he came in contact, while the Prince of Orange was cold and indifferent, not to say forbidding and crabbed. Rudolf was naturally hot and passionate; and, conscious of his weakness in this respect, he, to his credit, took pains in curbing his temper, and succeeded in drawing from his familiars expressions of pleasurable surprise at the command he gained over himself. He was twice married. His second bride was Agnes of Burgundy, a beautiful girl of fourteen. The Bishop of Spires, by whom the royal damsel was conducted to her carriage after the nuptial ceremony, was so enchanted with her grace that he kissed her cheek—probably with unseemly fervour. The lady was ruffled at this prelatic gallantry, and Rudolf exiled the ecclesiastic from court, saying, "I will provide the bishop an '*Agnus' Dei* to kiss—but desire that he will leave my '*Agnes' un*kissed."

The emperor does not seem to have been a devotee to the *belles lettres*, though he entertained respect for authors, and encouraged learning. One of his sayings was—"Would to God I could employ more time in reading, and could expend some of that money on learned men which I must throw away on so many illiterate knights!" His biographers attribute to him a deep sense of religion, and a cherished habit of sincere devotion. It is to *his* honour that he honoured the humble ministers of the church, but chastised the haughty prelates who forgot the meekness of the Gospel in the splendour and exercise of temporal dominion.‡ Pleasing anecdotes are narrated of his piety, his magnanimity, and generosity. With one illustration of his genial disposition, characteristic of the man and of the times, we close this sketch.

One cold morning—some three years before his death—Rudolf was walking into the good town of Mentz, attired in the unpretending garb which was his favourite dress. Attracted by the kindly promise of a fire in a baker's shop, he entered, little expecting the churlish greeting in store for him. "Soldiers ought not to come into poor women's houses," crustily murmured the mistress, profoundly ignorant of the person of the intruder. "Don't be angry, good woman," he replied, soothingly, inwardly amused at the prospect of a *scene*, and unconsciously anticipating the *Goodman of Ballengiech*—"I am an old soldier who have spent all my fortune in the

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* Coxe, I.

† Of which there is an English translation (in three volume) in *Bohn's Standard Library*.

‡ Coxe calls this story idle and improbable.

§ Macauley's *History of England*. Vol. ii.

‖ Milton's *L'Allegro*. ¶ Scott's *Marmion*. ** Coxe.

* This Cæsar's kindred wish is notorious. † Miller.

‡ Coxe. Chapter iv.

service of that rascal Rudolf, and he suffers me to want, notwithstanding all his fine promises." The woman took the cue, and abused the emperor with unsparing vigour, telling her guest that he deserved his poverty for being ass enough to serve under such a fellow, and bestowing upon master and man a running series of unsavoury epithets, adding that Rudolf had ruined the bakers of Mentz, and ending her "concourse of sweet sounds" with a grand crash *fortissimo* by way of *finale*, throwing a pail of water on the fire, to expedite his departure.

When Rudolf sat down to dinner that day, he related the morning incident to his companions with infinite *gusto*, and ordered a boar's head and a bottle of wine to be despatched to his termagant subject, as a present from the old soldier who had warmed himself by her fire. Ere long she of the unruly tongue appeared at his table in piteous nervous plight—suppliant before the great man who had been playing the old soldier under her roof—and with vehement gestures of passionate contrition she implored his mercy. Rudolf required one condition only—to wit, that she should perform *da capo* her facile discharge of *im*proper names, and faithfully repeat the copious list as she had mouthed it in the forenoon: and, as she managed to comply with tolerable accuracy, the merriment of monarch and guests knew no bounds.

DIVISIBILITY OF MATTER.

Few, if any, of those sublime phenomena which are constantly striking upon our visual faculties, are more calculated to elicit admiration from the reflective and philosophic mind than the extension of matter. It is one of those astounding facts that teach us a great moral lesson, and is at once indicative of the ingenuity of man and the unbounded power of the Creator. It furnishes scope for contemplation so vast, that the human mind, steeped in wonder, is lost in the windings of the intricate labyrinth to which it so obviously leads. Who that beholds only a small portion of those immense resources with which nature has been furnished to continue her elaborate work and preserve it from decay, can fail to adore the great Author of all that is, of all that was, or of all that ever shall be?

To suppose, however, that the gratitude of feeble man, even when exerted to its utmost stretch, can ever prove commensurate with innumerable benefits so benignantly and so profusely placed within his reach, would be to suppose it were possible for him to blanch the Ethiop's skin. Yet his thanks ought to be unceasingly poured forth to the Fountain of all goodness, and he will best consult his own happiness, his obedience will be best evinced, he will best perform his duty, by living in charity with all men, and by enjoying with prudence and moderation the multitudinous blessings so benevolently showered down upon his favoured head.

But let him learn, that whatever change he may perceive to be effected in the numerous forms of matter, however minutely they may be divided, however completely they may be rarefied, the quantum will still remain the same; for truly and eloquently has Lord Bacon said, that "it requireth the same omnipotence to make something nothing, which at first made nothing somewhat."

Gold-beaters, by hammering, can reduce *gold* to leaves so thin that 282,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch; yet these leaves are perfect, or without holes, so that one of them laid upon any surface, as in gilding, gives the appearance of solid gold. They are so thin, that, if formed into a book, 1500 would only occupy the space of a leaf of common paper, and an octavo volume of an inch thick, would have as many pages as the books of a well-stocked ordinary library of 1500 volumes, with 400 pages in each. Still thinner than this is the coating of gold upon the silver wire of what is called gold lace, and we are not sure that such coating is not of only one atom thick. *Platinum* and *silver* can be drawn into wire much finer than human hair. A grain of *blue vitriol* or *carmine* will tinge a gallon of water, so that in every drop the colour may be perceived. A grain of *musk* will scent a room for twenty years, and will have lost little of its weight. The *carrion crow* smells its food many miles off. A *burning taper*, uncovered for a single instant, during which it does not lose one thousandth part of a grain, would fill with light a sphere four miles in diameter, so as to be visible in every part of it. The thread of the *silk-worm* is so small that many of them are twisted together to form our finest sewing silk; but that of the *spider* is finer still, for two drachms of it, by weight, would reach from London to Edinburgh, or nearly four hundred miles. In the milt of a *cod-fish*, or in water in which certain vegetables have been infused, the microscope discovers animalcules, of which many thousands together are not equal in bulk to a grain of sand; and yet nature, with singular prodigality, has supplied many of them with organs as complete as the whale or the elephant; and their bodies consist of the same substance, or ultimate atoms, as that of man himself. In a single pound of such matter, their are more living creatures than of human beings on the face of this globe. What a scene has the microscope opened to the admiration of the philosophic inquirer! *Water, mercury, sulphur*, or in general any substance, when sufficiently heated rises as invisible vapour or gas; that is, it is reduced to the aëriform state. Great heat, therefore, would cause the whole of the material universe to disappear, and the most solid bodies to become as invisible and impalpable as the air we breath. Few have contemplated an annihilation of a planet more complete than this.

THE GHOST RAISER.

My uncle Beagley, who commenced his commercial career very early in the present century as a bagman, will tell stories. Among them, he tells his single ghost story so often, that I am heartily tired of it. In self-defence, therefore, I publish the tale, in order that when next the good, kind old gentleman offers to bore us with it, every body may say they know it. I remember every word of it.

One fine autumn evening, about forty years ago, I was travelling on horseback from Shrewsbury to Chester. I felt tolerably tired, and was beginning to look out for some snug way-side inn, where I might pass the night, when a sudden and violent thunder-storm came on. My horse, terrified by the lightning, fairly took the bridle between his teeth, and started off with me at full gallop through lanes and cross-roads, until at length I managed to pull him up just near the door of a neat-looking country inn.

"Well," thought I, "there was wit in your madness, old boy, since it brought us to this comfortable refuge." And alighting, I gave him in charge to the stout farmer's boy who acted as ostler. The inn-kitchen, which was also the guest-room, was large, clean, neat, and comfortable, very like the pleasant hostelry described by Izaak Walton. There were several travellers already in the room—probably, like myself, driven there for shelter—and they were all warming themselves by the blazing fire while waiting for supper. I joined the party. Presently, being summoned by the hostess, we all sat down, twelve in number, to a smoking repast of bacon and eggs, corned beef and carrots, and stewed hare.

The conversation turned naturally on the mishaps occasioned by the storm, of which every one seemed to have had his full share. One had been thrown off his horse; another, driving in a gig, had been upset into a muddy dyke; all had got a thorough wetting, and agreed unanimously that it was dreadful weather—a regular witches' sabbath!

"Witches and ghosts prefer for their sabbath a fine moonlight night to such weather as this!"

These words were uttered in a solemn tone, and with strange emphasis, by one of the company. He was a tall, dark-looking man, and I had set him down in my own mind as a travelling merchant or pedler. My next neighbour was a gay, well-looking, fashionably-dressed young man, who, bursting into a peal of laughter, said,

"You must know the manners and customs of ghosts very well, to be able to tell that they dislike getting wet or muddy."

The first speaker, giving him a dark, fierce look, said,

"Young man, speak not so lightly of things above your comprehension."

"Do you mean to imply that there are such things as ghosts?"

"Perhaps there are, if you had courage to look at them."

The young man stood up, flushed with anger. But presently resuming his seat, he said calmly,

"That taunt should cost you dearly if it were not such a foolish one."

"A foolish one!" exclaimed the merchant, throwing on the table a heavy leathern purse. "There are fifty guineas. I am content to lose them, if, before the hour is ended, I do not succeed in showing you, who are so obstinately prejudiced, the form of any one of your deceased friends; and if, after you have recognised him, you allow him to kiss your lips."

We all looked at each other, but my young neighbour, still in the same mocking manner, replied,

"You will do that, will you?"

"Yes," said the other—"I will stake these fifty guineas, on condition that you will pay a similar sum if you lose."

After a short silence, the young man said, gaily:

"Fifty guineas, my worthy sorcerer, are more than a poor college sizar ever possessed; but here are five, which, if you are satisfied, I shall be most willing to wager."

The other took up his purse, saying, in a contemptuous tone,

"Young gentleman, you wish to draw back?"

"*I* draw back!" exclaimed the student. "Well, if I had the fifty guineas, you should see whether I wish to draw back!"

"Here," said I, "are four guineas, which I will stake on your wager."

No sooner had I made this proposition than the rest of the company, attracted by the singularity of the affair, came forward to lay down their money; and in a minute or two the fifty guineas were subscribed. The merchant appeared so sure of winning, that he placed all the stakes in the student's hands, and prepared for his experiment. We selected for the purpose a small summer-house in the garden, perfectly isolated, and having no means of exit but a window and a door, which were carefully fastened, after placing the young man within. We put writing materials on a small table in the summer-house, and took away the candles. We remained outside, with the pedler amongst us. In a low, solemn voice, he began to chant the following lines:—

"What riseth slow from the ocean caves
And the stormy surf?
The phantom pale sets his blackened foot
On the fresh green turf."

Then raising his voice solemnly, he said,

"You asked to see your friend, Francis Villiers, who was drowned, three years ago, off the coast of South America—what do you see?"

"I see," replied the student, "a white light arising near the window; but it has no form; it is like an uncertain cloud."

We, the spectators, remained profoundly silent.

"Are you afraid?" asked the merchant, in a loud voice.

"I am not," replied the student, firmly.

After a moment's silence, the pedler stamped three times on the ground, and sang:—

"And the phantom white, whose clay-cold face
Was once so fair,
Dries with his shroud his clinging vest
And his sea-toss'd hair."

Once more the solemn question:

"You, who would see revealed the mysteries of the tomb—what do you see now?"

The student answered in a calm voice, but like that of a man describing things as they pass before him:

"I see the cloud taking the form of a phantom; its head is covered with a long veil—it stands still!"

"Are you afraid?"

"I am not!"

We looked at each other in horror-stricken silence, while the merchant, raising his arms above his head, chanted in a sepulchral voice,—

"And the phantom said, as he rose from the wave,
He shall know me in sooth!
I will go to my friend, gay, smiling, and fond,
As in our first youth!"

"What do you see?" said he.

"I see the phantom advance; he lifts his veil—'tis Francis Villiers! he approaches the table—he writes!—'tis his signature!"

"Are you afraid?"

A fearful moment of silence ensued; then the student replied, but in an altered voice,—

"I am not."

With strange and frantic gestures the merchant then sang,—

"And the phantom said to the mocking seer,
I come from the south;
Put thy hand on my hand—thy heart on my heart—
Thy mouth on my mouth!"

"What do you see?"

"He comes—he approaches—he pursues me—he is stretching out his arms—he will have me! Help! help! Save me!"

"Are you afraid, *now?*" asked the merchant in a mocking voice.

A piercing cry, and then a stifled groan, were the only reply to this terrible question.

"Help that rash youth!" said the merchant, bitterly. "I have, I think, won the wager; but it is sufficient for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep his money, and be wiser for the future."

He walked rapidly away. We opened the door of the summer-house and found the student in convulsions. A paper, signed with the name "Francis Villiers," was on the table. As soon as the student's senses were restored, he asked vehemently where was the vile sorcerer who had subjected him to such a horrible ordeal—he would kill him! He sought him throughout the inn in vain; then, with the speed of a madman, he dashed off across the fields in pursuit of him—and we never saw either of them again.

That, children, is my ghost story!

"And how is it, good uncle, that after *that*, you don't believe in ghosts?" said I, the first time I heard it.

"Because, my boy," replied my uncle, "neither the student or the merchant ever returned; and the forty-five guineas, belonging to me and the other travellers, continued equally invisible. Those two swindlers carried them off, after having acted a farce, which we, like ninnies, believed to be real."

I BIDE MY TIME.

"Friend! thy life is a weary state,
Poverty, misery altogether;
Toiling early, and sighing late,—
Nothing but stormy and wintry weather,
What hast thou done to deserve so badly?
Ah! me, I pity thy dreary life—
Thy lips, alas! they smile but sadly—
Thine eyes they tell of a terrible strife.
Thy gentle heart is unknown to fear;
I know thy soul is unstain'd with crime."—
"Hark ye, friend! a word in your ear:
Patiently toiling,—I bide my time.

Oh! ever that thought my spirit cheers:—
If I toil mid the winter wind and snow,
I'll rejoice when the merry spring appears,
And laugh when the summer roses blow.
Weary with toil the evening finds me;
But I feed with content on the coarsest root;
I murmur not at the fate that binds me,—
I'm planting a tree that shall bear me fruit.
'Tis thought—not sorrow—that pales my cheek:
There's a voice within that bids me climb;
And my soul is firm, though my limbs are weak,
And, onward looking,—I bide my time." J. K.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Second Volume of the Working Man's Friend, containing upwards of 400 pages, richly illustrated, will be ready October 1st, price 3s. 6d., neatly bound in cloth.

The Science of Botany beautifully illustrated by upwards of Three Hundred Engravings from Drawings from Nature is in course of publication in the Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art. Each chapter (continued weekly) is profusely illustrated with engravings carefully executed. The Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art is published in weekly Numbers, twopence each, or in monthly Parts, 9d. or 11d. each, according to the number of weeks in each month.

Cassell's Shilling Edition of Euclid.—The Elements of Geometry, containing the First Six, and the Eleventh and Twelfth Books of Euclid, from the text of Robert Simson, M.D., Emeritus Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow; with Corrections, Annotations, and Exercises, by Robert Wallace, A.M., of the same university, and Collegiate Tutor of the University of London, is now ready, price 1s. in stiff covers, or 1s. 6d. neat cloth.

Cassell's Elements of Arithmetic, will be issued early in October, price 1s. in stiff covers, or 1s. 6d. cloth, uniform with Cassell's Edition of Euclid, edited by Professor Wallace, A.M., of the University of Glasgow, Editor of Cassell's "Euclid," the Popular Educator, &c.

The Popular Educator Almanack, price 2d., containing a large amount of Educational Statistics, compiled from the most authentic sources, with brief notices of the various arts, sciences, languages, &c, will be ready for delivery November 1st.

An Educational Work for every Family. Now ready, "The First Volume of the Popular Educator." Common Edition, with weekly Headings, 3s. 6d.; Extra Edition, without the weekly Headings, 4s. 6d.; or strongly bound, 5s. This Volume contains Lessons in the French Language, Latin, German, English, Arithmetic, Music, Geometry, Botany, Natural History, Biography, Geography, &c. The "Popular Educator" is published in monthly Parts and weekly Numbers, both Common and Fine Editions.—Common Edition, 1d. per Number; Fine Edition, 1½d.

BITS OF MY MIND.

THE Irish are a quick-witted people, but they most unquestionably make *queer Philosophers*, especially when they are really in earnest, if that ever be the case. I cannot imagine a more impossible sort of a thing than would be an *Irish Utopia*.

I OBSERVE it is now the fashion to blacken the edges of paper for the use of people in mourning on the *outer* half of the sheet only, the *inner* part being left as before. Is this a "tippe," or meant so, of the people, for whose use the paper is intended, whose mourning is generally confined to the outside?

SOME folks say "learning languages is a knack." What that means I do not well know; but it is a *gift peculiar to certain minds*. Is it a desirable one? Of that I have some doubt. For who are likely to attend best to words? Those who attend least to *things*. This does not follow as a *certain* consequence, but no one can deny its probability.

A MAN who for a long time argues seriously with you upon some important and serious subject, but at last, finding himself beaten in the argument, endeavours to escape by turning the whole into some scurvy jest, is nearly as bad as a thief who, being foiled in an endeavour to pick your pocket, attempts to pass the attempt off under the pretence of "a practical joke." In my mind one deserves a kicking or a horse-pond nearly as much as the other.

"HIGH SPIRIT" is doubtless a good gift, and when you feel indignant at anything, it is, no doubt, good "prima facie" evidence, that the thing is worthy of indignation and unworthy of you. But this rule has many exceptions—very many indeed—and when doubts are expressed, never hesitate to listen to the decision of *calm reason* as to the truth of that particular case.

To "elevate the mind" is, in plain terms, *to lift it out of the dirt*:—and this ennobling process is the peculiar province of *poetry*, whose gift it is ever to be empowered to elevate morality, which nothing else can do in this world. This constitutes the true value of poetry, if I may apply the word "value" to that which is invaluable.

IN all matters of morality set up for yourself *a high standard*, and invariably act upon it; but beware of the amiable mistake of setting up a high standard *for others* at the same time; to do this is to adopt the best possible recipe for being cheated, galled, and bamboozled through life.

SET it down not as a certain truth, but as a high probability, that he whom others do not understand, does not understand himself.

MEN should remember and never forget, that besides *proper things*, there are also proper *times* and proper *places*.

THE government of God in the *moral world* is to my mind as certain as in the *physical*, but, for obvious reasons, it is mostly hidden and unseen even of those who are influenced by it, and obey it.

SOME men never value anything that they can clearly understand. They must have the "obscurely mysterious" to charm them. They *reverse* Ixion:

> He embraced a cloud, because he thought the cloud *Juno*.
>
> They would only embrace Juno, because they thought her a *cloud*.

SOME things seem as if they had been absolutely created to serve the most insignificant purposes.—For instance, if we had no *corks* what the plague should we stop our bottles with?

THOSE who are *fancifully ill* are vexed and hurt if you do not seem to think them *as ill* as they describe themselves to be. Those who are *really ill*, are hurt and vexed if you do not seem to think them *as well* as they describe themselves to be.

I SHOULD fancy that, taking all circumstances together, Edinborough is the most picturesque of cities. Athens was and is very finely situated. So are some of the Spanish towns. But the Castle-Rock, Mountains and Firth of Edina, are, I should guess, equal to any. The city, in truth, is *too* "picturesque" to be *comfortable*, and it looks so.

BESIDES a great liking and admiration of flowers, I have for certain sorts a particular affection, as men are said invariably to have for their "first love," though they may afterwards meet with charms confessedly more beautiful or more desirable. This sort of love I have for the commonest flowers—for wall-flowers, and "Sweet William," for instance, for "Nasturtium," for the old large "white rose," and for "stock gilliflower," and "Southern-wood;" because on them my young eye first rested; and from them I first sucked a "honey" of poesy, the relish of which after-sweets have never overmatched.

WHENEVER it happens that the two differ, believe your *heart* rather than your *head*.

IT is an unreasonable thing to expect the same consideration in adversity as in prosperity, and no wise man either expects it or complains of its absence. The fact is, men as naturally love sunshine, and as naturally draw to it, as do their fellow-insects *flies*.

I HAVE often wondered at the propensity many men have to christen their eldest son after themselves, unless they want indeed a colourable pretext sometimes to break open the youngster's letters.

MEN who would be ashamed of setting up *oracles out* of themselves, strange to say, have set them up *in* themselves. Witness Dr. Reid, and the whole tribe of modern Scotch metaphysicians, whose "common sense" is nothing less nor more than this.

I HAVE no doubt there exists a certain species of mind so fond of the "subtle" or "remote," or what it thinks so, that it invariably *despises* what it can really understand. Nor are such persons, perhaps, *far wrong* in doing so.

I DO not recollect seeing any explanation of the reason *why* the fire follows when steel is stricken by flint, or from any other violent collision between hard or brittle substances. I take it to be this—that by the collision the attraction of cohesion amongst the atoms, forming a small portion of one of the substances, is destroyed. Consequently the latent heat and light belonging to that portion are set at liberty, and go to form the spark or flash of fire that follows.

IT is almost incredible to those who have not observed it narrowly what a perpetual conflict we keep up with the elements, and their auxiliaries, insects and vermin. This is most palpable in a house shut up. Leave it for a few months, and from an elegant dwelling how quickly does it become the emporium of dust, damps, mildews, dry rot, spiders, wood-lice, moths, flies, mice, and rats. Nay, even in our proudest palaces is this aggression ever going on. Majesty cannot awe it; and one side of a gilded panel may be a queen revelling in all the luxuriance of beauty, and on the other a rat gormandizing in all the luxuriance of garbage.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. N. (Paddington).—The velocity with which light is propagated is about 200,000 miles in a second; so that it could pass nearly ten times round the earth, or once between the earth and the moon, in one second of time. We could not answer your other question satisfactorily without employing several diagrams; but the whole science of optics will be explained shortly in the "Popular Educator."

K. T.—If you are so deeply in debt to your landlord, you are not entitled to the usual legal notice to quit. He can at any time put in a distress.

SALMASIUS.—The publication about which you inquire has long since been discontinued.

M. WESTERN.—We know little of the merits of the speculation to which your note refers; but the names appended to the prospectus are those of persons of the highest respectability.

A CONSTANT READER.—You should have directed your inquiries to some skilful medical practitioner. Have nothing to do with persons of the class of which you speak.

I. B. (a working man).—The following is strongly recommended as an excellent liquid for waterproofing leather:—Indian-rubber, one quarter of an ounce; oil of turpentine, three quarters of a pint; put them in an earthen pot, tie it over with bladder, and set it in hot water; when the Indian-rubber is dissolved, add hot *boiled* oil, one pint. See that the boots, shoes, or other leather articles, be free from dirt; warm them well, and apply the liquid in a warm state. Keep the mixture well corked, and do not pour out more at a time than you are likely to use.

A. D. O.—General Washington died December 14, 1799.

R. W. GAYLER (Teignmouth).—Apply to the Secretary of the Peace Society, New Broad-street, Finsbury-circus.

C. C. (Preston).—Your inquiry reminds us of a passage in Ben Jonson's play of "Every Man in his Humour." A lackadaisical young spendthrift asks, "Oh, pray, nuncle, have you got a book about hawking and hunting?". The uncle replies, "Hawking and hunting! Learn to be wise, and practise arts to thrive." We profess no skill in "hawking and hunting."

XAVIA.—You will not be likely to obtain any grammar or dictionary of the Russian language in this country.

A. MUIR.—We receive a number of letters from correspondents requesting accurate information as to the whole process of photography, receipts for the various solutions, &c. We decline answering this class of inquiries. The answers we could give would lead our correspondents to try a number of expensive experiments, many of which would be likely to fail, unless they received regular instructions from some experienced practitioner. The "Manuals," &c., that are published do little beyond recommending solutions, &c., prepared for sale by the publishers.

J. T. Y.—The *Standard of Freedom* has been discontinued for some months. We do not believe that the letters of "*John Pym*" appear in any other journal.

"A COMMUNICANT."—You certainly are *not* "eligable" "for a free passage to Australia;" and if you were able to pay for your passage thither, we do not think "pattern drawers and engravers" are likely to obtain a livelihood there.

A READER.—We believe that the clergyman may legally require the baptismal fees to which you refer.

TYRO.—It *is* our intention to publish "a *compendious*," and at the same time *cheap*, Latin Dictionary. Particulars shortly.

TEAGUE; J. D. H.; H. BLYTH, and several others. We have duly received your verses, but being at present overstocked with similar articles, we cannot promise a very early insertion. Some of them will appear in due time; others are rather below our standard.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, Belle Sauvage Yard, London.

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RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.—VII.

THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE.

RUSSIA,—says our often-quoted and entertaning traveller, Edward Jermann—is a country of contradictions. The proverb that "extremes meet" is nowhere more frequently justified than in the dominion of the Tzar. If we speak of the Russian climate, we immediately begin to shiver; but many a traveller will aver that he has suffered less from heat in Rome, and more from cold in London, than in St. Petersburg.

The contrast consists in the climate; consists in the extremes which meet in Russia, and which meeting is also to be noted in the national character, customs, manners, in the laws and in their execution. If you tell us that the Russian has something of the wild beast in his composition, we shall not say that you are in the wrong; but neither can you accuse us of misstatement when we assert, that in social intercourse he is amiable, gallant, and delicate. We are both in the right; we may agree that he holds out his hand to us with German frankness, presses ours with the courteous cordiality of a Frenchman, and with fingers velvety as a tiger's paw, but from which, as in the case of the tiger, the claws sometimes suddenly protrude. To put the case in two words—the Russian's breeding is in opposition with his original nature, and the struggle between the two engenders perpetual contradictions.

The summer day is of heavenly beauty; its only drawback is that the heat is too oppressive: at six o'clock you are longing for a puff of fresh air, that you may breathe freely—at seven you crouch shivering beside a blazing fire. Was the day, therefore, not beautiful? and are there not many days which are fine for the whole of their four and twenty hours? for in the height of summer there are full six weeks when one does not know at St. Petersburg what night is.

You have a servant, true as gold, and sober as a dervise. For three months not a fault has been found with him; at the end of that time thirst overtakes him, and he is drunk for eight days—literally for eight whole days. This over, for three or four months nothing will induce him to touch strong drink. Are such contradictions conceivable? And yet they exist

CONVICTS ON THEIR WAY TO SIBERIA.

Look at the Russian *muschik!* He disgusts you to behold, and yet he is the cleanest man in the world; he is covered with dirt, and yet the correspondent lies who wrote to the Cologne Gazette that in Russia "the soldiers are driven like cattle to the bath, that being the only means by which their proximity is rendered endurable," and so forth. The correspondent may have seen the Russian soldier dirty, *that* I admit, and certainly it is not everybody's affair to investigate things minutely: the *muschik*, who works for nine months of the year in his sheepskin, and wears the same skin often for ten years or more, exposed in it to all weathers, and leaving upon it the traces of his occupation—he, I say, certainly cannot be as trim and neat as a ballet-dancer; and the same might doubtless be the case with the troops whom the correspondent saw upon their march back from Hungary, who also may possibly, for the sake of order, have been marched by detachments or corps to the bath under the guidance of a non-commissioned officer. All this I grant. But what I affirm and maintain is this: give the Russian soldier no meat for a month, and he will not murmur; put him for three months on half rations, he bears the privation uncomplainingly; but, upon the other hand, only dreprive him for a month of the two baths which he is accustomed to take every week, and he will grow discontented, useless, sick; for nature and habit imperiously demand this cleanliness of his body, however unspeakable may be the dirt of his garments which circumstances entail. There again you have the extremes meeting.

The Russian laws are for the most part wise; many of them are very humane, above all they are very just, and yet in the whole world no such scandalous injustice occurs, no such atrocious abuses of power are witnessed, as in Russia: in no other country is the administration of justice and police worse than there. The fault is not with the laws, but with those who execute them. Whoever has had opportunities of becoming acquainted with Russian justice and police, will assuredly not complain of the abuse of the lash in that country; much more likely will he be to deplore that it is so little laid on, and, especially, that it is so seldom applied in the right place. Russian corruption is unfortunately no fable. The man who has money enough, who knows the paths, and does not shrink from treading them, may there gain all his ends.

If the Russian police are vigilant, the thieves are no less adroit, as the following anecdote, related by Mr. Jermann, sufficiently testifies.

Kakuschkin, the chief of police, was not very popular in the Russian capital; but by the thieves he was especially detested, for his severity almost equalled their audacity. So there was a double temptation to despoil him—the gain to the spoilers, and the vexation of the spoiled. He possessed, amongst other things, a magnificent porphyry vase, which stood upon a no less costly pedestal. How the thieves managed to steal the vase is still a riddle; but stolen it was. For six months the police hunted after it; not a trace but was followed up and explored; not a thieves' hiding-place but was examined; but all was in vain! At last hope was abandoned, and the authorities relaxed their vigilance. One day, however, a policeman went to Kakuschkin's wife, and took her the joyful intelligence that the thief was discovered, the vase already at the police office, and that her husband had sent him for the pedestal, in order to identify the stolen object. Madame Kakuschkin was overjoyed: and when her husband came home to dinner she ran to meet him, in high glee.

"Well," she cried, "and the vase?"

"What vase?"

"The stolen vase, which has been found: the vase whose pedestal you sent for?"

"Whose pedestal I sent for! Whom did I send?"

"A policeman."

"Say, rather, a *policeman's uniform*. I sent no policeman, nor have I heard aught of the vase, or of its pedestal."

When the chief of the police is thus made game of, what must be the lot of the poor citizens, to whom thieves and police are alike dangerous?

We have heard much of the punishments of Russia; and it appears by all accounts that they are most severe, beginning with the rod at school, and ending with perpetual banishment to Siberia—in the mines and deserts of which the name, station and actual identity of the offender is lost for ever. Travellers tell us of meeting melancholy *corteges* in the wilds and steppes of Russia—convicts who, after having suffered the punishment of the knout, are conducted with all the ceremonials of a military procession into the dreary fastnesses of Siberia, far beyond the confines of European civilisation.

The humanity of the Russian laws, which in many respects cannot be too highly praised, has long abolished capital punishment, except in cases of high treason. In its place are the Rod and the Knout. Sentences to punishment by the former often condemn to such a vast number of blows that the hide of an elephant could not withstand them. Human nature must sink and expire under them. In this dilemma, Russian humanity has had recourse to the plan of the tender-hearted boy, who, in order not to hurt his dog too much at one time, cut off a little bit of his ears every day until he was sufficiently cropped. What man can endure 4000 blows of a stick? They would inevitably kill him, which is no part of the condemnation; and, as a proof that this is not desired, the sentence concludes by ordaining that, after he has received his punishment, he shall be sent for life to Siberia.

The officer in command of the troop ordered for the execution of the sentence is responsible for its being literally and completely carried out. This responsibility he lays, in his turn, upon the shoulders of the regimental surgeon. The delinquent—civilian or soldier, it matters not which—marches down the fatal street of men, with a soldier in front and in rear, whose levelled bayonets prevent his hanging back or unduly hurrying on. Upon his left walks the surgeon, holding the unhappy wretch's hand in his, and anxiously watching the state of the pulse. When its diminished beat gives token of danger, the punishment, on a signal from the medical man, is immediately suspended, the exhausted sufferer is placed in a cart and taken to the hospital. The horrible, but yet humaner, practice of the Austrians, to inflict the entire number of blows prescribed by the sentence, even though the latter portion of them fall upon a corpse, is here strictly prohibited. The patient is taken care of in the hospital until recovery, and then—another bit of the ear is cut off. If this process be often repeated, he usually dies in consequence of his wounds; but in that case justice has not actually *killed* him! Should he ultimately recover, he is sent to Siberia. It seems incredible, but is nevertheless true, that many criminals have thus taken, by instalments, 4000 or 5000 blows, and lived to drag out many years of melancholy existence in Siberian deserts.

The second and still severer punishment is that of the knout, with respect to which the most fantastical notions prevail. According to these, a man gets the knout in Russia as he may get a ribbon or an order, without rhyme or reason. That is not exactly the case. Before the punishment of the knout can be inflicted, it must be proved that such a crime has been committed as would entail, in every civilised country, the punishment of death. For the knout is the substitute for capital punishment. It cannot be inflicted without the Emperor's own signature. For the rest, though the sentence proceeds from the judge, its effect depends entirely upon the executioner who wields the knout. Does he mean to be humane to his victim?—he kills him with the first lash; for so great is the instrument's weight that it enables him to break the spine at a single blow. This is not, however, usually done, and the unfortunate culprit receives the whole number prescribed, which rarely exceeds half-a-dozen. Here no surgeon attends, as on occasions of running the gauntlet, to regulate the punishment. If the criminal dies under the knout, no one is answerable—the motive for such exemption from responsibility doubtless being that the very *first* blow may be fatal. If he survives, he is sent, when cured, to Siberia. And instances of persons surviving this frightful punishment have frequently been known to occur.

The relation of the Russian peasant to his master, says our authority, is that of the slave to his owner—the sulky obedience of impotence to power and force. Instinct bids the serf extract as much advantage as he can from the connexion with his lord, and to do as little as he can in return. By *advantage* he understands brandy, for which he will do anything, even work. Upon the other hand, if he can shirk labour, he deems it a sacred duty to himself to do so. The Russian always seems extremely busy, but it is only *seeming;* upon the whole

he gets through about half as much work as a free German day labourer.

The dress of the Russian peasant is well suited to the climate, convenient and not ugly. He wears a shirt and trousers of blue or red-striped linen, and over them a caftan of blue, grey, or brown cloth, which reaches below the knee, is cut obliquely from the throat to the breast, and studded with cylindrical buttons of brass or white metal. Throat, head, and feet, are bare. His throat is protected by the very strong but not proportionably long beard; his hair is usually cropped round the head, but sometimes is allowed to flow down upon the shoulders. His girdle is a broad linen band, in which he sticks his usual tool, the axe, and in winter time his gloves. In the winter he exchanges his caftan for a sheepskin, covers his head with a round or four-cornered cap, envelops his feet with folds of linen, and draws on strong boots or a sort of shoes which he calls *labkar*, and which are very skilfully made out of the bark of birch or lime trees. Of these shoes he will wear out twenty or thirty pair in the course of the year; they cost only about fifteen kopecks, and most of them are made at Sepuchof, a town to the south of Moscow. Of late years this kind of shoes is not so universally worn as formerly, for such a great quantity of them were made, that the forests near the place of manufacture were seriously injured by the stripping off of the bark from the trees. Those peasants, therefore, who are too poor to buy boots, wrap up their feet in cloth and sacking, which gives them the appearance of elephants' feet. Except in this last respect, the whole costume has a great resemblance to that of the lower classes of English in the time of Richard the Second (fourteenth century).

The Russian peasant women are by no means beautiful. They are short-bodied, squat figures, with round faces, high cheek-bones, coarse features, and pallid complexions. Those amongst them who pretend to good looks and wish to improve their appearance, use paint; but they lay it on so unskilfully, that they cannot be said to mend matters. Their beauty, however, bears due proportion to the idea of beauty entertained by that class of Russians who estimate personal comeliness by bodily circumference. The more corpulent a woman, the more admirers will she have. Such being the beau ideal of the Russian of the lower orders, he finds abundant objects of admiration. When the first bloom of youth has passed away (this occurs at a very early age), all the women get fat, which may arise partly from their lazy habits, partly from their too frequent employment of vapour baths. They are puffed out rather than plump, and are deficient in that firmness and elasticity of form which imparts such attraction to the appearance of other European women, even of an equally low degree. The climate may also have something to do with this; at least, I infer that it may, from the quality of the flesh of domestic animals, which in Russia is much more spongy than in Germany. And this is a theme of eternal complaint with German housewives in Russia, who declare that beef shrinks so much in the cooking, that it comes out of the pot hardly half the size it went in. Be this as it may, corpulence is an important item in a Russian's estimate of beauty; and that is the case not only in the country, but in the higher circles of the capital, where such stateliness of exterior is much prized, at least in servants. Certain it is that a bulky full-bodied coachman may reckon upon a few hundred rubles extra annual wages; and if, to bodily weight, the colossus adds the advantage of a correspondingly bushy and redundant beard, he may consider his fortune made.

The dress of the peasant women, even of the poorest, is not altogether ungraceful. They wear short gowns of blue cloth, braided with all the colours of the rainbow, and having the stomacher fastened by a row of cylindrical buttons. The young girls part their hair smoothly in the Chinese style, and tie it at the extremity with a knot of ribbons; but as soon as they are married they carefully conceal it under a head-dress. This consists of a bright-coloured cloth of gay pattern, fastened tightly under the chin, and which on festival days is further embellished with ornaments of gold or coloured stones. On such occasions also, the throat and head are adorned with strings of beads, and with gold and silver coins, to the utmost of the wearer's means.

In the severest winter the Russian peasant women give no further protection to their heads. Their bodies, on the other hand, are enveloped in thick sheepskins, and their feet carefully protected by very warm stockings and boots. In summer they go always barefoot. When they would make themselves particularly fine, they put on a red *Sarafan*, or long gown, and load their head, neck, and breast with everything they can scrape together in the way of beads, gold, and silver. Even to these poor lingerers upon the lowest step of civilisation's ladder, vanity is by no means unknown.

In the winter time the sledge is the common means of conveyance in Russia. The general form of the sledge is that of a wheelless cradle or chaise, with a pair of shafts attached. The better kinds of vehicles have three horses, the centre one of which is fixed to the shafts, while his two companions gallop on either side. Some sledges have a roof or hood over them, but the majority are open like a chaise or gig. In the country the horses are decorated with bells, but in the towns this is not allowed, in consequence of the intolerable noise the use of such ornaments would occasion. The Russian couriers are perhaps the most enduring and hardworking class of men to be found in Europe. Seated on a board covered with a thick leathern cushion, in a wooden vehicle, without springs or back to lean against, and on a level with the traces, the courier travels at full gallop over the most wretched roads, without rest or repose, to Odessa, to Chiva, or even to Port St. Peter and St. Paul, 12,800 versts from St Petersburg. Add to this, that the courier, so long as he is on Russian ground, is forbidden, under pain of dismissal, to close an eye in sleep. On such tremendous journeys as the last referred to, nature becomes at last too powerful for duty to resist her call, and the harassed courier allows himself brief repose. But it has often occurred that when the despatches reached their place of destination, the bearer was unable to deliver them,—he lay a corpse in the carriage.

Less fatiguing than the journeys of these couriers, but still far from agreeable to the foreigner, is the travelling with post-horses, or by diligences. By the first mode he is very much at the mercy of chance. If he quits St. Petersburg provided with a good *padroschnik* (an official document to procure him post-horses), and if he finds no competition at the posting-houses, he gets on pretty well. But if he has not the paper in question, or if there happens to be a demand for, and consequent scarcity of, horses at the relaying places, he may abandon all calculation as to the probable progress of his journey, and resign himself to the will of Providence. Supposing him to have at last got his horses, and to have left the post-house far behind, he yet has no certainty when he may reach the next; for he may chance to fall in with a courier, or with an officer travelling on service, to whose horses some accident has happened, and who forthwith, and without the slightest ceremony, stops the luckless stranger, takes the cattle from his carriage, harnesses them to his own, and gallops off, perperfectly indifferent as to the fate of the man whom he thus leaves horseless and helpless upon the emperor's highway. The traveller by sledge—say even from Riga to St. Petersburg, between which places the road is tolerably good—may deem himself fortunate if he does not get lost in the night; and may thank, for his safety, the quick ears of his postilion, who, hearing his cry of distress, pulls up and waits until he can pick himself up out of the snow, into which (and out of the sledge) a sudden violent jolt has shot him. In our last number we inserted an engraving of the mode in which the couriers of Russia performed their journeys; above will be found a sketch of the sledge-travelling common to the Russian winter.

In no country in the world, perhaps, is the bath more frequently used than in Russia; and yet, strange contradiction, nowhere are the clothes of the people in so filthy a state. The ordinary shampooing, so frequently described by travellers, is in use all over Russia; but the scenes said to be witnessed in the baths exist, we are assured, only in the imagination of the narrator.

The festival to the memory of their dead is a singular observance of the Russian population; this is held the Monday after Easter, thence called "Pominatelnui poniedelnik," or Recollection Monday. Thousands congegrate to the churchyards on this day, bringing with them eatables and drinkables of every kind and description, and the funeral picnic, which opens with the mornful recollection that a wife or a friend has

been taken from them, closes amidst the most uproarious scenes of revelling. Cloths are spread over the graves of their deceased relatives, and on these are placed the piroga, or some other favourite dish, and plenty of quass, punch, and suchlike compounds. "Here's to the memory of Ivan Dimitrivitch," says one, with a glass of brandy in his hand; "Poor Ivan, he cannot drink himself, and therefore we will drink for him;" and thus they drown their sorrow.

Foreigners who are at St. Petersburg during the winter will be highly amused with the exciting and agreeable pastime of the ice hills, which are the great focus of attraction while the frost lasts. These ice hills are made of large blocks of ice, cemented together by water being poured into the interstices, the plane at the foot of the incline, of which the angle is considerable, being similarly constructed. On the summit of each hill is a wooden tower, which is gained by a commodious flight of steps, and from it parties get into their sledges, and are projected down the incline and along the level at the foot, until they arrive at the bottom of the next hill; there they leave their sledges, which are carried, by men employed for the purpose, to the top of the next tower, when they again are launched off. The sledge used in this exercise is a slight framework of steel, about one foot high and three long, having on the top a cushion for a seat. The Russian nobility, the English, the Germans, and French, have each their separate hills, erected by subscription amongst themselves, in some inclosed spots: there are also many public ones, for all classes. A large space on the Neva is carefully levelled and inclosed, for trotting and ambling matches, in harness, — a favourite amusement of the Russian merchants, who take great pride in the speed and action of their horses. The sledges used in this species of sport are of the slightest construction, sometimes not weighing more than fifty pounds. It is entirely a Sunday amusement, as are most others. Skating is not in vogue more than a few weeks; it is tame to a Russian, compared to his ice hill; this and the swing are their two most popular enjoyments. A stroll to the markets of frozen provisions must not be forgotten at this season of the year.

SLEDGE-DRIVING IN RUSSIA.

A BEAR CHASE ON THE ICE.

The national sports of our countrymen may, too, be indulged at St. Petersburg; the English merchants have a subscription pack of fox-hounds: their success, however, has been stated as partial, and the only good run on record is one they had with a wolf, which was fairly run into in the open country, after a two hours' burst without a check. It should be remarked, that the marshy nature of the soil is not adapted to this kind of sport. There is bear, elk, and wolf hunting in the neighbourhood of the capital, and some of the British residents there are very keen sportsmen.

From the enjoyment which the Russians of all classes take in every species of scenic diversion, the theatre is particularly a popular amusement. There are, independent of the one near the Hermitage, three large theatres in St. Petersburg; the *Bolshoi*, or Great Theatre, on the square of that name, between the Moika and Catherina canals; the *Alexander* Theatre, in the Nevskoi Prospekt; and the *French* in the square near the palace of the Grand Duke Michael. The performances at the two former are devoted to Russian and German plays and operas, the latter to French and German dramas. All theatrical establishments in Russia are under the immediate management of Government, by whom every expense is paid; and, as none is spared, the scenery and dresses are of the very best kind: the sums disbursed must be very considerable—in fact the expenses are so much above the receipts, that it is said to be but an indifferent speculation. The imperial purse, however, is pretty capacious and well lined, and stinginess is certainly not one of the Emperor's infirmities. The houses are spacious, very nearly semicircular in shape, and handsomely decorated; and a magnificent box for the imperial family occupies the centre of the two first tiers. The arrangement for the accommodation of the public is exceedingly good, every seat being numbered in such a manner as entirely to prevent confusion. There are no stalls in any of these theatres, but the back part of the pit is fenced off as a *parquet*, and contains seats at a lower price; about two-thirds of the pit seats are generally occupied by officers wearing uniforms of all fashions and colours, and almost universally muffled up in long gray cloaks, without which no officer thinks he is accoutred.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Although the characteristics of St. Petersburg and Moscow are those of opulence and splendour, the other principal towns and cities are by no means well built or thickly inhabited. In the following list will be found the names of the chief towns and cities in the various departments of Russia, with the number of their inhabitants, &c., according to the official census of 1835, since which period no reliable data have been published. By the next official accounts these figures will probably be found erroneous, as in the course of nearly twenty years the population will have increased somewhat; but in the absence of later information we must have recourse to these or none:—

Provinces.	Inhabitants.	Sq. Miles.	Inhabitants for each square mile.
1 Archangel	240,896	15,212	15
2 Astrakan	103,280	4,072	25
3 Vilna	1,315,781	1,162	1,132
4 Vibetsk	702,266	778	825
5 Vladinir	1,127,471	831	1,356
6 Vologda	732,228	6,880	106
7 Volhynia	1,314,117	1,073	1,224
8 Voroneje	1,492,223	1,354	1,102
9 Viatka	1,504,097	2,497	626
10 Grodno	761,880	570	1,336
11 Catherinoslaff	774,768	1,186	653
12 Casan	1,309,432	1,104	1,186
13 Kalonga	917,537	541	1,691
14 Kieff	1,459,782	798	1,829
15 Kostroma	972,102	1,438	670
16 Courland	503,010	475	1,058
17 Koursk	1,303,022	794	2,892
18 Livonia	740,089	826	895
19 Muisk	955,714	1,983	481
20 Mohileff	802,108	824	973
21 Moscow	1,240,283	550	2,255
22 Nijny-Novgorod	1,076,363	878	1,225
23 Novgorod	735,170	2,070	355
24 Olonetz	236,670	2,354	104
25 Orenbourg	1,595,843	6,535	244
26 Orel	1,342,912	755	1,778
27 Penza	988,179	674	1,466
28 Perm	1,488,800	2,720	547
29 Podolia	1,548,155	576	2,687
30 Poltava	1,621,583	1,062	1,526
31 Pskoff	693,727	1,045	663
32 Riazan	1,211,223	707	1,713
33 St. Petersburgh	509,004	710	716
34 Saratoff	1,543,477	3,473	444
35 Simbersk	1,198,576	1,141	1,050
36 Smolensk	1,031,466	954	1,077
37 Taurida	543,020	2,040	266
38 Tambroff	1,580,259	1,152	1,371
39 Iver	1,297,942	1,122	1,156
40 Toula	1,074,687	529	2,031
41 Kharkoff	1,171,456	845	1,386
42 Kherson	607,949	1,099	553
43 Tchernigoff	1,312,592	898	1,460
44 Esthonia	280,612	315	890
45 Yaroslaff	930,180	897	1,152
46 Province of Belotosk	261,014	162	1,610
47 Province of Caucasus, 111,538 / Province of Black Sea, 97,406	208,944	1,803	132 / 101
48 Country of the Cossacks of the Don	527,472	5,088	103
49 Bessarabia	503,666	794	634
Total for Russia in Europe	47,592,427	87,257	
50 Jénessei (in Asia)	193,486	58,371	3
51 Irkoutsh	505,118	20,121	25
52 Tobolsk	662,650	18,307	36
53 Tomsk	394,136	Not certainly known	
54 Province of Onisk	72,545	802	90
Total for the Asiatic Provinces	1,827,935	..	..

To the above must be added Georgia, respecting whose population we are yet without authentic information,—and the Grand Duchy of Finland, not included in this census.

CAROLUS VON LINNE.

COMMONLY CALLED BY HIS LATIN NAME "LINNÆUS."

As society increases in means, and nations progress in civilization, mankind become more enlightened. It is then scientific research acquires a value, and obtains a position deeply interesting. As we advance in knowledge, we habitually learn to be inquisitive respecting the origin of those things by which we find ourselves surrounded; we become anxious to dive into the arcana of nature; we grow impatient to ascertain the laws by which her operations are conducted, and our energies are directed to wrest from her bosom, if possible, her secrets. Those individuals, therefore, who strive to aid us in such our endeavours, by the invention of ingenious theories, must always hold a consequential rank among naturalists. We hail as benefactors of no common worth all those who devote their time, employ their talent, and bring their genius to bear upon such desirable purposes. They are indeed, in the truest sense of the word, the friends to their species; we accept their assistance with gratitude, and every occurrence relating to them is considered worthy of our particular notice.

This celebrated naturalist was born 13th May, 1707, old style, at Rœshult, in the province of Smaland, in the kingdom of Sweden, and put apprentice to a shoemaker. Dr. Rothmann, a physician, perceiving the lad to possess considerable talent, interfered with his parents, and prevailed upon them to let him study for the practice of medicine. In consequence of this arrangement, he entered at the University of Lund, in Scania, in 1727, whence he removed the year following to that of Upsal.

It was here he conceived the idea of a new arrangement of plants, now known as the sexual system; to the furtherance of this purpose he wrote a memoir, which was shown to Rudbeck, the botanical professor, who was so struck with its ingenuity that he recieved the author into his house, as a tutor to his children, and made him his assistant in the delivery of his lectures. His fame now advanced; he was looked up to as a promising genius of some brilliancy; so much so that the Academy of Sciences at Upsal sent him, in 1732, to make a tour of botannical investigation through Lapland. The Swedish people do not appear to be so lavish in their allowances on these occasions as some other, perhaps more wealthy, nations: the whole amount apportioned to Linné for this object not being more than fifty Swedish dollars, which were deemed amply sufficient to defray his expenses; and with this comparatively small sum, unaccompanied by any one, he prosecuted a journey of three thousand five hundred miles, from which he returned at the end of the year. He was next engaged in a scientific tour through Dalecarlia, and went again to Lapland on a mineralogical discovery. In 1735, he published a highly classical work, the complete Flora of Lapland; subsequently, his Rudiments of Botany, in which he laid down the basis of his own system, attracted the notice of Mr. Clifford, a wealthy merchant residing at Amsterdam, who made him the superintendent of his garden at Hartecamp, near Haerlem, then famous for its curious and valuable collection of exotics, of which our botanist drew up a systematic catalogue. In 1738, Linné visited England, after which he made an excursion to Paris, and towards the close of the year returned to his native land, where he settled as a physician at Stockholm. About this time the Swedish Government established a Royal Academy in that city, of which Linné was one of the first members, who very materially contributed to its character, and greatly advanced his reputation by the opportunities thus offered to him to display his abilities, now considered among scientific men to be of the very first order. In 1741 he succeeded to the professor's chair for medicine in the University of Upsal, and was also made superintendent of the botanic garden, to the augmentation of which, and to bring it under the new arrangement conformably to his own advanced system, he devoted his most sedulous attention with unremitting industry.

The sphere of his action being thus enlarged, he shone with fresh lustre, seemed impelled by a new impetus, so much so, that some noblemen, justly proud of their countryman, combined to strike an honorary medal of him at their own expense, thus giving a decided distinction to his increasing fame, added

to which, he was, in 1747, nominated royal archiater, that is, chief physician to the king.

The measure of his country's gratitude, however, was not yet full; an honour awaited him which had never before been conferred by any Swedish monarch on a literary man; having acquired a moderate degree of opulence, sufficient to enable him to purchase a territory, with a mansion, at Hammarby near Upsal, he was created a knight of the polar star in 1753, and in 1761 elevated to the rank of nobility. During the last years of his existence, he chiefly resided upon his own estate, enjoying the fruits of his genius, the confidence of his countrymen, together with the respect of all the learned bodies in Europe. It was in this beautiful and well-earned retreat that he fulfilled the order of nature, by yielding up a life devoted to scientific research, on the 11th of January 1778. So highly were his talents appreciated, and so properly was he looked up to as an ornament to his species and a benefactor to science, that, impressed with a deep sense of the great value of the new system, and actuated by national feeling in favour of so intelligent a native of the country which had adopted him for its sovereign, the king or Sweden, in 1819, ordered a monument to be erected to him at the place of his nativity. Besides his works on natural history, he published a Classical Materia Medica, also a Systematic Treatise on Nosology, entitled "Genera Morborum." Natural science owes him great obligations, since few men have been more assiduous in its service, few have equalled the boldness, the zeal, the activity, and the sagacity he displayed in the pursuit; and although it is possible the arrangement may hereafter give place to one more perfect,—indeed, it has already gone under no less than sixty-three revisions by different botanists, among whom are to be found Thunberg, who was his own pupil, Gmelin, the botanical professor at Gottingen, Withering, Schreiber, and our own Dr. Smith; independent of which, another system, broached by Jussieu, the French naturalist, is making rapid strides;—yet that of the immortal Linné will never fail to be contemplated as a noble effort of the human mind, will always attract the admiration of the sons of science, nor will it ever cease to be eulogized by the world at large, seeing that it will furnish ample reason for congratulation, that instead of being made a shoemaker, he made himself a philosopher.

JOURNAL OF A FASHIONABLE YOUNG LADY IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

MONDAY MORNING.—Rose at four o'clock, and helped Catherine to milk the cows; Rachel, the other dairy-maid, having scalded her hands in so dreadful a manner the night before: made a poultice for Rachel, and gave Robin a penny to get something from the apothecary.

Six o'clock.—The buttock of beef too much boiled, and beer a little of the stalest.—*Mem.* To talk to the cook about the first fault, and to amend the other myself by tapping a fresh barrel directly.

Seven o'clock.—Went to walk with the lady, my mother, in the courtyard; fed twenty-five men and women; chid Roger severely for expressing some ill will at attending us with broken meat.

Eight o'clock.—Went to the paddock behind the house with my maid Dorothy; caught Thump, the little pony, myself, and rode a matter of six miles without saddle or bridle.

Ten o'clock.—Went to dinner. John Grey, a most comely youth—but what is that to me? A *virtuous maiden* should be entirely under the direction of her parents—she should harbour no affection unknown to them, if her object be a lasting and happy union. John ate but little, and stole a great many looks at me; said women would never be handsome, in his opinion, who were not good tempered. I hope my temper is not intolerable; nobody finds fault with it except Roger, and he is one of the most disorderly serving-men in the family. John Grey loves white teeth. My teeth are of a pretty good colour, I think, and my hair is as black as jet, though I say it; and John's, if I mistake not, is of the same colour.

Eleven o'clock.—Rose from table: the company all desirous of walking in the fields; John Grey would lift me over every stile, and twice he squeezed my hand with vehemence. I cannot say that I should have any objection to John Grey; he plays at prison bars as well as any of the country gentlemen, and he is remarkably dutiful to his parents, my Lord and Lady, and never misses church on Sunday.

Three o'clock.—Poor farmer Robinson's house burnt by accidental fire. John Grey proposed a subscription among the company for the relief of the farmer: gave no less then four pounds with this benevolent intent.—*Mem.* Never saw him look so comely as at this moment.

Four o'clock.—Went to prayers.

Six o'clock.—Fed the hogs and poultry.

Seven o'clock.—Supper on the table; delayed till that hour on account of Farmer Robinson's misfortune.—*Mem.* The goose pie too much baked, and the pork roasted to rags.

Nine o'clock.—The company fast asleep; the late hours very disagreeable; said my prayers a second time—John Grey distracted my thoughts too much the first time; fell asleep, and dreamed of John Grey.

[Extracted from an ancient MS. preserved in Drummond Castle, and said to be the Journal of Lady Elizabeth Woodville, previous to her marriage with Sir John Grey, who fell in one of the many engagements between the partisans of York and Lancaster.—This lady was afterwards married to Edward IV., and was the mother of Edward V. and the Duke of York—the two young princes said to have been murdered in the Tower by order of their uncle the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. This celebrated woman, the wife, mother, and sister of kings, died miserably in prison in the reign of Henry the VII.]

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

No. VII.—WHAT IS NOBLE?

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

WHAT is noble? To inherit
Wealth, estate, and proud degree?
There must be some other merit,
Higher yet than these for me!
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span;
Fitted to create and centre
True nobility in man!

What is noble? 'Tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart;
Link'd to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart.
Ever prompting—ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow-being,
And, like man, to feel for man!

What is noble? Is the sabre
Nobler than the humble spade?
There is a dignity in labour,
Truer than e'er pomp array'd!
He who seeks the Mind's improvement,
Aids the world, in aiding Mind!
Every great, commanding movement
Serves not one, but all mankind.

O'er the Forge's heat and ashes—
O'er the Engine's iron head—
Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
And the spindle whirls its thread—
There is Labour, lowly tending
Each requirement of the hour;
There is Genius, still extending
Science and its world of power!

'Mid the dust, the speed, and clamour
Of the loom-shed and the mill;
Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,
Great results are growing still!
Though too oft, by Fashion's creatures,
Work and workers may be blamed,
Commerce need not hide its features!
Industry is not ashamed!

What is noble? That which places
Truth in its enfranchised will!
Leaving steps, like angel traces,
That mankind may follow still!
E'en though Scorn's malignant glances
Prove him *poorest* of his clan,
He's the *Noble*—who advances
Freedom and the cause of Man.

NEW STYLE.

What is called "New Style" was legally introduced into Great Britain in September, 1752. As just a century has elapsed since then, a few explanatory remarks upon it may be neither inappropriate or uninteresting.

Days, months, and years are the principal, if not the only, natural divisions of time. A day is the time in which the earth completes one revolution round its axis; a month that in which the moon revolves once round the earth; a year that in which the earth revolves round the sun.

The Roman year, as fixed by Romulus, somewhat more than seven hundred years before the Christian era, consisted of only ten months, or three hundred and four days, to which were added about sixty days for the purpose of bringing the beginning of each year near to the same astronomical point. A memento of these ten-month years is preserved in the names by which the last four months of our own calendar are distinguished; September, October, November, and December, literally signifying the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth months. Numa Pompilius, the successor of Romulus, perceiving the clumsiness of his predecessor's arrangement, divided the intercalary days into two additional months, to which he gave the names of January and February.

The Jews, at least from the time of Alexander the Great, and indeed almost all other ancient nations except the Romans, reckoned twelve lunations to a year (whence the origin of the English word *twelvemonth*); but as these amounted, on the average, to only three hundred and fifty-four days, eight hours and forty-eight minutes, it is evident that they were nearly eleven days shorter than the solar or real year. To remedy this discrepancy, these eleven days were called "the Epact," and as such accumulated from year to year, an intercalary month being added to the year whenever the epact amounted to thirty or upwards, which of course occurred about thirty-seven times in a century, or rather oftener than once in three years; these intercalated years consisting of *thirteen* lunar months instead of twelve.

This mode of reckoning continued until the time of Julius Cæsar, who ordered these eleven days to be distributed amongst the months, thus raising some of them from twenty-nine to thirty, and others from thirty to thirty-one days each; the entire year containing three hundred and sixty-five days. But even this arrangement was found to be incomplete, inasmuch as it took no account of the hours and minutes which the year contains above three hundred and sixty-five days. To supply this deficiency, it was appointed that the sixth day before the calends of March (that is, the twenty-fourth of February) should in every fourth year be reckoned twice, whence our term "Bissextile" i.e. "twice-sixth." When the Roman calends became less generally known, it was found more convenient to insert the intercalary day at the *end* of February.

A near approach to accuracy was thus attained. Nevertheless, as this arrangement reckoned the solar year to be three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours, whereas it is in fact only three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, and forty-eight minutes, fifty-five seconds, it was in every four years about forty-four minutes wrong. This may seem to be an insignificant trifle; yet, so important do even trivial things become by accumulation, that this comparatively small discrepancy would in less than twenty-four thousand years have caused the 21st of June to be the shortest day throughout the northern hemisphere! When Gregory XIII. rectified this error, it had actually carried the astronomical commencement of the four quarters of the year more than ten days backward; the vernal equinox being on the 11th and sometimes on the 10th of March, instead of the 21st. Yet so potent is religious prejudice, that because this correction was made by a Pope, Protestant nations and other opponents of Roman Catholicism refused to adopt it,—a refusal in which Russia has persisted even until now.

In the year 1751, however, an act of parliament was passed, which enacted that from and after the 2nd of September, 1752, the new or corrected style of reckoning should be adopted throughout Great Britain and its dependencies. And as the yearly fractions had then accumulated to *eleven* days, it was enacted that the day next following Wednesday, September 2nd should be called and reckoned the 14th.

Persons who were then living have told us, that some ignorant rustics, having heard that there was to be a new style on the above-named day, went to their accustomed footpath in the fields in the expectation of finding a new *stile* there; and returned grumbling and angry at the hoax which they thought had been played upon them! But discontents far more serious and protracted than these resulted from the alteration. Masters refused to liberate and pay their servants on the 29th of September, alleging that it was not twelve months since the preceding Michaelmas. On the same ground tenants of lands and houses refused to quit their holdings, according to the new enactment. This originated the distinction between Old Style and New Style,—a distinction which has been perpetuated to the present day.

In no respect was the adoption of the new style more strenuously contested than in reference to annual fairs, feasts, and wakes. In some instances the bellmen of the neighbouring towns and villages were employed half a dozen times by the belligerent parties; one party ordering them to announce that their village feast would be held according to the *new* style, the other that it would be held according to the *old* style. In one instance when most of the inhabitants of a town had agreed to celebrate their feast according to the new style, an influential fruit-grower is said to have successfully exerted himself to procure a reversal of their decision; alleging as his reason, that his cherries would not be ripe at the feast, unless their decision was reversed.

But although custom and interest have thus perpetuated vestiges of old style amongst us, it should be borne in mind that if Lady-day, Michaelmas, &c., are mentioned in any contract, the law fixes those days to the twenty-fifth of March and the twenty-ninth of September. If the contracting parties intend *old* Lady-day or *old* Michaelmas, they must insert the sixth of April or the eleventh of October, and so of all the rest.

We may add that, to preclude the necessity of any such great change in future, it was also enacted that three out of every four *centenary* years should not be leap-years. Hence the year 1800 was a *common** year; so also will the year 1900 be. But as, if all the centenary years were so, it would produce a slight error in opposition to the former one, it is provided that the years 2000, 2400, 2800, &c., shall be leap-years. This arrangement will keep the statute years within a small fraction of the astronomical ones.

Before dismissing the subject, we may take occasion to remark how frequently objections and cavils are founded in ignorance. Disbelievers in revelation have sometimes exulted in a contradiction or two which they think they have discovered in the Bible; yet assuredly none of these are so evidently so as the following:—

A hundred years ago the seventeenth of September was the first Sunday in the month.

More than five hundred children were born in Great Britain and Ireland on September 1, 1752, most of whom were living on the eighteenth of that month, *yet not one of them was then a week old!*

Yet both these assertions are strictly and literally true. So also as to statements of difficult interpretation, several of which may confessedly be found in Scripture; yet all of them are more than paralleled by the following, which, to any one who did not know the facts we have narrated, would seem utterly incredible.

Nearly all the people in Great Britain went to sleep on the 2nd of September, 1752, and did not awake until the 14th? Neither the king of England nor any of his subjects tasted a morsel of food between the 2nd of September and the 14th!

Hundreds of common rushlights which were lighted on the 2nd of September, kept constantly burning until the 14th!

Many persons retired to rest on the 2nd of September, and did not fall asleep until the 14th!

On the 2nd of September a physician was summoned to a patient who was dangerously ill; yet, though he rode at his

* This increased the difference between old style and new to *twelve* days, a fact which during the first quarter of the current century greatly perplexed many of the patrons of the former. Hence the phrase "new old style," which is sometimes heard. Should our successors persist in retaining these antiquated dates, we suppose that after the year 1900 (which will raise the difference to *thirteen* days), they will have to speak of new style, old style, new old style, and *new* new old style!!!

utmost speed, and the distance was less than a mile, it was the 14th day of the month before he arrived!

The explanatory key to all these enigmas is found in the fact that the day next following September 2, 1752, was the 14th!

Thus let us rest assured that what paradoxes or difficulties soever we may find in either the works or word of God, they would all be clearly and easily explained if we could obtain possession of the fact which would furnish the key of their solution.

Oakham. J. Jenkinson.

CHARLOTTE MAY.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little lives are rounded with a sleep."

"Mother," said Lottie May, "my head aches, and feels very, very warm. What can be the matter?"

"You are feverish, love, and require rest."

So Mrs. May gave her child some herb-tea, and placed her in her little bed.

In the night, the mother was awakened by a little groan, and lay and listened half unconsciously for a few moments; then she heard the groan again.

"It's Lottie," she said to herself; and springing softly from her bed, for fear of disturbing the child, she stepped to the side of its bed and whispered:

"Lottie!"

"Is that you, mother?"

"What's the matter, Lottie?"

"My head hurts me a little, mother;" and she groaned again as she clasped her hot hands over her soft, brown hair. "Will you give me some water, mother?"

Mrs. May's hand trembled so that she could hardly pour out the water; but Lottie could not lift herself up to drink it, and the mother held her; then she held the candle over the bed.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed to herself, as she saw the red and purple cheeks, the large dark eyes, now larger than ever, and blood-shot; the vacant, wild look, and the little hands clasped tightly on the top of her head.

"Lottie! Lottie! Charlotte!" said Mrs. May; but Lottie did not answer for some moments; then she opened her eyes suddenly, more widely than ever, and said:

"Oh, mother, I've seen an angel, and its face was like yours; and there were two great wings, and glory all around it, mother; and it called, Lottie, Lottie, Lottie."

Mrs. May trembled again, but she did not show it, or change her countenance before her child.

Then she rang the bell for her maid, and told her to call John, and send him for Dr. Mason immediately; then she bathed the head of the little sufferer in cold water, and laid her on the bed again until the Doctor came.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"When was she taken, Mrs. May?" said Dr. Mason.

"She went to bed feverish; I was awakened an hour ago by the child's groans, and found her so."

"What have you done?"

"Bathed her head in cold water; that's all."

"All wrong," said the Doctor; and he felt her pulse, gave her some calomel, told Mrs. May to keep her very warm, and the windows closed, and went home again, wondering why people would get sick at night, he did so hate night-practice; or if they must be sick, why could they not wait until morning to be treated.

Lottie lay in a unquiet doze, and Mrs. May sat by her side all the long night. Oh, how her heart yearned for her child! and she prayed silently that the flower might not be gathered from her; indeed, she never knew how much she loved her little idol until now, when the shadow of Death loomed up like a black cloud on the horizon of her imagination, at which she looked with sickening anxiety. Would it bring thunder, and lightning, and destruction, or pass on with but a genial shower, leaving fresh greenness and life in its path? Was it the *shadow* of Death, or did the all-devouring tyrant himself hover near? And she grasped the child's hand, as she thought of the angel's calling, "Lottie, Lottie, Lottie," as if she would so keep Heaven from taking away her treasure; and in the long night-watches it recurred again and again; and each time her heart beat more quickly, a feeling of dread and awe overpowered her, and a tremor, passed over her frame like the feeling from sudden fright in the darkness; yet apart from her child there was no fear in that mother's heart: she felt that she could part with life itself to save her little one.

At last the long, weary, desolate night had gone, and the sun shone into the room fitfully as the clouds passed over it.

Lottie opened her eyes, and looked up at her mother, and at the sunshine, and put her arms round her mother's neck, and said, in a low, weak, gentle voice:

"What's the matter, mother? You look *so* sick! I'm not ill now mother; my headache's gone." Then she looked up at the sun again, and said: "Mother, I'll get up now." The mother's heart beat wildly with hope as she spoke, but the child could not move.

"But, mother, I'm better, a great deal better; I'm only a little sick. Kiss me, mother. I saw you by my bed last night, but couldn't speak then."

She breathed harder from the effort she had made, and lay perfectly still, except her large eyes, which followed every movement of her mother about the room.

Then Dr. Jones came, and shrugged his shoulders at what had been done, though he declined interfering, but Mrs. May insisted, and called in old Dr. Armour, the friend of her father's youth, also; and the three doctors met and "consulted" about the poor girl.

And Lottie was sometimes worse, and at others better; and at times she knew no one, not even her poor mother. It almost broke her heart to see the child stare at her so vacantly, and say such strange things. Then her eyes would change, and she would look up in her mother's face and smile, and be again her own dear Lottie.

In this manner two solemn, sad, and weary days of hope deferred passed away, and Lottie grew weaker and weaker.

Mrs. May sat by the side of her sleeping child hour after hour, and gazed at the shrunken hands, and rough crimson cheeks, and listened to her deep breathing, every breath of which seemed like a groan. Oh, how freely would she have given her life to bring back the hue of health to those fevered cheeks! She took up her embroidery, to try and wile away an hour of this torturing uncertainty, but the needle trembled in her hand, for the work itself was a seat for Lottie's little chair; she could not make a stitch. Then she took up her favourite author, but the letters seemed blurred; she could not distinguish a word; her pen to write, but the tears fell and mixed with the ink—emblem of her fast-coming black despair. Then she knelt by the couch of her child to pray, but she could not; her prayers were the "groanings which cannot be uttered;" and she arose and went to the window, and looked up towards the sun, but there were clouds over the sky; it seemed as if there were clouds over the sunshine always now. In the street she saw Dr. Jones' and Dr. Mason's gigs approaching; but she left the room, for she began to lose faith in them, and went into the garden, where there was more air to breathe; she sometimes thought she would choke in the rooms, they seemed so small now.

When she came back, Dr. Armour was there also.

"Dr. Armour," said Mrs. May, with an appealing yet firm look, "will my child die?"

"Heaven grant she may not!"

"Doctor, I have steeled my heart to bear even her death. *Will my child die?*" And her look became more firm and grave, but she held her hand tightly over her heart.

"I am not omniscient, madam; your feelings probably tell you as much as all my science can. *I fear the worst.*"

Mrs. May rose to her feet with a fixed and vacant stare, and moved slowly forward through the rooms. She had never yet in her heart thought that her child would die; woman-like, she had hoped against hope. For a moment she looked round vacantly; then all the scenes of those three days of torture crowded to her brain; the blood-shot eyes, the red, furred cheeks, the breathing a succession of groans, the Doctor's words, his look; and then like a flash of lightning through her brain passed the words, "Lottie must die," and she uttered a piercing scream and fell senseless on the floor.

When she came to herself, she was on her bed, and Dr. Armour standing by her. Recollection returned, and she said, with an unnatural calmness which startled him:

"Doctor, is my child dead?"

"Not yet. But do not rise, madam, you are too weak."

Mrs. May looked at him with a surprised look, then rose and went to her child's bedside. Lottie knew her mother; and when Mrs. May took her hand, she felt it pulled slightly, and bent down her head until her lips touched those of her child, and she felt them move a little to kiss her; then she tried to speak, but could not! and the mother stood by the side of the bed with glazed eyes, in which were no tears, for she could not weep. Oh, how she wanted to weep, but could not, and her eyes burned her as she gazed at the dying girl.

The doctors stood round in silence, for they knew that she was dying; the mother bent over her in silence, for she, too, felt that she was dying; and the child gasped, and gasped, and a slight gurgle was heard in her throat, and she lifted her head suddenly, and said,

with a faint voice, "Mother!" and fell back on the pillow quite dead.

"God of mercy, help me to bear this!" said Mrs. May. "Almighty Father, help me to bear this!" and she fell on her knees and clasped her hands in agony.

The doctors slowly and silently left the room, and went down stairs, and they stepped into the parlor, and shut the door to have a chat before they separated.

Mrs. May started suddenly from her kneeling position, and looked earnestly at her child, last hope of her heart, last link that bound her to earth; and she hurriedly felt her feet, hands, heart, and put her ear down to the still, silent lips, then glided swiftly and noiselessly down stairs, to the back parlor, where the folding-doors were ajar.

"* * * Lower down; the breathing showed that. I was afraid we were to be kept up all night."

"I think you gave her too much calomel, Mason."

"Not a bit; she should have had more yesterday, instead of your arsenic."

"Well, well. Curious case."

"Very."

"Gentlemen," said the old gray-headed Dr. Armour, who had wept at the death-bed, and had not spoken before, "gentlemen, it is unprofessional for me to say so, and late in life to acknowledge it, but this is all wrong somewhere. The child should not have died, and I must * * *"

Mrs. May had been checked by the tone of the indifference, almost of levity, of the first speakers; now she threw open the doors, and stood there, drawn to her full height, and with her earnest eyes dilating, with a look that made them shrink as if she had seen a spectre: but she only said:

"Heaven help ye, gentlemen, in your extreme need. Dr. Armour, for God's sake come back and tell me if the child's dead!"

They returned, but the corpse was growing cold.

Mrs. May clasped her hands round its neck, bent her head over its face, tear after tear rolled down her cheeks, and there she sat through the long night, clinging to the garment that had held her Lottie.

Mrs. May sat by the little coffin that contained her child's form. She had grown much older in the two long, weary, solemn days that Lottie had been dead. She could look at the death-sleep, and the little hands crossed on the bosom, and the closed lids over these dark, expressive eyes, and place fresh roses, and geraniums, and heliotrope, about the calm, life-like corpse, without weeping now; but there was a deep, fixed, almost stern expression of grief on her pale, classic face, which seemed to ask no sympathy, and was feeding on the springs of her own life. She could not pray yet. Often had she fallen on her knees since the little one's last faint "Mother!" but no utterance followed, for her heart only asked in agony, "Why, oh, why had He taken away her Lottie?" And thoughts high and deep passed through her mind, of time and space and Heaven and immortality, until imagination had wandered and lost itself in the dim confines which separate thought from the impenetrable mysteries which surround us, until all consciousness of time and space in her present life were lost; and then the question would recur, *did* He take her away, or was she sent uncalled from the earth, by unholy errors, by poisoning drugs; and she shrank from the question shuddering.

Carriage after carriage drove up to the door, the rooms were filled with friends and acquaintances of the mourner and the mourned, and a solemn-looking man opened the Bible, and read, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven!" Then he said many beautiful things about the child, which he had known from its birth; but Mrs. May could not listen, and, sobbing out her anguish, left the room: for *why* had He taken away her Lottie? After the ceremony was over, she returned, and stood by the coffin, and looked at her child for the last time. She thought of all her grace and repose, even amongst her litttle play-mates, and all her arch and winning ways, and hot tears fell on the cold form. Then they closed the coffin, and placed it in the carriage with Mrs. May alone; she would have it so. They drove slowly down Broadway, and Mrs. May was startled by the noise of carts and omnibuses. It seemed strange that they drove on so furiously while Lottie was carried by; and crowds of people lined the streets, all gay and unheeding. Mrs. May drew down the curtains, and hid them from her sight. They passed over the South Ferry, and so on to Greenwood; and between the beautiful sculptures and white monuments (standing over buried hopes, like the rainbow over the abyss of the cataract, or the fair face over a crushed heart), until they came to Lottie's grave. It was a sweet spot, on the southern side of a gentle rise that overlooked the Bay and Narrows, and caught the first smile of Day, as he rose from the horizon and bathed himself in light; and the last rays of the sun rested on its bosom, while the twilight lingered there when darkness had hidden all below. Lottie had often played on it, and told her mother which was *her corner*. Poor child! she little thought how soon she would take possession; indeed, she always said it with as happy a smile as if she had been immortal, and would never need an earthly resting-place.

Mrs. May remained in the carriage, and when they took the coffin towards the grave, there was again that fixed and glassy look, those tearless eyes. How she longed to keep even the corpse for ever near her!

They lowered the little coffin into the grave, and, as the earth fell on the lid, said, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes!" and a little mound marked the place where, down, down in the earth, the fair-haird girl awaited the final reckoning.

They came to Mrs. May as they passed out, but she waved them away, and one after another left, until she was quite alone. Then she descended from the carriage, and went to the grave; and the servant brought a basket of flowers, and wept as he retired, for they all loved Lottie; and Mrs. May bent over the grave, and scattered flowers about it, she felt so wholly desolate, now that they had taken away the last link, the body of her poor child. The sun went down, and the night came on, as she knelt there, and tree and leaf and insect, all were hushed as still as the grave beneath her; and she looked up to the heavens, and saw the stars, like tapers on the pall of darkness which shrouded her, and she gazed and gazed, and her heart longed for a revelation of her child's fate and her own in that mysterious sphere, and her heart was softened as she gazed. Then she bent over the grave again, and took a little flower and put it in her bosom, and thought of her child and its last faint "Mother!" and the tears came to her eyes, her bursting heart found vent, and she wept, oh, how long and passionately, as if existence itself were welling from her eyelids! Then she looked up again, and the sky seemed to have lost its darkness; and the stars dilated, and seemed to fill the heavens with glory; and her spirit became more rapt and exalted, as if spiritual influences were about her with which she could commune; and her lips were opened at last. She prayed long and earnestly to the Father who had taken her idol. She felt now too truly that it had been an *idol*, and she blessed His holy name, and knew *why* he had taken her Lottie. Her mind became more exalted; a transcendent exaltation took possession of her soul, and it seemed to expand super-sensually, until it lost sight of earth and its earthly tenement, and rose to the feeling, the *consciousness, of the* INFINITE. She seemed to have a dual existence, a being separate from her being; and looked down on herself, as she knelt at the grave, with an *infinite pity*. (Whether under the direct influence of the "inspiration of heaven," or the native powers of her soul drawn from their slumbers by surrounding circumstances, who shall tell?) And her soul expanded in its exaltation, until she felt herself a link between the Infinite of Holiness and the great Soul of Humanity; and while a feeling of infinite love and pity for mankind took possession of her soul, their errors and weaknesses shrank into the back-ground: even her own sorrows became vague, undefined, distant, almost little.

This consciousness, this exaltation, vouchsafed to the best of us so rarely, from the low or grovelling for ever barred, may come sometimes perhaps to mothers at the birth of their first-born, oftener at its death. A revelation to great minds at the moment of their best conceptions; to others, at the moment of death, or when death suddenly becomes imminent and near, and fear does not paralyse the soul. Sometimes it comes with the fervid devotion of the worshipper, filled with a holy and living faith; seldom, if ever, in mere religious ecstacy; this, the flash of the torch, soon out and lost; that, like the June sunshine, lighting all things, and drawing them from the earth to warmth and life. But it comes to none without leaving him better, wiser, stronger to endure and bear, and with deeper sympathies for the sufferings and errors of his kind.

Mrs. May knelt there, wrapped in her new existence, hour after hour, far into the night, until her servants were alarmed, and they came and accosted her; but she answered them calmly, and left the grave with a blessed peace in her heart; and they drove over the lonely road, and through the quiet and deserted streets, towards her desolate home, a sad, but a wiser and better being; for her soul had known the *divine* depth, her heart had become the *sanctuary* of sorrow. God had taken away her loved ones for a time, but he had given his own love in their place, and she wept no more.

PEOPLE think they "get cold" by getting wet; they, on the contrary, get cold by *getting dry*. It is the continued chill of the evaporation of the wet that causes cold.

THE real great "secondary cause" of the success of Christianity was its *purely democratic tendency*. It is in fact a *quiet* "levelling system."

A LITTLE LEARNING.

Is it true that "a little learning is a dangerous thing?" Far be it from us to say so. The late THOMAS CAMPBELL, in his inaugural speech on his election to the lord rectorship of the University of Glasgow, made the following estimable remarks on this subject:—

"In comparing small learned acquisitions with none at all, it appears to me to be equally absurd to consider a little learning valueless, or even dangerous, as some will have it, as to talk of a little virtue, a little wealth, or health, or cheerfulness, or a little of any other blessing under heaven, being worthless or dangerous.

"To abjure any degree of information, because we cannot grasp the whole circle of the sciences, or sound the depths of erudition, appears to be just about as sensible as if we were to shut up our windows, because they are too narrow, or because the glass has not the magnifying power of a telescope.

"For the smallest quantity of knowledge that a man can acquire, he is bound to be contentedly thankful, provided he is shut out from the power of acquiring a larger portion; but whilst the possibility of farther advancement remains, be as proudly discontented as ye will with a little learning. For the value of knowledge is like that of a diamond, it increases according to its magnitude, even in much more than a geometrical ratio. One science and literary pursuit throws light upon another, and there is a connection, as Cicero remarks, among them all,—'Omnes artes, quæ humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quadam inter se continentur:'—that is, all the arts relating to humanity, have a common bond and relationship which unite them with one another.

"No doubt a man ought to devote himself in the main to one department of knowledge; but still he will be all the better for making himself acquainted with studies which are kindred *to* and *with* that pursuit. The principle of the extreme division of labour, so useful in a pin manufactory, if introduced into learning, may produce, indeed, some minute and particular improvements, but, on the whole, it tends to cramp human intellect.

"That the mind may, and especially in early youth, be easily distracted by too many pursuits, must be readily admitted. But I now beg leave to consider myself addressing those among you who are conscious of great ambition, and of many faculties; and what I say, may regard rather the studies of your future than your present years.

"To embrace different pursuits, diametrically opposite, in the wide circle of human knowledge, must be pronounced to be almost universally impossible for a single mind. But I cannot believe that any strong mind weakens its strength, in any one branch of learning, by diverging into cognate studies; on the contrary, I believe that it will return home to the main object, bringing back illustrative treasures from all its excursions into collateral pursuits."

Thus far THOMAS CAMPBELL. The same question has since been discussed, at far greater length, by Dr. WHATELEY, Archbishop of Dublin, in his opening lecture in connexion with the Exhibition of the Results of Irish National Industry. Remarking on some of the objections made to the spread of education among the humbler classes, he said, "One objection brought forward is in the well known couplet of the poet,—

'A little learning is a dangerous thing.'

"It was urged that people were likely to be puffed up with vain conceit, and that smatterers would in their folly and presumption think themselves unfitted for mean and laborious work, and that they would be displeased at not being honored as people of the great learning they think themselves ought to be. But let us consider what the remedy is. The poet says—

'Drink deep, or taste not.'

Now, I think you will say on reflection that both of these remedies are impossible. '*Drink deep.*' How deep are we to go? Is not the most learned in any department—is not the most intelligent man, even in that department to which he may have completely devoted himself, extremely ignorant? Is it not very little that he knows in comparison with what he does not know? Five hundred years ago a man was considered to be much more than extremely ignorant if he was able to write his name. But if you look around you, what a scanty knowledge anybody has of any subject, compared with that he is ignorant of! The gigantic telescope, that has been so great an honor to this nation and to this country, has brought to light and has revealed to us things never known before. It has brought to light new truths more unaccountable than anything with which we were previously acquainted. The greatest astronomers a hundred year ago were mere children to those who live now, and these are children in comparison with those who may be in existence two or three centuries hence. It is impossible to 'drink deep,' it is impossible to have more than a very little knowledge of any subject in comparison to what is to be learned. The field of science may be compared to an American forest, in which the more trees a man cuts down the greater is the expanse of wood he sees around him. It is true a man may have a very great degree of knowledge in comparison to one of his neighbours; but is he likely to be proud from the circumstance that he knows more than any one around him? If by drinking deep is meant, 'Go to the bottom of any subject,' I say it is impossible to do anything more than be very superficial. I say, then, the first remedy the poet gives is impracticable.

"The other remedy is '*taste not;*' that is to say, have no learning at all. But that is equally impossible. The most ignorant clown knows something—he has a little learning, and that little learning you will find is exceedingly dangerous. You will hardly find any person so ignorant as not to know what money is. It is very possible he may think that the rich, who possess the money, are the cause of all the sufferings of the poor; and that if the rich were plundered and their property divided, it would be a better thing for the poor. But if he learns more—and I am happy to say he can learn more, from some of the reading books of the national schools—he will learn that if the rich had their property sold and divided among the rest, the latter would not be anything the richer, but poorer. There is no one here present who is not in that perilous situation of having a little learning, and there is no one here who has not that little learning on every subject. I daresay there is no one here profoundly versed in agriculture; yet we all know the difference between oats and turnips. I daresay there are not a dozen chemists here, yet everybody knows the difference between sugar and salt. In fact if you consider that a little learning is a dangerous thing, and that the only remedy is not to taste, you must keep men in a state of downright idiotcy. I say, therefore, that both the remedies, 'drink deep' and 'taste not,' are utterly impracticable.

"There is no one here present who is not aware we have rulers. Is it not a good thing that they should understand that government is necessary to preserve property and person? Are they likely to be better or worse subjects for knowing that? It depends much upon what the government is. If you wish to establish an unjust and unequal government, if you wish to establish a false and erroneous religion, then probably it will be advisable to keep the people in ignorance, or at least to avoid the danger of enlightening them. But if the government is a good one, the more they understand of good government the more they will respect it; the more they know of true religion, the more they will value it. Nothing can be more mischievous then the principle of Socialism—that all should get the same wages,—a principle which would at once destroy all emulation, by which persons try to excel in skill and industry. All the manufactures exhibited in this building would be utterly ruined and destroyed by the principle of equalization in wages; it would take away all merit from the skilful and the enterprising, and therefore take away all incentive to exertion. Manufactures would become dearer and inferior—and would at length go away from us to other countries. Every one knows, no matter how ignorant of medicine, that there is such a thing as disease. What was the consequence of keeping to the principle of 'taste not' in medical discoveries. When the cholera raged in Poland, the peasantry took up the notion that the nobles were poisoning them—that the rich were the authors of that terrible desease. They arose in masses in different places, broke into the houses of the nobility, and finding a quantity of chloride of lime there, it being used for disinfecting, they took it for the poison, and murdered all the noblemen and gentry of the neighbourhood. That was the result of a little learning; but we cannot

keep that little learning from them. You can hardly keep men from thinking that there are some superhuman beings who have an interest in human affairs. There are some clowns in a certain part of England, who, owing to having been kept as far as possible—for completely it is impossible—on the principle of 'taste not,' still conceived there were some powers superior to man, and this belief led some poor insane creature to imagine himself a prophet, and who of course in any civilised community would have been put in a madhouse. But this 'little learning' actually caused an insurrection in his favor, and many lives were sacrificed before this most insane insurrection was put down. I say, then, the two remedies laid down are impossible.

"What, then, are we to do? Simply to impress upon all people how little their knowledge is, and how little they know in comparison to what they are ignorant of; and the more they are taught the less likely they are to overrate or mistake the character of their knowledge. I say also that, other things being equal, the more knowledge is diffused among mankind the less danger there is of ill-use being made of it. For, what is the most mischievous consequence of knowledge being diffused among mankind? It is that some knowing unprincipled demagogue makes use of a number of very ignorant people as his tools. He gets people to believe in him as a great patriot, as a guide to lead them to succeed, and they will do anything, bear anything, commit any excesses in his cause. But who ever heard of such a thing as a riotous rabble or a riotous mob composed altogether of educated men? They never could be bound together into a mob, because they would each be generals, they would all think themselves fit for command. No; the great instrument of the demagogue is a number of very ignorant persons, looking up to him as a person of superior ability. A little light is a dangerous thing, but it is dangerous only to those who walk as boldly in the twilight as in the daylight, without looking carefully to avoid the holes and precipices they may fall into. Let them be aware that it is twilight, and let them walk carefully, but do not let them seek to remedy it by blindfolding their eyes. Is it decidedly a useful thing to have a little learning in many instances, even when you cannot have more than a little compared with your neighbours. The most accomplished persons I know are those who may be called 'smatterers;' that is, persons who do not know, or do not pretend to know, much of many departments, but have a slight knowledge of a variety of subjects. But, then, they know the amount of their knowledge, and do not pretend to be profoundly versed in the departments of which they have but a slight acquaintance. Is a man obliged to acknowledge himself an accomplished chemist because he knows oxalic acid from salts?—and yet to know this is very useful.

"But some people are not so much afraid of a little knowledge as they are of people being puffed up with having learned some hard words or scientific names, and having attended lectures in which they have picked up something about 'geology,' 'zoology,' and various other 'ologies,' as people call them, which makes their neighbours think they are profoundly versed in science, while in truth they know very little, except some technical terms. I admit it; it has often been dwelt upon, and deservedly ridiculed; I have warned people against it. But there is another danger on the opposite side, which I have scarcely ever seen mentioned. There is a folly which I think quite as great as that to which I have been alluding, and which is of a yet more unbearable character, and still more hopeless—I mean what may be called 'the pedantry of common sense and experience.' For one person who is overbearing on account of his knowledge of technical terms, you will find five or six still more provokingly impertinent with their common sense and experience. Their common sense will be found nothing more than common prejudice, and their experience will be found to consist in the fact that they have done a thing wrong very often, and fancy they have done it right, and that they have seen many things pass before their eyes many times, without learning how to profit by experience. They are like people who are often poring and looking over books without having learned to read. A person affected with the pedantry of science may read and be corrected; he will either enlarge his knowledge or dispossess himself of his pride; but what is to be done with a man who despises all science? What will you do with a man who says, 'Oh! I don't trouble myself with terms of political economy; but there are some points upon which I have made up my mind. One can judge from common sense what decisions you should give as to Free Trade and Protection, or on the working of the poor law; but as for political economy, I know nothing about it'. This is much the same as to say—'I have never read Euclid, nor don't pretend to know anything about it; but I know by common sense how to square the circle'; or, 'I don't know anything about medicine, but I see a certain sort of physic is good for sick people, and know by experience how to cure them.' I have not the least doubt that popular lectures of this kind diffuse a taste for reading and systematic study. The use then, I conceive, of these lectures, is to set before the people a good deal of knowledge, which, though, a very slight and imperfect part of what may be done even in our present state of knowledge, is yet calculated to be both pleasing and useful; and, amongst other things, to show them how much it is they do not know. I am convinced that a certain amount of knowledge is much more likely to produce a modest, humble, and inquiring state of mind, that any attempt to keep people in ignorance. Those who feel interested in any branch of knowledge of which the lectures treat, may proceed further and pick up much that is useful. Those who do not feel that interest will still learn a little, and that little will prove exceedingly useful."

DEATH OF
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

September 15th, 1852.

At the moment of our going to press, we are startled by the announcement of the decease of Arthur, the great Captain of the age, who expired at a quarter past three in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 14th of September, at Walmer Castle, after a succession of severe fits.

We are preparing a Memoir of this remarkable man for our next Number, accompanied by a

PORTRAIT.

The extent of our circulation requires us to go to press at least ten days before the date of our issue. Hence the seeming discrepancy between the date of this notice and that of the present Number.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Second Volume of the Working Man's Friend, containing upwards of 400 pages, richly illustrated, is now ready, price 3s. 6d., neatly bound in cloth.

Cassell's Shilling Edition of Euclid.—The Elements of Geometry, containing the First Six, and the Eleventh and Twelfth Books of Euclid, from the text of Robert Simson, M.D., Emeritus Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow; with Corrections, Annotations, and Exercises, by Robert Wallace, A.M., of the same university, and Collegiate Tutor of the University of London, is now ready, price 1s. in stiff covers, or 1s. 6d. neat cloth.

Cassell's Emigrant's Handbook, a Guide to the Various Fields of Emigration in all Parts of the Globe, Second Edition, with considerable Additions, and a Map of Australia, with the Gold Regions clearly marked, is now ready, price 9d.

The Pathway, a Monthly Religious Magazine, is published on the 1st of every month, price twopence—32 pages enclosed in a neat wrapper. No. 33, for September, is now ready, and Vols. I. and II., neatly bound in cloth and lettered, price 2s. 3d. each, may be obtained by order of any Bookseller.

Cassell's Elements of Arithmetic, will be issued shortly, price 1s. in stiff covers, or 1s. 6d. cloth, uniform with Cassell's Edition of Euclid, edited by Professor Wallace, A.M., of the University of Glasgow, Editor of Cassell's "Euclid," the Popular Educator, &c.

EXERCISES FOR INGENUITY.

SOLUTIONS OF QUESTIONS IN NO. 44, JULY 31.

1. M.I.L.L—mill; several correspondents in prose and poetry.

2. For the chosen candidates, 233 persons voted; and for the defeated candidates 142; majority 91. Answered by thirty-four correspondents.

3. The number sought is 65. Proof: $65-5=60$; $\frac{2}{3}$ of which is 40.

4. The number 36 may be divided into three parts, so that the $\frac{1}{2}$ of the first, the $\frac{1}{3}$ of the second, and the $\frac{1}{4}$ of the third may be equal to each other. Thus 8, 12, 16, are the numbers sought, and 4 is the common number.

J. W. R. BAKER, and several others.

5. It is impossible, practically, to divide 20s. among four persons, so as to give to the first $\frac{1}{3}$, to the second $\frac{1}{4}$, to the third $\frac{1}{5}$, and to the fourth $\frac{1}{6}$, and leave no remainder. Fractionally the several parts would be 7s. 0 $\frac{4}{19}$d., 5s. 3d. $\frac{3}{19}$d., 4s. 2d. $\frac{10}{19}$d., and 3s. 6d. $\frac{2}{19}$d. W. R.

6. 1,574,897,652 inches nearly.—JOHN SEARCH.
15748976517120 inches.—JOHN MATHER.

7. By the mistake of the printer, the answers are given *with* the first part of this question. To the latter clause, St. Helena was so called by the Portuguese in 1502, because it was discovered on St. Helen's Day.

8. Unanswered correctly.

9. Read the first and second lines alternately thus—

Never | all for he who | everything often | more than

tell you may know tells he knows tells he knows.

And so on of the rest.

10. A prominent station I hold, it is true,
In modern days, and in everything *new;*
And although from old times I've unjustly been hurl'd,
The learned can prove me as old as the *world.*
King William believed me a doctor of skill,
At least in my absence *Will*, ever was *ill.*
And had Cleopatra my counsel not spurned,
The *asp* to a *wasp* I had instantly turned,
Whose sting—although painful—had done little harm;
Her cold *arm* also I could have made *warm.*
To sprightliness friendly, I freely do grant,
I convert *it* to *wit*; but the *ant* into *want*
I often reduce; while the poor jaded *hack*,
I never can meet but I give him a *whack.*
The *whelp* cries for *help* if I ever desert it.
While *all* into *wall* I can shortly convert it.
As a proof of my honest benevolent views,
I never meet with *hose* but I always ask *whose?*
My aid it is needful to spread information,
I'm the ruling spirit of interrogation;
Whom, *where*, *whence*, *which*, *whether*, *who* owe their existence
To me as their origin. By my assistance
My clothing and poultry—my *hen* and my *hat*,
The one will say *when*, and the other say *what.*
My *ash* I make *wash;* and should there be a *hole*
In any one's garment, I soon make it *whole.*
Whate'er be your merits, believe me, 'tis true, sir,
They're but *half* of mine, for I am DOUBLE YOU (W) sir.

ROBERT MIDDLETON, *Aberdeen.*

SOLUTIONS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 48, FOR AUGUST 28.

1. $39^2=1521$
$15^2=225$
$1296\sqrt{\ }^2=36$ ft. length of left piece;
and $36+39=75$ ft. height of Maypole.

ROBERT MIDDLETON.

2.—222·0833 square yards of paving.
$33\frac{1}{2}+28=612\div 2=30{\cdot}75\times 65=1998{\cdot}75$ square feet.
$1998{\cdot}75\div 9=222{\cdot}0833$ square yards paving.

3.—7500 cubic feet nearly.—30 | 3 | 25
30 | 8,333
900 | 900
7499,700 solid.

J. HILL.

Questions 4, 5, and 6 unanswered.

7. Because the pressure of the atmosphere—or rather the attractive power of the earth—is not so great on the top of a mountain, as it is at the level of the sea.—B. HUDSON.

8. The woman had 119 apples.—Worked out by several correspondents.

9. A bed.—Several correspondents.

10. 120 trees.

11. Jubal, the second son of Lamech, by Adah his wife, and sixth in descent from Cain, was the first organist—Genesis iv. 19, 20, 21.—W. T. TRUSCOTT, R. M., and many others.

12. Ireland was conquered in the year 1172 by Henry II., and was fully incorporated with England, A.D. 1801, in the reign of George III.

13. The kings of the house of Plantagenet were, Henry II., Richard I., John, Henry III., Edward I., Edward II., Edward III., and Richard II. This line was so called from Henry II., who was the son of Matilda, the second child of Henry I., and Geoffrey Plantagenet, duke of Anjou, in France.

W. T. TRUSCOTT, *Shepton Mallet.*

14. Unanswered.

15. Justice (just ice).

16. Dia. = 1. Rad. = ·5, and $\cdot5^2=\cdot25+\cdot25=\cdot50$
$\cdot50\sqrt{\ }^2=\cdot70710678$, &c., length of side.

Or,

Dia. = 1. Rad. = $\frac{1}{2}$, and $\frac{1}{2}\times\frac{1}{2}=\frac{1}{4}\times\frac{1}{4}=\frac{8}{16}\sqrt{\ }^2=\frac{28284271\,2}{400000000}$
$\frac{28284271\,2}{400000000}=\cdot70710678$, as before.—ROBERT MIDDLETON.

17. As only two of the angles of the rhombus can touch the circumference of the circle, the length of side will depend on the measure of the angles at the circumference; as the nearer they approach to a right angle the side will be the longer, and *vice versa.* Therefore, if I understand the propounder's meaning at all, the only answer that can be given to this question is:—

Length of side, greater than 6, the rad. of circle;
And less than 8·485 side of square, whose diagonal is 12.

ROBERT MIDDLETON.

18. A man will have to stand 10 feet from the lamp-post to project a shadow of 15 feet.—B. HUDSON. As shown by Mr. Robert Middleton; 6 : 10 : : 15 : 25 — 15 = 10 feet; or the man 6 feet high must, to project a shadow of 15 feet, stand at the distance of 10 feet from the lamp-post.

This being the last Number in the Volume, we have contented ourselves with answering the questions proposed in Numbers 44 and 48. In the next week's Number we shall propose several new and interesting questions, to which we invite the attention of our subscribers. In reply to Mr. Middleton, Mr. Mather writes as follows:—

Derby, August 30th, 1852.

Sir,—If Mr. Middleton will take the trouble to turn again to Liv. 8, 9, he will find these words;—"Even upon his fore front did he put the golden plate, the holy crown;"—if in the preceding sentence the word "plate" is equivalent to "crown," I stand corrected. Again, in 1 Chron. xx. 2, it states that the king of Rabbah had a crown which weighed a talent of gold; by consulting the marginal readings, he will find that the crown was not a golden one, but "equal in weight to a talent of gold." And in Esth. i. 11, he only conjectures the "crown royal" to be gold; he does not assert it as a fact. I make these few remarks merely to vindicate myself; and as Mr. Middleton wished me to state my authority, I refer him to "Cruden's Concordance," which appears to coincide with my opinion. Your's truly, JOHN MATHER.

*** In reference to our hint as to the advisability of establishing between our readers a system of intercommunication, by which much valuable information might be mutually afforded, we have received several letters containing hints and questions for insertions. In our third Volume, the first Number of which will appear next week, we intend to introduce several improvements suggested to us by correspondents and our own experience. We have constantly forwarded to us questions which require something more than a mere brief, though correct, reply. With this class of queries—containing, as they often do, important historical, social, and statistical facts,—we have been hitherto, we fear, somewhat too uncommunicative—owing, perhaps, to the fact that the majority of our correspondents neglected the first requisites of letter-writing, clearness of hand, and perspicuity of idea. For the future, then, in order to widen a field already extremely useful, we propose that our EXERCISES FOR INGENUITY shall include not only arithmetical and algebraical questions, but that all such subjects as are treated in the publication called *Notes and Queries* shall find admittance in our pages.